MARVEL
MIKE DEODATO JR

DEAD-POOL

CLASSIC COMPANION

DEADPOOL

CLASSIC

DEADPOOL
CLASSIC

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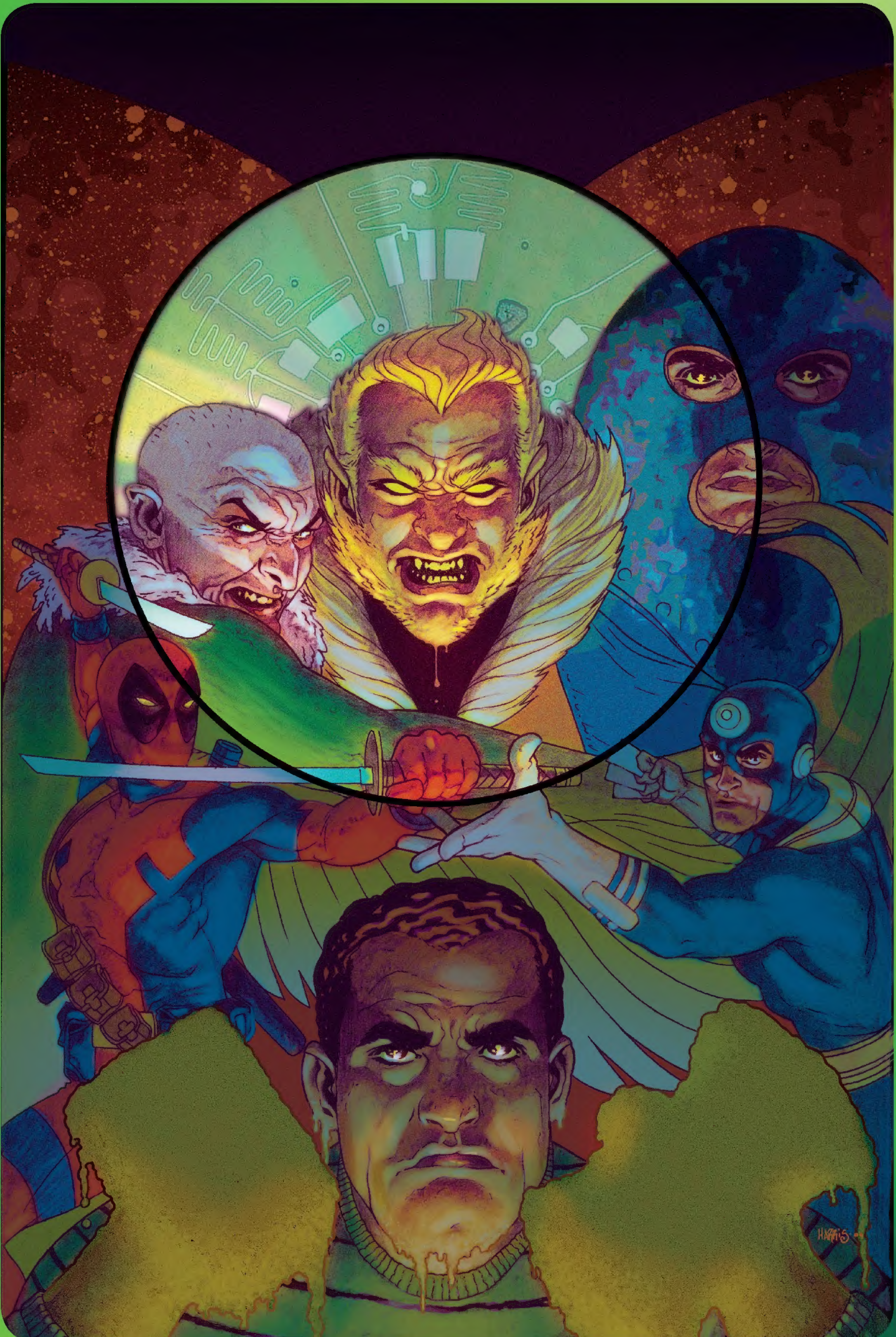

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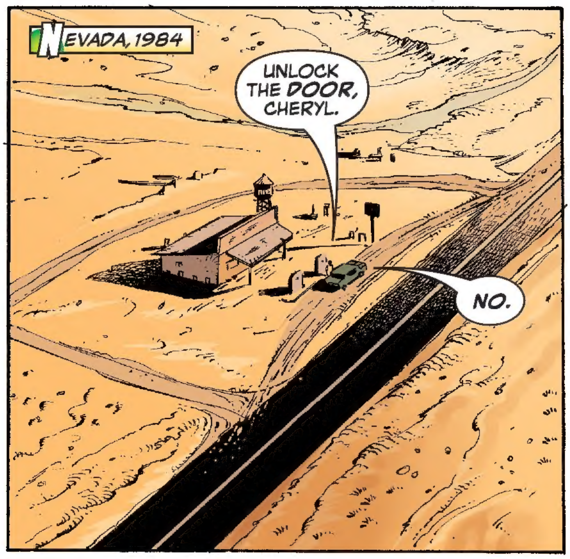
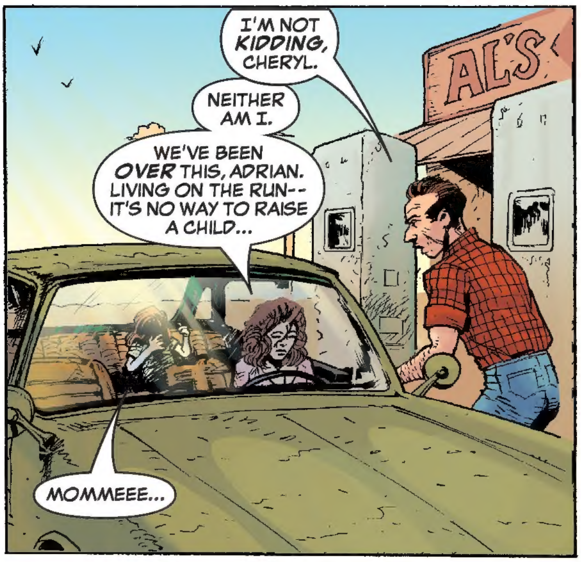
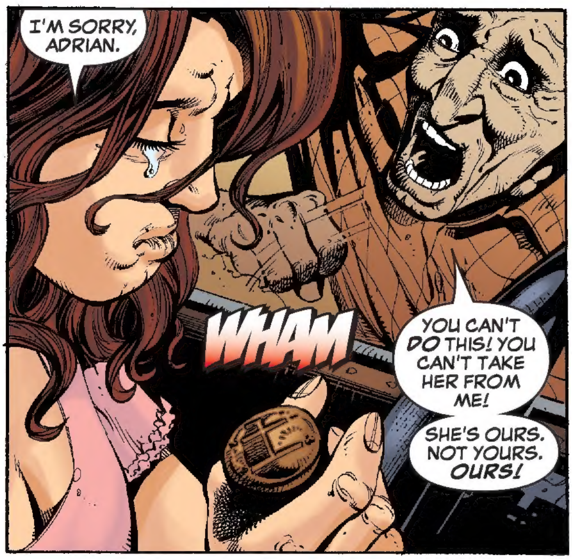
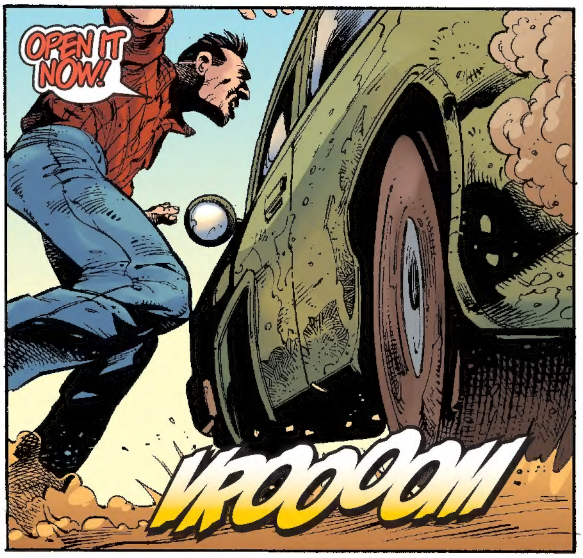
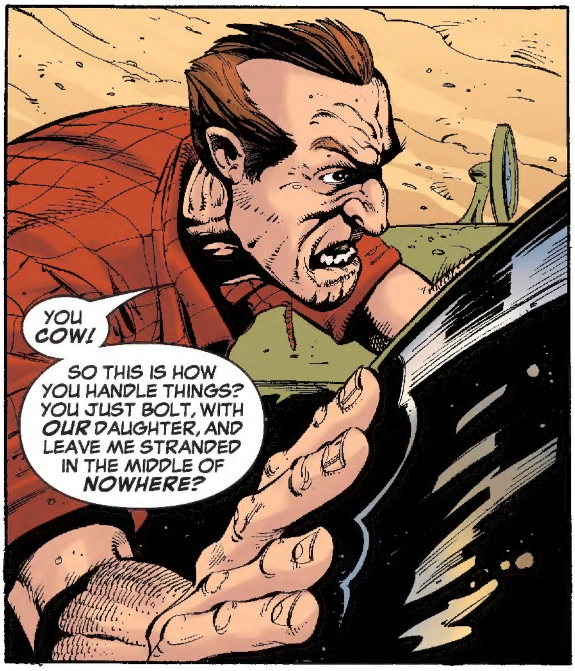
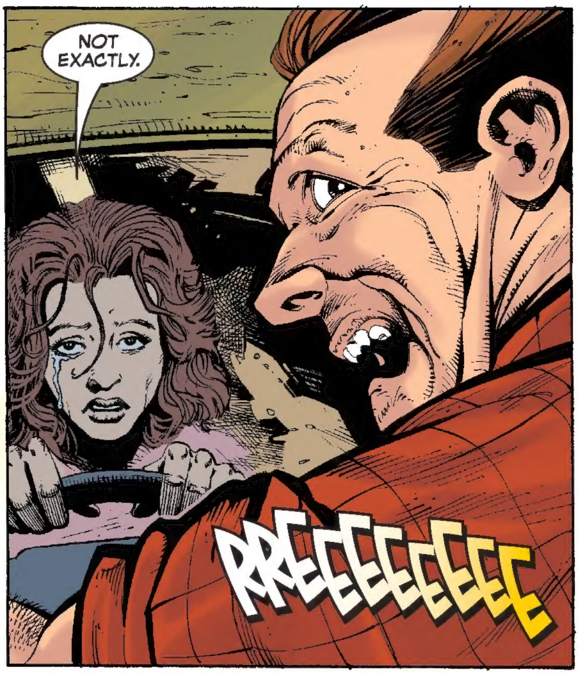

NEVADA, 1984
UNLOCK THE DOOR, CHERYL.
NO.

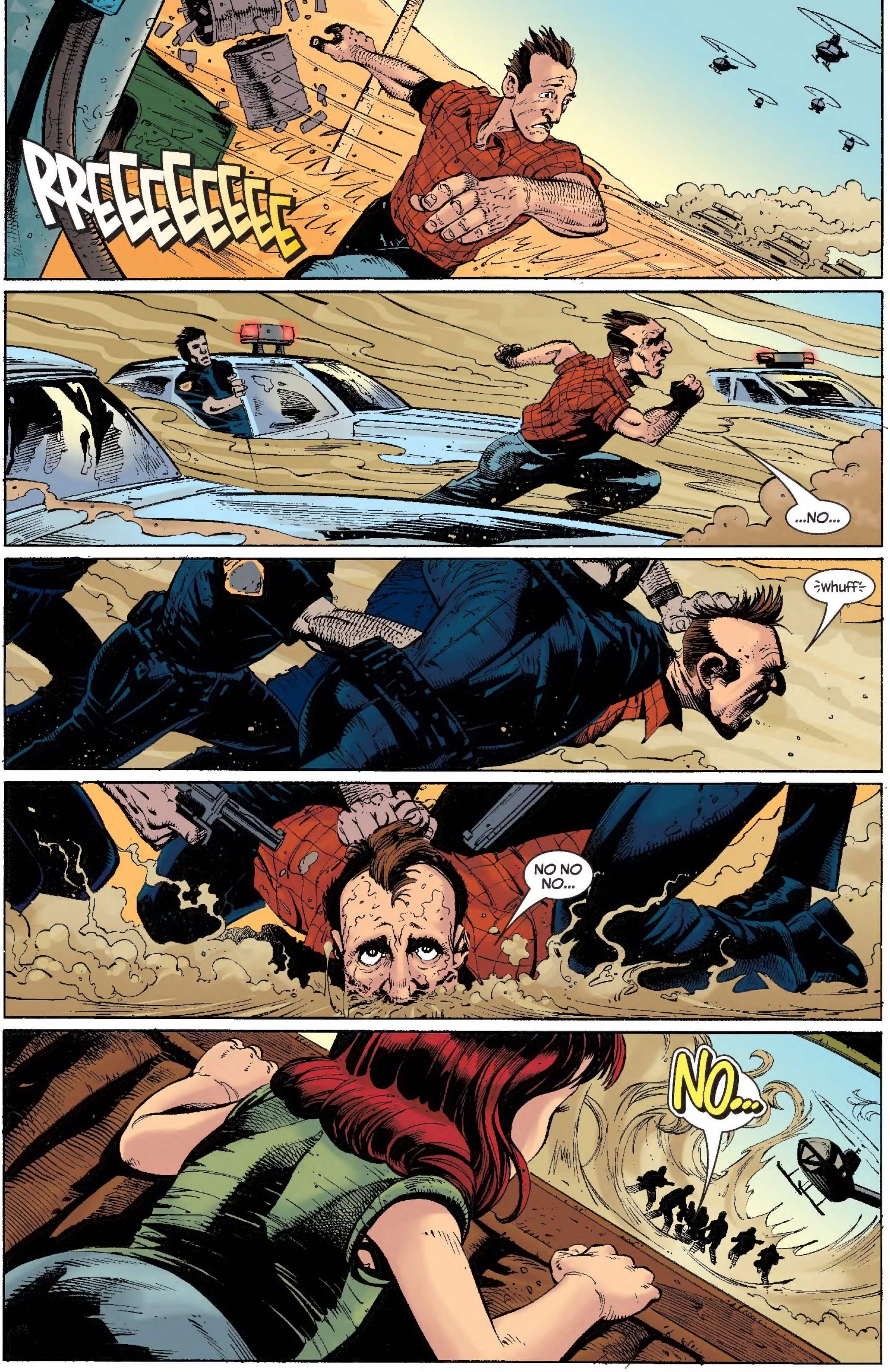

AL'S
I'M NOT KIDDING, CHERYL.
NEITHER AM I.
WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS, ADRIAN. LIVING ON THE RUN-- IT'S NO WAY TO RAISE A CHILD...
MOMMEEE...

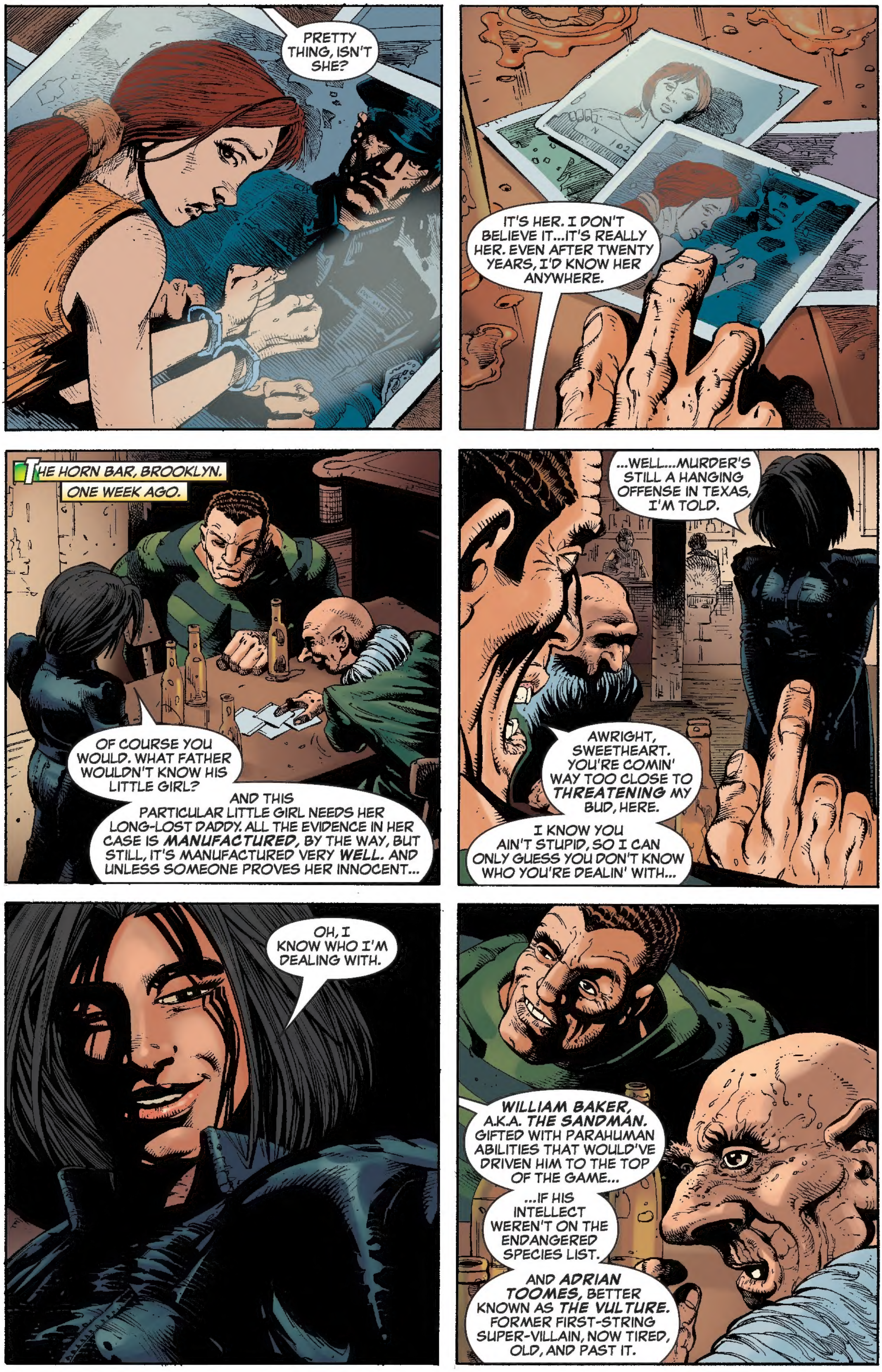

I'M SORRY, ADRIAN.
WHAM
YOU CAN'T DO THIS! YOU CAN'T TAKE HER FROM ME!
SHE'S OURS. NOT YOURS. OURS!

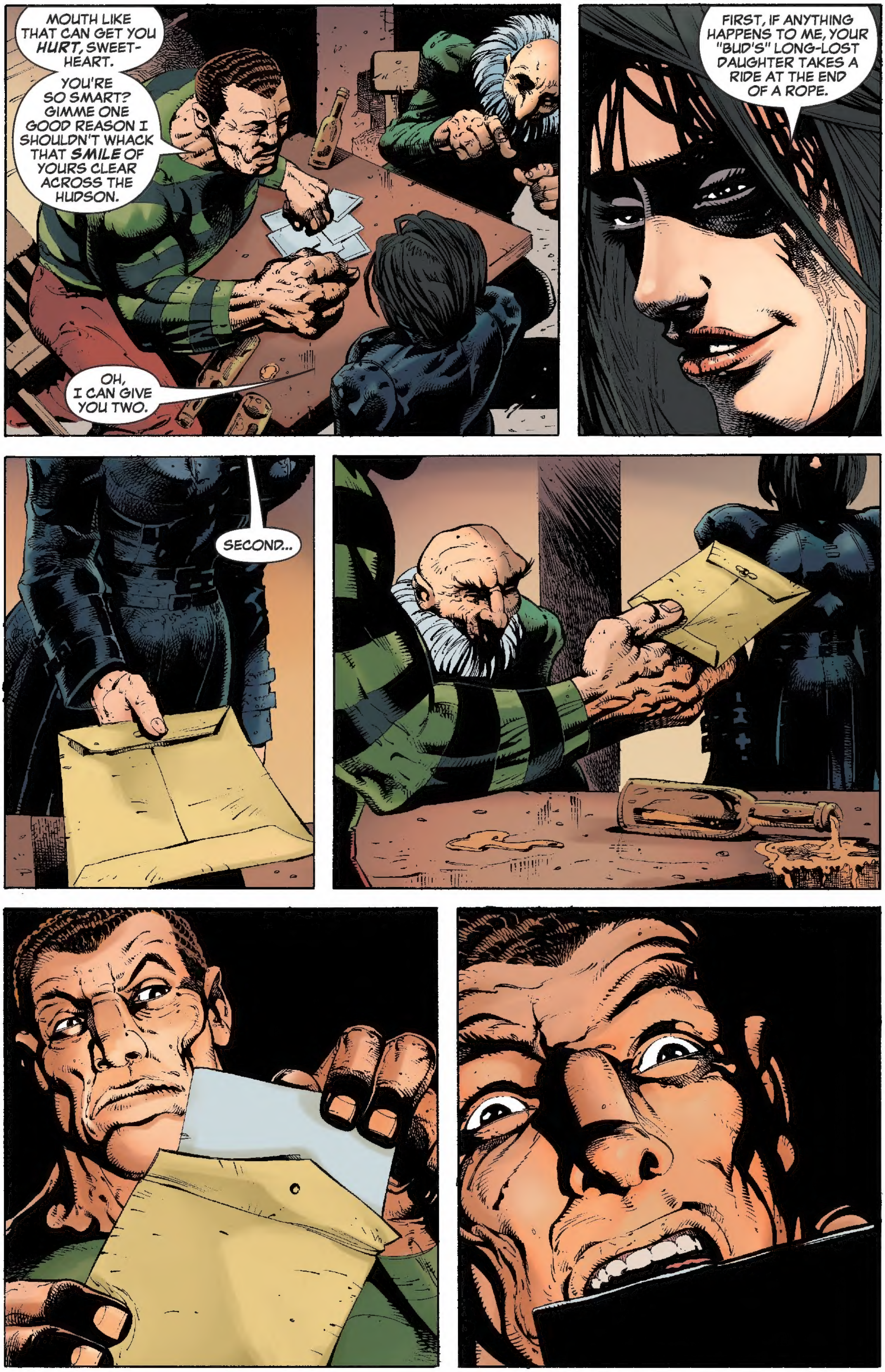

OPEN IT NOW!
VROOOOOM

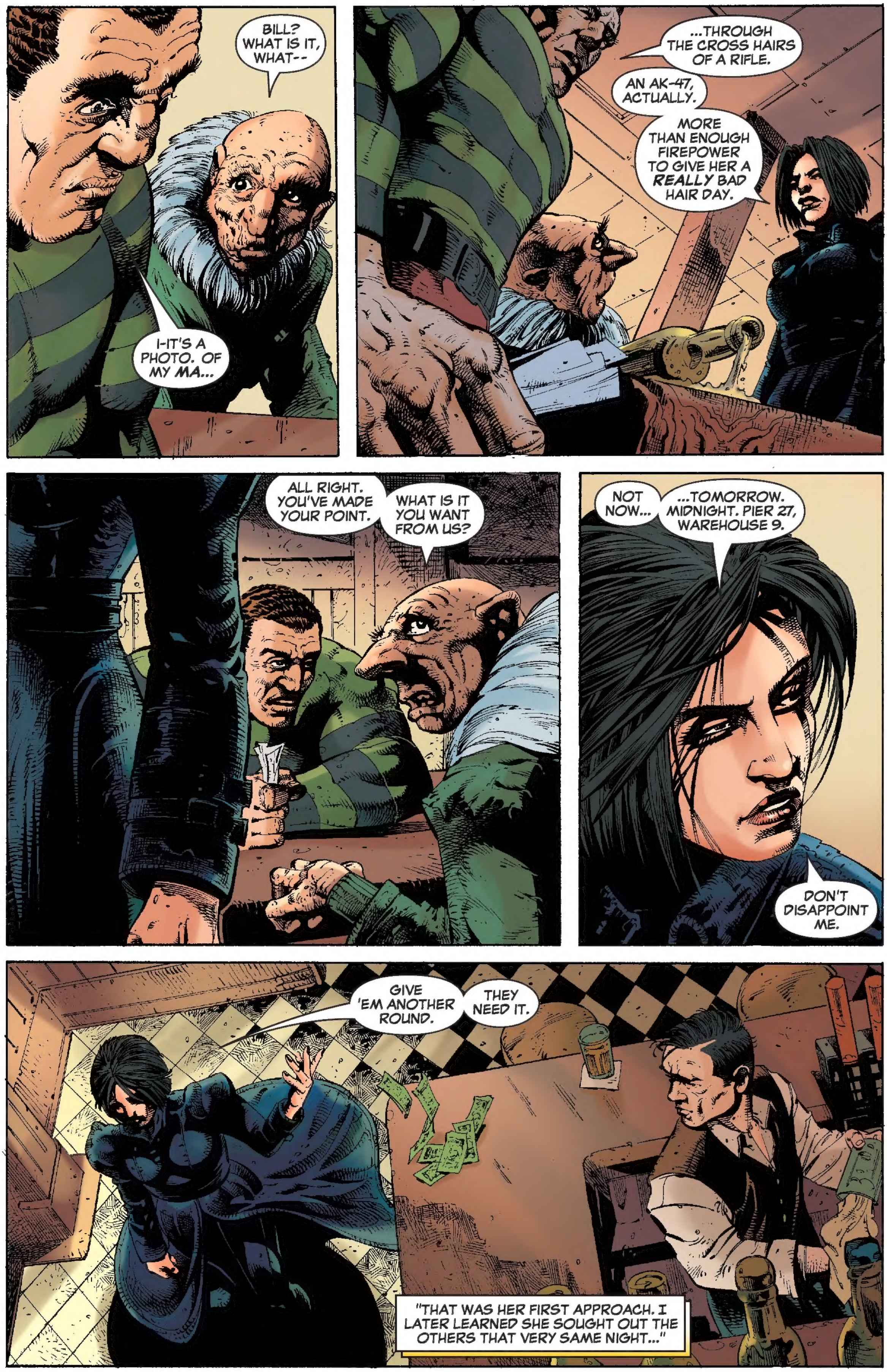

YOU COW!
SO THIS IS HOW YOU HANDLE THINGS? YOU JUST BOLT, WITH OUR DAUGHTER, AND LEAVE ME STRANDED IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE?

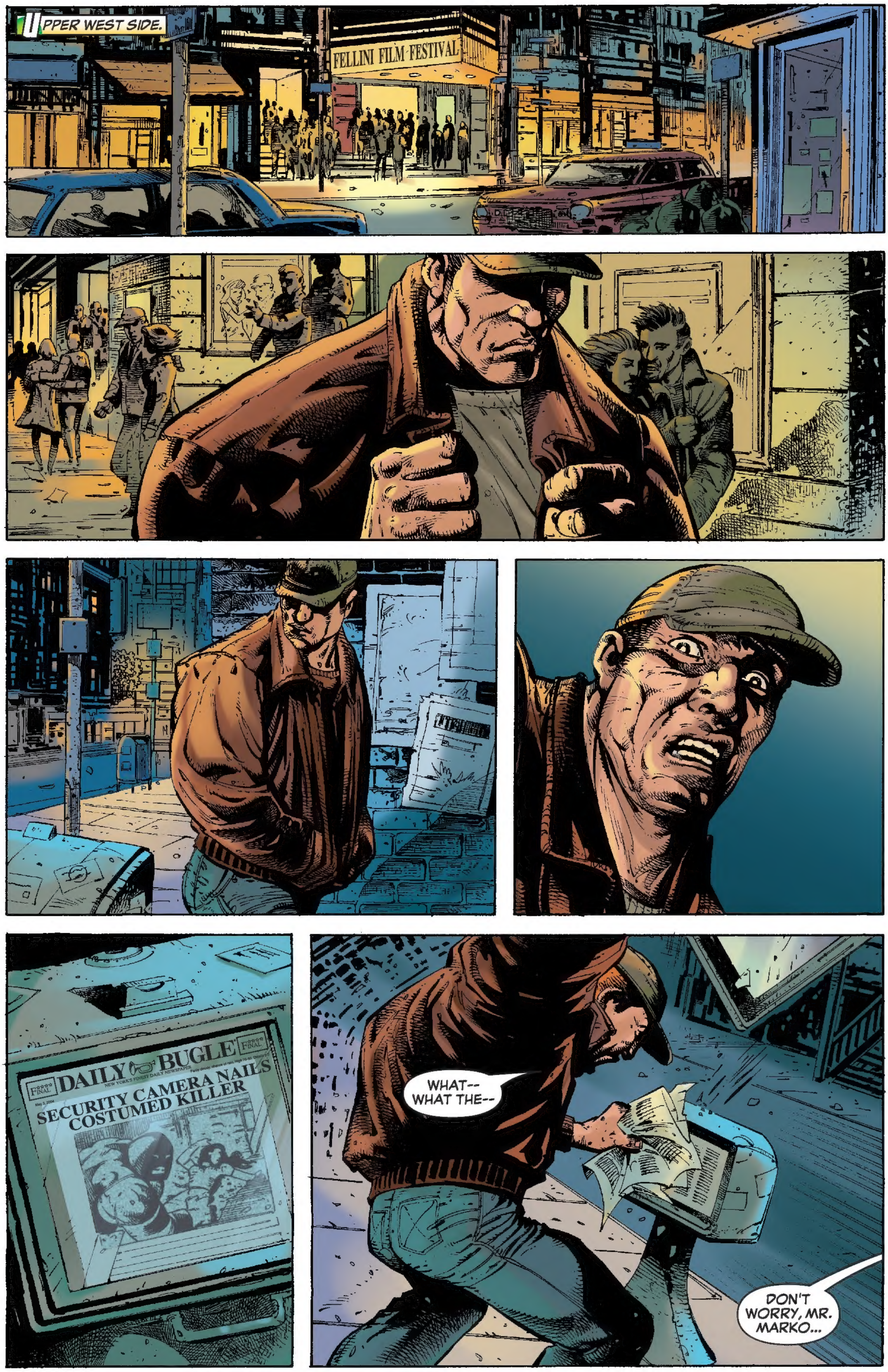

NOT EXACTLY.
RREEEEEEEEEE

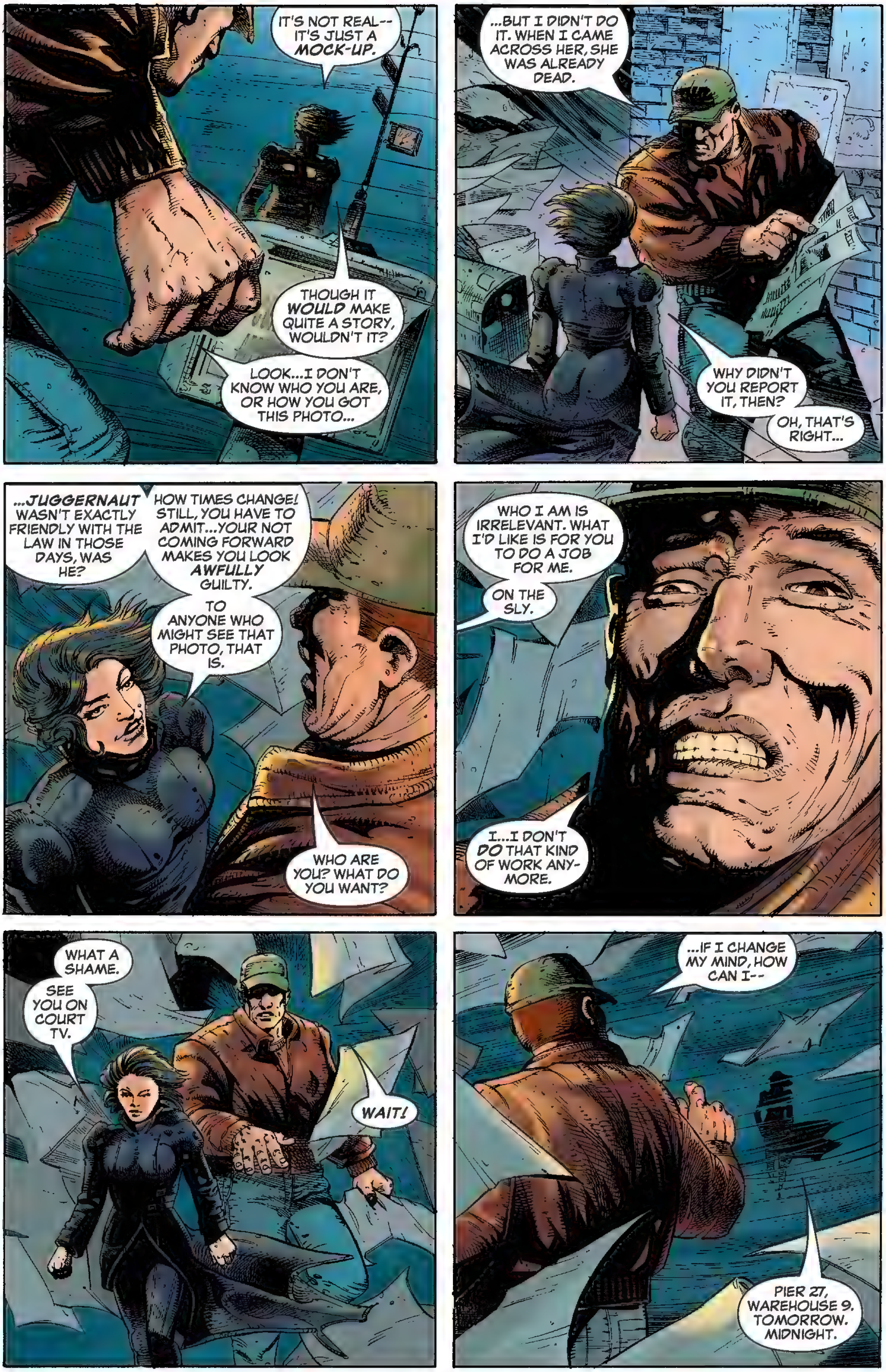

RREEEEEEEEEE
...NO...
whuff
NO NO NO...
NO...

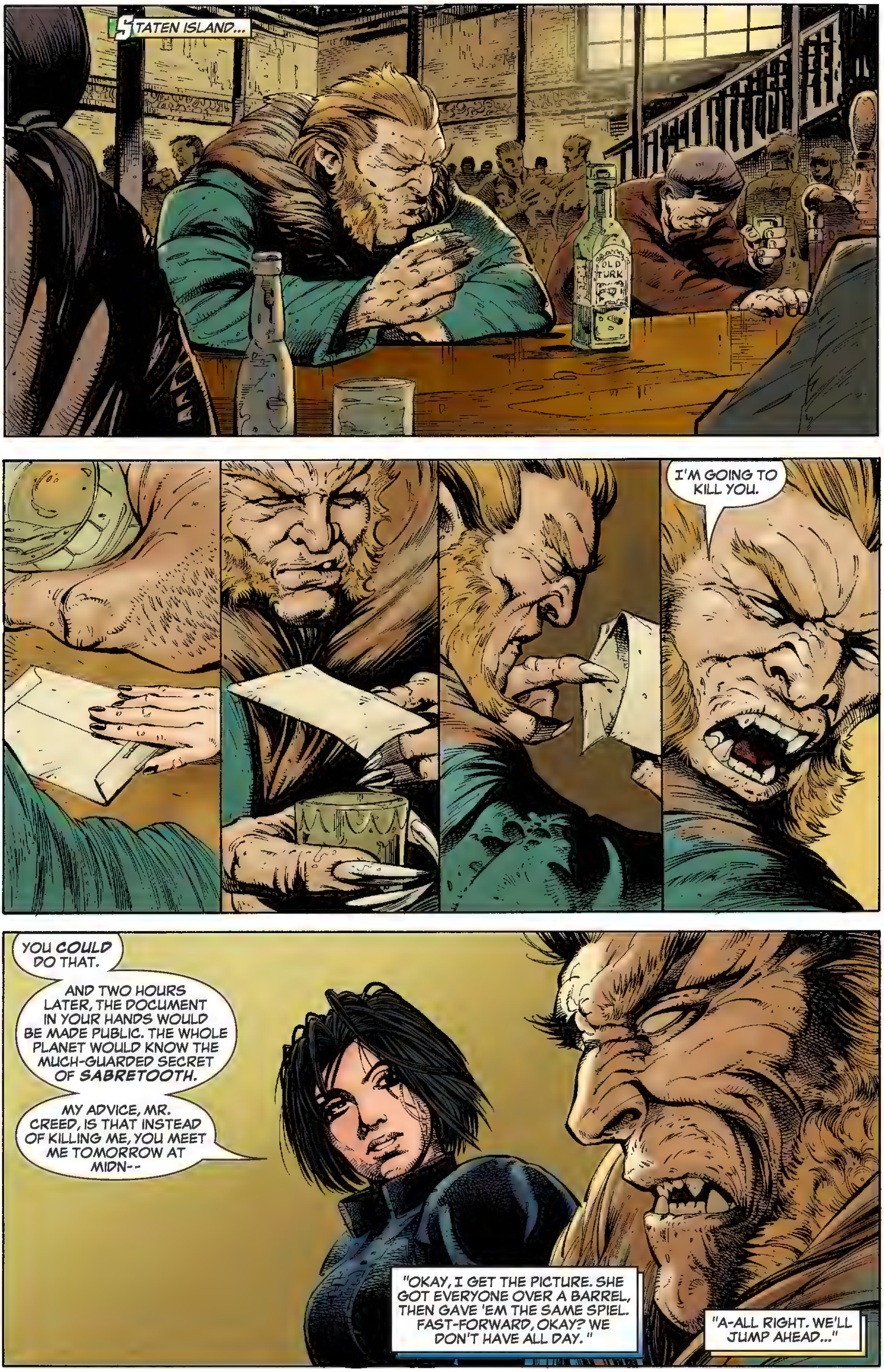

PRETTY THING, ISN'T SHE?
IT'S HER. I DON'T BELIEVE IT...IT'S REALLY HER. EVEN AFTER TWENTY YEARS, I'D KNOW HER ANYWHERE.
THE HORN BAR, BROOKLYN.
ONE WEEK AGO.
OF COURSE YOU WOULD. WHAT FATHER WOULDN'T KNOW HIS LITTLE GIRL?
AND THIS PARTICULAR LITTLE GIRL NEEDS HER LONG-LOST DADDY. ALL THE EVIDENCE IN HER CASE IS ***MANUFACTURED,*** BY THE WAY, BUT STILL, IT'S MANUFACTURED VERY ***WELL.*** AND UNLESS SOMEONE PROVES HER INNOCENT...
...WELL...MURDER'S STILL A HANGING OFFENSE IN TEXAS, I'M TOLD.
AWRIGHT, SWEETHEART. YOU'RE COMIN' WAY TOO CLOSE TO ***THREATENING*** MY BUD, HERE.
I KNOW YOU AIN'T STUPID, SO I CAN ONLY GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE DEALIN' WITH...
OH, I KNOW WHO I'M DEALING WITH.
WILLIAM BAKER, A.K.A. ***THE SANDMAN.*** GIFTED WITH PARAHUMAN ABILITIES THAT WOULD'VE DRIVEN HIM TO THE TOP OF THE GAME...
...IF HIS INTELLECT WEREN'T ON THE ENDANGERED SPECIES LIST.
AND ***ADRIAN TOOMES,*** BETTER KNOWN AS ***THE VULTURE.*** FORMER FIRST-STRING SUPER-VILLAIN, NOW TIRED, OLD, AND PAST IT.

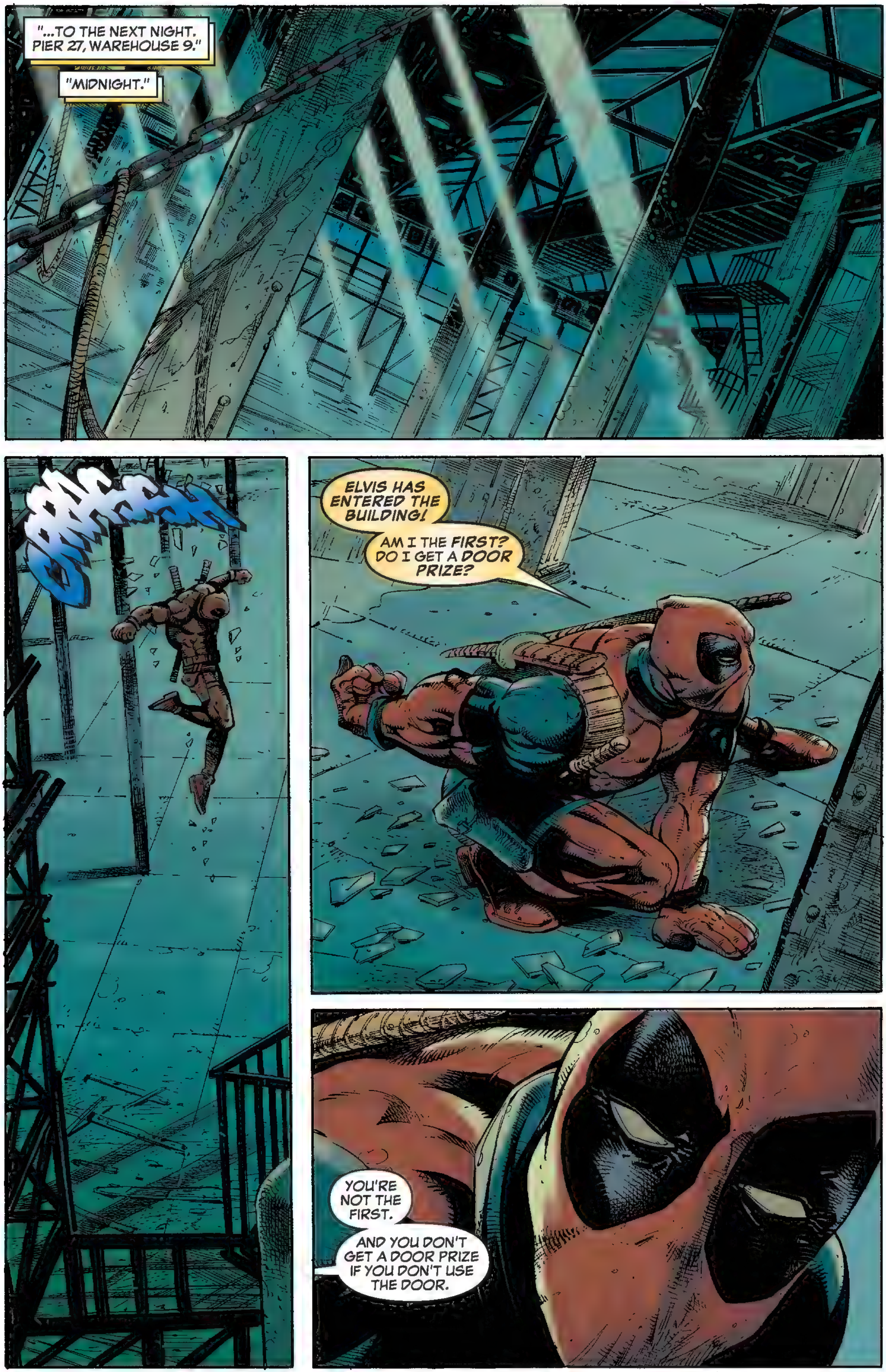

MOUTH LIKE THAT CAN GET YOU *HURT*, SWEET-HEART.
YOU'RE SO SMART? GIMME ONE GOOD REASON I SHOULDN'T WHACK THAT *SMILE* OF YOURS CLEAR ACROSS THE HUDSON.
OH, I CAN GIVE YOU TWO.
FIRST, IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, YOUR "BUD'S" LONG-LOST DAUGHTER TAKES A RIDE AT THE END OF A ROPE.
SECOND...

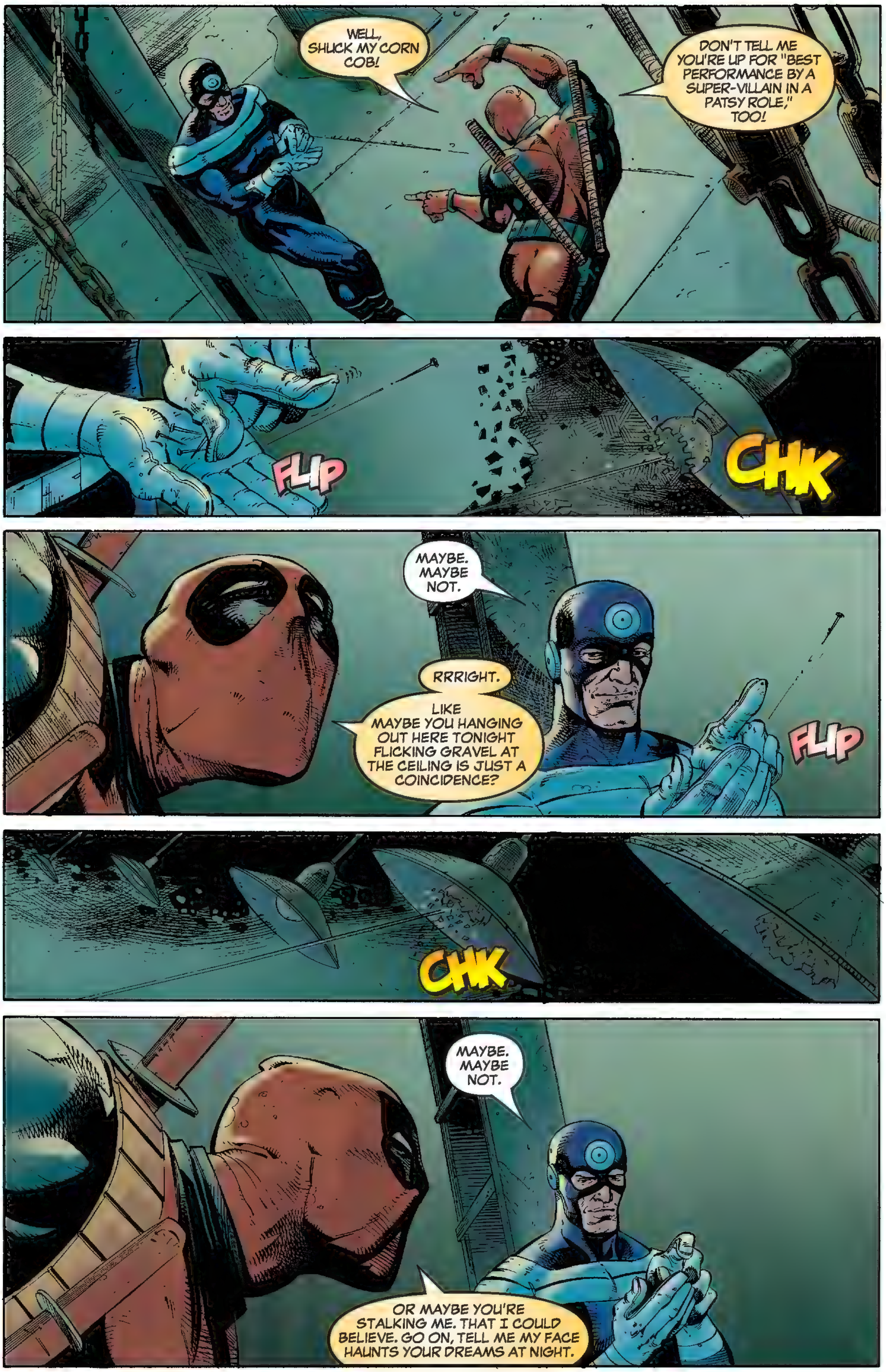

BILL? WHAT IS IT, WHAT--
I-IT'S A PHOTO. OF MY *MA*...
...THROUGH THE CROSS HAIRS OF A RIFLE.
AN AK-47, ACTUALLY.
MORE THAN ENOUGH FIREPOWER TO GIVE HER A *REALLY* BAD HAIR DAY.
ALL RIGHT. YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT.
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT FROM US?
NOT NOW...
...TOMORROW. MIDNIGHT. PIER 27, WAREHOUSE 9.
DON'T DISAPPOINT ME.
GIVE 'EM ANOTHER ROUND.
THEY NEED IT.
"THAT WAS HER FIRST APPROACH. I LATER LEARNED SHE SOUGHT OUT THE OTHERS THAT VERY SAME NIGHT..."

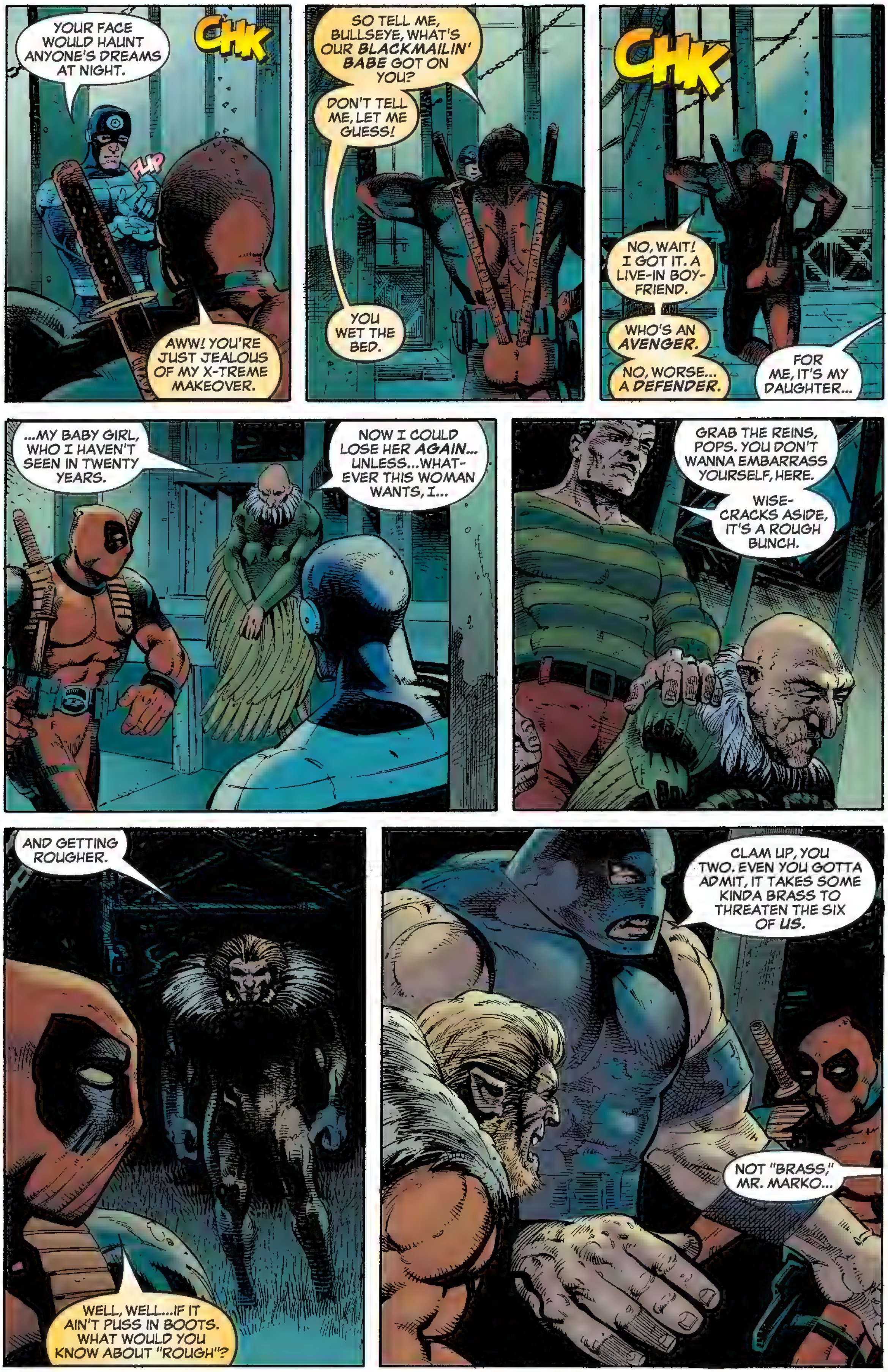

UPPER WEST SIDE.
FELLINI FILM FESTIVAL
DAILY BUGLE
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER
FINAL
SECURITY CAMERA NAILS COSTUMED KILLER
WHAT-- WHAT THE--
DON'T WORRY, MR. MARKO...

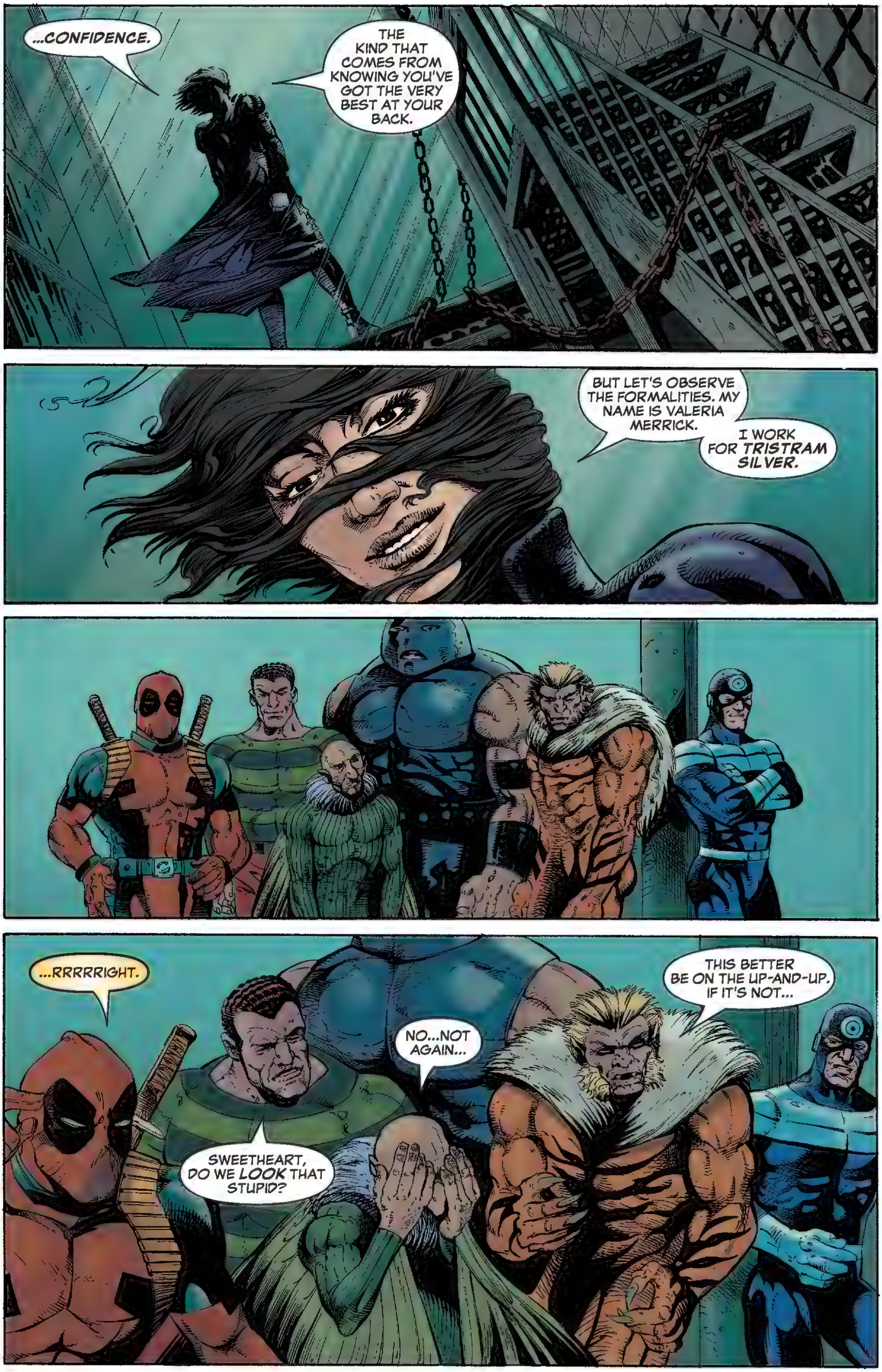

IT'S NOT REAL-- IT'S JUST A *MOCK-UP.*
THOUGH IT *WOULD* MAKE QUITE A STORY, WOULDN'T IT?
LOOK...I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, OR HOW YOU GOT THIS PHOTO...
...BUT I DIDN'T DO IT. WHEN I CAME ACROSS HER, SHE WAS ALREADY DEAD.
WHY DIDN'T YOU REPORT IT, THEN?
OH, THAT'S RIGHT...
...*JUGGERNAUT* WASN'T EXACTLY FRIENDLY WITH THE LAW IN THOSE DAYS, WAS HE?
HOW TIMES CHANGE! STILL, YOU HAVE TO ADMIT...YOUR NOT COMING FORWARD MAKES YOU LOOK *AWFULLY* GUILTY.
TO ANYONE WHO MIGHT SEE THAT PHOTO, THAT IS.
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHO I AM IS IRRELEVANT. WHAT I'D LIKE IS FOR YOU TO DO A JOB FOR ME.
ON THE SLY.
I...I DON'T *DO* THAT KIND OF WORK ANY-MORE.
WHAT A SHAME.
SEE YOU ON COURT TV.
WAIT!
...IF I CHANGE MY MIND, HOW CAN I--
PIER 27, WAREHOUSE 9. TOMORROW. MIDNIGHT.

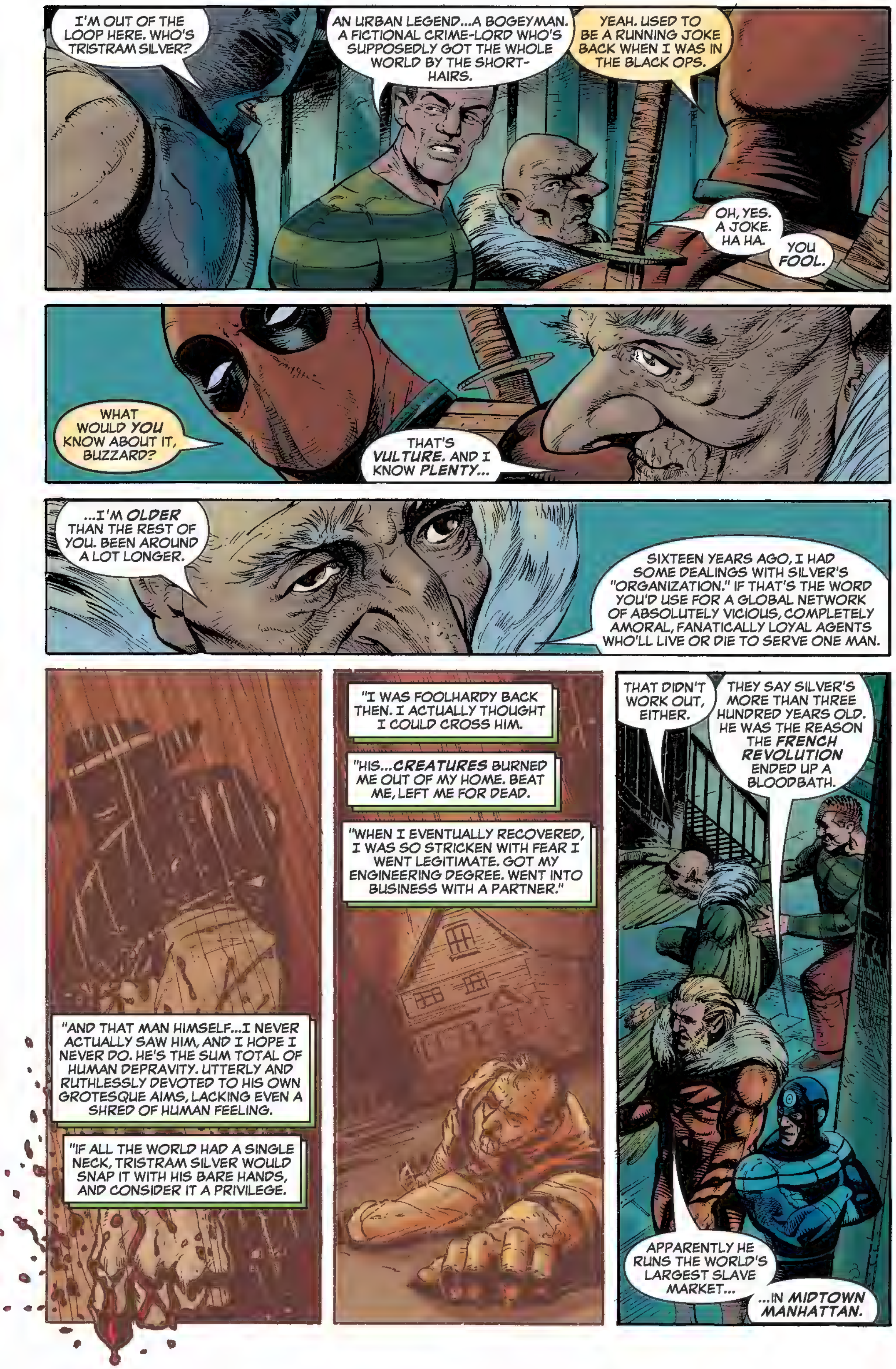

STATEN ISLAND...
OLD TURK
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU.
YOU **COULD** DO THAT.
AND TWO HOURS LATER, THE DOCUMENT IN YOUR HANDS WOULD BE MADE PUBLIC. THE WHOLE PLANET WOULD KNOW THE MUCH-GUARDED SECRET OF **SABRETOOTH.**
MY ADVICE, MR. CREED, IS THAT INSTEAD OF KILLING ME, YOU MEET ME TOMORROW AT MIDN--
"OKAY, I GET THE PICTURE. SHE GOT EVERYONE OVER A BARREL, THEN GAVE 'EM THE SAME SPIEL. FAST-FORWARD, OKAY? WE DON'T HAVE ALL DAY."
"A-ALL RIGHT. WE'LL JUMP AHEAD..."

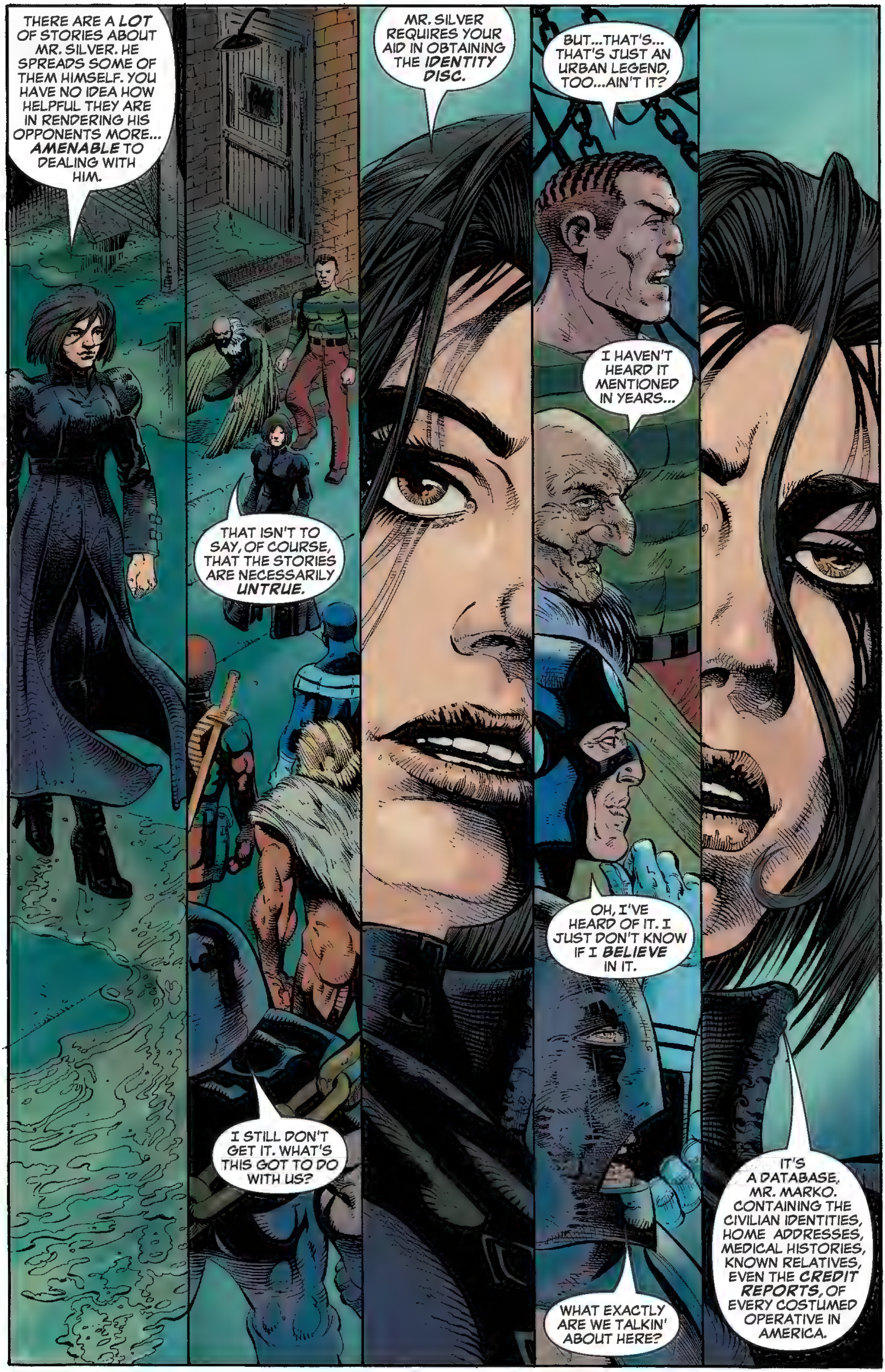

"...TO THE NEXT NIGHT. PIER 27, WAREHOUSE 9."
"MIDNIGHT."
ELVIS HAS ENTERED THE BUILDING!
AM I THE FIRST? DO I GET A DOOR PRIZE?
YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST.
AND YOU DON'T GET A DOOR PRIZE IF YOU DON'T USE THE DOOR.

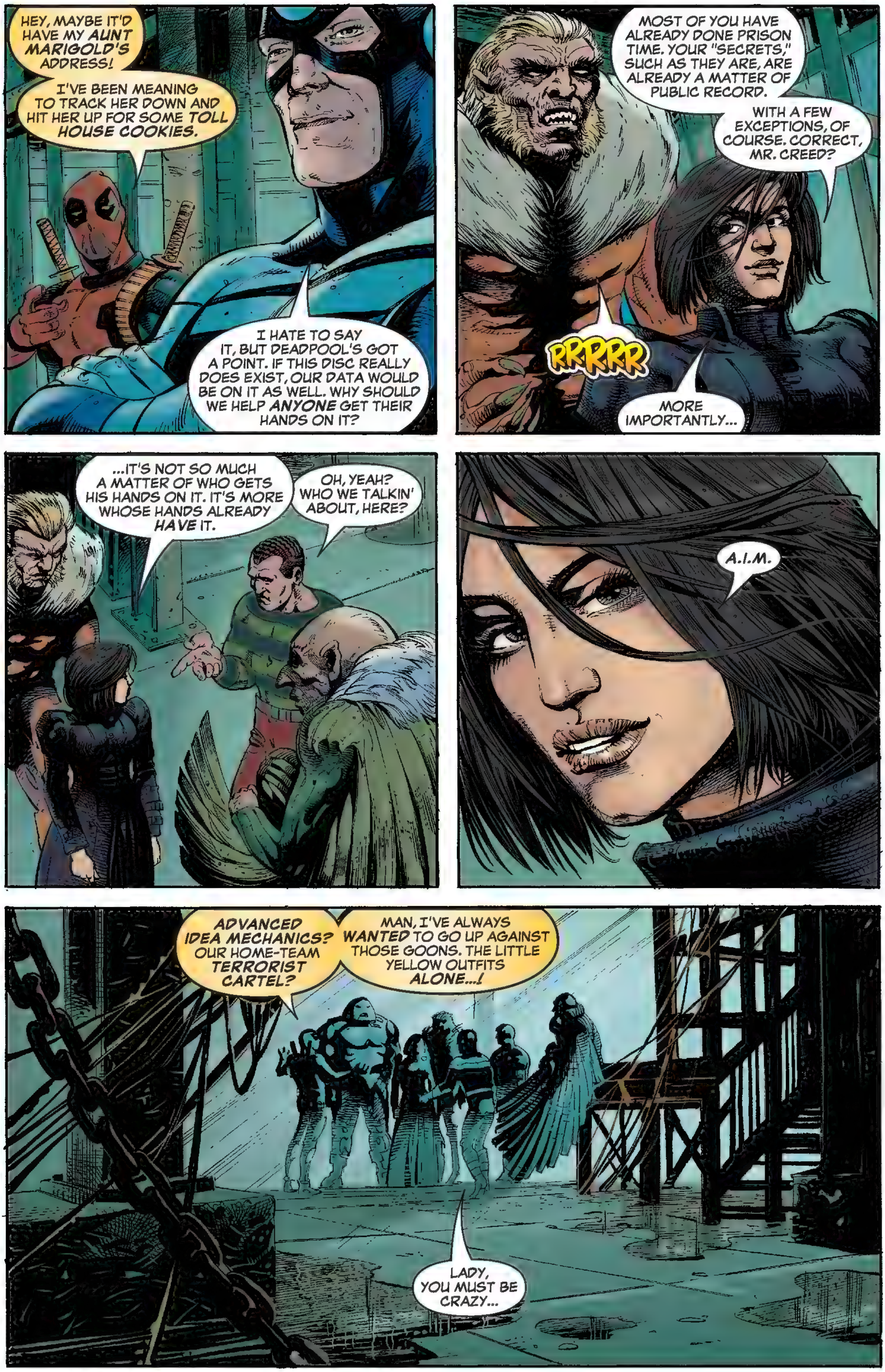

WELL, SHUCK MY CORN COB!
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE UP FOR "BEST PERFORMANCE BY A SUPER-VILLAIN IN A PATSY ROLE," TOO!
FLIP
CHK
MAYBE. MAYBE NOT.
RRRIGHT.
LIKE MAYBE YOU HANGING OUT HERE TONIGHT FLICKING GRAVEL AT THE CEILING IS JUST A COINCIDENCE?
FLIP
CHK
MAYBE. MAYBE NOT.
OR MAYBE YOU'RE STALKING ME. THAT I COULD BELIEVE. GO ON, TELL ME MY FACE HAUNTS YOUR DREAMS AT NIGHT.

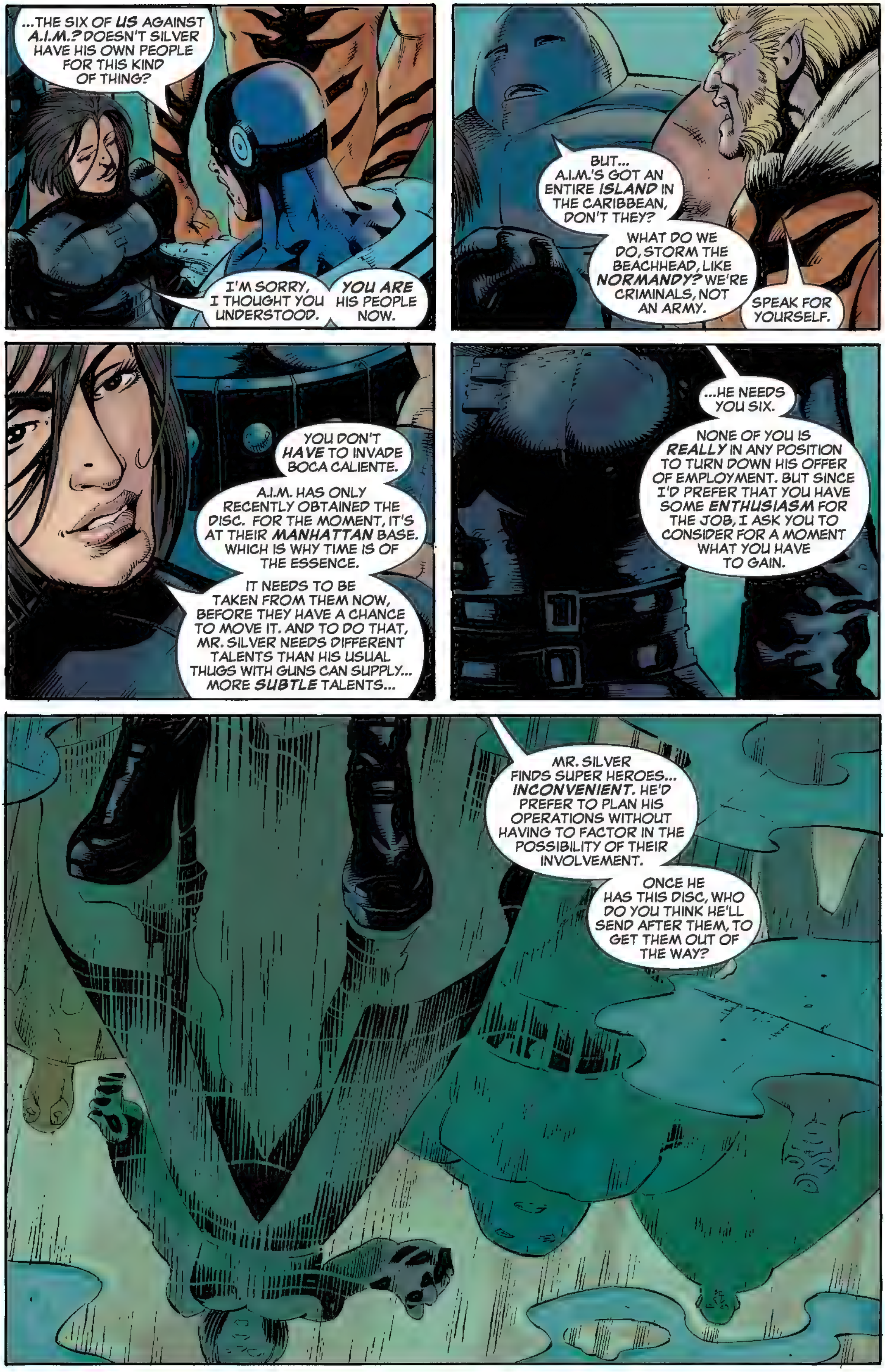

YOUR FACE WOULD HAUNT ANYONE'S DREAMS AT NIGHT.
CHK
FLIP
AWW! YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS OF MY X-TREME MAKEOVER.
SO TELL ME, BULLSEYE, WHAT'S OUR **BLACKMAILIN' BABE** GOT ON YOU?
DON'T TELL ME, LET ME GUESS!
YOU WET THE BED.
CHK
NO, WAIT! I GOT IT. A LIVE-IN BOYFRIEND.
WHO'S AN **AVENGER.**
NO, WORSE... A **DEFENDER.**
FOR ME, IT'S MY DAUGHTER...
...MY BABY GIRL, WHO I HAVEN'T SEEN IN TWENTY YEARS.
NOW I COULD LOSE HER **AGAIN...** UNLESS...WHATEVER THIS WOMAN WANTS, I...
GRAB THE REINS, POPS. YOU DON'T WANNA EMBARRASS YOURSELF, HERE.
WISE-CRACKS ASIDE, IT'S A ROUGH BUNCH.
AND GETTING ROUGHER.
WELL, WELL...IF IT AIN'T PUSS IN BOOTS. WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT "ROUGH"?
CLAM UP, YOU TWO. EVEN YOU GOTTA ADMIT, IT TAKES SOME KINDA BRASS TO THREATEN THE SIX OF **US.**
NOT "BRASS," MR. MARKO...

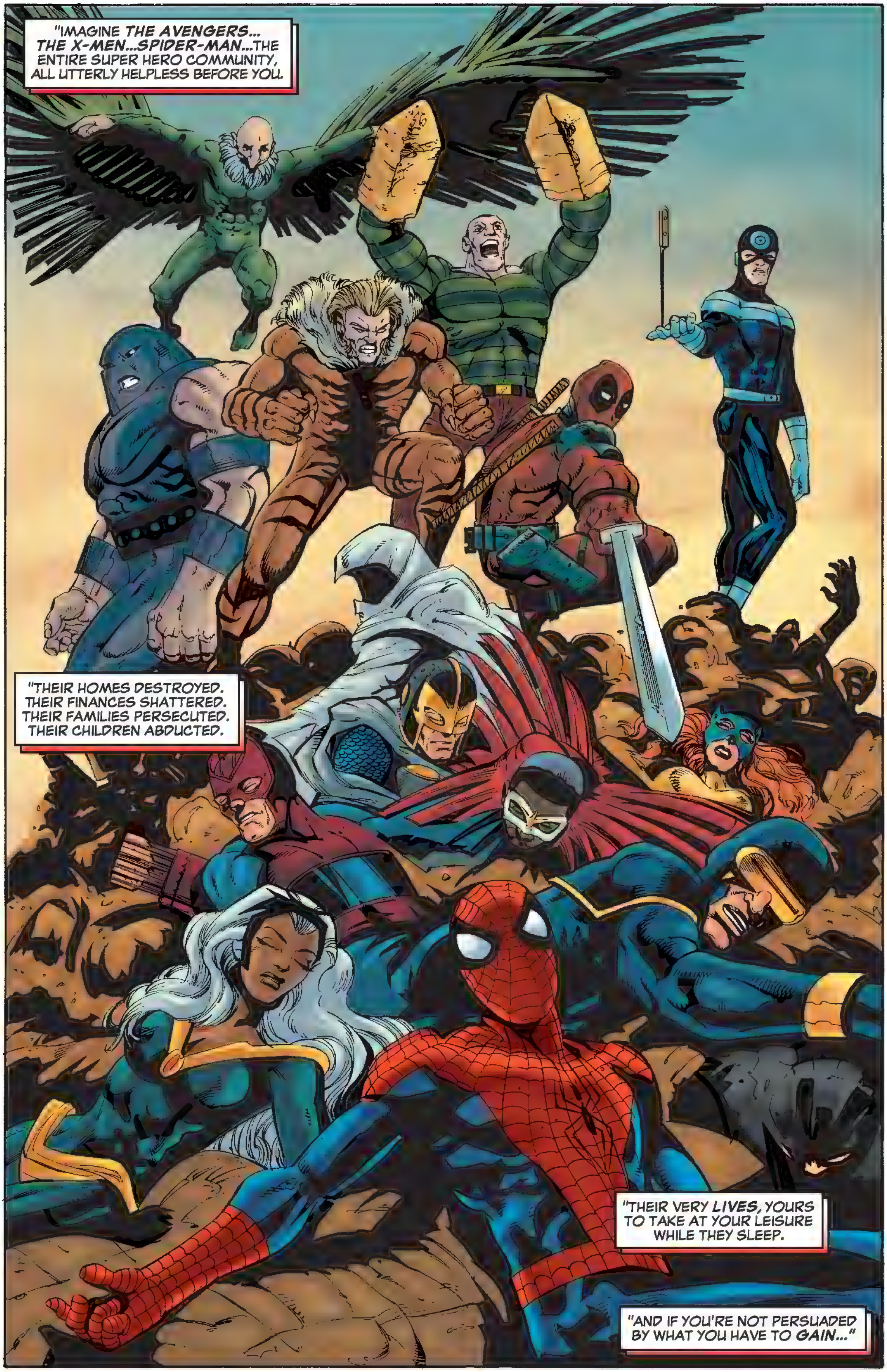

...CONFIDENCE.
THE KIND THAT COMES FROM KNOWING YOU'VE GOT THE VERY BEST AT YOUR BACK.
BUT LET'S OBSERVE THE FORMALITIES. MY NAME IS VALERIA MERRICK.
I WORK FOR *TRISTRAM SILVER.*
...RRRRRIGHT.
THIS BETTER BE ON THE UP-AND-UP. IF IT'S NOT...
NO...NOT AGAIN...
SWEETHEART, DO WE *LOOK* THAT STUPID?

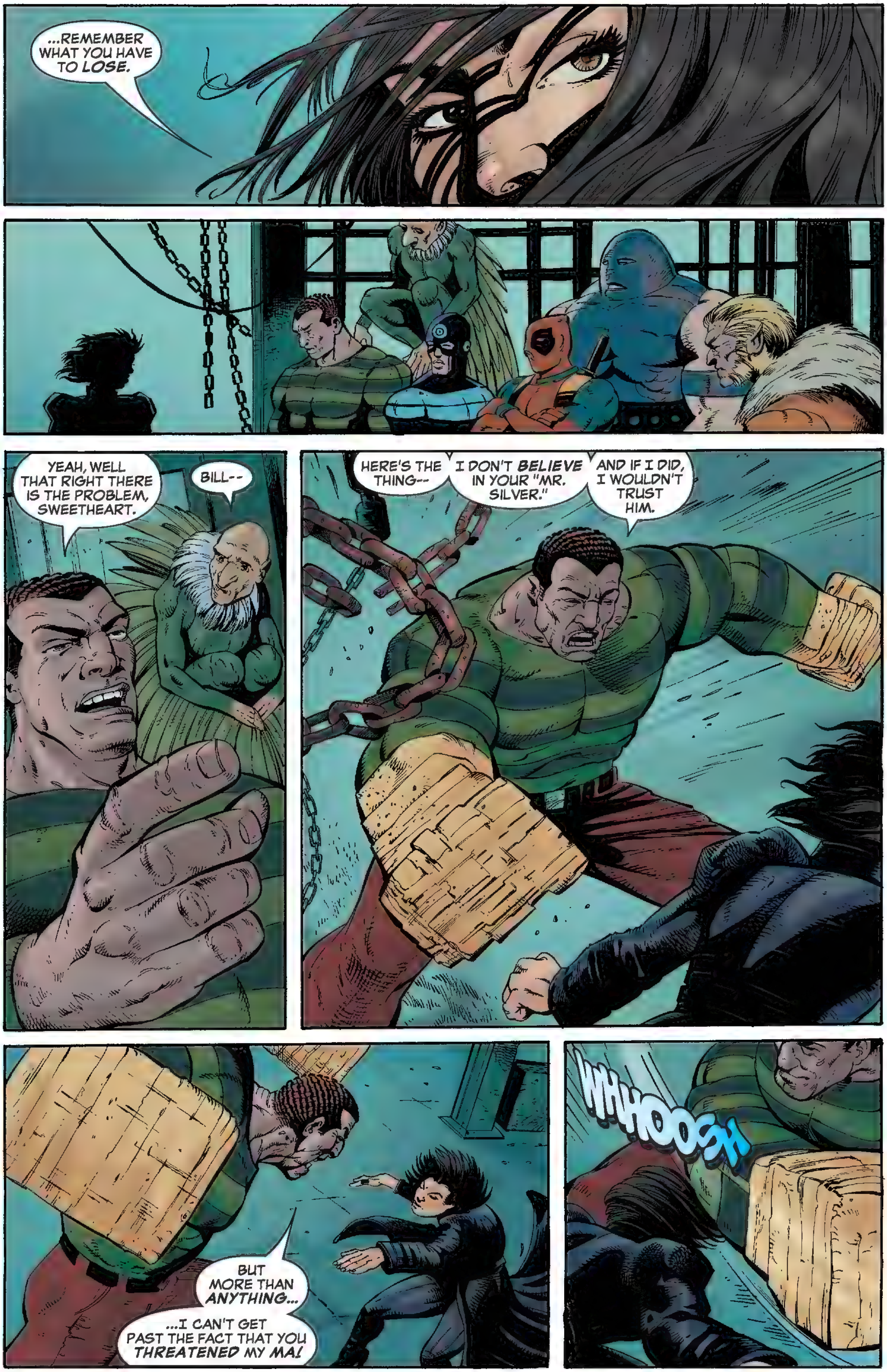

I'M OUT OF THE LOOP HERE. WHO'S TRISTRAM SILVER?
AN URBAN LEGEND...A BOGEYMAN. A FICTIONAL CRIME-LORD WHO'S SUPPOSEDLY GOT THE WHOLE WORLD BY THE SHORT-HAIRS.
YEAH. USED TO BE A RUNNING JOKE BACK WHEN I WAS IN THE BLACK OPS.
OH, YES. A JOKE. HA HA.
YOU *FOOL.*
WHAT WOULD *YOU* KNOW ABOUT IT, BUZZARD?
THAT'S *VULTURE.* AND I KNOW *PLENTY...*
...I'M *OLDER* THAN THE REST OF YOU. BEEN AROUND A LOT LONGER.
SIXTEEN YEARS AGO, I HAD SOME DEALINGS WITH SILVER'S "ORGANIZATION." IF THAT'S THE WORD YOU'D USE FOR A GLOBAL NETWORK OF ABSOLUTELY VICIOUS, COMPLETELY AMORAL, FANATICALLY LOYAL AGENTS WHO'LL LIVE OR DIE TO SERVE ONE MAN.
"AND THAT MAN HIMSELF...I NEVER ACTUALLY SAW HIM, AND I HOPE I NEVER DO. HE'S THE SUM TOTAL OF HUMAN DEPRAVITY. UTTERLY AND RUTHLESSLY DEVOTED TO HIS OWN GROTESQUE AIMS, LACKING EVEN A SHRED OF HUMAN FEELING.
"IF ALL THE WORLD HAD A SINGLE NECK, TRISTRAM SILVER WOULD SNAP IT WITH HIS BARE HANDS, AND CONSIDER IT A PRIVILEGE.
"I WAS FOOLHARDY BACK THEN. I ACTUALLY THOUGHT I COULD CROSS HIM.
"HIS...*CREATURES* BURNED ME OUT OF MY HOME. BEAT ME, LEFT ME FOR DEAD.
"WHEN I EVENTUALLY RECOVERED, I WAS SO STRICKEN WITH FEAR I WENT LEGITIMATE. GOT MY ENGINEERING DEGREE. WENT INTO BUSINESS WITH A PARTNER."
THAT DIDN'T WORK OUT, EITHER.
THEY SAY SILVER'S MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED YEARS OLD. HE WAS THE REASON THE *FRENCH REVOLUTION* ENDED UP A BLOODBATH.
APPARENTLY HE RUNS THE WORLD'S LARGEST SLAVE MARKET...
...IN *MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.*

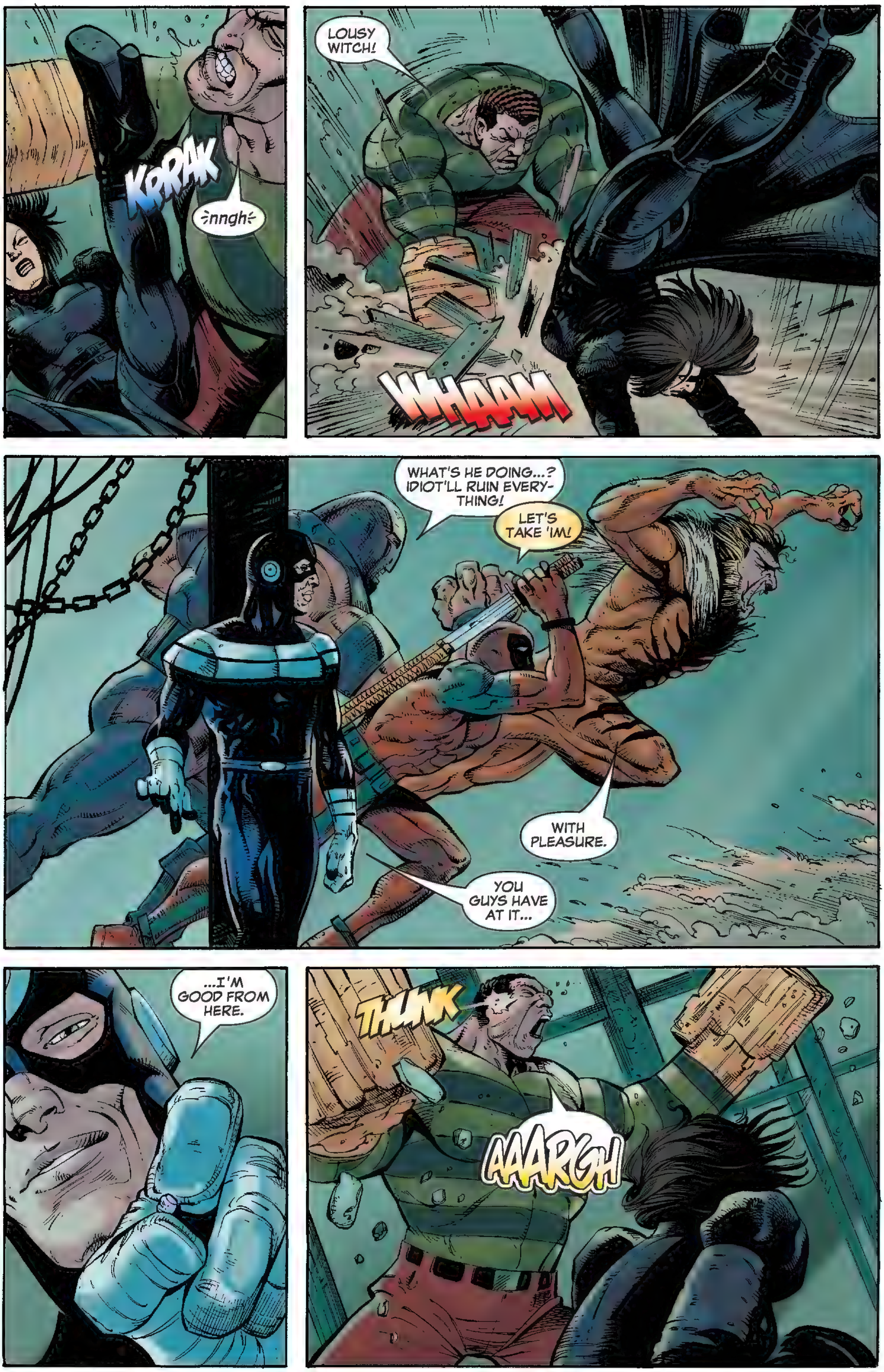

THERE ARE A *LOT* OF STORIES ABOUT MR. SILVER. HE SPREADS SOME OF THEM HIMSELF. YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW HELPFUL THEY ARE IN RENDERING HIS OPPONENTS MORE... ***AMENABLE*** TO DEALING WITH HIM.
THAT ISN'T TO SAY, OF COURSE, THAT THE STORIES ARE NECESSARILY ***UNTRUE.***
I STILL DON'T GET IT. WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH US?
MR. SILVER REQUIRES YOUR AID IN OBTAINING THE ***IDENTITY DISC.***
BUT...THAT'S... THAT'S JUST AN URBAN LEGEND, TOO...AIN'T IT?
I HAVEN'T HEARD IT MENTIONED IN YEARS...
OH, I'VE HEARD OF IT. I JUST DON'T KNOW IF I ***BELIEVE*** IN IT.
WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE TALKIN' ABOUT HERE?
IT'S A DATABASE, MR. MARKO. CONTAINING THE CIVILIAN IDENTITIES, HOME ADDRESSES, MEDICAL HISTORIES, KNOWN RELATIVES, EVEN THE ***CREDIT REPORTS,*** OF EVERY COSTUMED OPERATIVE IN AMERICA.

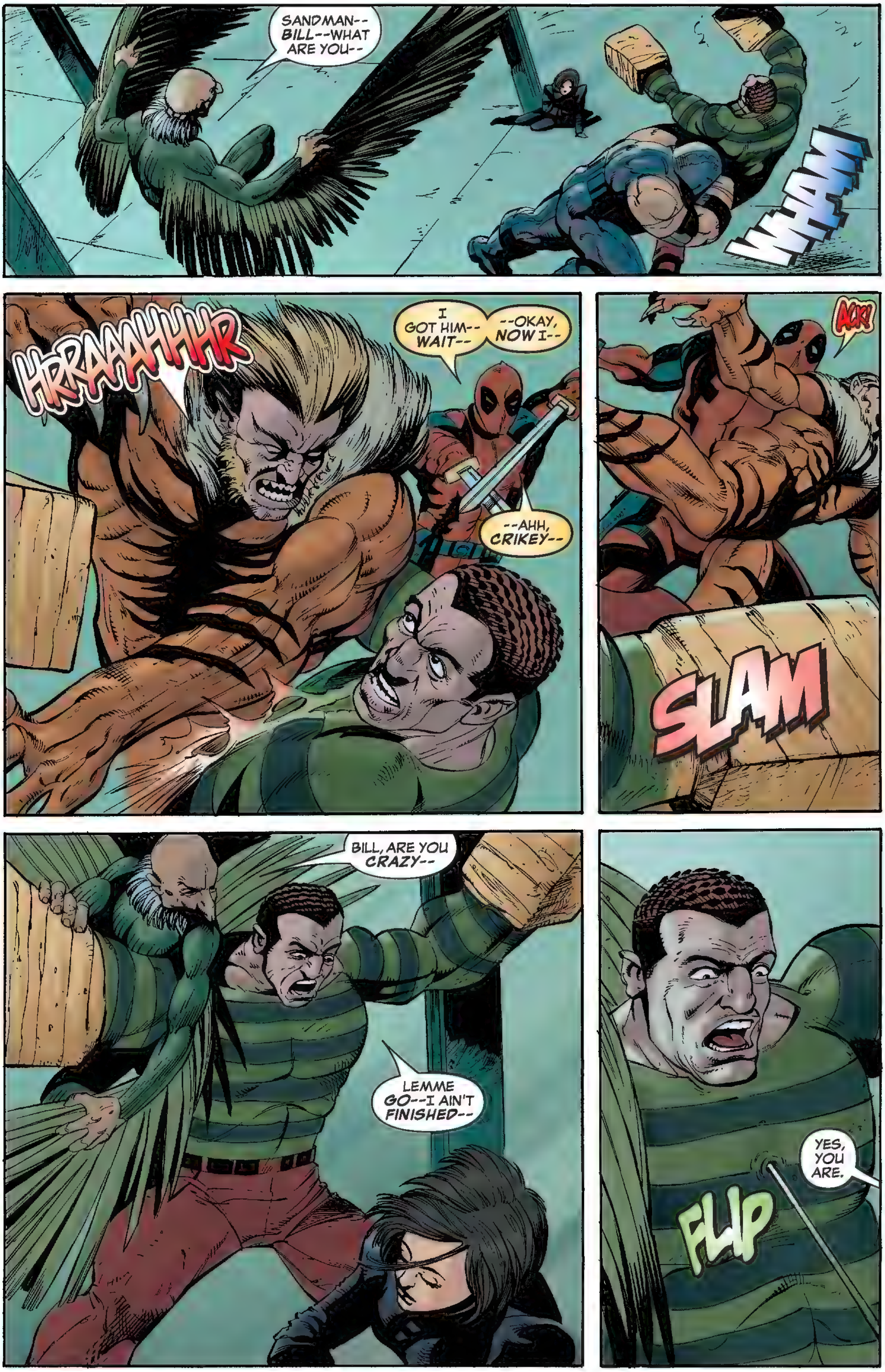

HEY, MAYBE IT'D HAVE MY AUNT MARIGOLD'S ADDRESS!
I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TRACK HER DOWN AND HIT HER UP FOR SOME TOLL HOUSE COOKIES.
I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT DEADPOOL'S GOT A POINT. IF THIS DISC REALLY DOES EXIST, OUR DATA WOULD BE ON IT AS WELL. WHY SHOULD WE HELP ANYONE GET THEIR HANDS ON IT?
MOST OF YOU HAVE ALREADY DONE PRISON TIME. YOUR "SECRETS," SUCH AS THEY ARE, ARE ALREADY A MATTER OF PUBLIC RECORD.
WITH A FEW EXCEPTIONS, OF COURSE. CORRECT, MR. CREED?
RRRRR
MORE IMPORTANTLY...
...IT'S NOT SO MUCH A MATTER OF WHO GETS HIS HANDS ON IT. IT'S MORE WHOSE HANDS ALREADY HAVE IT.
OH, YEAH? WHO WE TALKIN' ABOUT, HERE?
A.I.M.
ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS? OUR HOME-TEAM TERRORIST CARTEL?
MAN, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO UP AGAINST THOSE GOONS. THE LITTLE YELLOW OUTFITS ALONE...!
LADY, YOU MUST BE CRAZY...

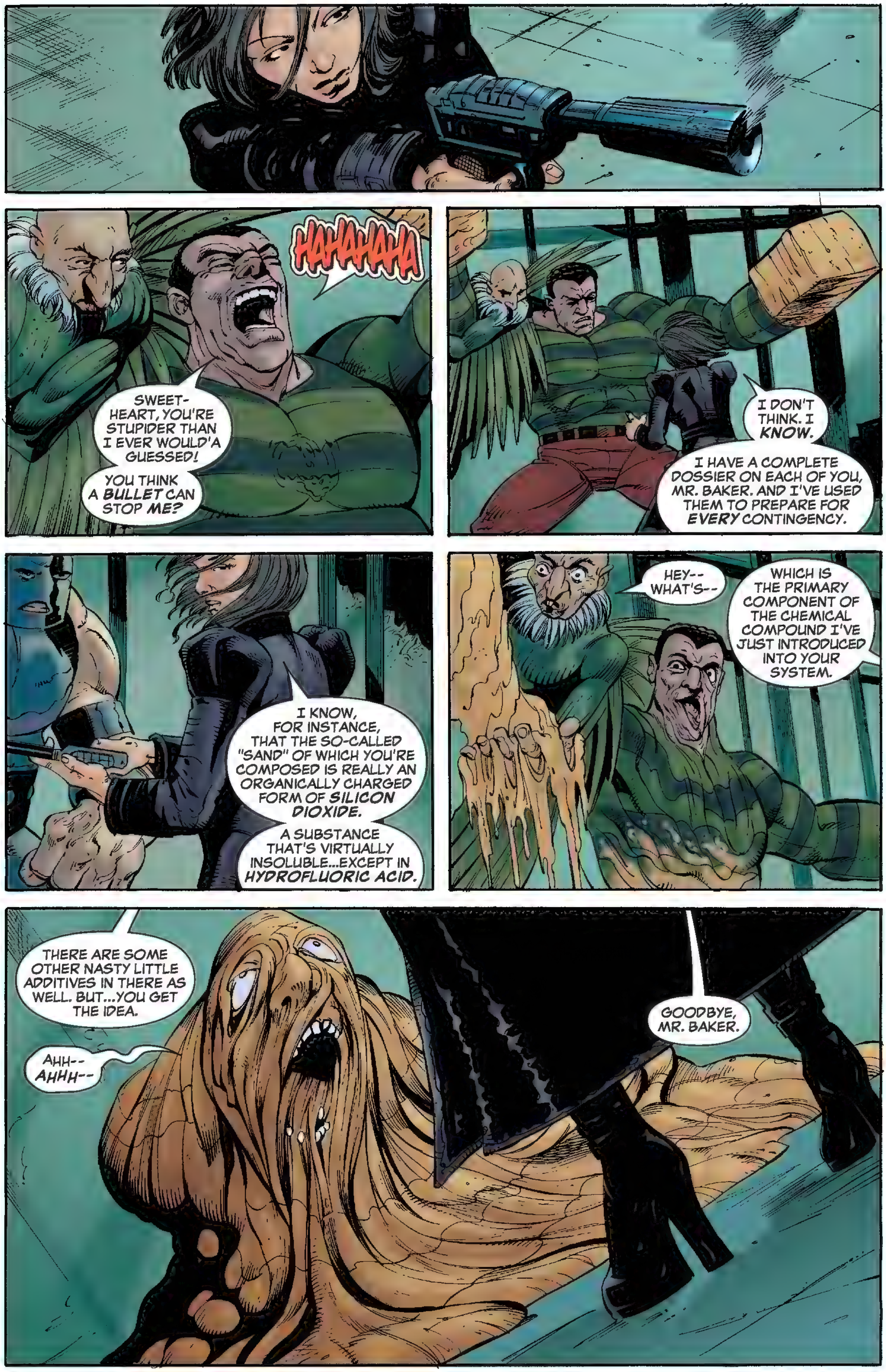

...THE SIX OF **US** AGAINST ***A.I.M.?*** DOESN'T SILVER HAVE HIS OWN PEOPLE FOR THIS KIND OF THING?
I'M SORRY, I THOUGHT YOU UNDERSTOOD.
YOU ARE HIS PEOPLE NOW.
BUT... A.I.M.'S GOT AN ENTIRE ***ISLAND*** IN THE CARIBBEAN, DON'T THEY?
WHAT DO WE DO, STORM THE BEACHHEAD, LIKE ***NORMANDY?*** WE'RE CRIMINALS, NOT AN ARMY.
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF.
YOU DON'T ***HAVE*** TO INVADE BOCA CALIENTE.
A.I.M. HAS ONLY RECENTLY OBTAINED THE DISC. FOR THE MOMENT, IT'S AT THEIR ***MANHATTAN*** BASE. WHICH IS WHY TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE.
IT NEEDS TO BE TAKEN FROM THEM NOW, BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO MOVE IT. AND TO DO THAT, MR. SILVER NEEDS DIFFERENT TALENTS THAN HIS USUAL THUGS WITH GUNS CAN SUPPLY... MORE ***SUBTLE*** TALENTS...
...HE NEEDS YOU SIX.
NONE OF YOU IS ***REALLY*** IN ANY POSITION TO TURN DOWN HIS OFFER OF EMPLOYMENT. BUT SINCE I'D PREFER THAT YOU HAVE SOME ***ENTHUSIASM*** FOR THE JOB, I ASK YOU TO CONSIDER FOR A MOMENT WHAT YOU HAVE TO GAIN.
MR. SILVER FINDS SUPER HEROES... ***INCONVENIENT.*** HE'D PREFER TO PLAN HIS OPERATIONS WITHOUT HAVING TO FACTOR IN THE POSSIBILITY OF THEIR INVOLVEMENT.
ONCE HE HAS THIS DISC, WHO DO YOU THINK HE'LL SEND AFTER THEM, TO GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY?

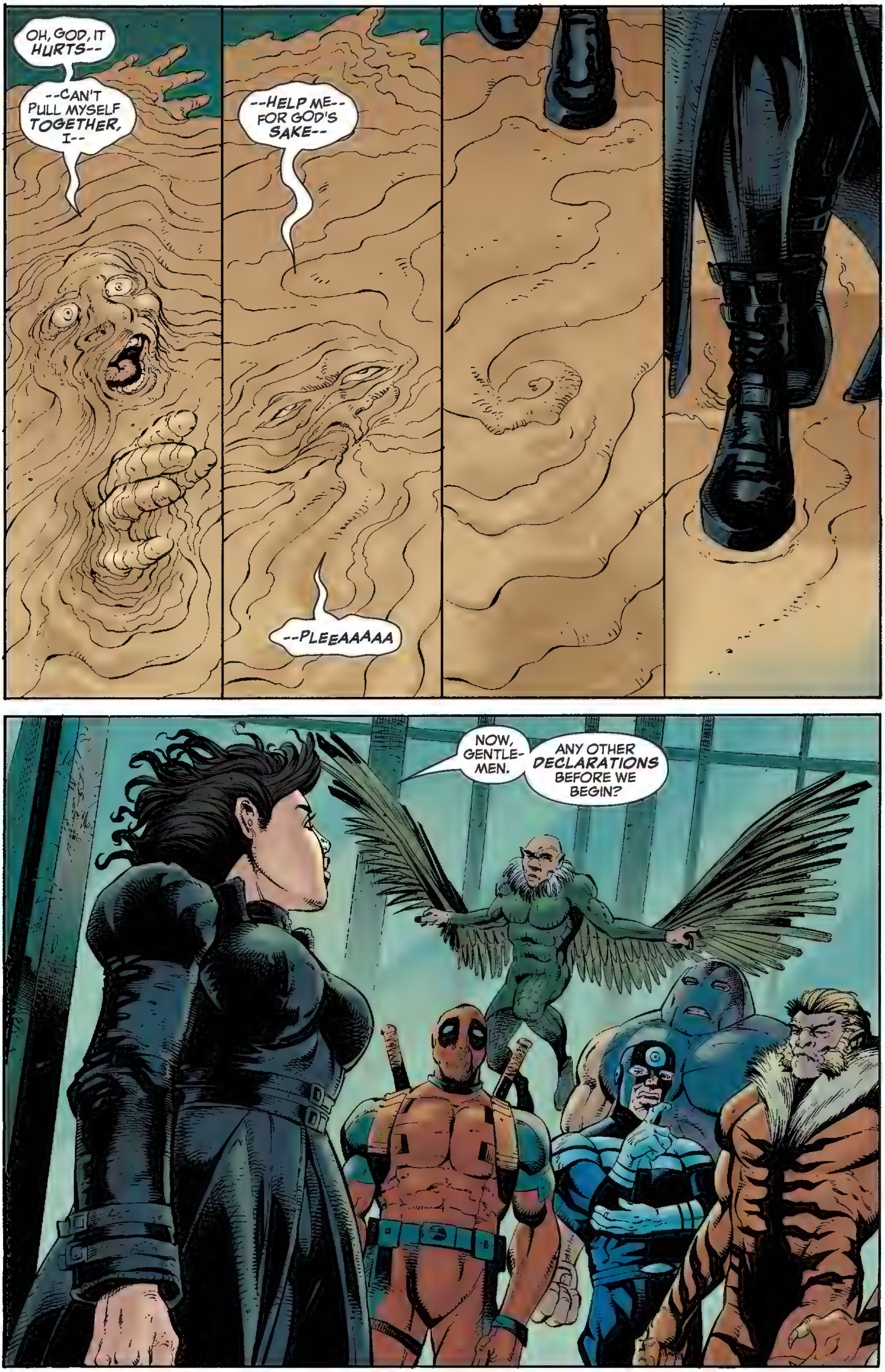

"IMAGINE *THE AVENGERS*... *THE X-MEN*...*SPIDER-MAN*...THE ENTIRE SUPER HERO COMMUNITY, ALL UTTERLY HELPLESS BEFORE YOU.
"THEIR HOMES DESTROYED. THEIR FINANCES SHATTERED. THEIR FAMILIES PERSECUTED. THEIR CHILDREN ABDUCTED.
"THEIR VERY *LIVES*, YOURS TO TAKE AT YOUR LEISURE WHILE THEY SLEEP.
"AND IF YOU'RE NOT PERSUADED BY WHAT YOU HAVE TO *GAIN*..."

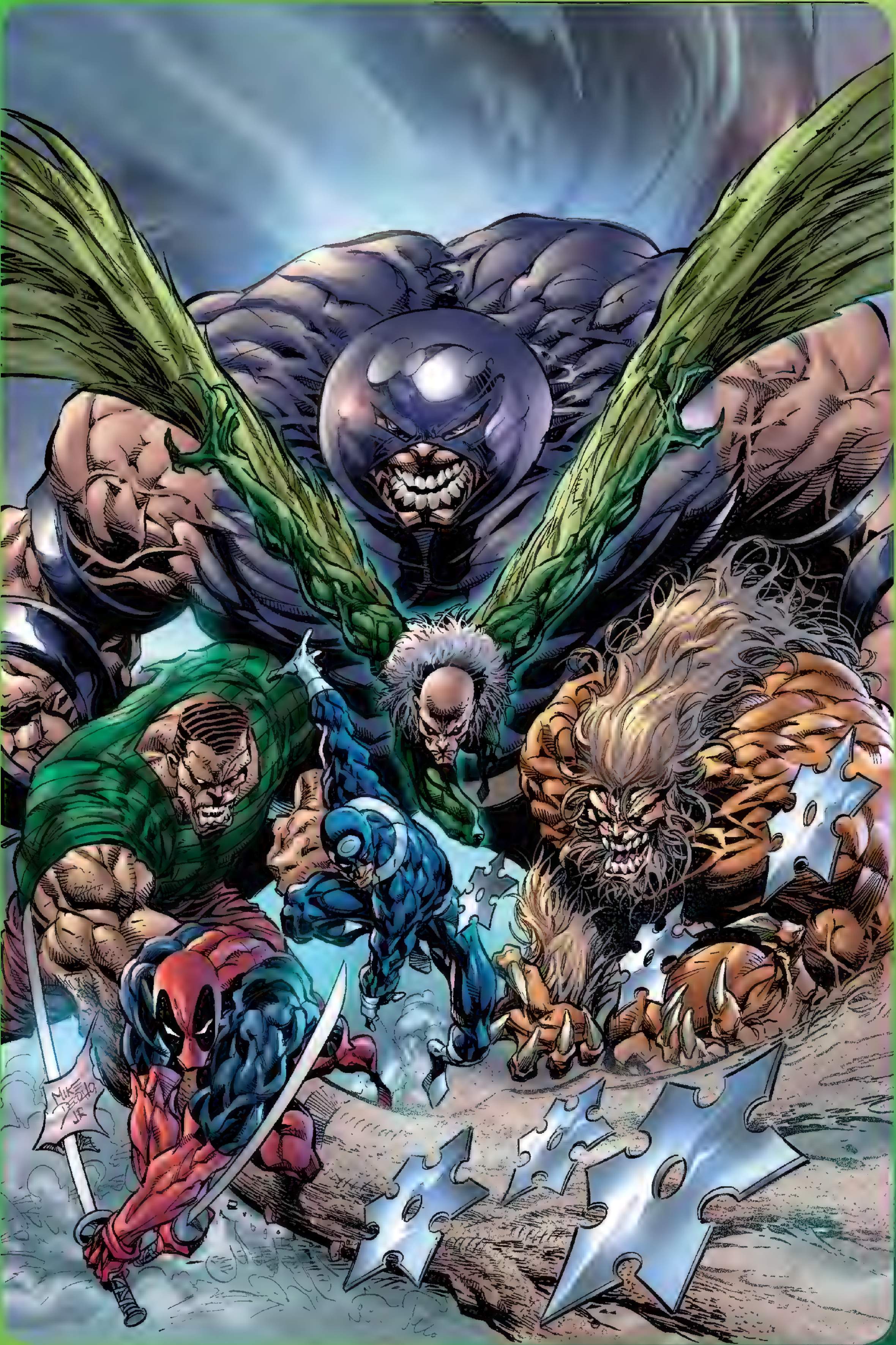

...REMEMBER WHAT YOU HAVE TO *LOSE.*
YEAH, WELL THAT RIGHT THERE IS THE PROBLEM, SWEETHEART.
BILL--
HERE'S THE THING--
I DON'T *BELIEVE* IN YOUR "MR. SILVER."
AND IF I DID, I WOULDN'T TRUST HIM.
BUT MORE THAN *ANYTHING...*
...I CAN'T GET PAST THE FACT THAT YOU *THREATENED* MY *MA!*
WHHOOSH


KRRAK
-nngh-
LOUSY WITCH!
WHAAM
WHAT'S HE DOING...? IDIOT'LL RUIN EVERYTHING!
LET'S TAKE 'IM!
WITH PLEASURE.
YOU GUYS HAVE AT IT...
...I'M GOOD FROM HERE.
THUNK
AAARGH

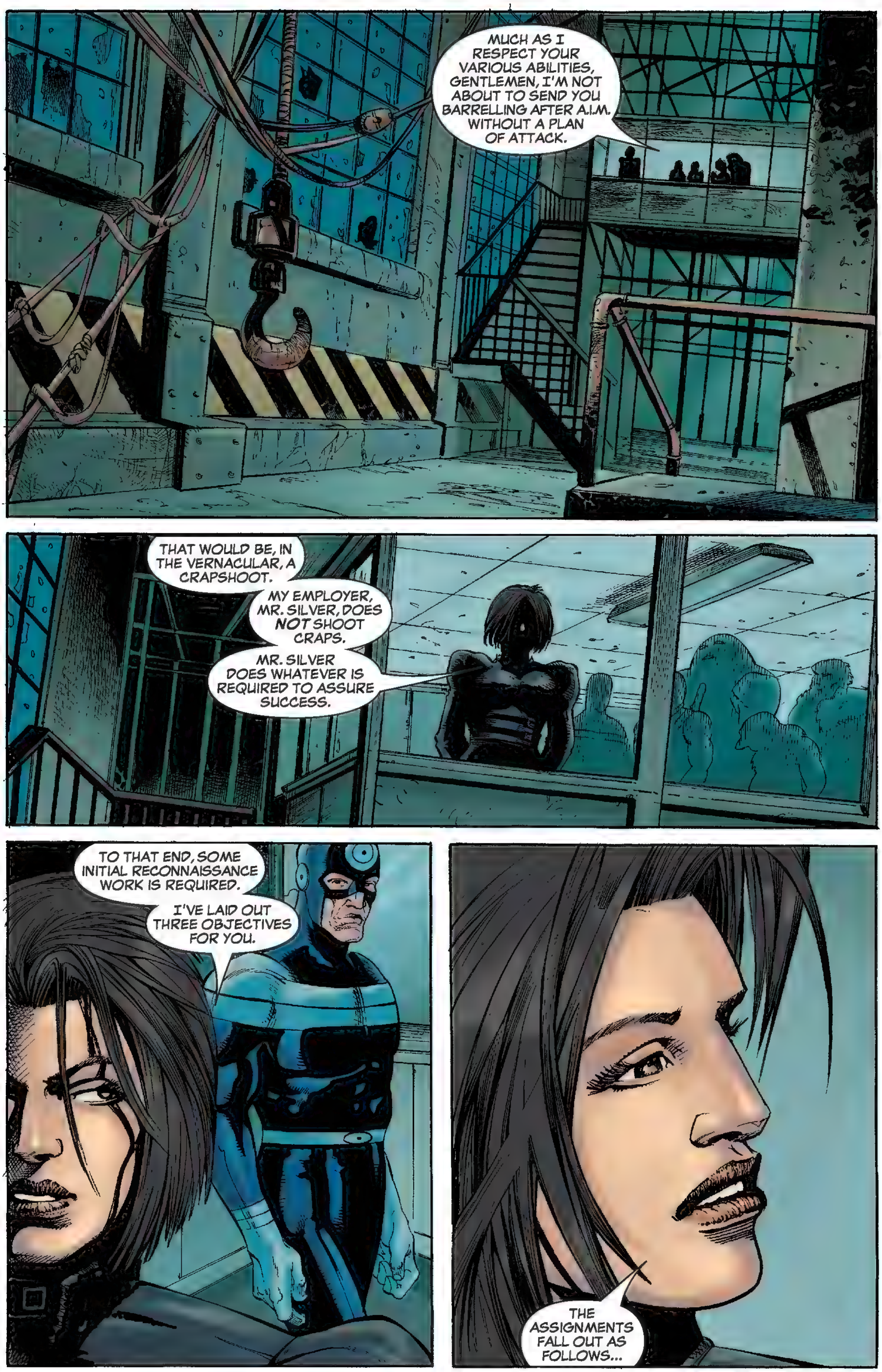

SANDMAN-- BILL--WHAT ARE YOU--
WHAM
HRRAAAHHHR
I GOT HIM-- WAIT--
--OKAY, NOW I--
--AHH, CRIKEY--
ACK!
SLAM
BILL, ARE YOU CRAZY--
LEMME GO--I AIN'T FINISHED--
YES, YOU ARE.
FLIP

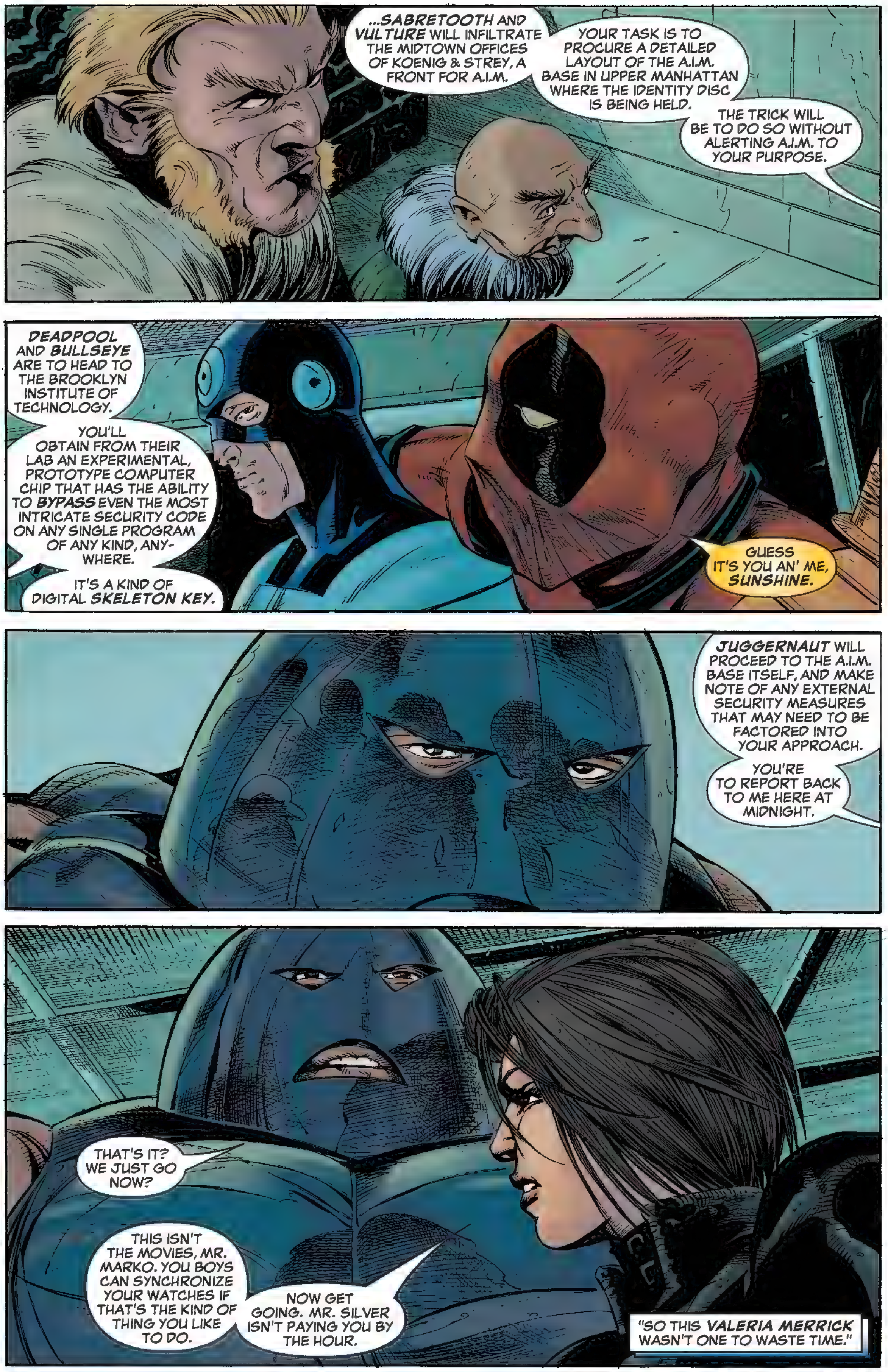

HAHAHAHA
SWEET-HEART, YOU'RE STUPIDER THAN I EVER WOULD'A GUESSED!
YOU THINK A **BULLET** CAN STOP **ME?**
I DON'T THINK. I **KNOW.**
I HAVE A COMPLETE DOSSIER ON EACH OF YOU, MR. BAKER. AND I'VE USED THEM TO PREPARE FOR **EVERY** CONTINGENCY.
I KNOW, FOR INSTANCE, THAT THE SO-CALLED "SAND" OF WHICH YOU'RE COMPOSED IS REALLY AN ORGANICALLY CHARGED FORM OF **SILICON DIOXIDE.**
A SUBSTANCE THAT'S VIRTUALLY INSOLUBLE...EXCEPT IN **HYDROFLUORIC ACID.**
HEY-- WHAT'S--
WHICH IS THE PRIMARY COMPONENT OF THE CHEMICAL COMPOUND I'VE JUST INTRODUCED INTO YOUR SYSTEM.
THERE ARE SOME OTHER NASTY LITTLE ADDITIVES IN THERE AS WELL. BUT...YOU GET THE IDEA.
AHH-- *AHHH--*
GOODBYE, MR. BAKER.

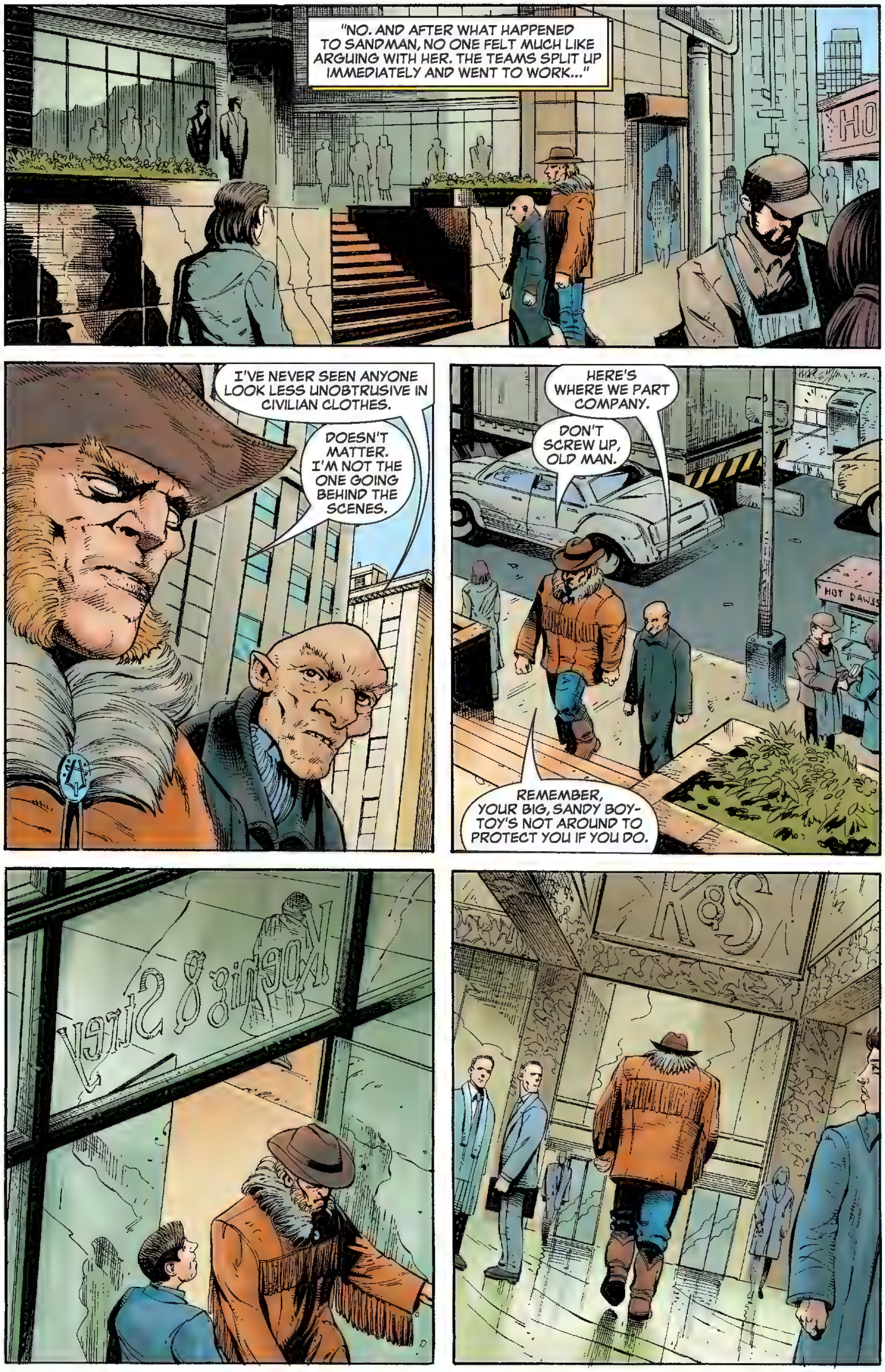

OH, GOD, IT HURTS--
--CAN'T PULL MYSELF TOGETHER, I--
--HELP ME-- FOR GOD'S SAKE--
--PLEEAAAAA
NOW, GENTLEMEN.
ANY OTHER DECLARATIONS BEFORE WE BEGIN?

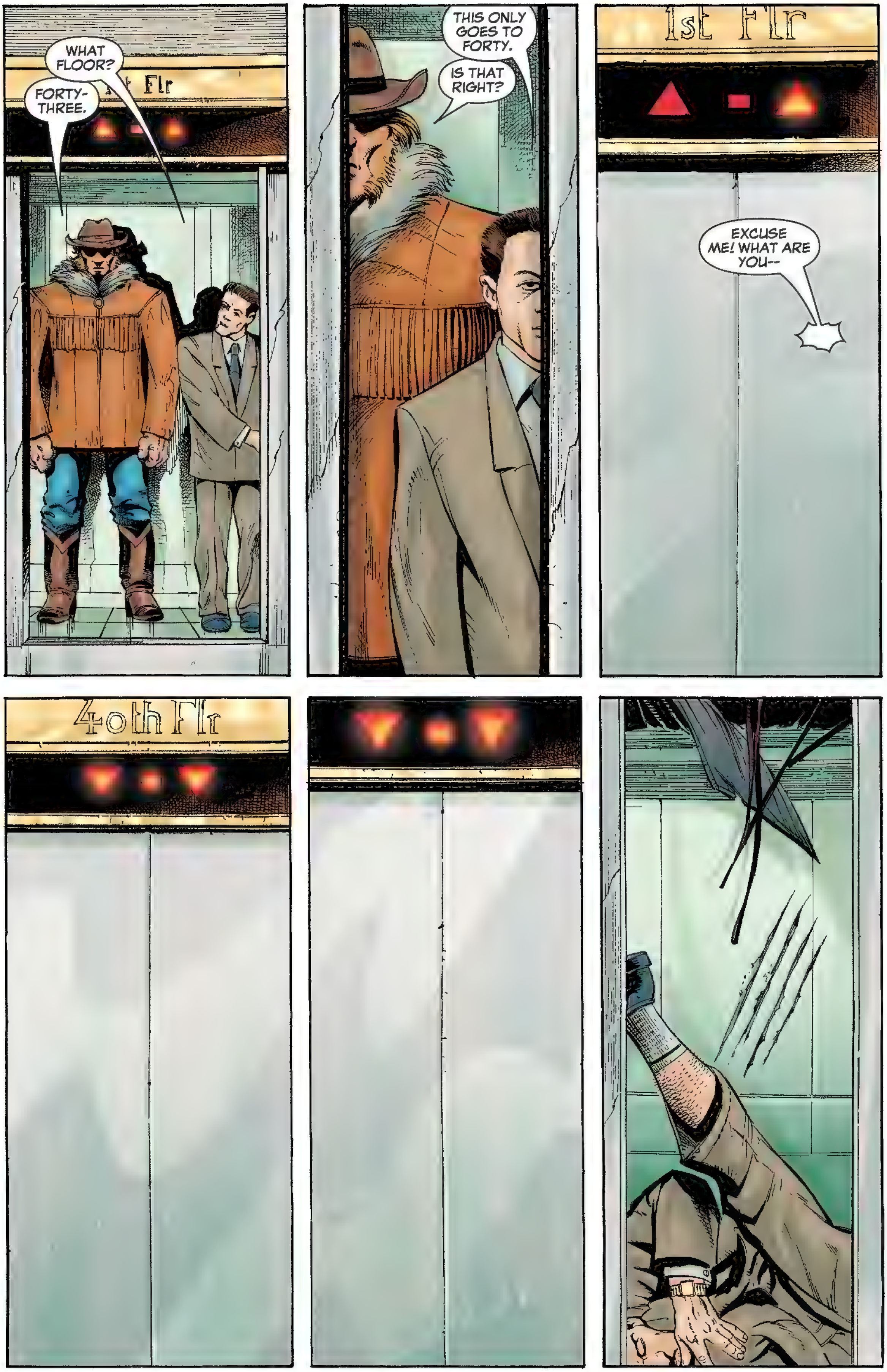

MIKE DEODATO JR

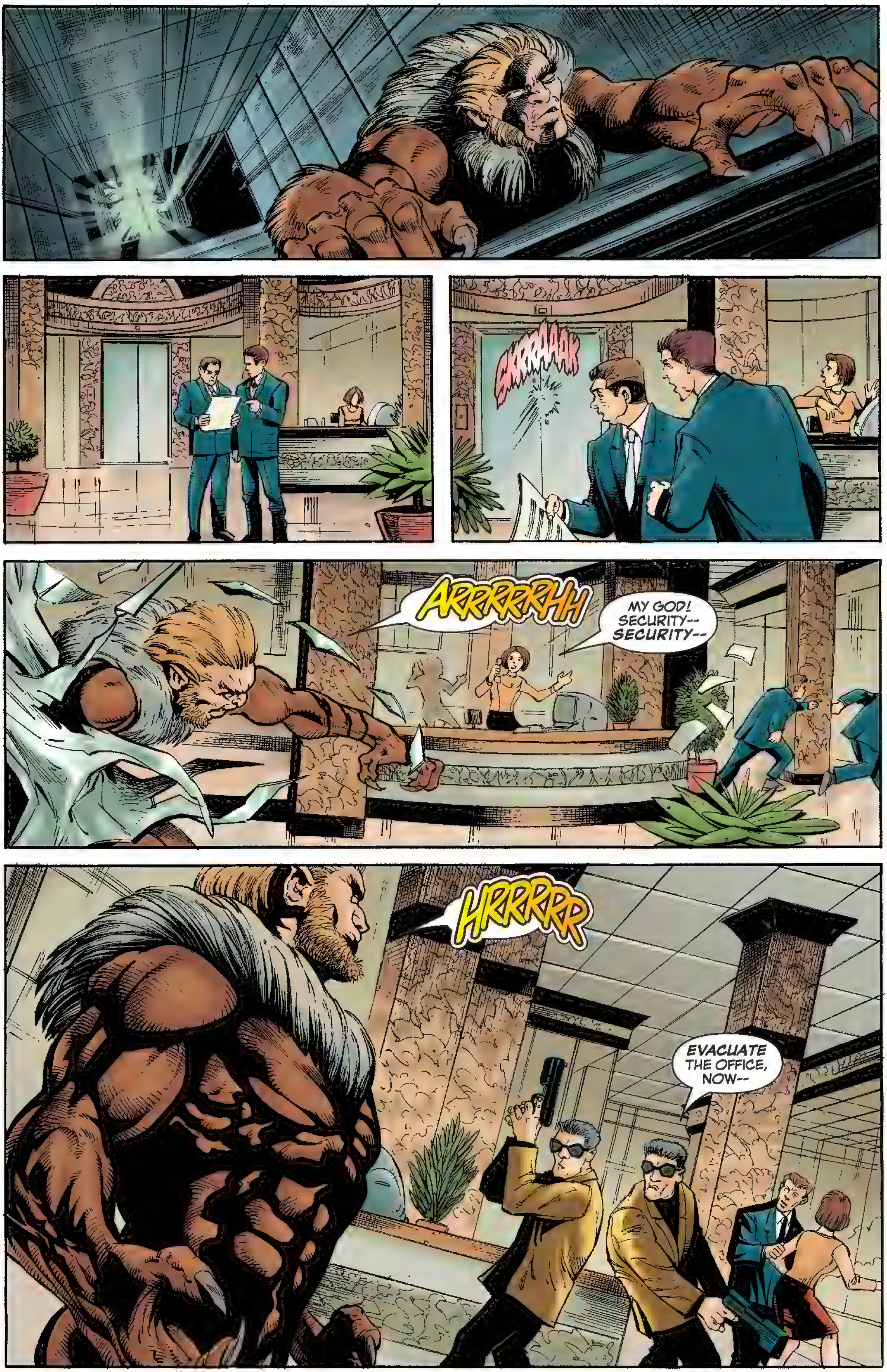
IDENTITY DISC #2

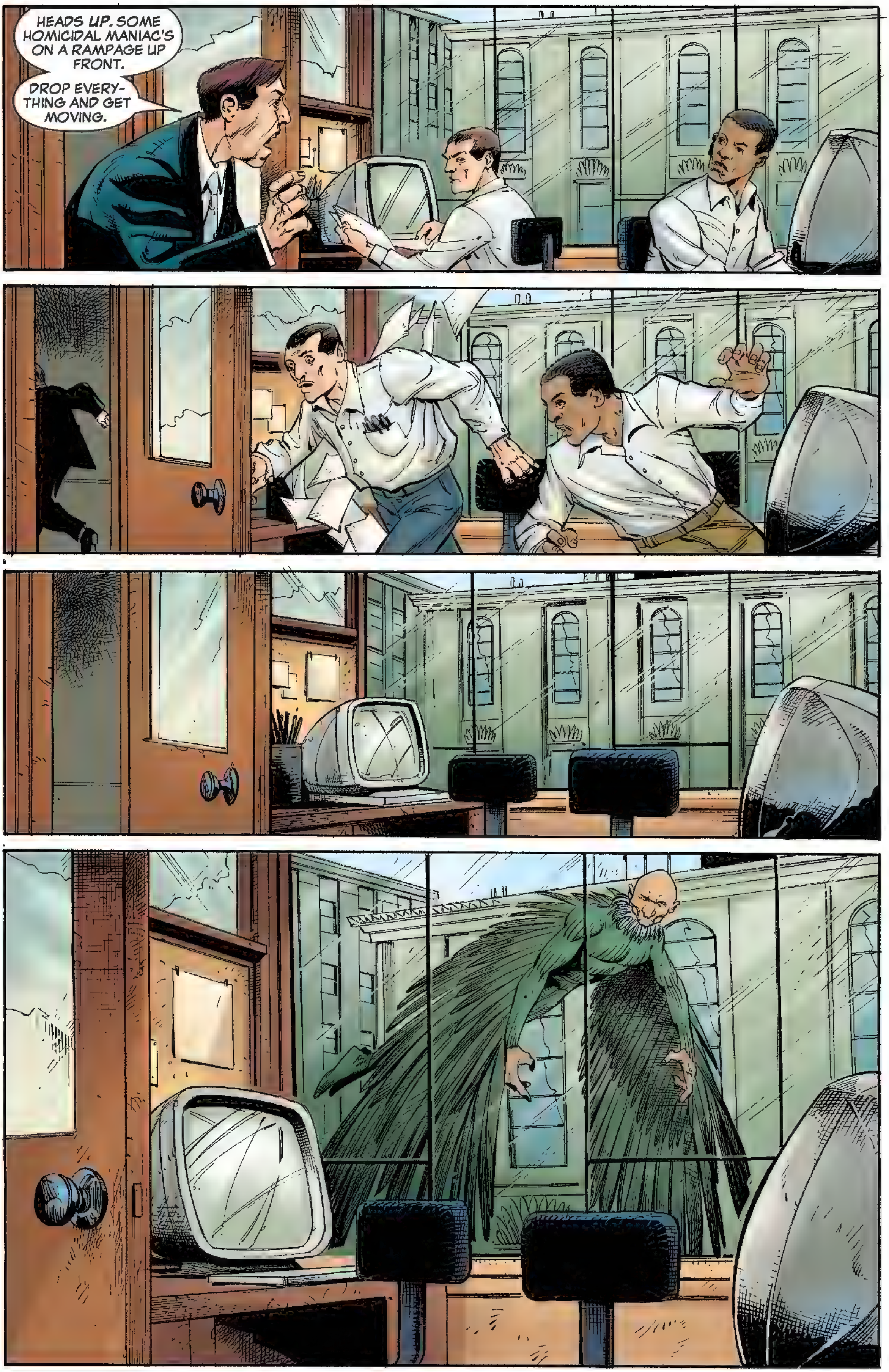

MUCH AS I RESPECT YOUR VARIOUS ABILITIES, GENTLEMEN, I'M NOT ABOUT TO SEND YOU BARRELLING AFTER A.I.M. WITHOUT A PLAN OF ATTACK.
THAT WOULD BE, IN THE VERNACULAR, A CRAPSHOOT.
MY EMPLOYER, MR. SILVER, DOES *NOT* SHOOT CRAPS.
MR. SILVER DOES WHATEVER IS REQUIRED TO ASSURE SUCCESS.
TO THAT END, SOME INITIAL RECONNAISSANCE WORK IS REQUIRED.
I'VE LAID OUT THREE OBJECTIVES FOR YOU.
THE ASSIGNMENTS FALL OUT AS FOLLOWS...

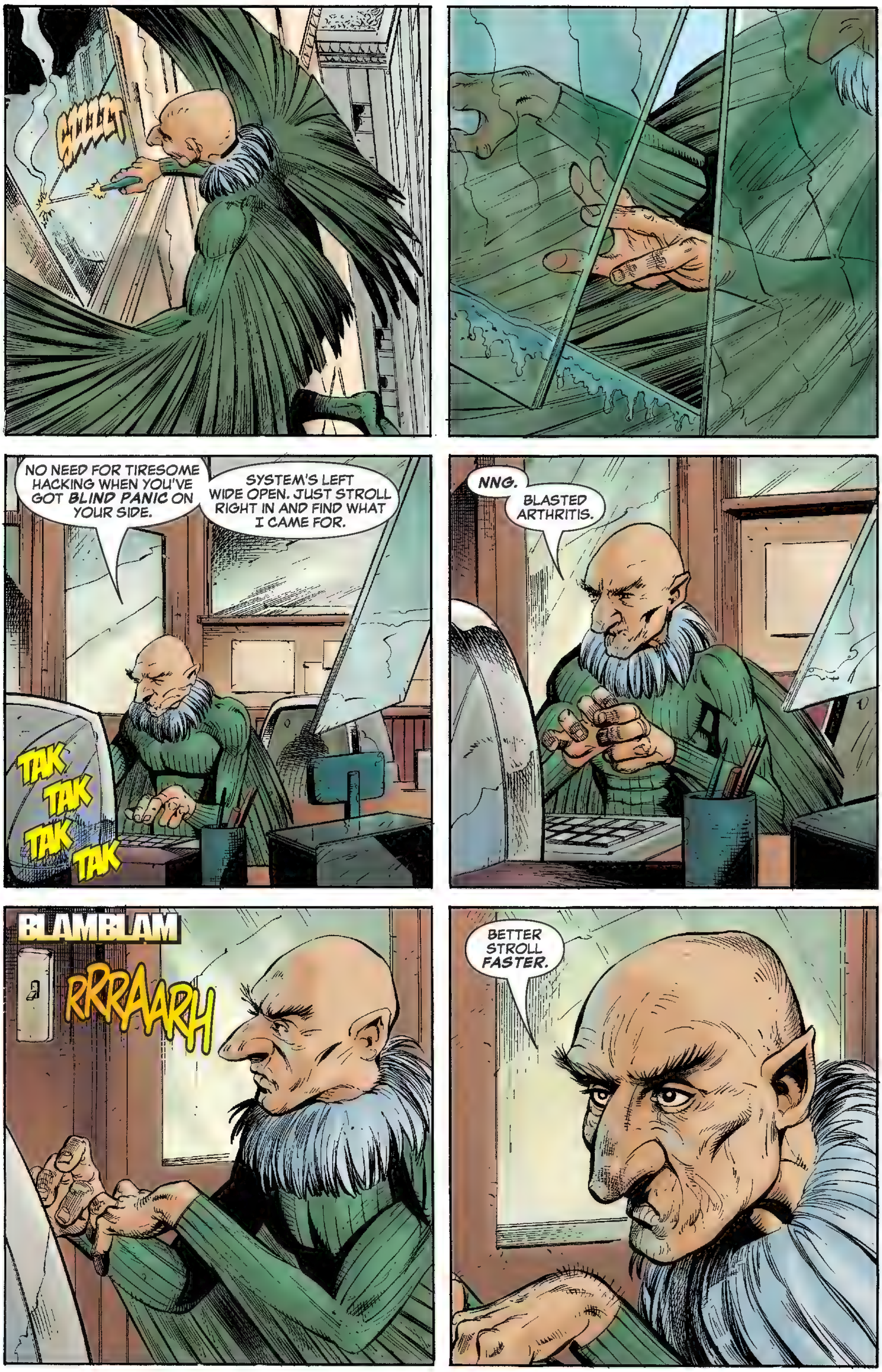

...**SABRETOOTH** AND **VULTURE** WILL INFILTRATE THE MIDTOWN OFFICES OF KOENIG & STREY, A FRONT FOR A.I.M.
YOUR TASK IS TO PROCURE A DETAILED LAYOUT OF THE A.I.M. BASE IN UPPER MANHATTAN WHERE THE IDENTITY DISC IS BEING HELD.
THE TRICK WILL BE TO DO SO WITHOUT ALERTING A.I.M. TO YOUR PURPOSE.
DEADPOOL AND **BULLSEYE** ARE TO HEAD TO THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.
YOU'LL OBTAIN FROM THEIR LAB AN EXPERIMENTAL, PROTOTYPE COMPUTER CHIP THAT HAS THE ABILITY TO **BYPASS** EVEN THE MOST INTRICATE SECURITY CODE ON ANY SINGLE PROGRAM OF ANY KIND, ANYWHERE.
IT'S A KIND OF DIGITAL **SKELETON KEY.**
GUESS IT'S YOU AN' ME, **SUNSHINE.**
JUGGERNAUT WILL PROCEED TO THE A.I.M. BASE ITSELF, AND MAKE NOTE OF ANY EXTERNAL SECURITY MEASURES THAT MAY NEED TO BE FACTORED INTO YOUR APPROACH.
YOU'RE TO REPORT BACK TO ME HERE AT MIDNIGHT.
THAT'S IT? WE JUST GO NOW?
THIS ISN'T THE MOVIES, MR. MARKO. YOU BOYS CAN SYNCHRONIZE YOUR WATCHES IF THAT'S THE KIND OF THING YOU LIKE TO DO.
NOW GET GOING. MR. SILVER ISN'T PAYING YOU BY THE HOUR.
"SO THIS **VALERIA MERRICK** WASN'T ONE TO WASTE TIME."

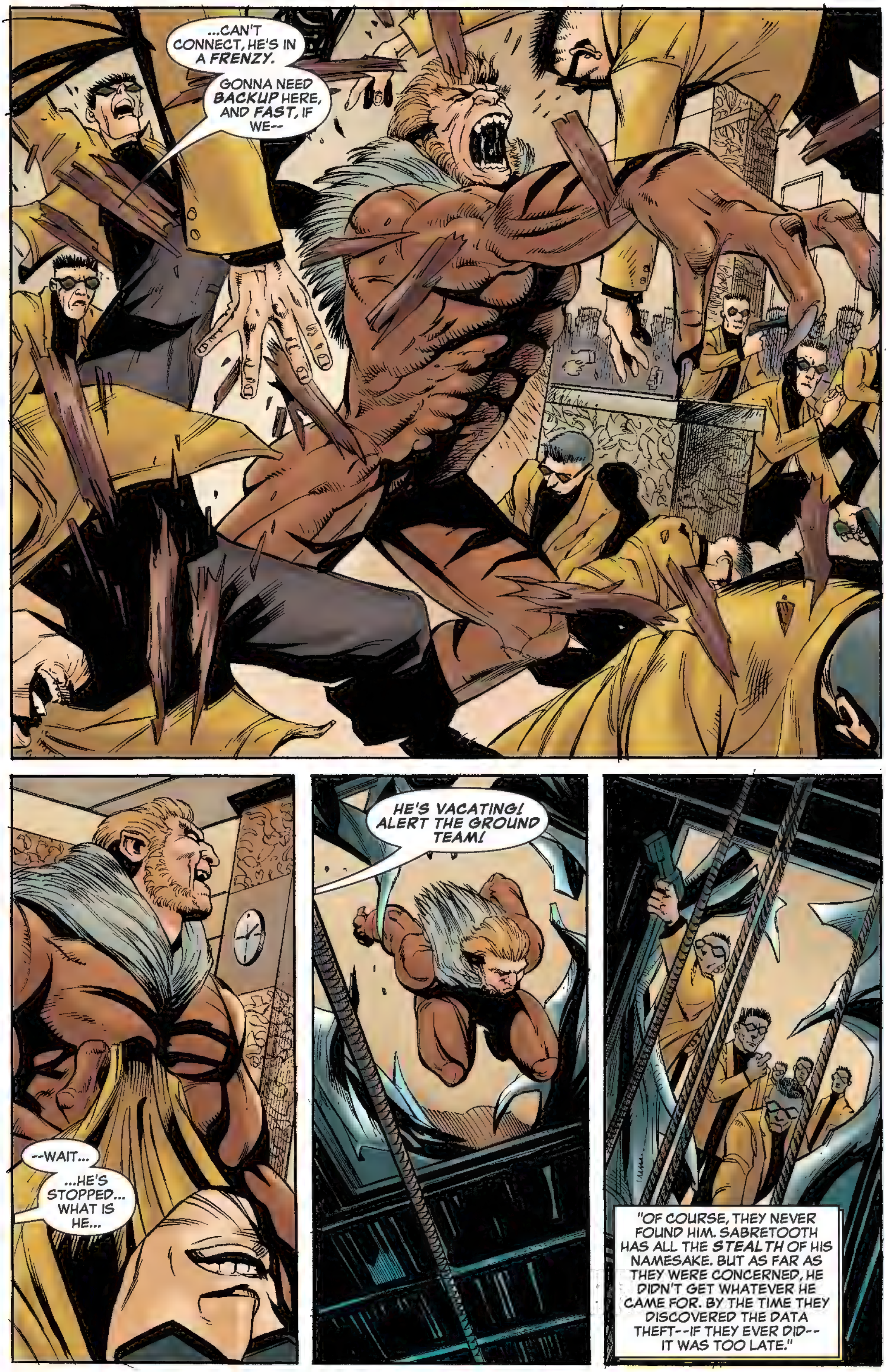

"NO. AND AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO SANDMAN, NO ONE FELT MUCH LIKE ARGUING WITH HER. THE TEAMS SPLIT UP IMMEDIATELY AND WENT TO WORK..."
HO
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE LOOK LESS UNOBTRUSIVE IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES.
DOESN'T MATTER. I'M NOT THE ONE GOING BEHIND THE SCENES.
HERE'S WHERE WE PART COMPANY.
DON'T SCREW UP, OLD MAN.
HOT DAWGS
REMEMBER, YOUR BIG, SANDY BOY-TOY'S NOT AROUND TO PROTECT YOU IF YOU DO.
Koenig & Strey
K&S

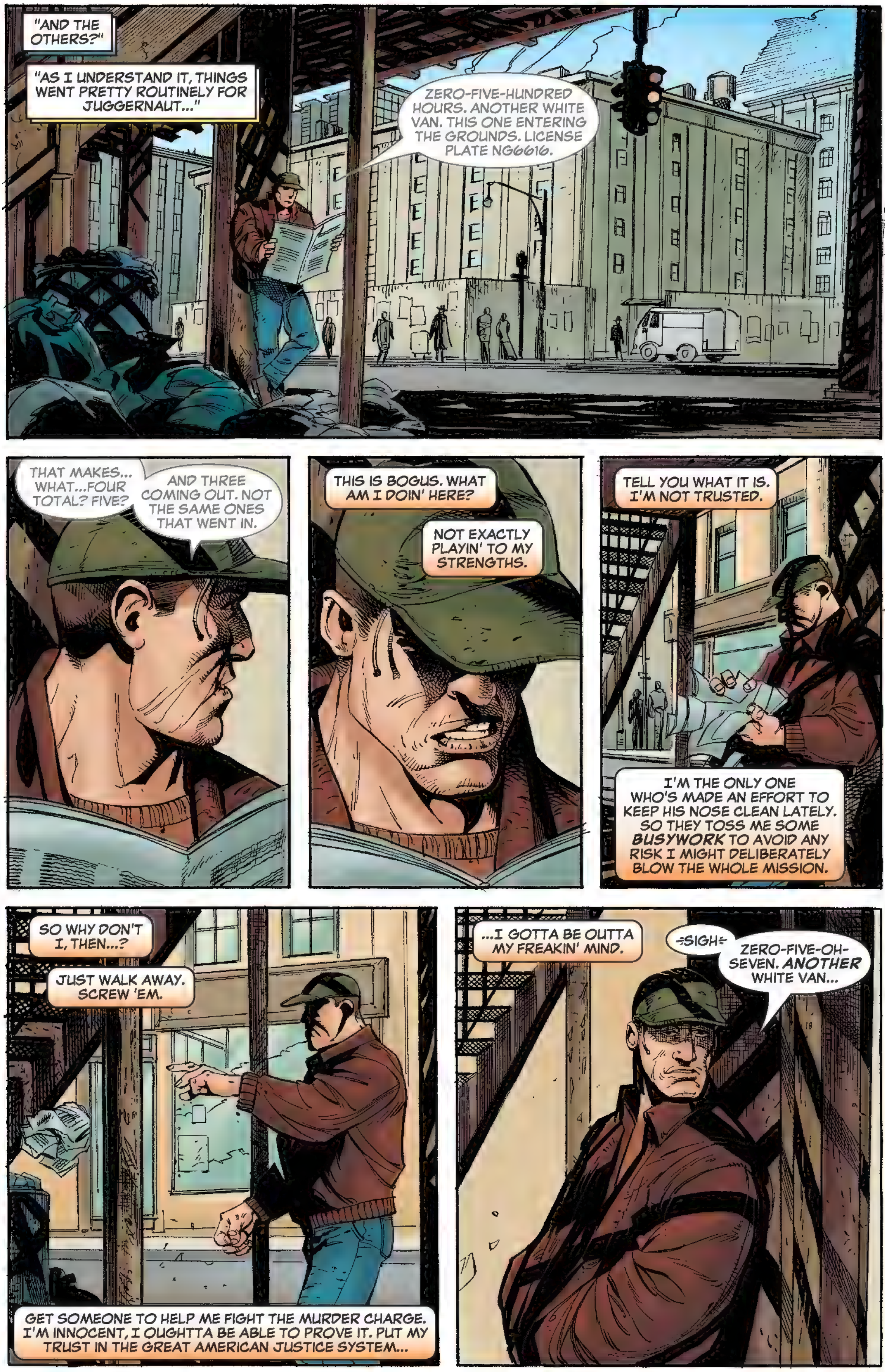

WHAT FLOOR?
FORTY-THREE.
1st Flr
THIS ONLY GOES TO FORTY.
IS THAT RIGHT?
1st Flr
EXCUSE ME! WHAT ARE YOU--
40th Flr

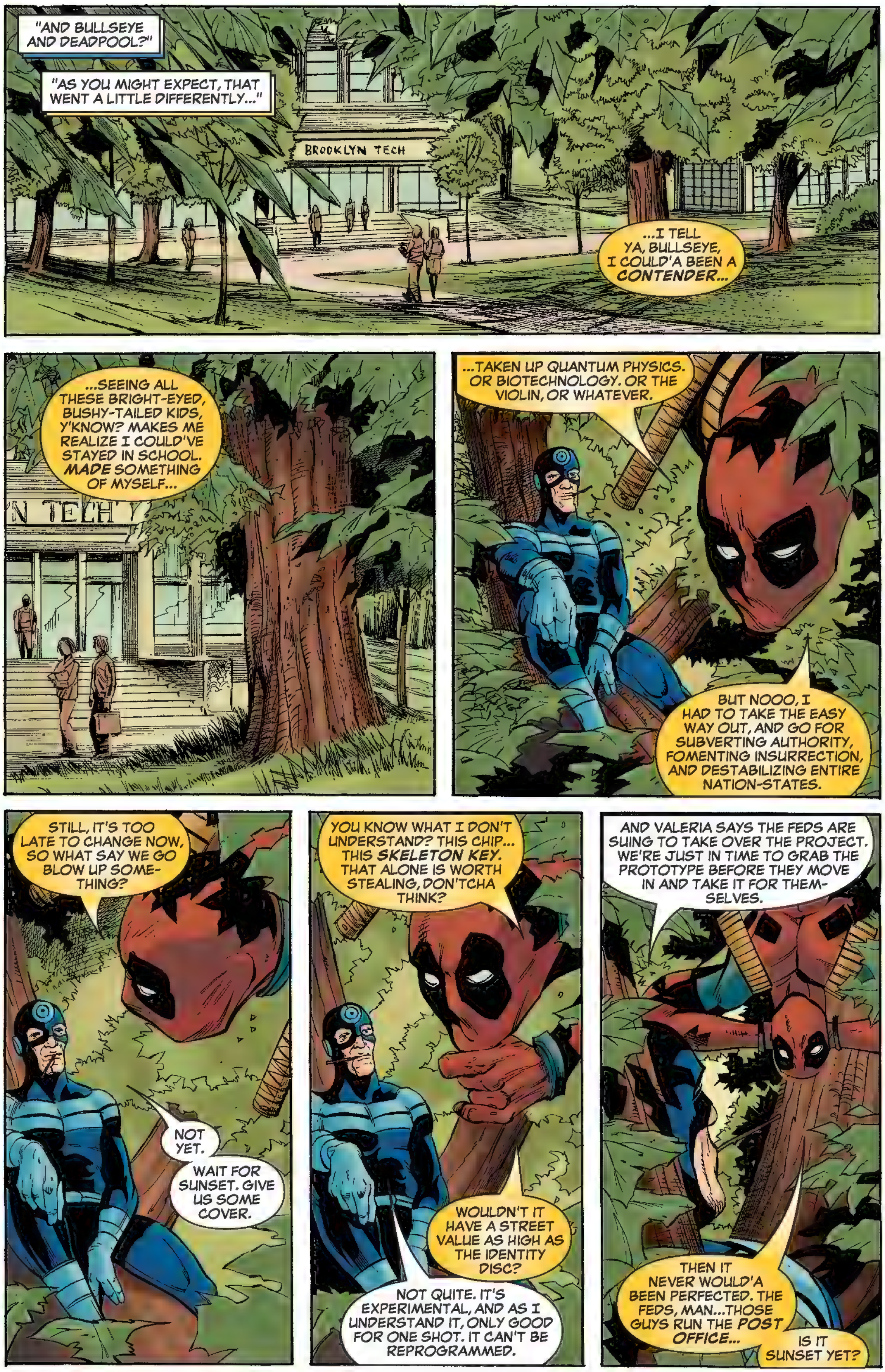

SKRRAAAK
ARRRRRRHH
MY GOD! SECURITY-- SECURITY--
HRRRRR
EVACUATE THE OFFICE, NOW--

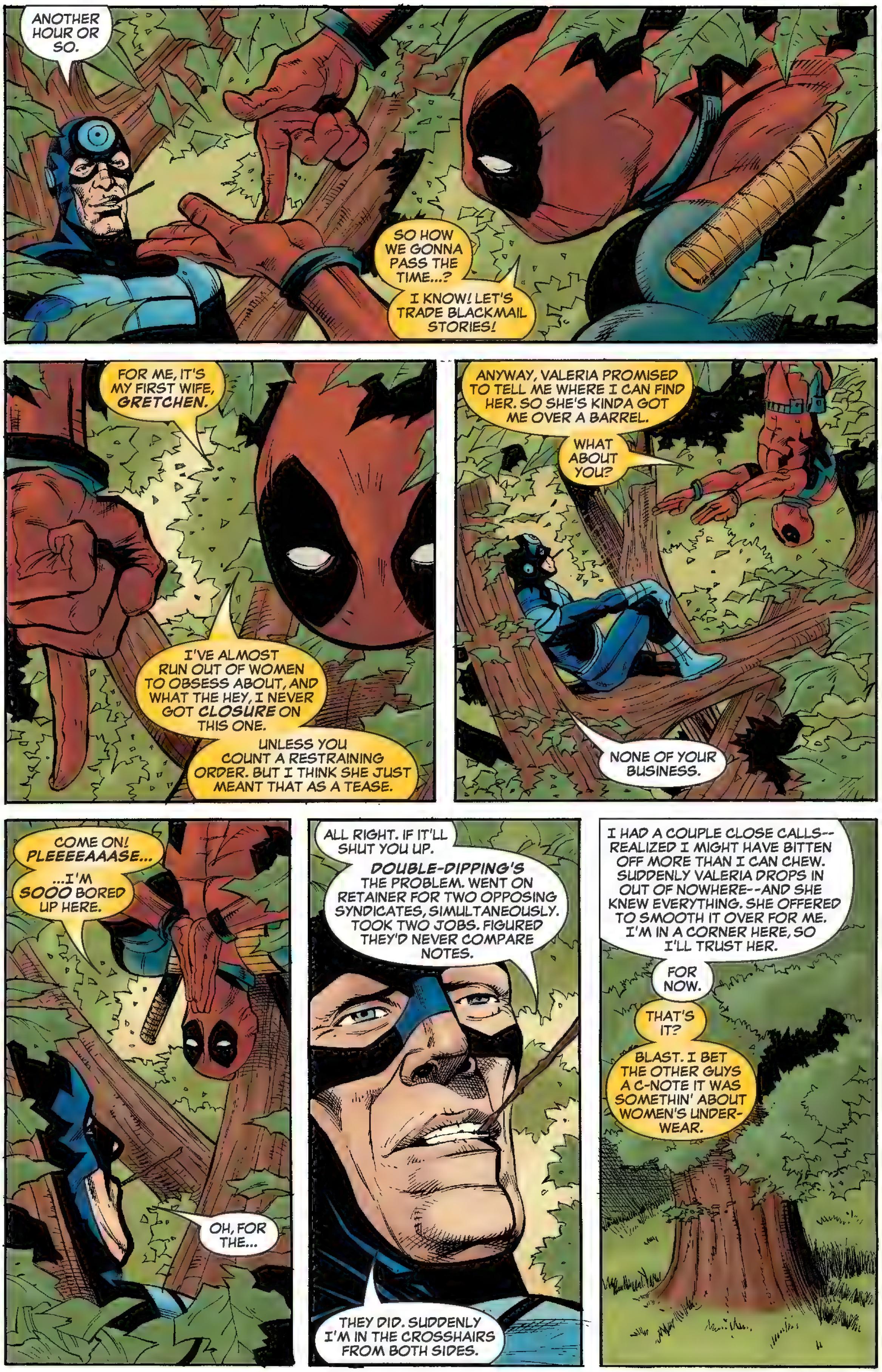

HEADS UP. SOME HOMICIDAL MANIAC'S ON A RAMPAGE UP FRONT.
DROP EVERYTHING AND GET MOVING.

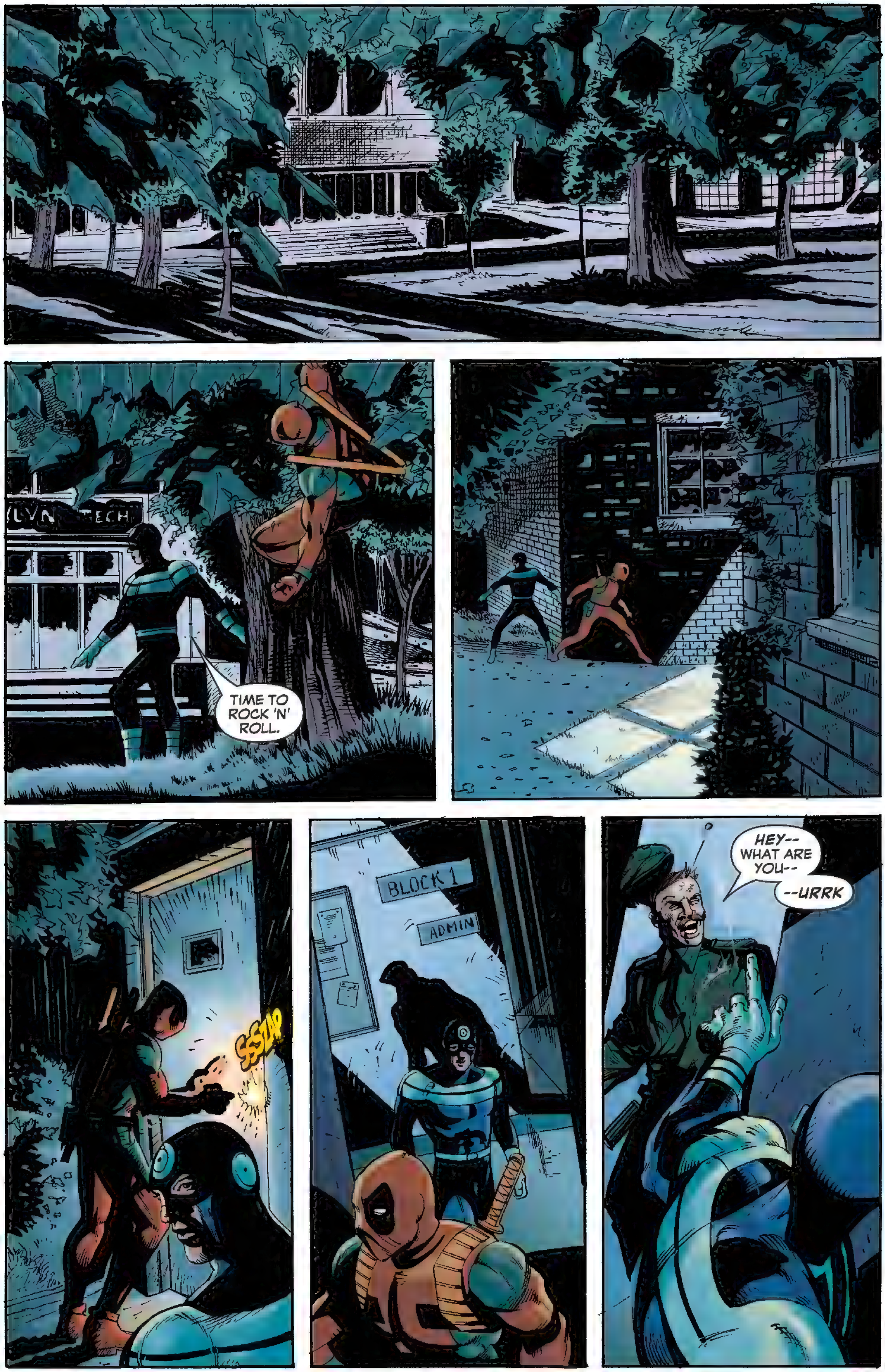

SZZZT
NO NEED FOR TIRESOME HACKING WHEN YOU'VE GOT **BLIND PANIC** ON YOUR SIDE.
SYSTEM'S LEFT WIDE OPEN. JUST STROLL RIGHT IN AND FIND WHAT I CAME FOR.
TAK TAK TAK TAK
NNG.
BLASTED ARTHRITIS.
BLAMBLAM
RRRAARH
BETTER STROLL *FASTER.*

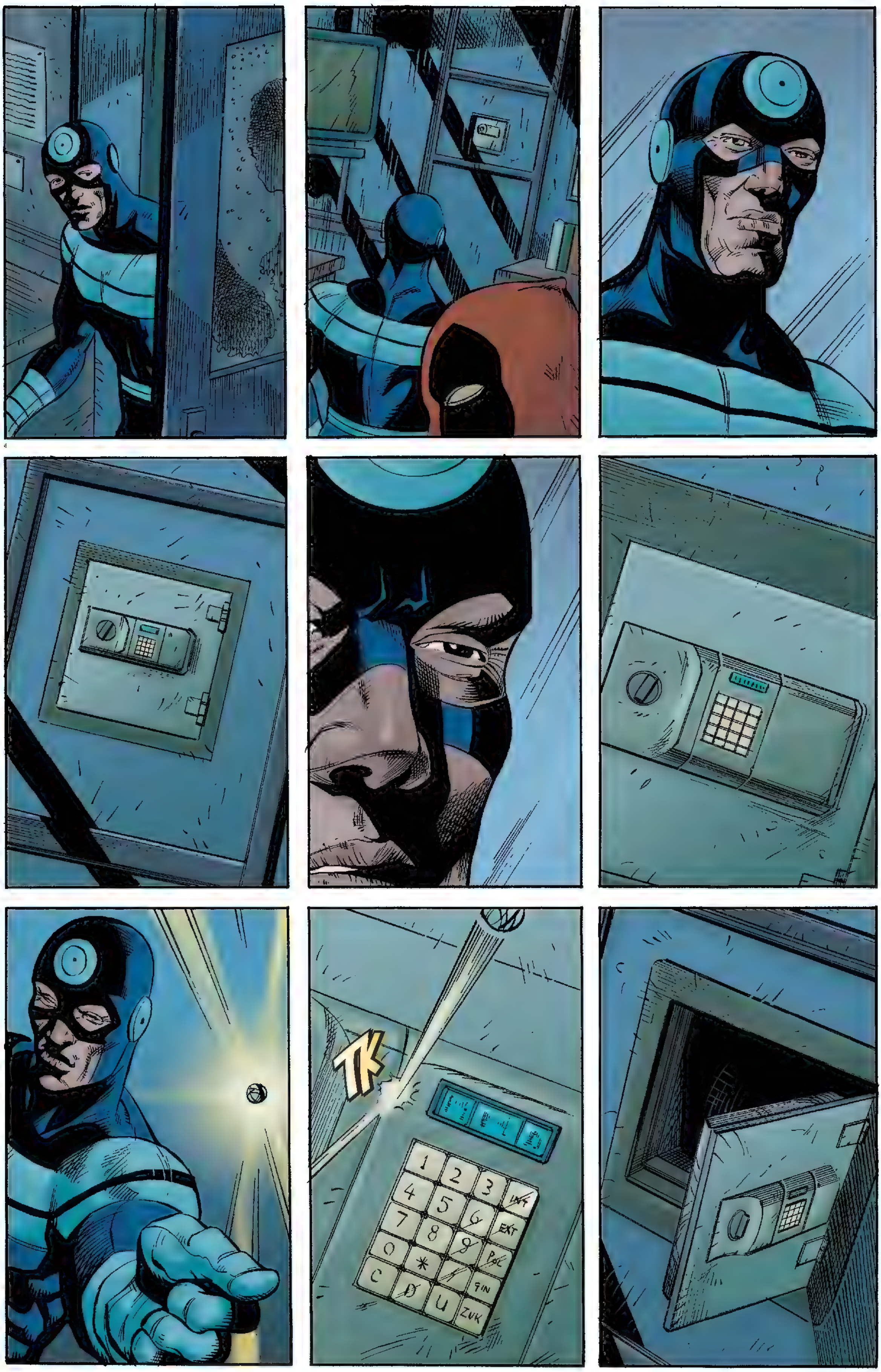

...CAN'T CONNECT, HE'S IN A *FRENZY*.
GONNA NEED ***BACKUP*** HERE, AND ***FAST***, IF WE--
--WAIT...
...HE'S STOPPED... WHAT IS HE...
HE'S VACATING! ALERT THE GROUND TEAM!
"OF COURSE, THEY NEVER FOUND HIM. SABRETOOTH HAS ALL THE ***STEALTH*** OF HIS NAMESAKE. BUT AS FAR AS THEY WERE CONCERNED, HE DIDN'T GET WHATEVER HE CAME FOR. BY THE TIME THEY DISCOVERED THE DATA THEFT--IF THEY EVER DID--IT WAS TOO LATE."

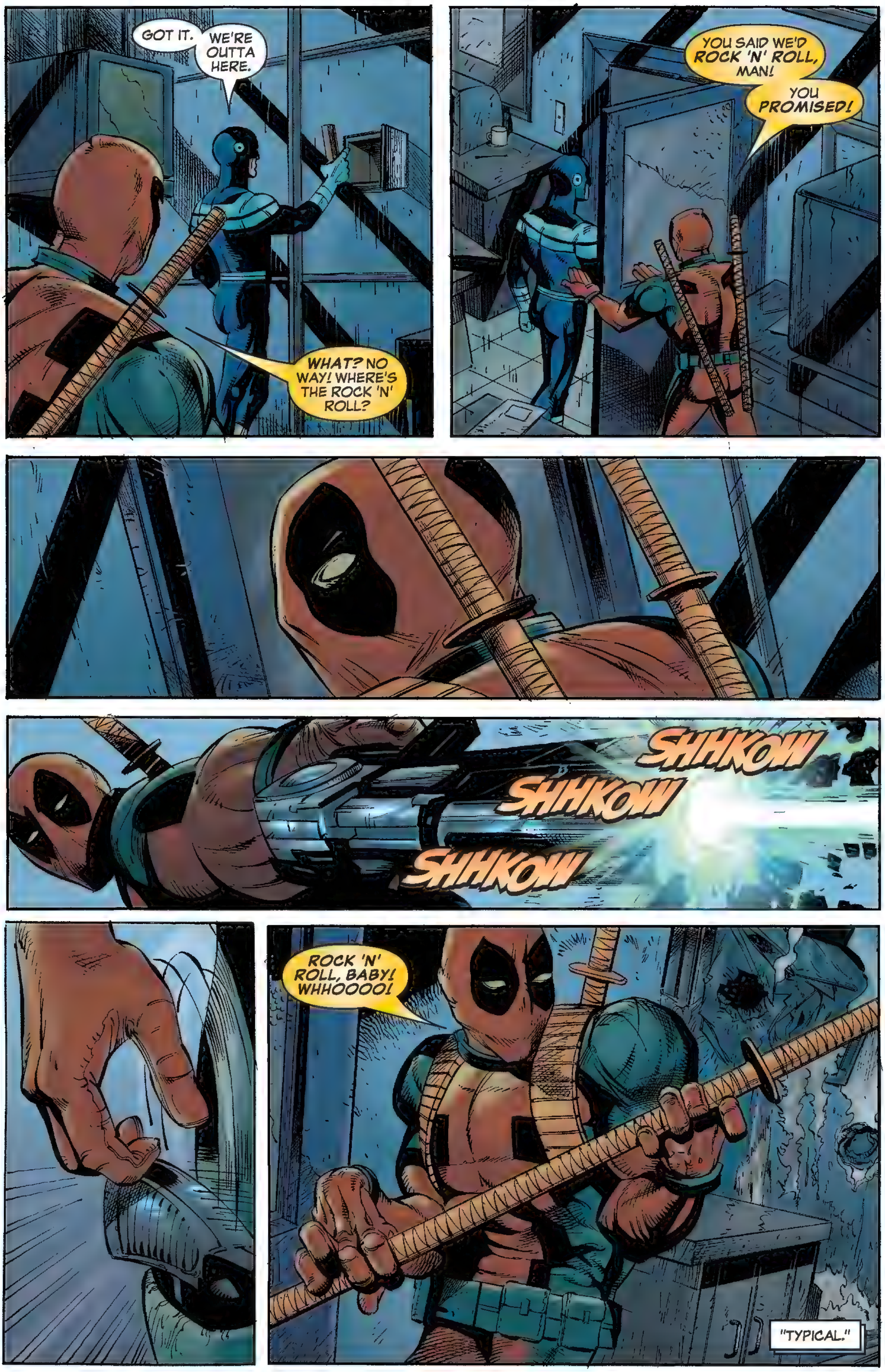

"AND THE OTHERS?"
"AS I UNDERSTAND IT, THINGS WENT PRETTY ROUTINELY FOR JUGGERNAUT..."
ZERO-FIVE-HUNDRED HOURS. ANOTHER WHITE VAN. THIS ONE ENTERING THE GROUNDS. LICENSE PLATE NG6616.
THAT MAKES... WHAT...FOUR TOTAL? FIVE?
AND THREE COMING OUT. NOT THE SAME ONES THAT WENT IN.
THIS IS BOGUS. WHAT AM I DOIN' HERE?
NOT EXACTLY PLAYIN' TO MY STRENGTHS.
TELL YOU WHAT IT IS. I'M NOT TRUSTED.
I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO'S MADE AN EFFORT TO KEEP HIS NOSE CLEAN LATELY. SO THEY TOSS ME SOME BUSYWORK TO AVOID ANY RISK I MIGHT DELIBERATELY BLOW THE WHOLE MISSION.
SO WHY DON'T I, THEN...?
JUST WALK AWAY. SCREW 'EM.
GET SOMEONE TO HELP ME FIGHT THE MURDER CHARGE. I'M INNOCENT, I OUGHTTA BE ABLE TO PROVE IT. PUT MY TRUST IN THE GREAT AMERICAN JUSTICE SYSTEM...
...I GOTTA BE OUTTA MY FREAKIN' MIND.
=SIGH=
ZERO-FIVE-OH-SEVEN. ANOTHER WHITE VAN...

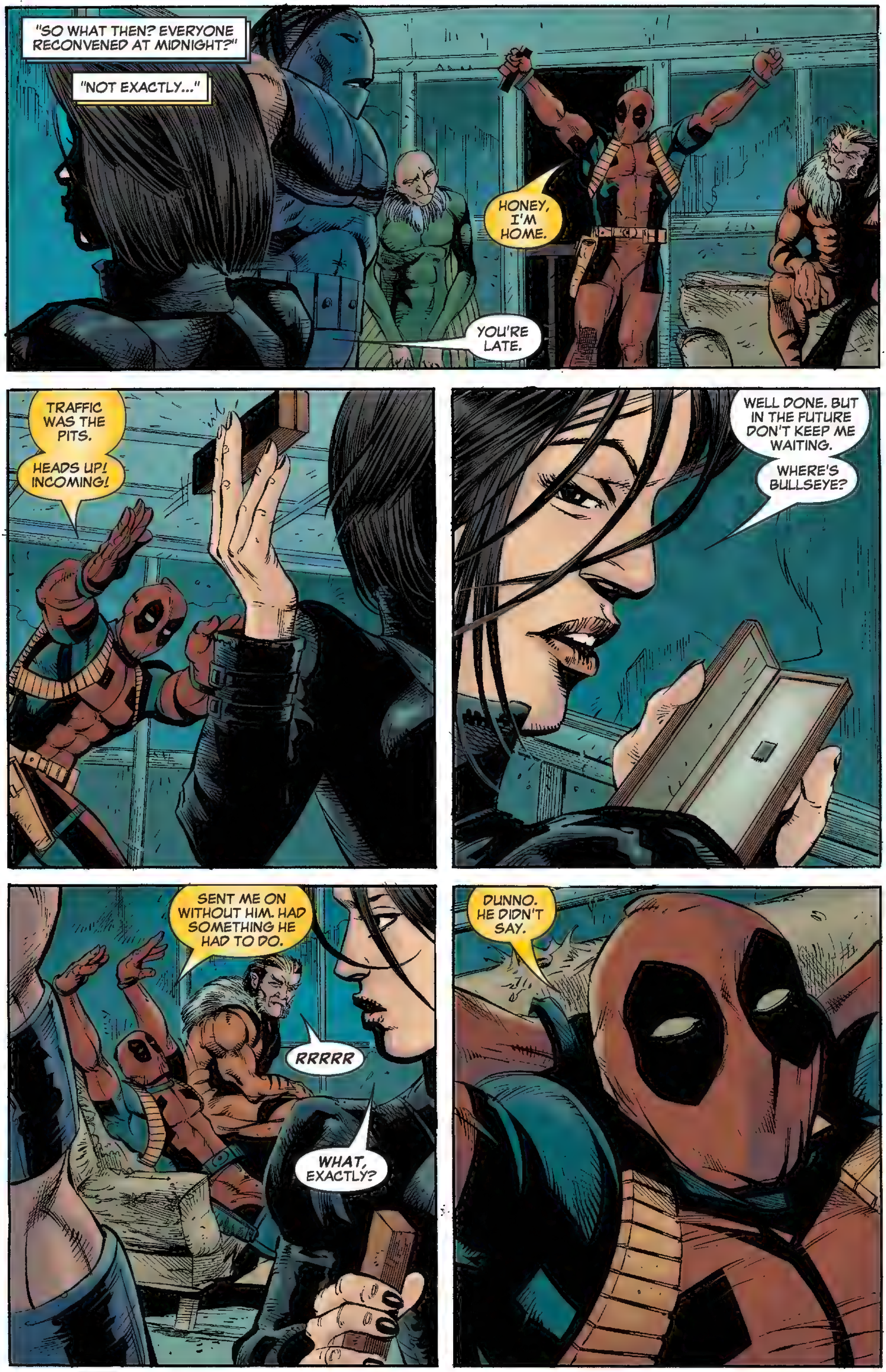

"AND BULLSEYE AND DEADPOOL?"
"AS YOU MIGHT EXPECT, THAT WENT A LITTLE DIFFERENTLY..."
BROOKLYN TECH
...I TELL YA, BULLSEYE, I COULD'A BEEN A *CONTENDER*...
...SEEING ALL THESE BRIGHT-EYED, BUSHY-TAILED KIDS, Y'KNOW? MAKES ME REALIZE I COULD'VE STAYED IN SCHOOL. *MADE* SOMETHING OF MYSELF...
N TECH
...TAKEN UP QUANTUM PHYSICS. OR BIOTECHNOLOGY. OR THE VIOLIN, OR WHATEVER.
BUT NOOO, I HAD TO TAKE THE EASY WAY OUT, AND GO FOR SUBVERTING AUTHORITY, FOMENTING INSURRECTION, AND DESTABILIZING ENTIRE NATION-STATES.
STILL, IT'S TOO LATE TO CHANGE NOW, SO WHAT SAY WE GO BLOW UP SOMETHING?
NOT YET.
WAIT FOR SUNSET. GIVE US SOME COVER.
YOU KNOW WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND? THIS CHIP... THIS *SKELETON KEY.* THAT ALONE IS WORTH STEALING, DON'TCHA THINK?
WOULDN'T IT HAVE A STREET VALUE AS HIGH AS THE IDENTITY DISC?
NOT QUITE. IT'S EXPERIMENTAL, AND AS I UNDERSTAND IT, ONLY GOOD FOR ONE SHOT. IT CAN'T BE REPROGRAMMED.
AND VALERIA SAYS THE FEDS ARE SUING TO TAKE OVER THE PROJECT. WE'RE JUST IN TIME TO GRAB THE PROTOTYPE BEFORE THEY MOVE IN AND TAKE IT FOR THEMSELVES.
THEN IT NEVER WOULD'A BEEN PERFECTED. THE FEDS, MAN...THOSE GUYS RUN THE *POST OFFICE*...
IS IT SUNSET YET?

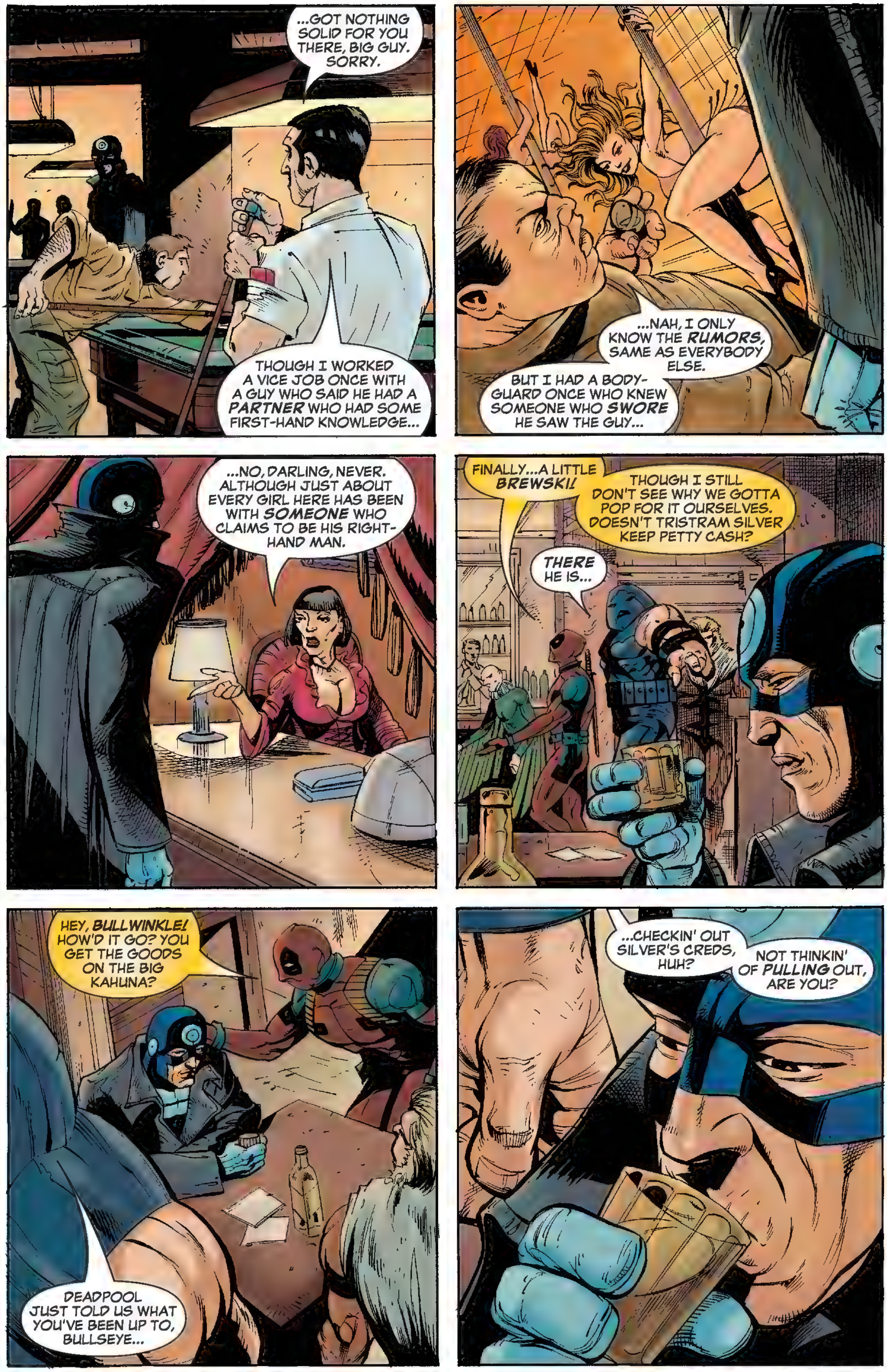

ANOTHER HOUR OR SO.
SO HOW WE GONNA PASS THE TIME...?
I KNOW! LET'S TRADE BLACKMAIL STORIES!
FOR ME, IT'S MY FIRST WIFE, **GRETCHEN.**
I'VE ALMOST RUN OUT OF WOMEN TO OBSESS ABOUT, AND WHAT THE HEY, I NEVER GOT **CLOSURE** ON THIS ONE.
UNLESS YOU COUNT A RESTRAINING ORDER. BUT I THINK SHE JUST MEANT THAT AS A TEASE.
ANYWAY, VALERIA PROMISED TO TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND HER. SO SHE'S KINDA GOT ME OVER A BARREL.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.
COME ON! **PLEEEEAAASE...**
...I'M **SOOO** BORED UP HERE.
OH, FOR THE...
ALL RIGHT. IF IT'LL SHUT YOU UP.
DOUBLE-DIPPING'S THE PROBLEM. WENT ON RETAINER FOR TWO OPPOSING SYNDICATES, SIMULTANEOUSLY. TOOK TWO JOBS. FIGURED THEY'D NEVER COMPARE NOTES.
THEY DID. SUDDENLY I'M IN THE CROSSHAIRS FROM BOTH SIDES.
I HAD A COUPLE CLOSE CALLS--REALIZED I MIGHT HAVE BITTEN OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW. SUDDENLY VALERIA DROPS IN OUT OF NOWHERE--AND SHE KNEW EVERYTHING. SHE OFFERED TO SMOOTH IT OVER FOR ME. I'M IN A CORNER HERE, SO I'LL TRUST HER.
FOR NOW.
THAT'S IT?
BLAST. I BET THE OTHER GUYS A C-NOTE IT WAS SOMETHIN' ABOUT WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR.

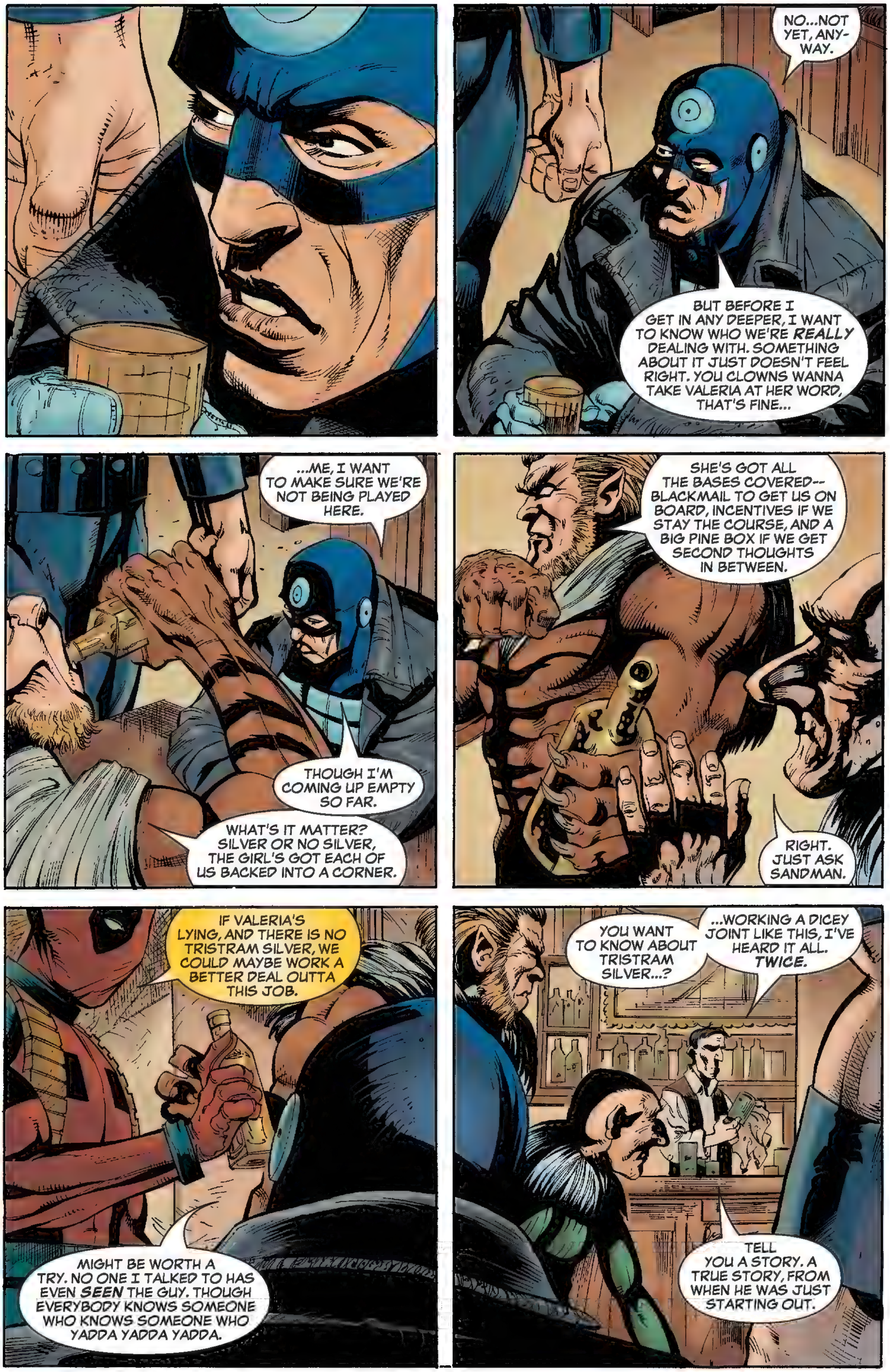

LYN TECH
TIME TO ROCK 'N' ROLL.
SSSLAP
BLOCK 1
ADMIN
HEY-- WHAT ARE YOU--
--URRK

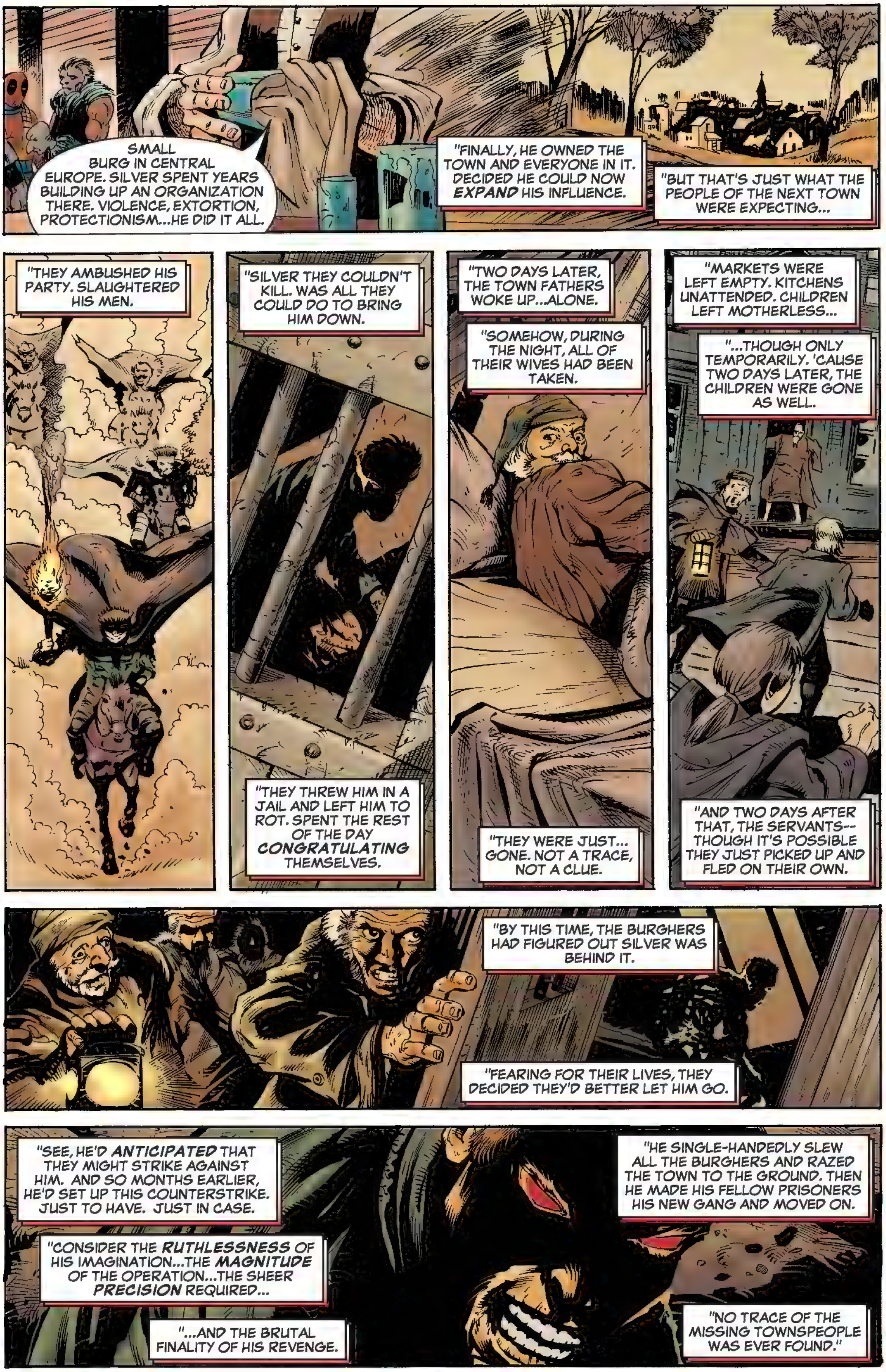

TK

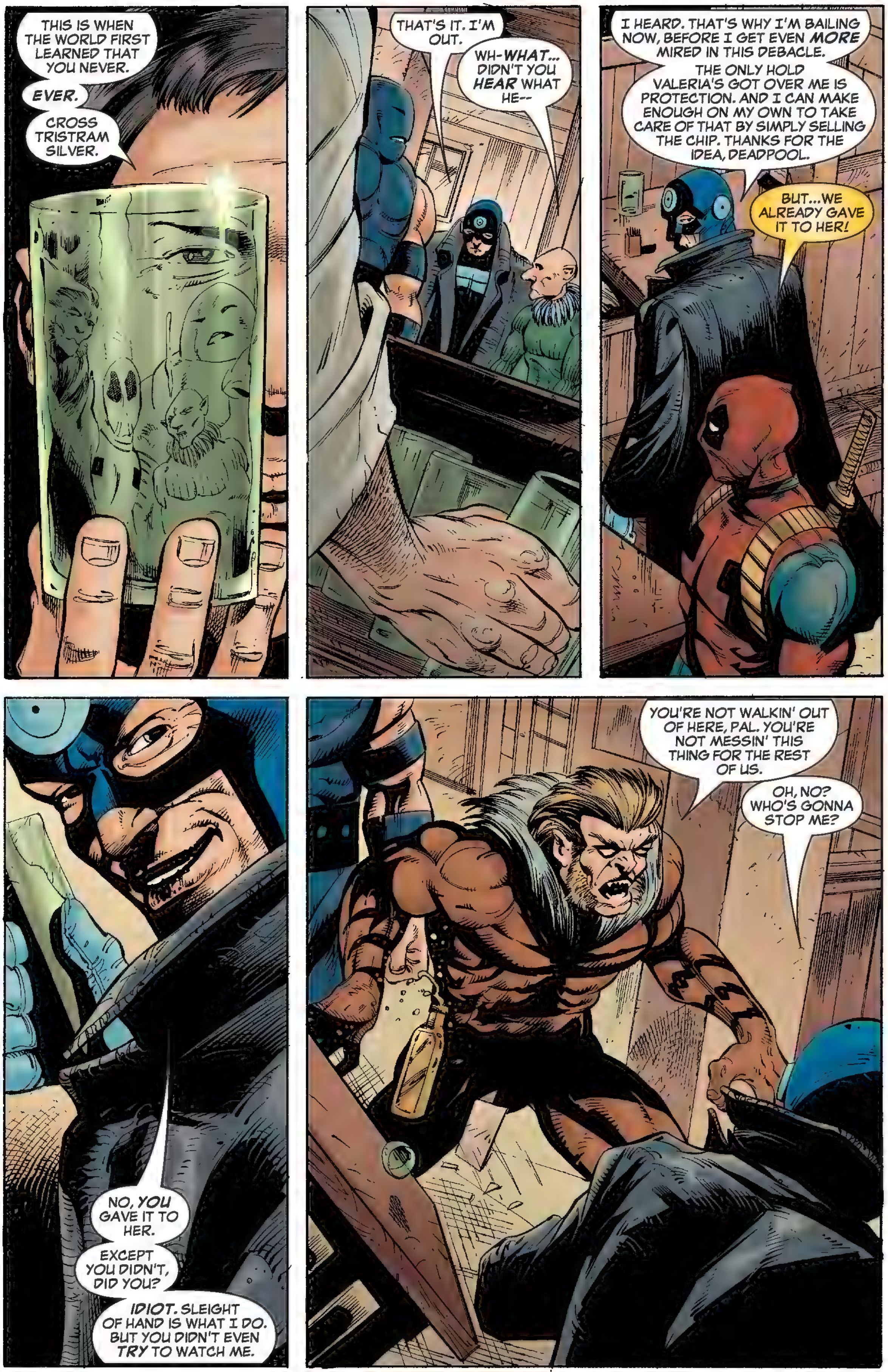

GOT IT.
WE'RE OUTTA HERE.
WHAT? NO WAY! WHERE'S THE ROCK 'N' ROLL?
YOU SAID WE'D ROCK 'N' ROLL, MAN!
YOU PROMISED!
SHHKOW
SHHKOW
SHHKOW
ROCK 'N' ROLL, BABY! WHHOOOO!
"TYPICAL."

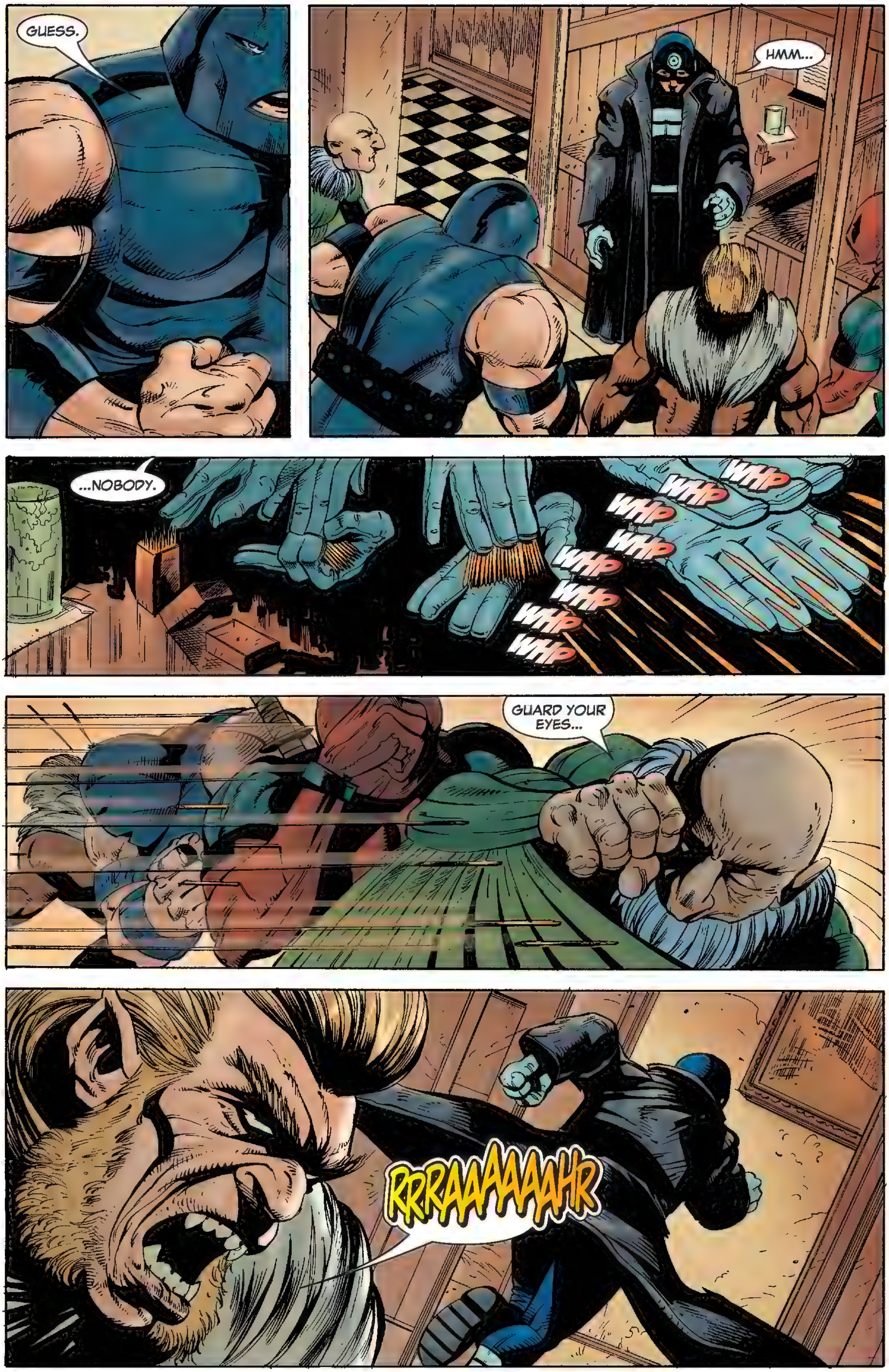

"SO WHAT THEN? EVERYONE RECONVENED AT MIDNIGHT?"
"NOT EXACTLY..."
HONEY, I'M HOME.
YOU'RE LATE.
TRAFFIC WAS THE PITS.
HEADS UP! INCOMING!
WELL DONE. BUT IN THE FUTURE DON'T KEEP ME WAITING.
WHERE'S BULLSEYE?
SENT ME ON WITHOUT HIM. HAD SOMETHING HE HAD TO DO.
RRRRR
WHAT, EXACTLY?
DUNNO. HE DIDN'T SAY.

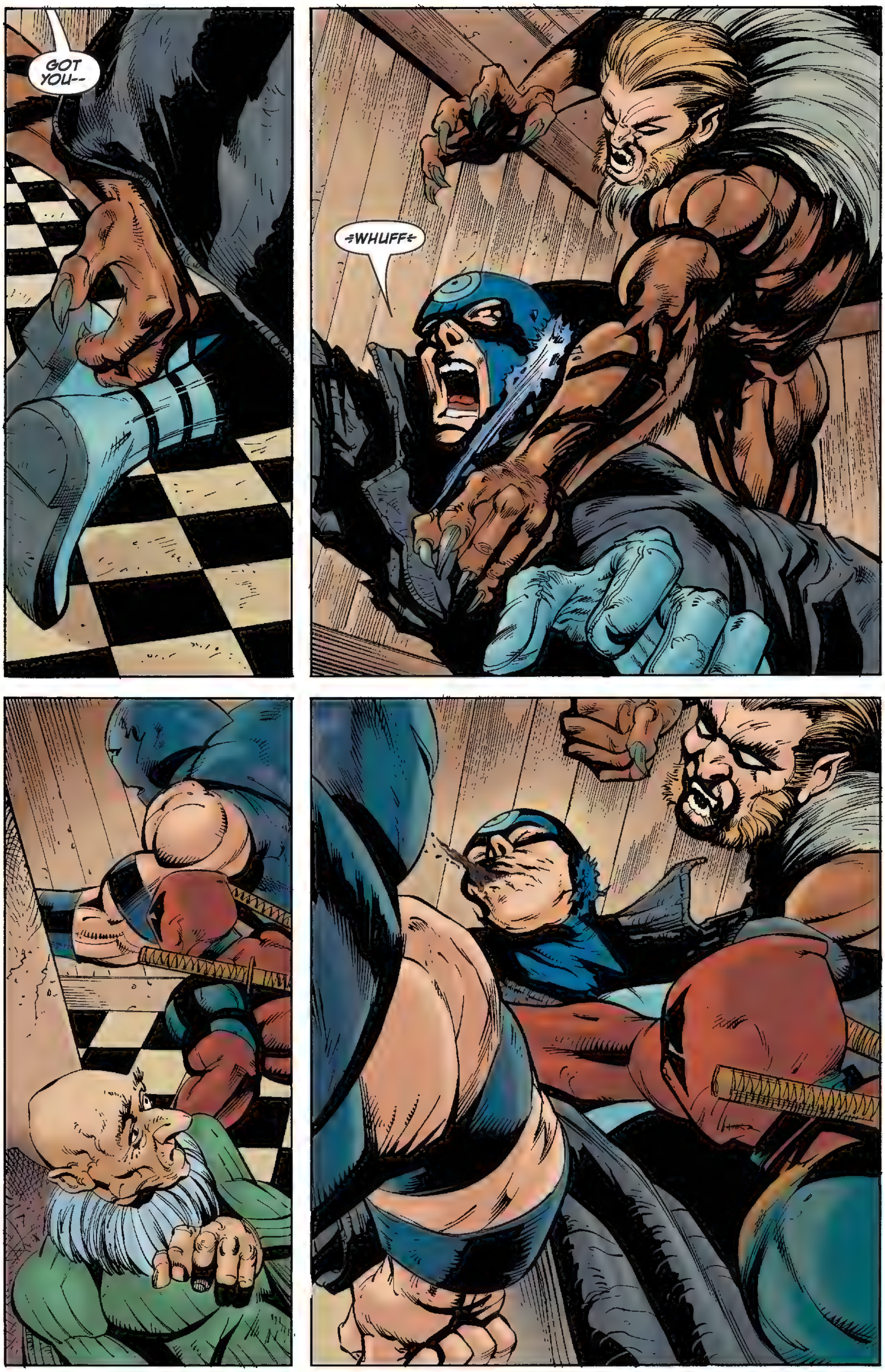

...GOT NOTHING SOLID FOR YOU THERE, BIG GUY. SORRY.
THOUGH I WORKED A VICE JOB ONCE WITH A GUY WHO SAID HE HAD A ***PARTNER*** WHO HAD SOME FIRST-HAND KNOWLEDGE...
...NAH, I ONLY KNOW THE ***RUMORS,*** SAME AS EVERYBODY ELSE.
BUT I HAD A BODY-GUARD ONCE WHO KNEW SOMEONE WHO ***SWORE*** HE SAW THE GUY...
...NO, DARLING, NEVER. ALTHOUGH JUST ABOUT EVERY GIRL HERE HAS BEEN WITH ***SOMEONE*** WHO CLAIMS TO BE HIS RIGHT-HAND MAN.
FINALLY...A LITTLE ***BREWSKI!***
THOUGH I STILL DON'T SEE WHY WE GOTTA POP FOR IT OURSELVES. DOESN'T TRISTRAM SILVER KEEP PETTY CASH?
THERE HE IS...
HEY, ***BULLWINKLE!*** HOW'D IT GO? YOU GET THE GOODS ON THE BIG KAHUNA?
DEADPOOL JUST TOLD US WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO, BULLSEYE...
...CHECKIN' OUT SILVER'S CREDS, HUH?
NOT THINKIN' OF ***PULLING*** OUT, ARE YOU?

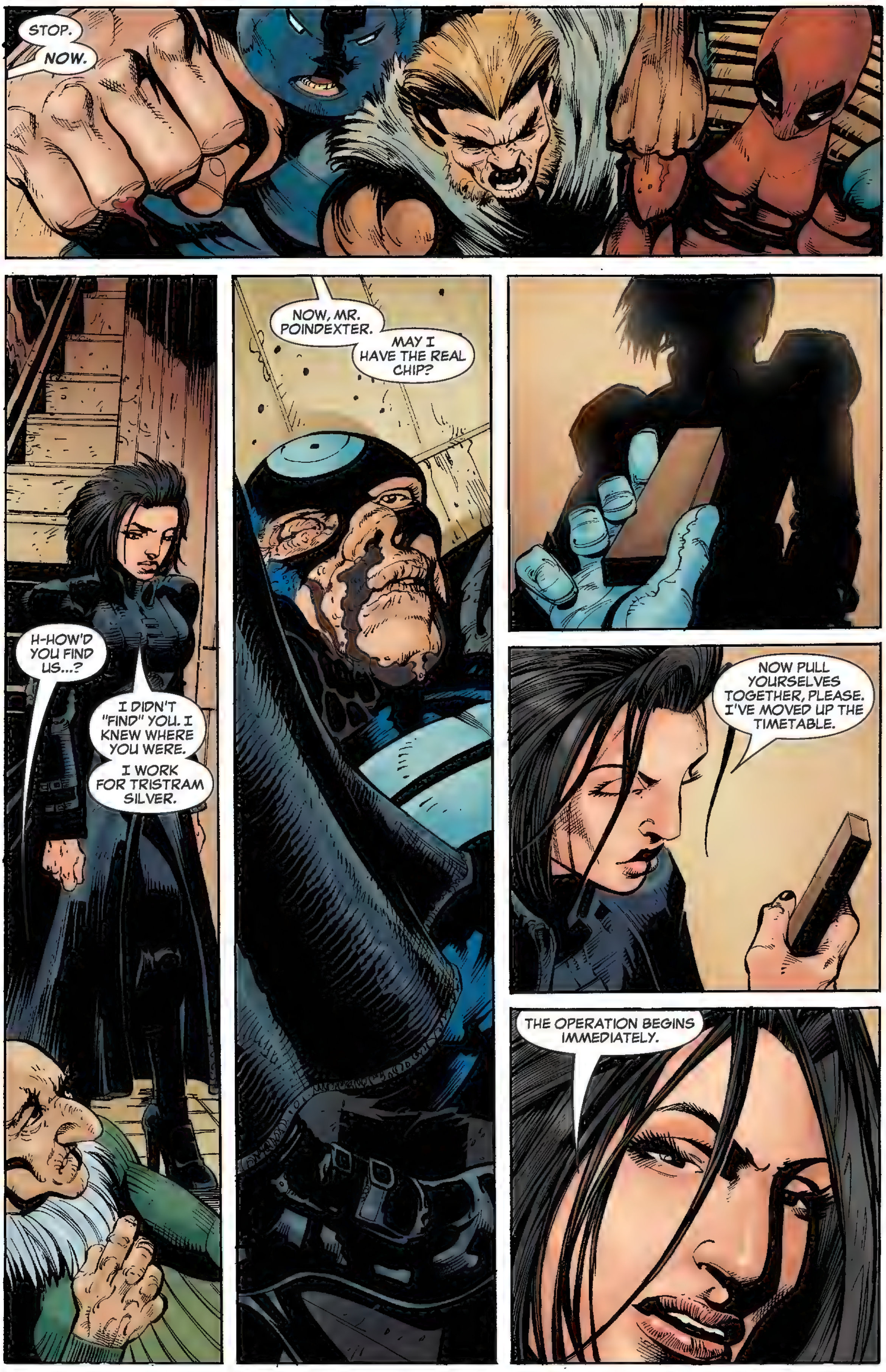

NO...NOT YET, ANYWAY.
BUT BEFORE I GET IN ANY DEEPER, I WANT TO KNOW WHO WE'RE *REALLY* DEALING WITH. SOMETHING ABOUT IT JUST DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT. YOU CLOWNS WANNA TAKE VALERIA AT HER WORD, THAT'S FINE...
...ME, I WANT TO MAKE SURE WE'RE NOT BEING PLAYED HERE.
THOUGH I'M COMING UP EMPTY SO FAR.
WHAT'S IT MATTER? SILVER OR NO SILVER, THE GIRL'S GOT EACH OF US BACKED INTO A CORNER.
SHE'S GOT ALL THE BASES COVERED-- BLACKMAIL TO GET US ON BOARD, INCENTIVES IF WE STAY THE COURSE, AND A BIG PINE BOX IF WE GET SECOND THOUGHTS IN BETWEEN.
RIGHT. JUST ASK SANDMAN.
IF VALERIA'S LYING, AND THERE IS NO TRISTRAM SILVER, WE COULD MAYBE WORK A BETTER DEAL OUTTA THIS JOB.
MIGHT BE WORTH A TRY. NO ONE I TALKED TO HAS EVEN *SEEN* THE GUY. THOUGH EVERYBODY KNOWS SOMEONE WHO KNOWS SOMEONE WHO YADDA YADDA YADDA.
YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT TRISTRAM SILVER...?
...WORKING A DICEY JOINT LIKE THIS, I'VE HEARD IT ALL. *TWICE.*
TELL YOU A STORY. A TRUE STORY, FROM WHEN HE WAS JUST STARTING OUT.


SMALL BURG IN CENTRAL EUROPE. SILVER SPENT YEARS BUILDING UP AN ORGANIZATION THERE. VIOLENCE, EXTORTION, PROTECTIONISM...HE DID IT ALL.
"FINALLY, HE OWNED THE TOWN AND EVERYONE IN IT. DECIDED HE COULD NOW EXPAND HIS INFLUENCE.
"BUT THAT'S JUST WHAT THE PEOPLE OF THE NEXT TOWN WERE EXPECTING...
"THEY AMBUSHED HIS PARTY. SLAUGHTERED HIS MEN.
"SILVER THEY COULDN'T KILL. WAS ALL THEY COULD DO TO BRING HIM DOWN.
"THEY THREW HIM IN A JAIL AND LEFT HIM TO ROT. SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY CONGRATULATING THEMSELVES.
"TWO DAYS LATER, THE TOWN FATHERS WOKE UP...ALONE.
"SOMEHOW, DURING THE NIGHT, ALL OF THEIR WIVES HAD BEEN TAKEN.
"THEY WERE JUST... GONE. NOT A TRACE, NOT A CLUE.
"MARKETS WERE LEFT EMPTY. KITCHENS UNATTENDED. CHILDREN LEFT MOTHERLESS...
"...THOUGH ONLY TEMPORARILY. 'CAUSE TWO DAYS LATER, THE CHILDREN WERE GONE AS WELL.
"AND TWO DAYS AFTER THAT, THE SERVANTS-- THOUGH IT'S POSSIBLE THEY JUST PICKED UP AND FLED ON THEIR OWN.
"BY THIS TIME, THE BURGHERS HAD FIGURED OUT SILVER WAS BEHIND IT.
"FEARING FOR THEIR LIVES, THEY DECIDED THEY'D BETTER LET HIM GO.
"SEE, HE'D ANTICIPATED THAT THEY MIGHT STRIKE AGAINST HIM. AND SO MONTHS EARLIER, HE'D SET UP THIS COUNTERSTRIKE. JUST TO HAVE. JUST IN CASE.
"CONSIDER THE RUTHLESSNESS OF HIS IMAGINATION...THE MAGNITUDE OF THE OPERATION...THE SHEER PRECISION REQUIRED...
"...AND THE BRUTAL FINALITY OF HIS REVENGE.
"HE SINGLE-HANDEDLY SLEW ALL THE BURGHERS AND RAZED THE TOWN TO THE GROUND. THEN HE MADE HIS FELLOW PRISONERS HIS NEW GANG AND MOVED ON.
"NO TRACE OF THE MISSING TOWNSPEOPLE WAS EVER FOUND."

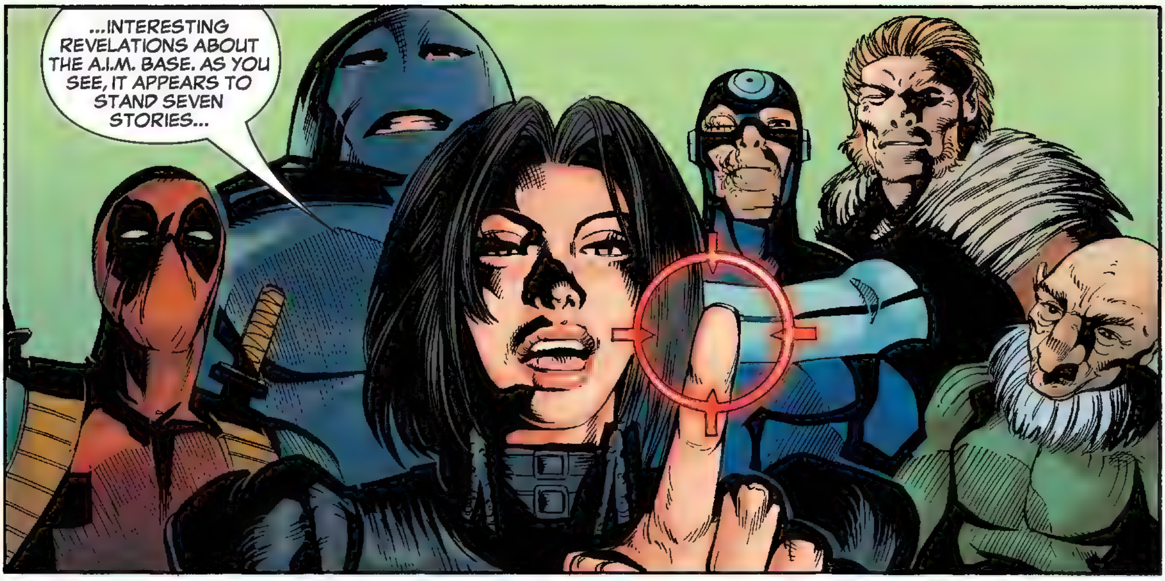

THIS IS WHEN THE WORLD FIRST LEARNED THAT YOU NEVER.
EVER.
CROSS TRISTRAM SILVER.
THAT'S IT. I'M OUT.
WH-*WHAT...* DIDN'T YOU *HEAR* WHAT HE--
I HEARD. THAT'S WHY I'M BAILING NOW, BEFORE I GET EVEN *MORE* MIRED IN THIS DEBACLE.
THE ONLY HOLD VALERIA'S GOT OVER ME IS PROTECTION. AND I CAN MAKE ENOUGH ON MY OWN TO TAKE CARE OF THAT BY SIMPLY SELLING THE CHIP. THANKS FOR THE IDEA, DEADPOOL.
BUT...WE ALREADY GAVE IT TO HER!
NO, *YOU* GAVE IT TO HER.
EXCEPT YOU DIDN'T, DID YOU?
IDIOT. SLEIGHT OF HAND IS WHAT I DO. BUT YOU DIDN'T EVEN *TRY* TO WATCH ME.
YOU'RE NOT WALKIN' OUT OF HERE, PAL. YOU'RE NOT MESSIN' THIS THING FOR THE REST OF US.
OH, NO? WHO'S GONNA STOP ME?

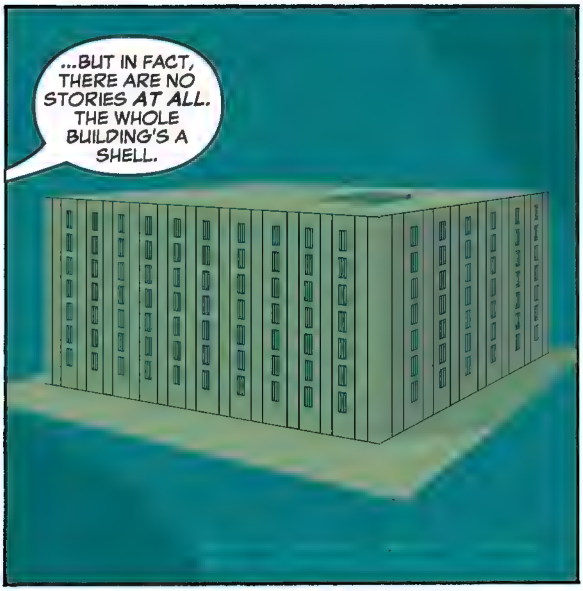

GUESS.
HMM...
...NOBODY.
WHP
WHP
WHP
WHP
WHP
WHP
WHP
WHP
GUARD YOUR EYES...
RRRAAAAAAHR

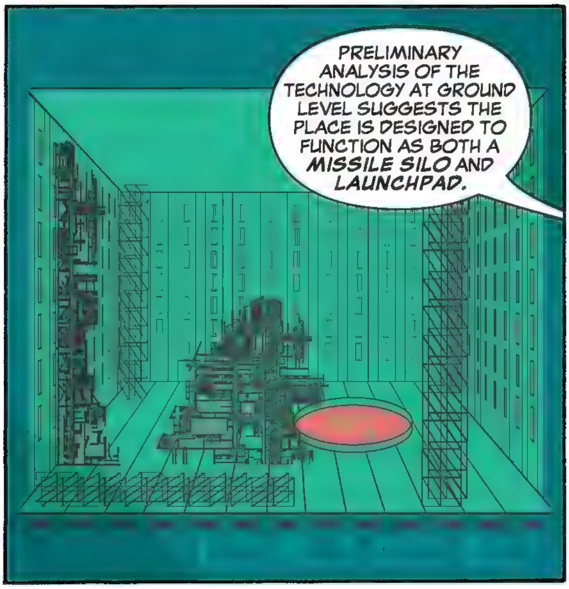

GOT YOU--
≠WHUFF≠

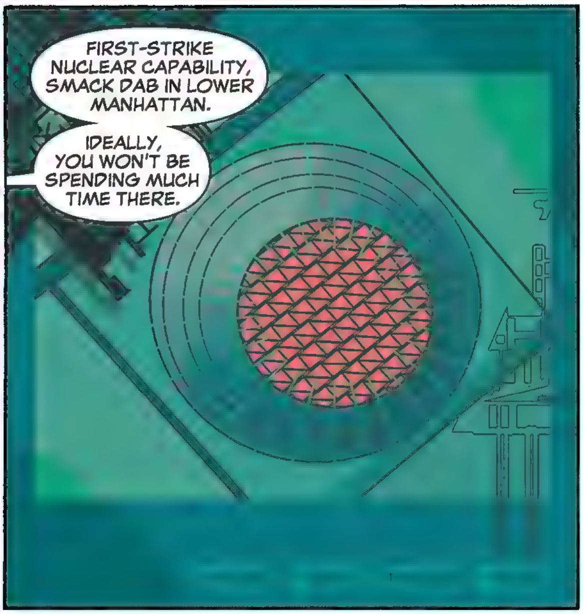

STOP.
NOW.
H-HOW'D YOU FIND US...?
I DIDN'T "FIND" YOU. I KNEW WHERE YOU WERE.
I WORK FOR TRISTRAM SILVER.
NOW, MR. POINDEXTER.
MAY I HAVE THE REAL CHIP?
NOW PULL YOURSELVES TOGETHER, PLEASE. I'VE MOVED UP THE TIMETABLE.
THE OPERATION BEGINS IMMEDIATELY.

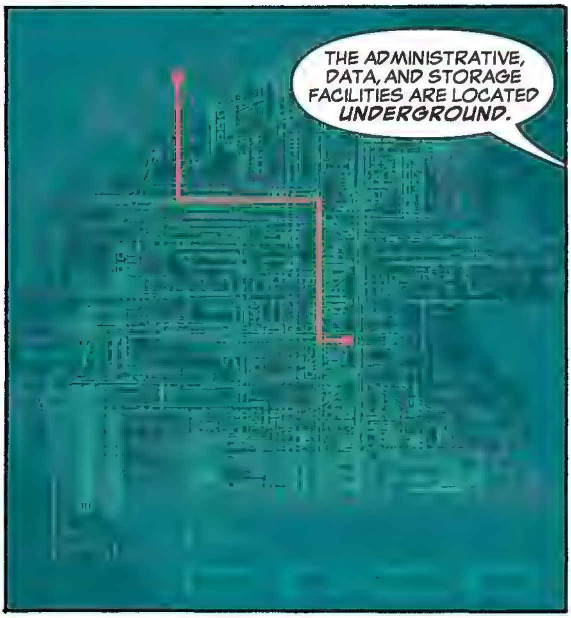
IDENTITY DISC #3

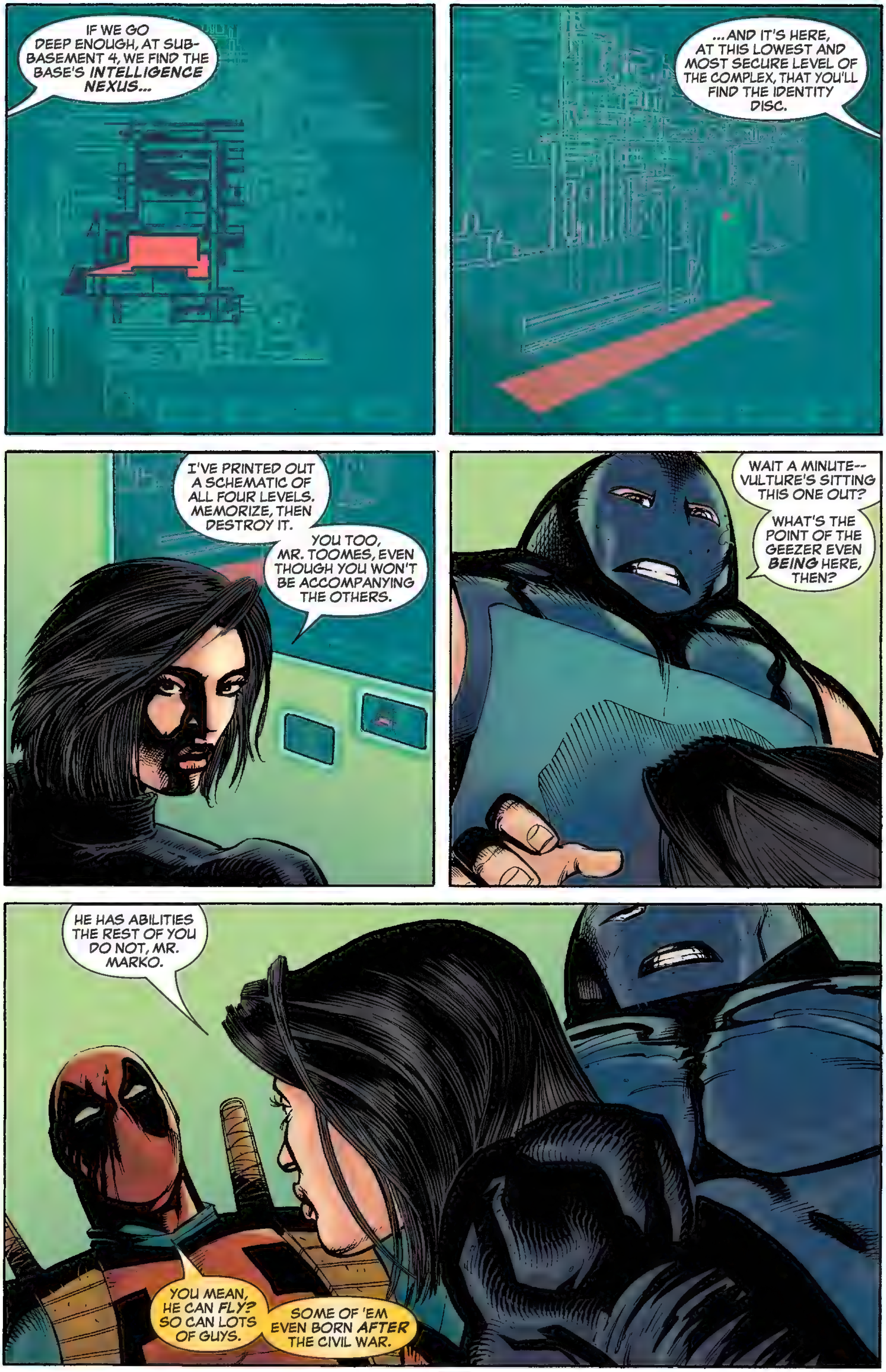

...INTERESTING REVELATIONS ABOUT THE A.I.M. BASE. AS YOU SEE, IT APPEARS TO STAND SEVEN STORIES...

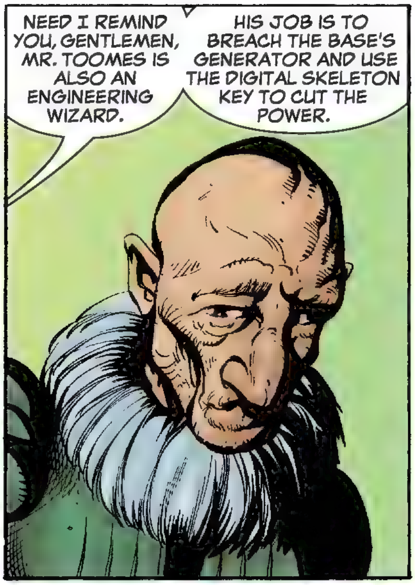

...BUT IN FACT, THERE ARE NO STORIES *AT ALL.* THE WHOLE BUILDING'S A SHELL.

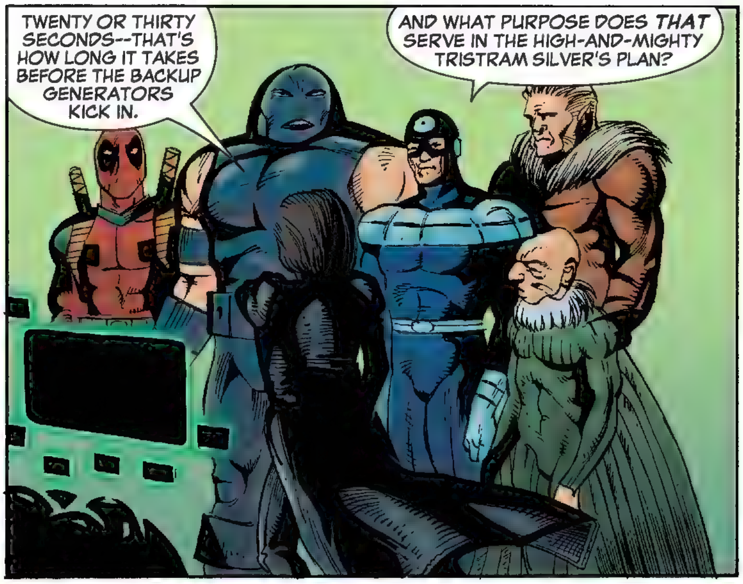

PRELIMINARY ANALYSIS OF THE TECHNOLOGY AT GROUND LEVEL SUGGESTS THE PLACE IS DESIGNED TO FUNCTION AS BOTH A ***MISSILE SILO*** AND ***LAUNCHPAD.***

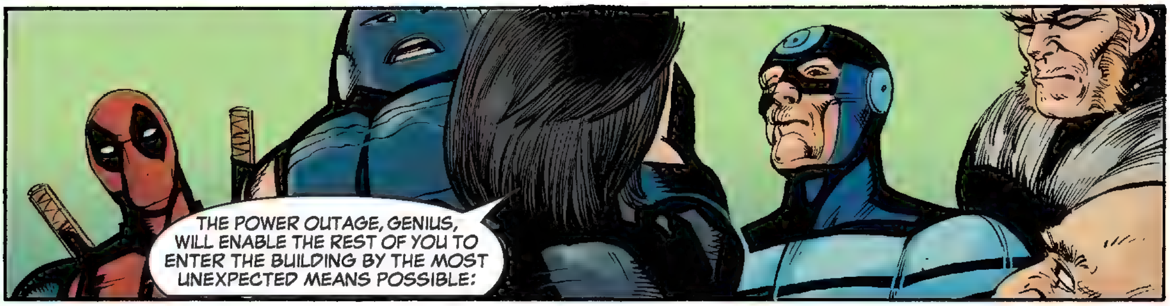

FIRST-STRIKE NUCLEAR CAPABILITY, SMACK DAB IN LOWER MANHATTAN.
IDEALLY, YOU WON'T BE SPENDING MUCH TIME THERE.

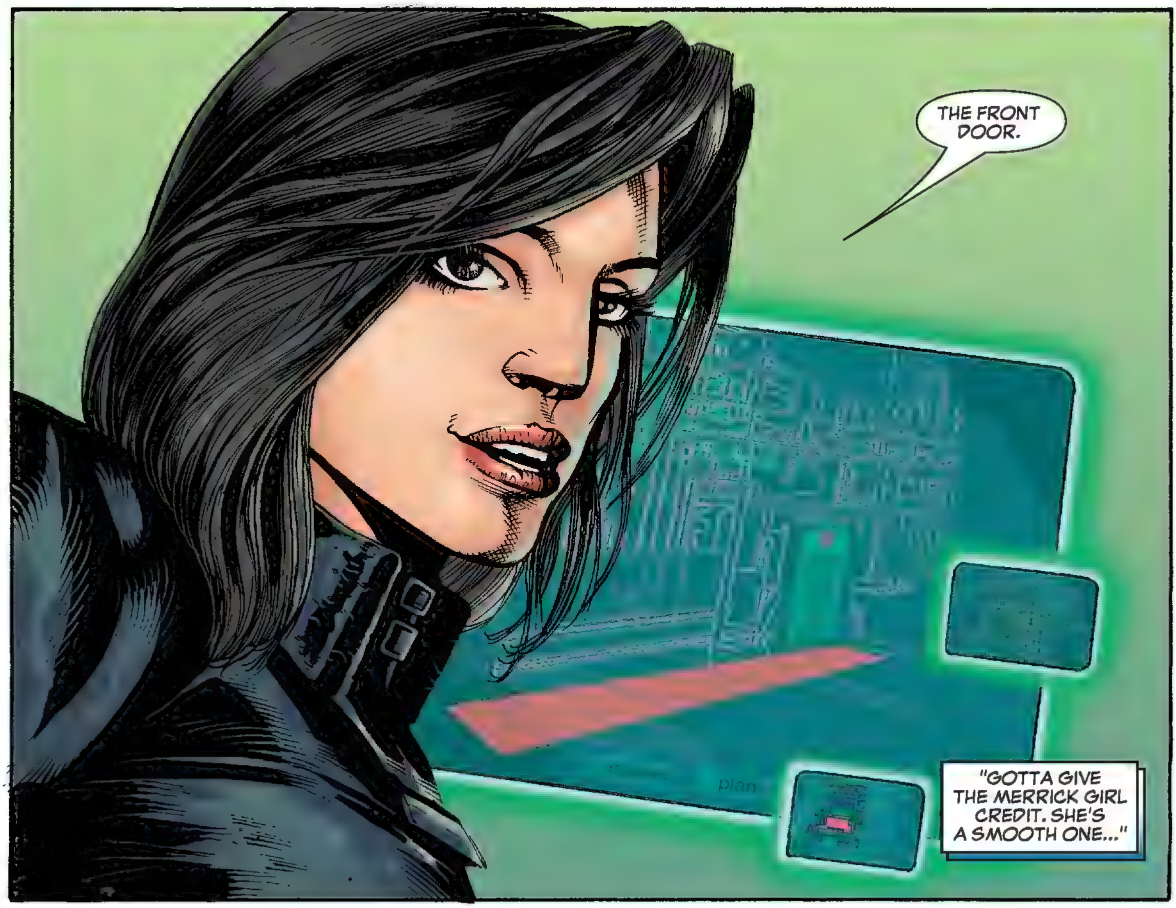

THE ADMINISTRATIVE, DATA, AND STORAGE FACILITIES ARE LOCATED ***UNDERGROUND.***

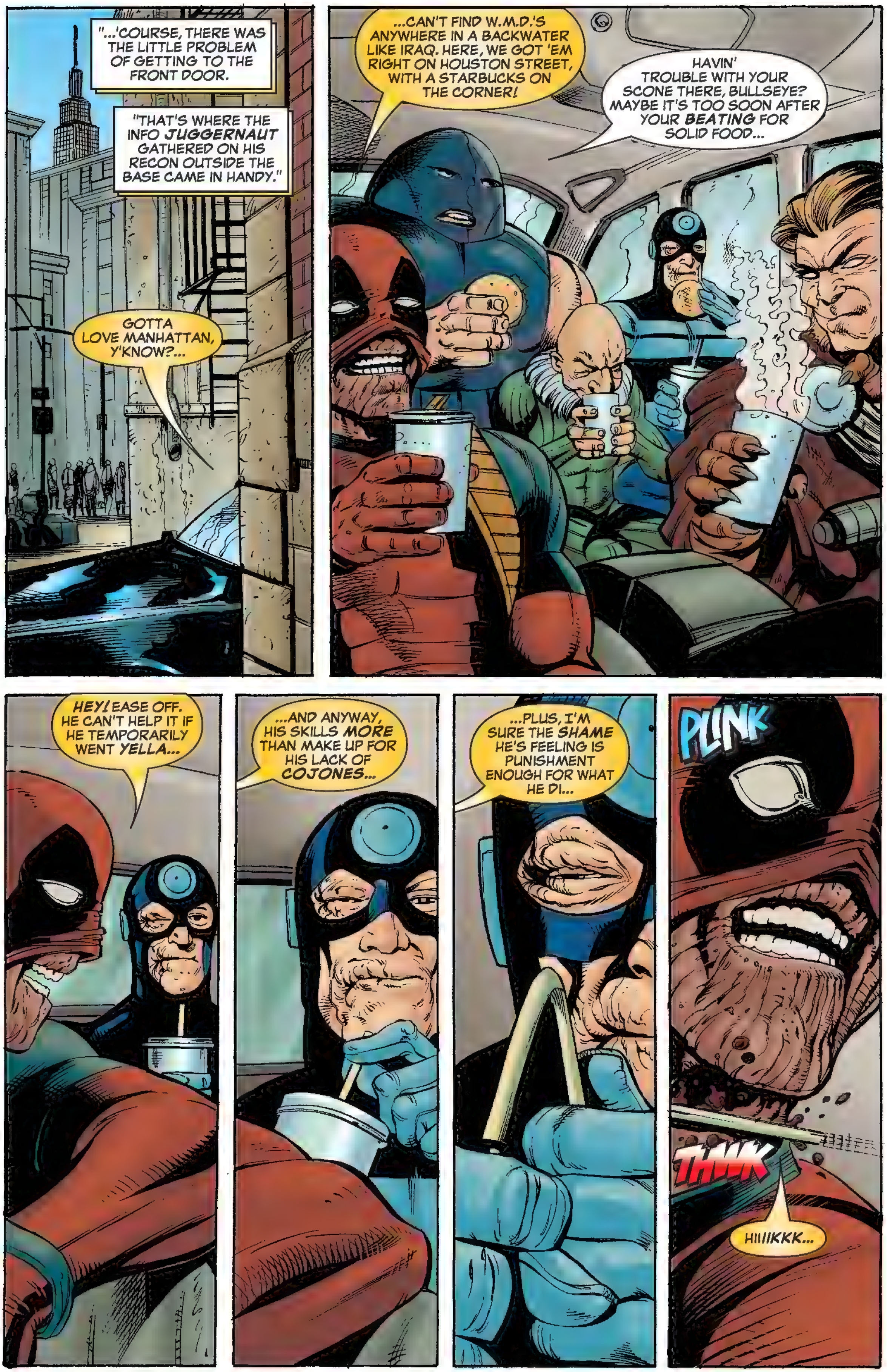

IF WE GO DEEP ENOUGH, AT SUB-BASEMENT 4, WE FIND THE BASE'S *INTELLIGENCE NEXUS*...
...AND IT'S HERE, AT THIS LOWEST AND MOST SECURE LEVEL OF THE COMPLEX, THAT YOU'LL FIND THE IDENTITY DISC.
I'VE PRINTED OUT A SCHEMATIC OF ALL FOUR LEVELS. MEMORIZE, THEN DESTROY IT.
YOU TOO, MR. TOOMES, EVEN THOUGH YOU WON'T BE ACCOMPANYING THE OTHERS.
WAIT A MINUTE-- VULTURE'S SITTING THIS ONE OUT?
WHAT'S THE POINT OF THE GEEZER EVEN *BEING* HERE, THEN?
HE HAS ABILITIES THE REST OF YOU DO NOT, MR. MARKO.
YOU MEAN, HE CAN *FLY?* SO CAN LOTS OF GUYS.
SOME OF 'EM EVEN BORN *AFTER* THE CIVIL WAR.

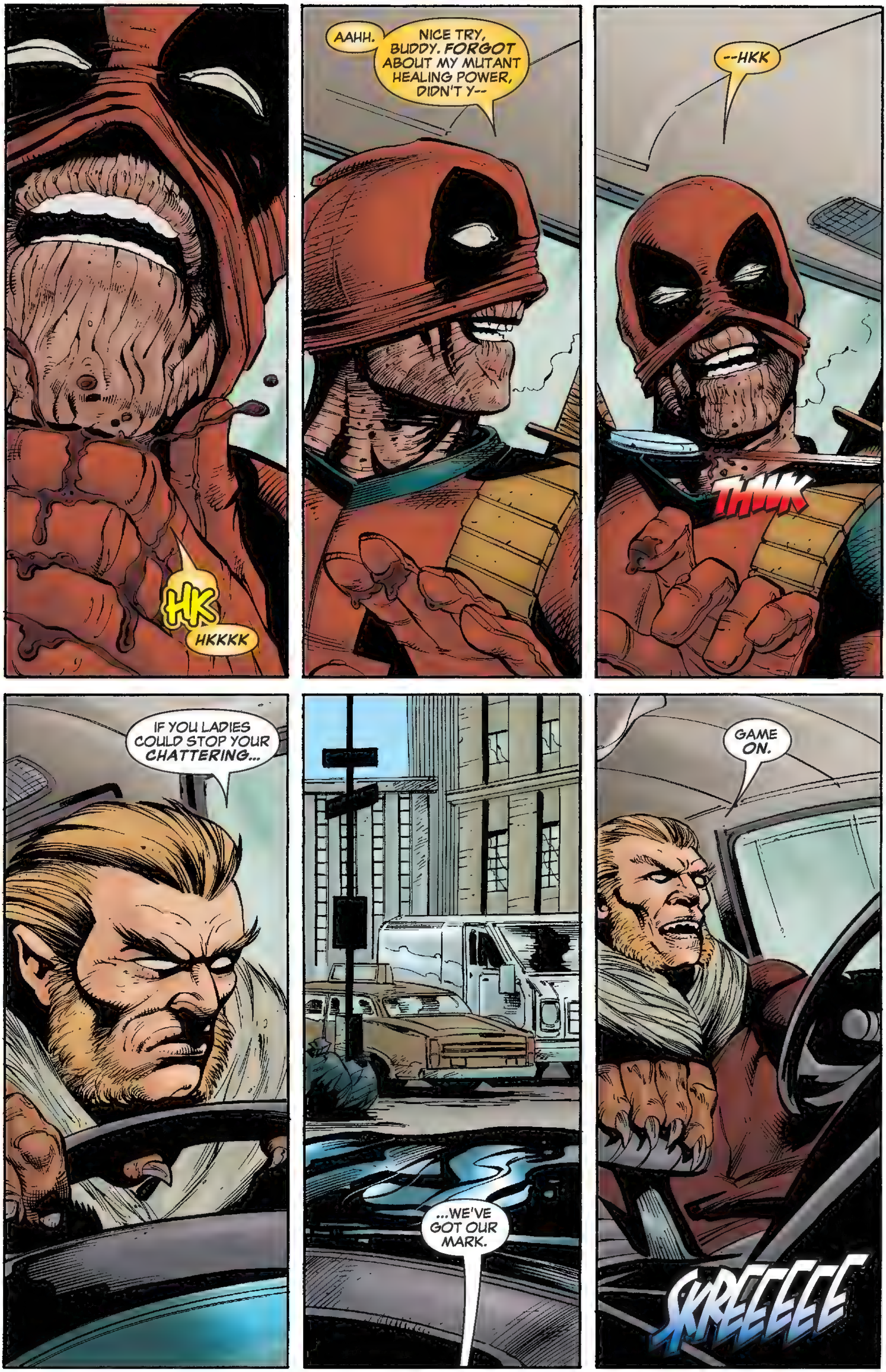

NEED I REMIND YOU, GENTLEMEN, MR. TOOMES IS ALSO AN ENGINEERING WIZARD.
HIS JOB IS TO BREACH THE BASE'S GENERATOR AND USE THE DIGITAL SKELETON KEY TO CUT THE POWER.

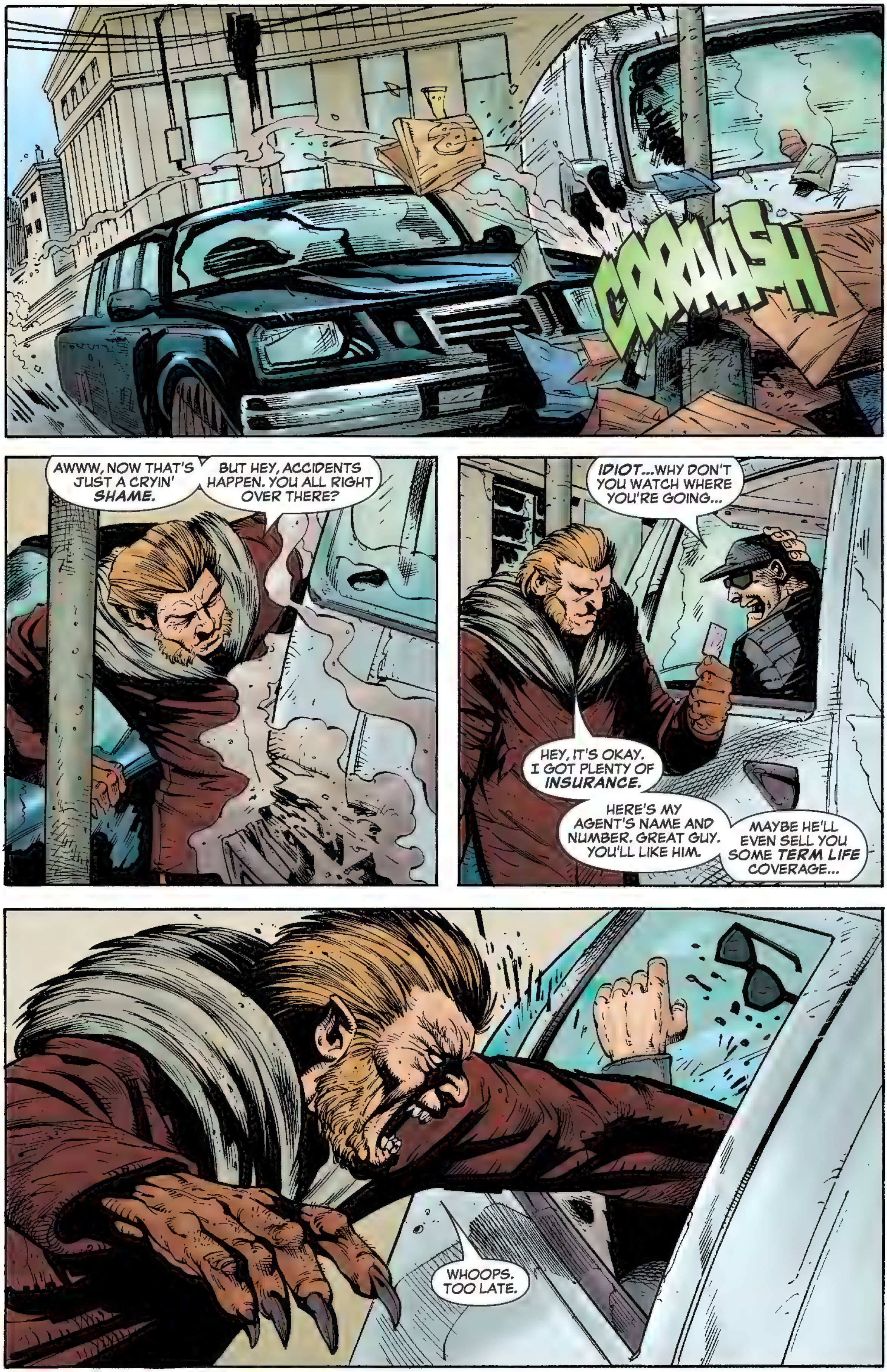

TWENTY OR THIRTY SECONDS--THAT'S HOW LONG IT TAKES BEFORE THE BACKUP GENERATORS KICK IN.
AND WHAT PURPOSE DOES *THAT* SERVE IN THE HIGH-AND-MIGHTY TRISTRAM SILVER'S PLAN?

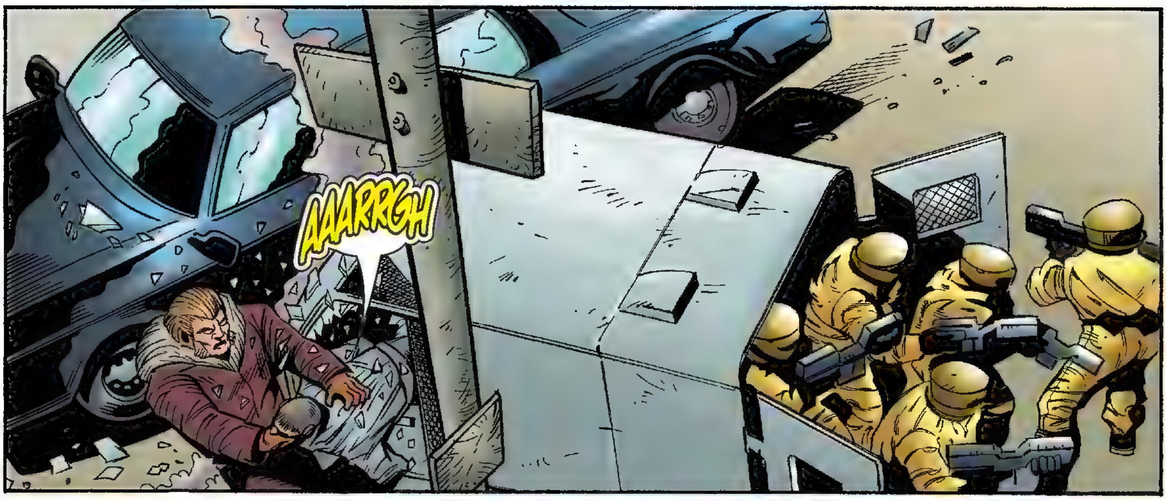

THE POWER OUTAGE, GENIUS, WILL ENABLE THE REST OF YOU TO ENTER THE BUILDING BY THE MOST UNEXPECTED MEANS POSSIBLE:

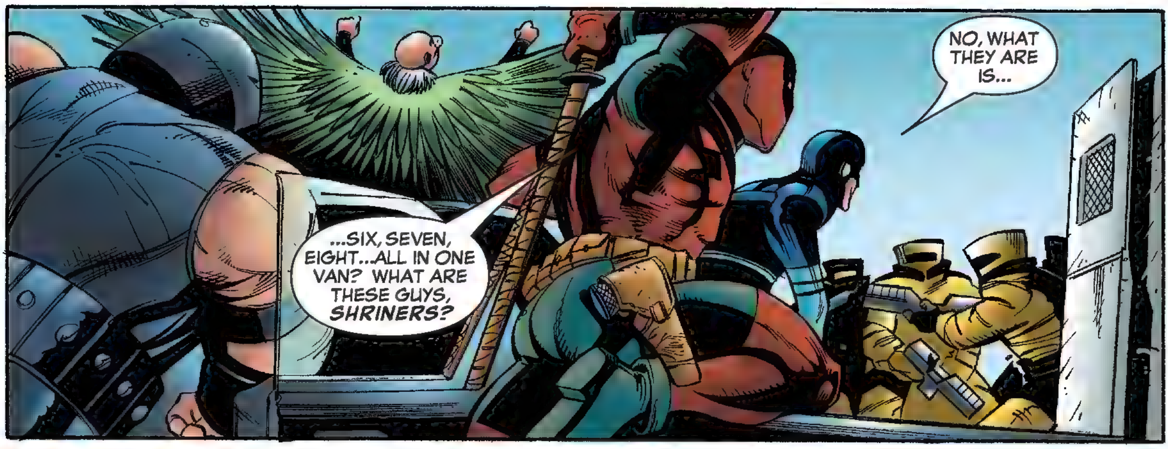

THE FRONT DOOR.
"GOTTA GIVE THE MERRICK GIRL CREDIT. SHE'S A SMOOTH ONE..."

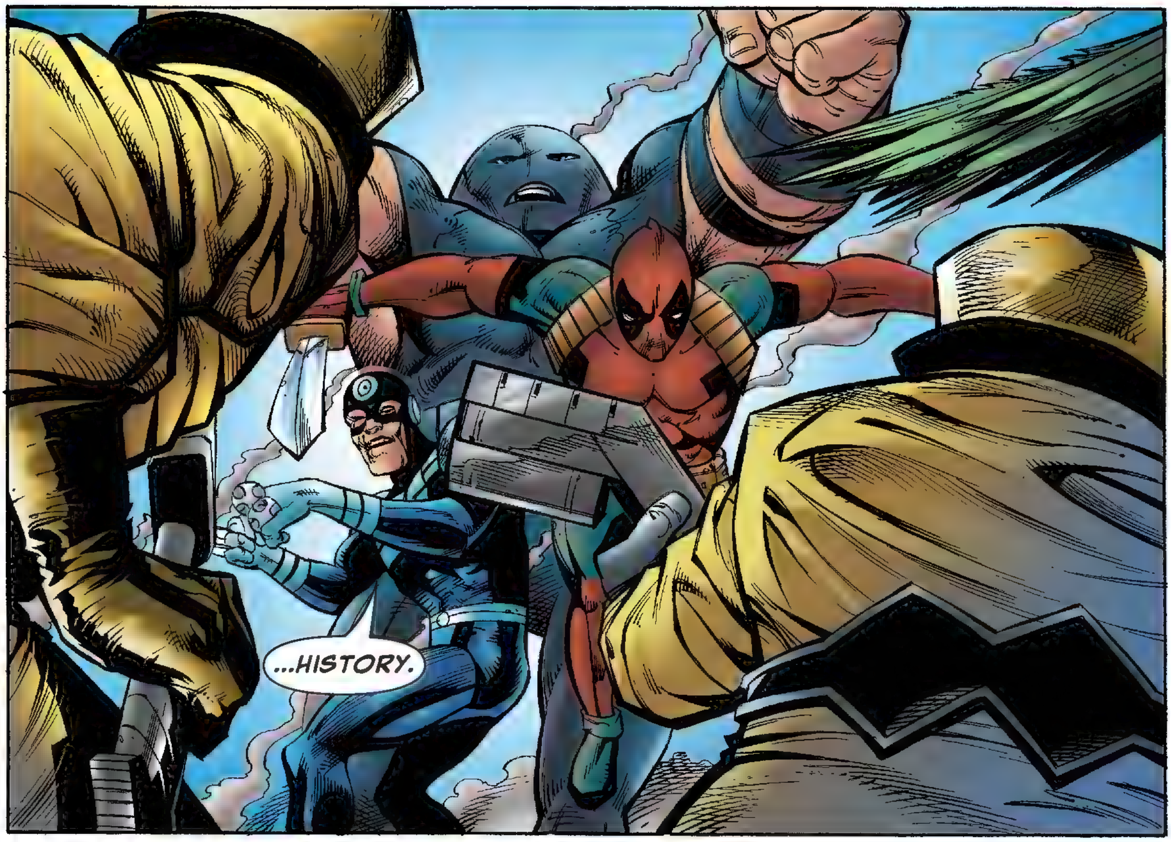

"...'COURSE, THERE WAS THE LITTLE PROBLEM OF GETTING TO THE FRONT DOOR.
"THAT'S WHERE THE INFO JUGGERNAUT GATHERED ON HIS RECON OUTSIDE THE BASE CAME IN HANDY."
GOTTA LOVE MANHATTAN, Y'KNOW?...
...CAN'T FIND W.M.D.'S ANYWHERE IN A BACKWATER LIKE IRAQ. HERE, WE GOT 'EM RIGHT ON HOUSTON STREET, WITH A STARBUCKS ON THE CORNER!
HAVIN' TROUBLE WITH YOUR SCONE THERE, BULLSEYE? MAYBE IT'S TOO SOON AFTER YOUR BEATING FOR SOLID FOOD...
HEY! EASE OFF. HE CAN'T HELP IT IF HE TEMPORARILY WENT YELLA...
...AND ANYWAY, HIS SKILLS MORE THAN MAKE UP FOR HIS LACK OF COJONES...
...PLUS, I'M SURE THE SHAME HE'S FEELING IS PUNISHMENT ENOUGH FOR WHAT HE DI...
PLINK
THWK
HIIIIKKK...

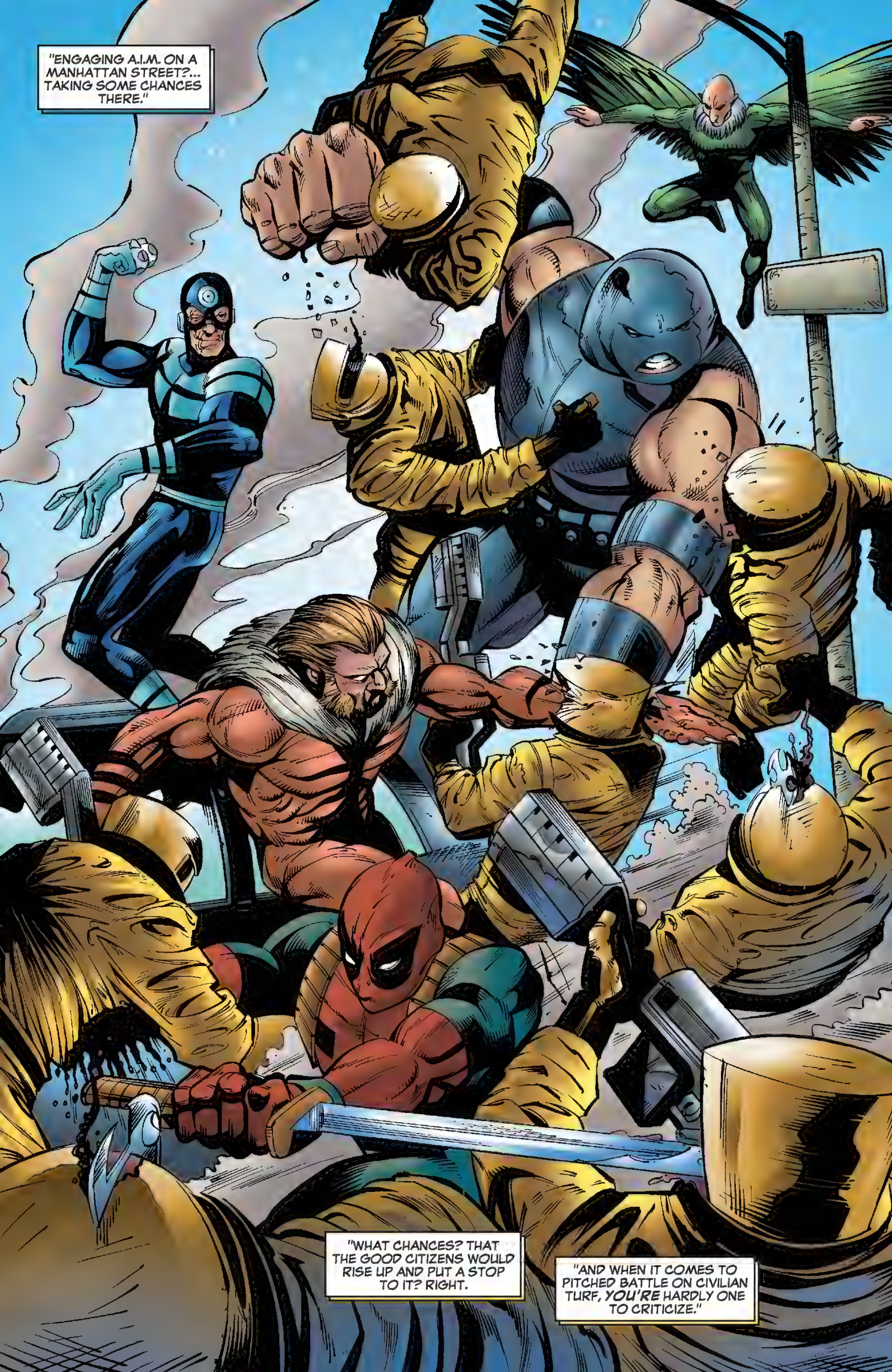

HK
HKKKK
AAHH.
NICE TRY, BUDDY. FORGOT ABOUT MY MUTANT HEALING POWER, DIDN'T Y--
--HKK
THUK
IF YOU LADIES COULD STOP YOUR CHATTERING...
...WE'VE GOT OUR MARK.
GAME ON.
SKREEEEE

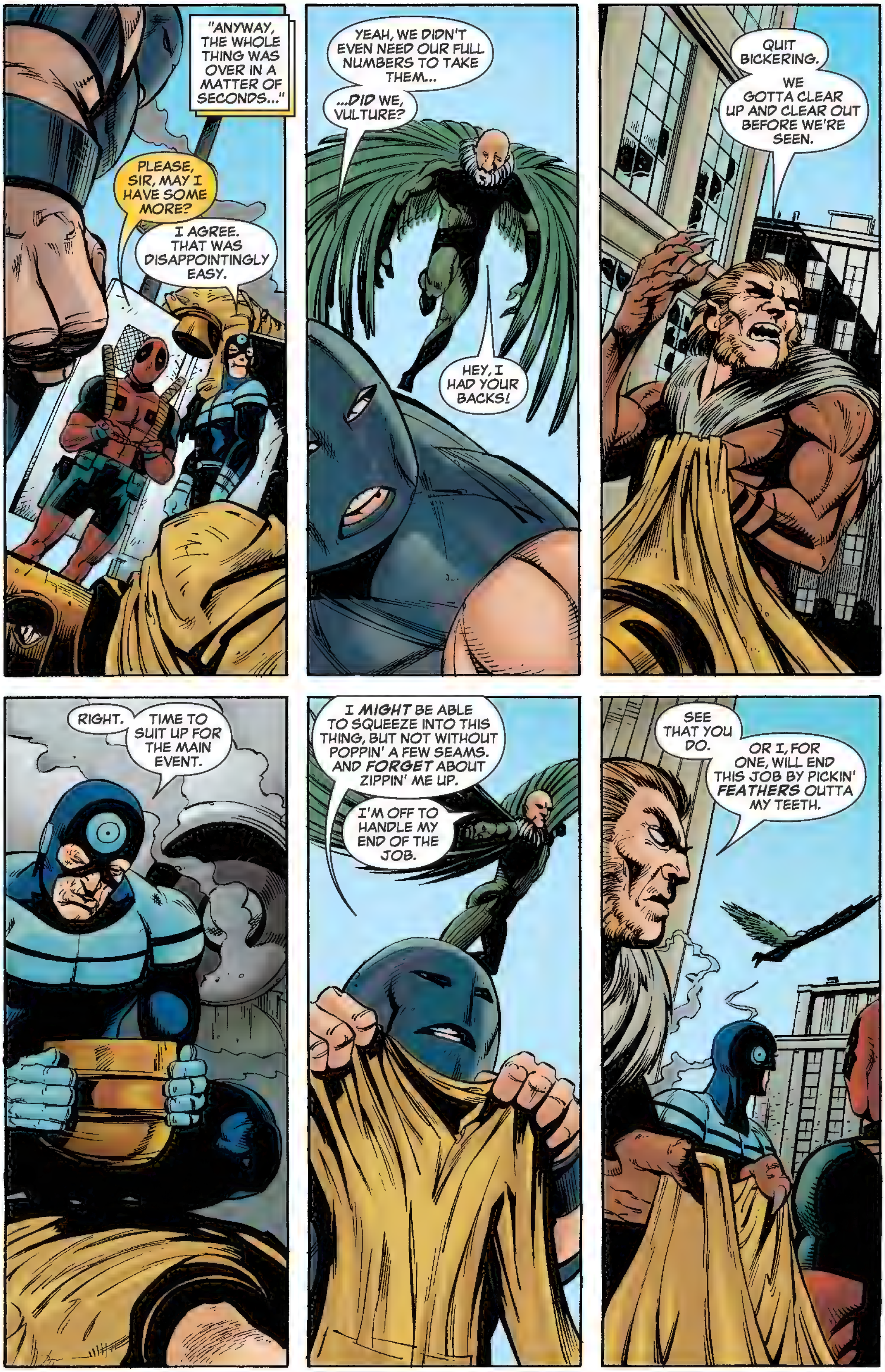

CRRAASH
AWWW, NOW THAT'S JUST A CRYIN' *SHAME.*
BUT HEY, ACCIDENTS HAPPEN. YOU ALL RIGHT OVER THERE?
IDIOT...WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING...
HEY, IT'S OKAY. I GOT PLENTY OF *INSURANCE.*
HERE'S MY AGENT'S NAME AND NUMBER. GREAT GUY. YOU'LL LIKE HIM.
MAYBE HE'LL EVEN SELL YOU SOME *TERM LIFE* COVERAGE...
WHOOPS. TOO LATE.

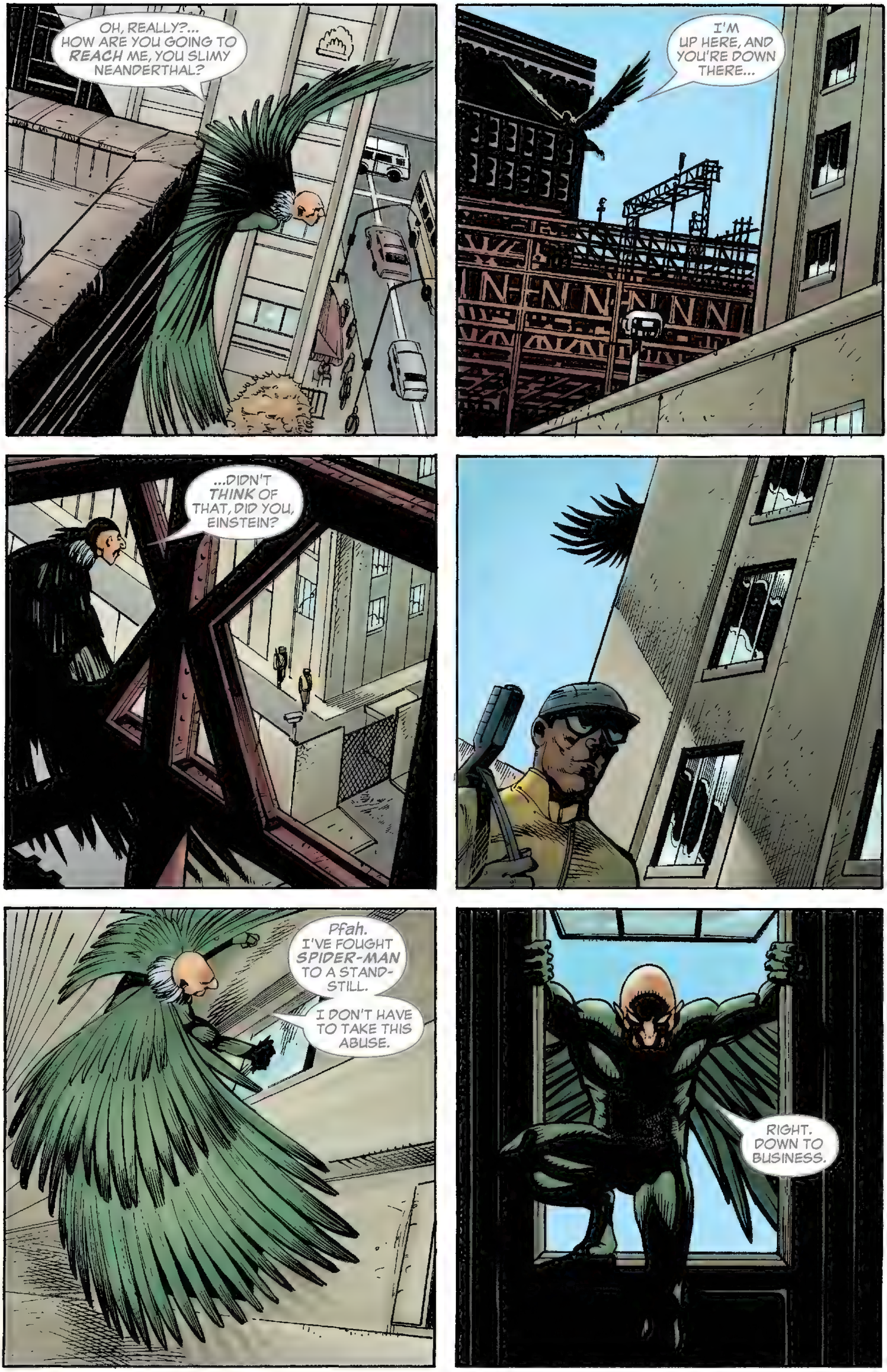

AAARRGH

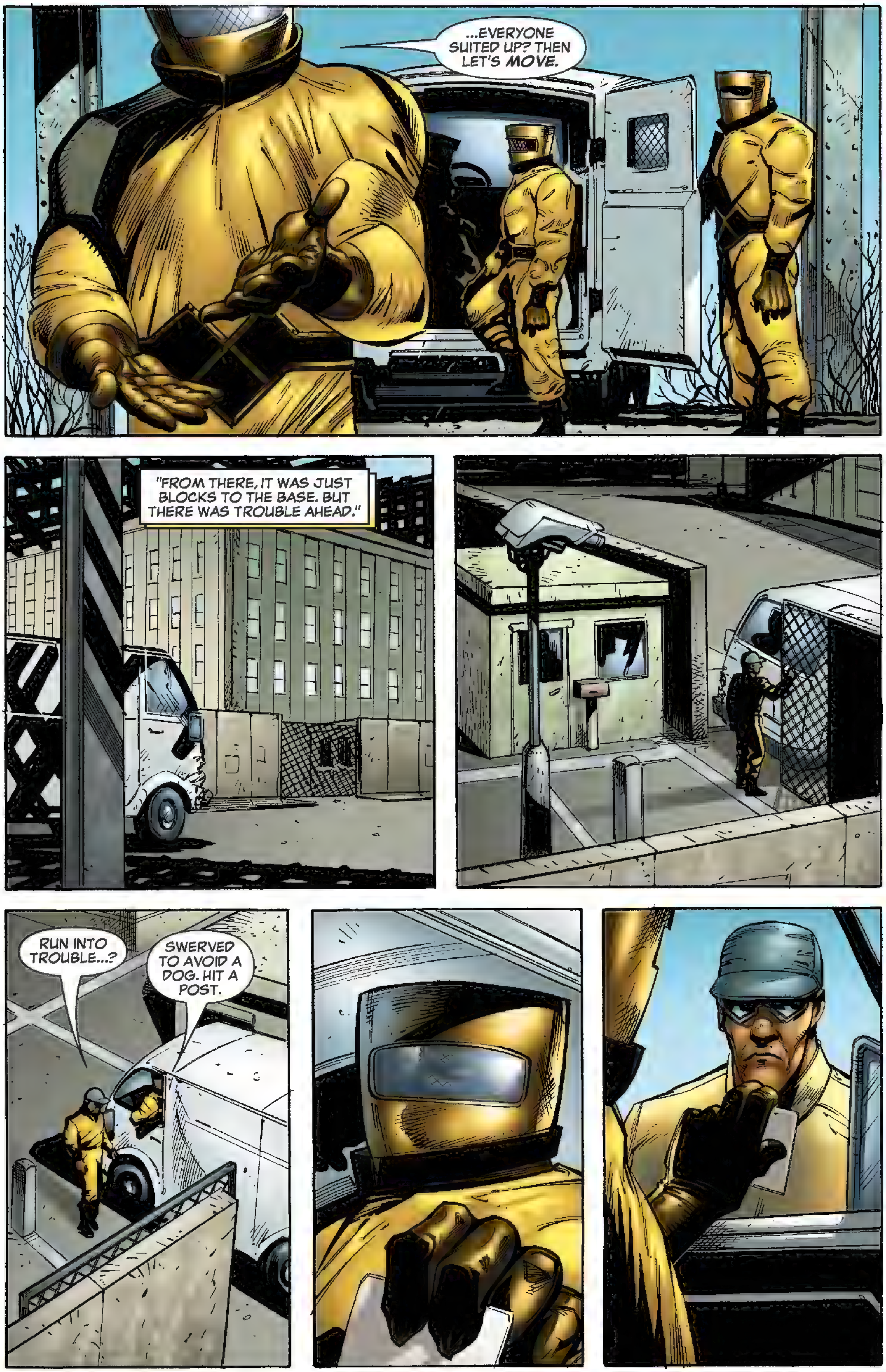

...SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT...ALL IN ONE VAN? WHAT ARE THESE GUYS, *SHRINERS?*
NO, WHAT THEY ARE IS...

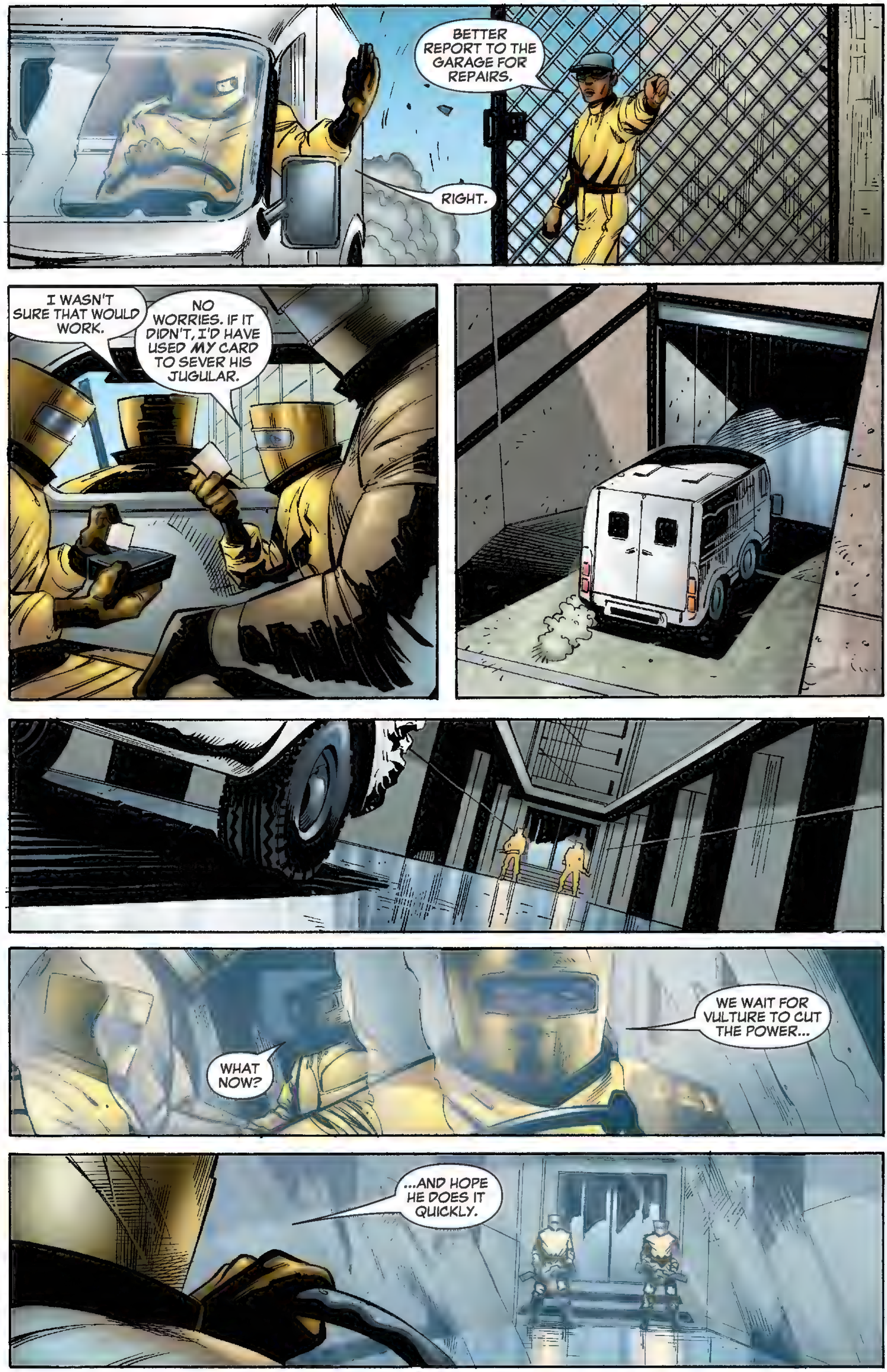

...HISTORY.

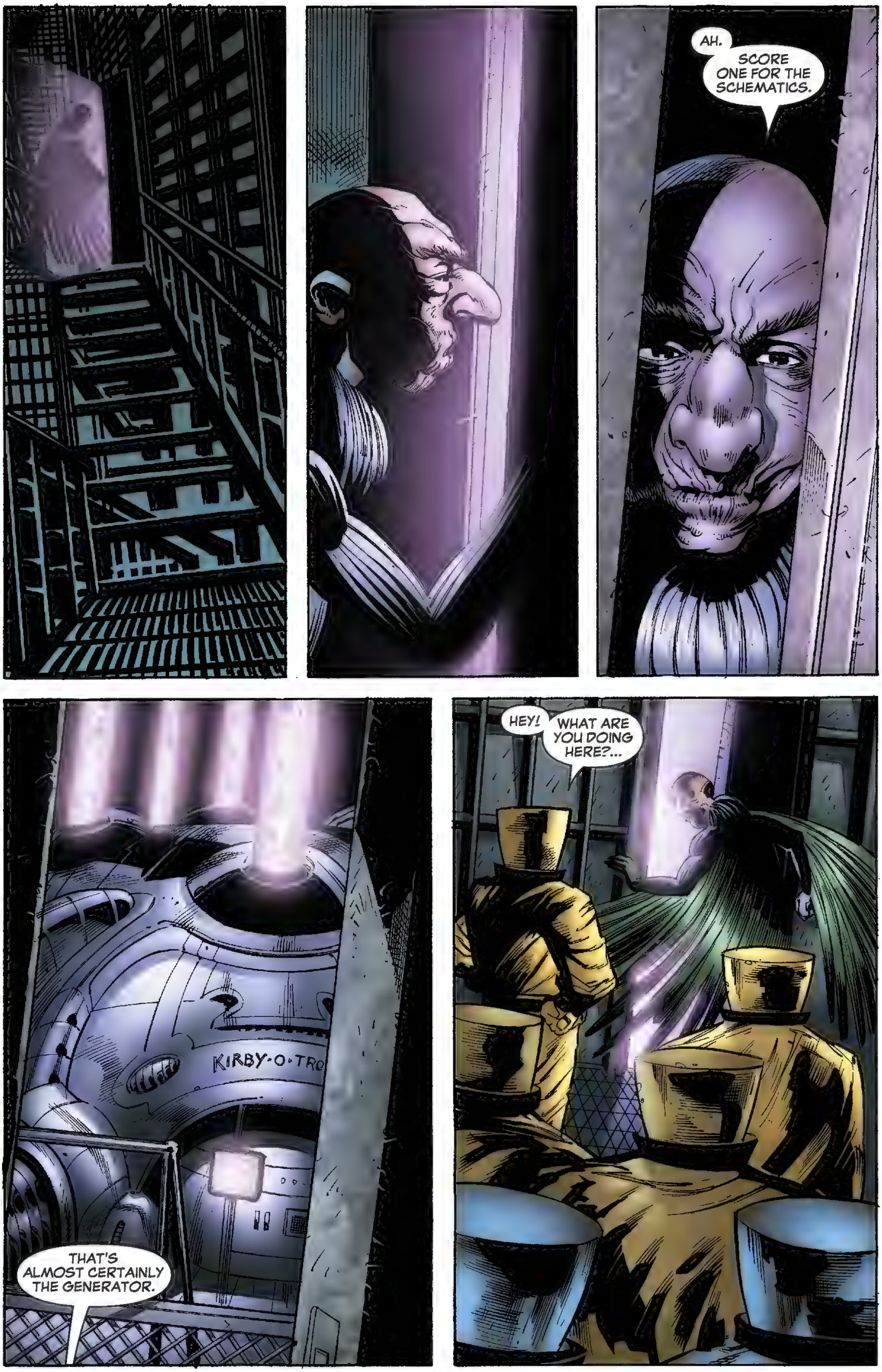

"ENGAGING A.I.M. ON A MANHATTAN STREET?... TAKING SOME CHANCES THERE."
"WHAT CHANCES? THAT THE GOOD CITIZENS WOULD RISE UP AND PUT A STOP TO IT? RIGHT.
"AND WHEN IT COMES TO PITCHED BATTLE ON CIVILIAN TURF, *YOU'RE* HARDLY ONE TO CRITICIZE."

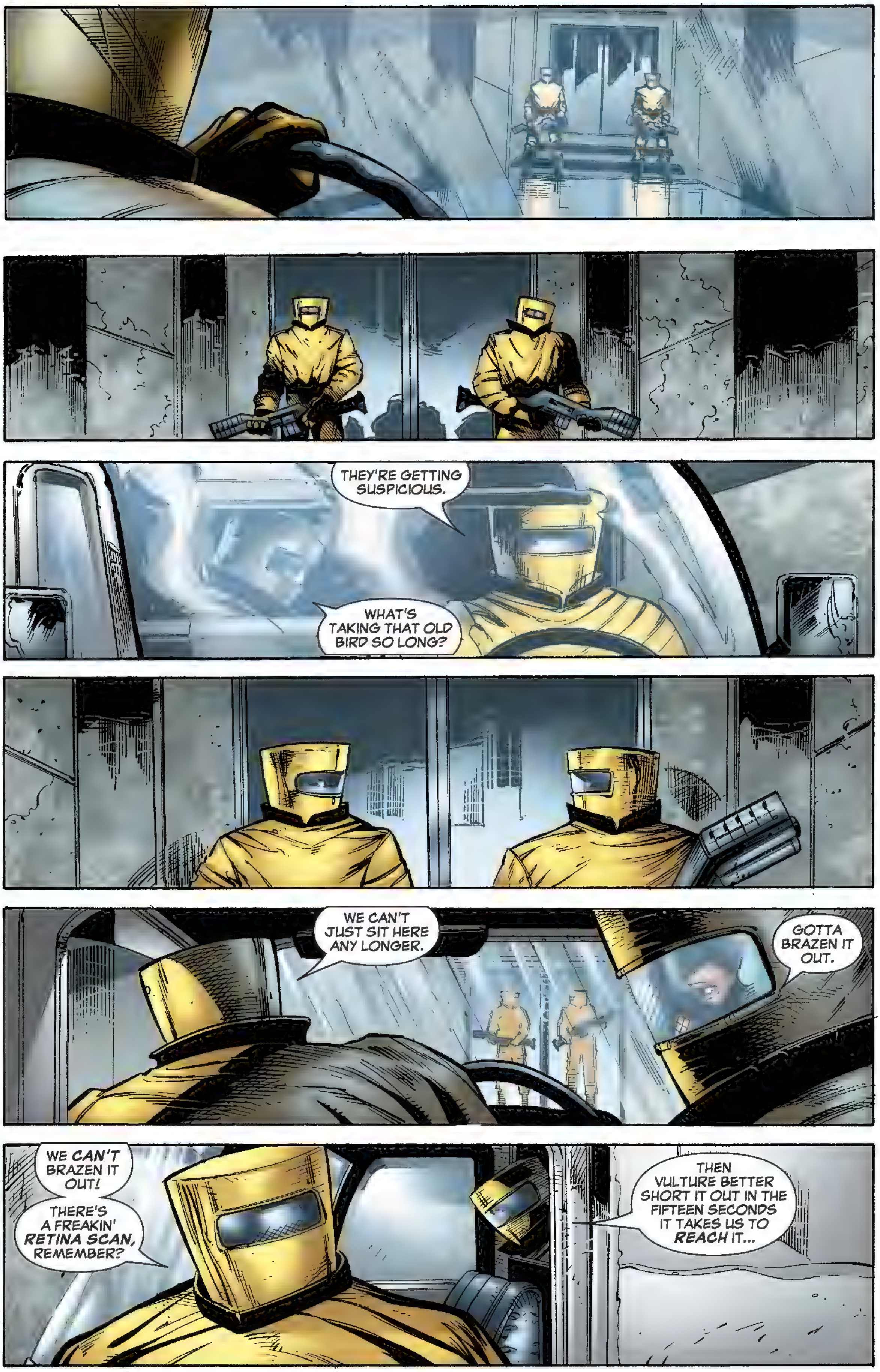

"ANYWAY, THE WHOLE THING WAS OVER IN A MATTER OF SECONDS..."
PLEASE, SIR, MAY I HAVE SOME MORE?
I AGREE. THAT WAS DISAPPOINTINGLY EASY.
YEAH, WE DIDN'T EVEN NEED OUR FULL NUMBERS TO TAKE THEM...
...*DID* WE, VULTURE?
HEY, I HAD YOUR BACKS!
QUIT BICKERING.
WE GOTTA CLEAR UP AND CLEAR OUT BEFORE WE'RE SEEN.
RIGHT.
TIME TO SUIT UP FOR THE MAIN EVENT.
I *MIGHT* BE ABLE TO SQUEEZE INTO THIS THING, BUT NOT WITHOUT POPPIN' A FEW SEAMS. AND *FORGET* ABOUT ZIPPIN' ME UP.
I'M OFF TO HANDLE MY END OF THE JOB.
SEE THAT YOU DO.
OR I, FOR ONE, WILL END THIS JOB BY PICKIN' *FEATHERS* OUTTA MY TEETH.

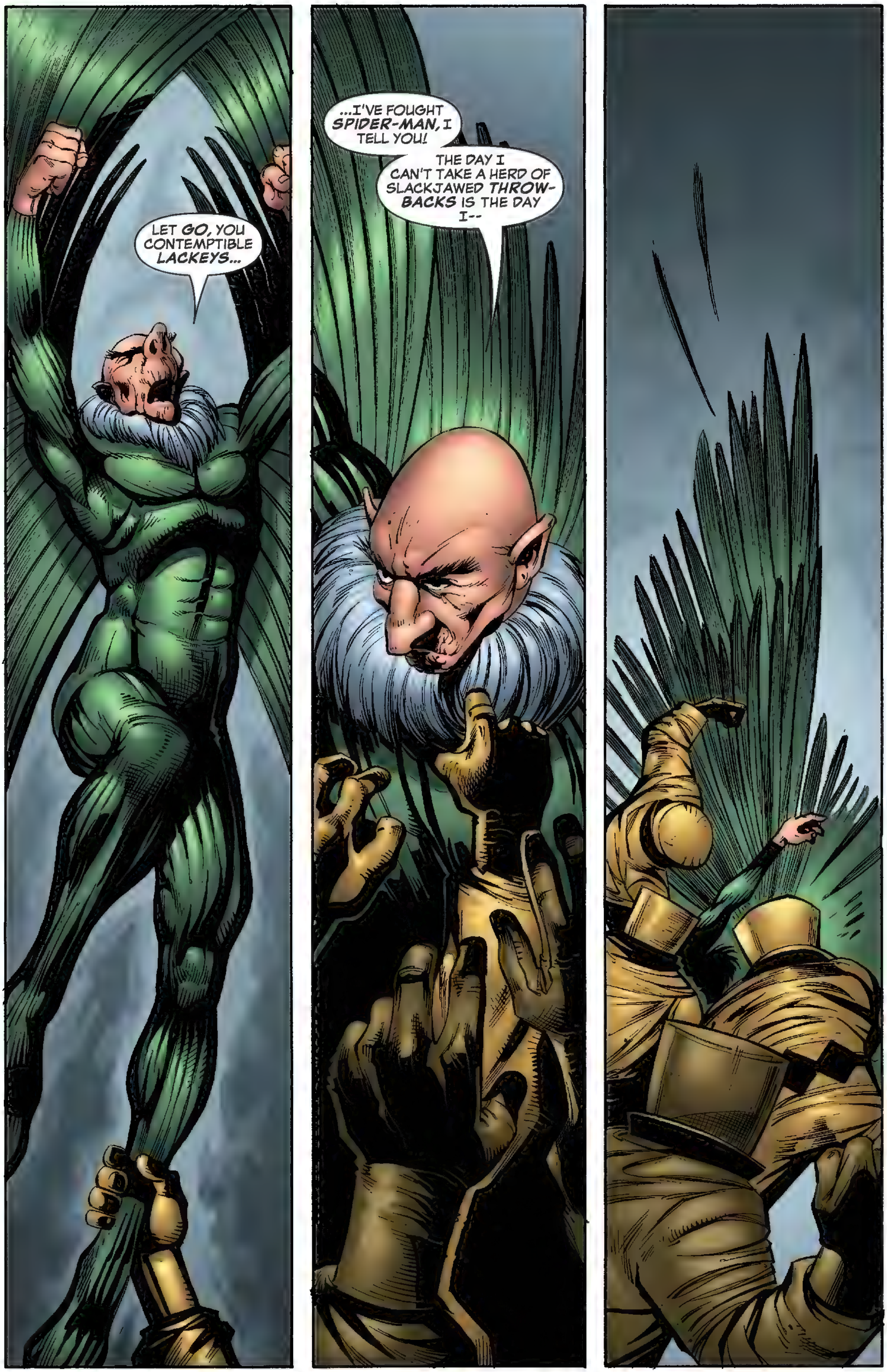

OH, REALLY?... HOW ARE YOU GOING TO *REACH* ME, YOU SLIMY NEANDERTHAL?
I'M UP HERE, AND YOU'RE DOWN THERE...
...DIDN'T *THINK* OF THAT, DID YOU, EINSTEIN?
Pfah. I'VE FOUGHT *SPIDER-MAN* TO A STAND-STILL.
I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THIS ABUSE.
RIGHT. DOWN TO BUSINESS.

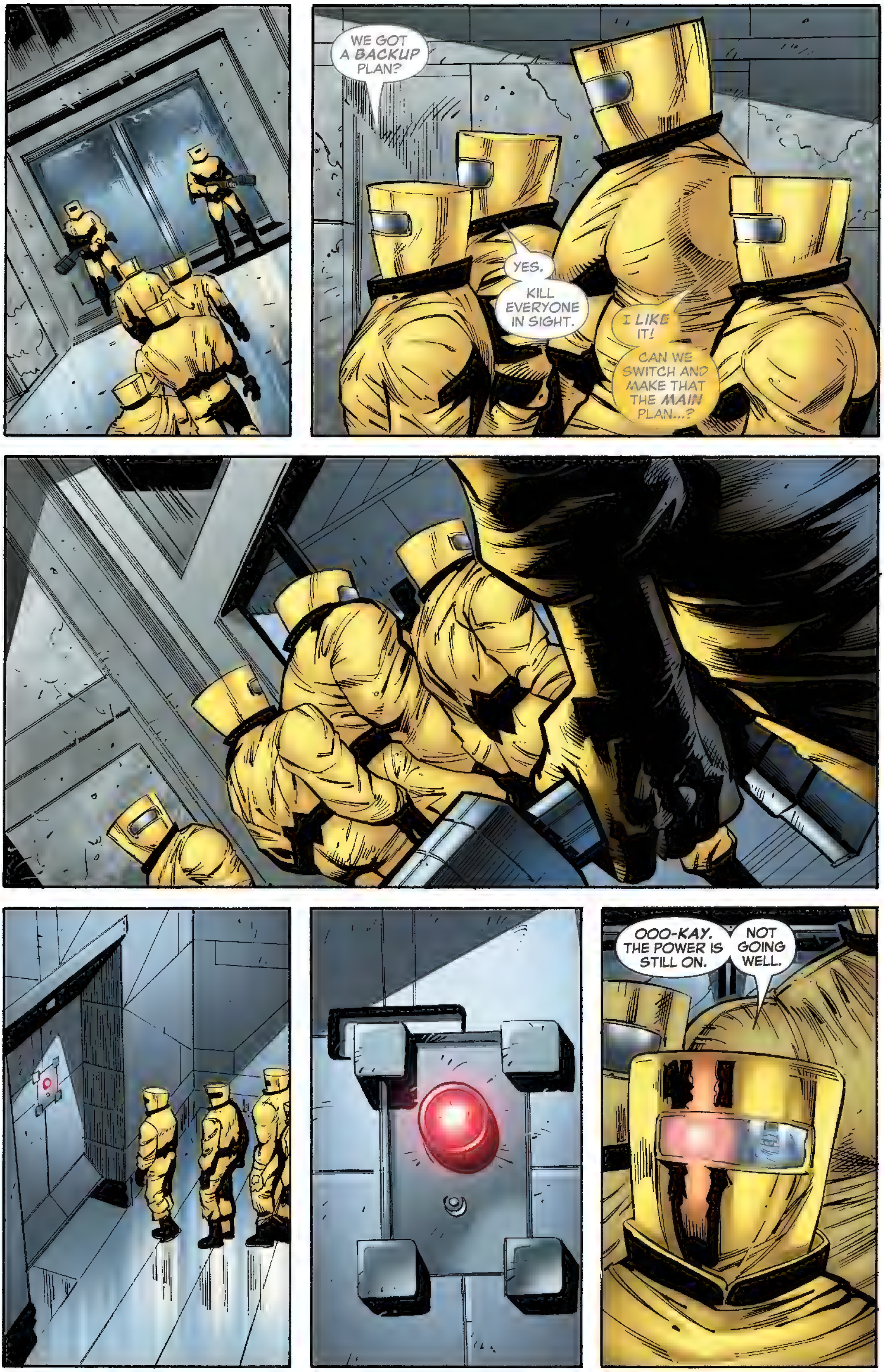

...EVERYONE SUITED UP? THEN LET'S *MOVE*.
"FROM THERE, IT WAS JUST BLOCKS TO THE BASE. BUT THERE WAS TROUBLE AHEAD."
RUN INTO TROUBLE...?
SWERVED TO AVOID A DOG. HIT A POST.

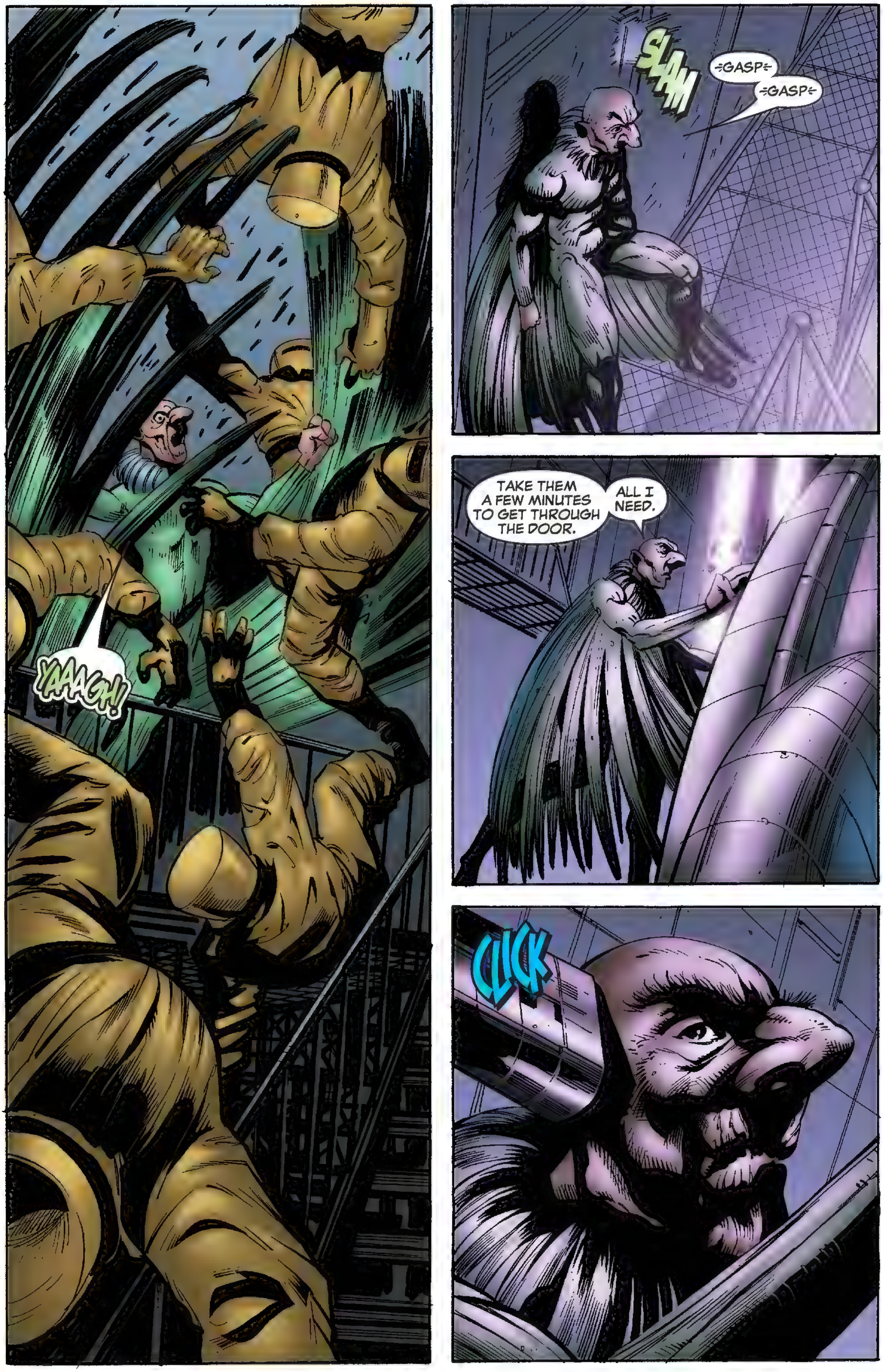

BETTER REPORT TO THE GARAGE FOR REPAIRS.
RIGHT.
I WASN'T SURE THAT WOULD WORK.
NO WORRIES. IF IT DIDN'T, I'D HAVE USED *MY* CARD TO SEVER HIS JUGULAR.
WHAT NOW?
WE WAIT FOR VULTURE TO CUT THE POWER...
...AND HOPE HE DOES IT QUICKLY.

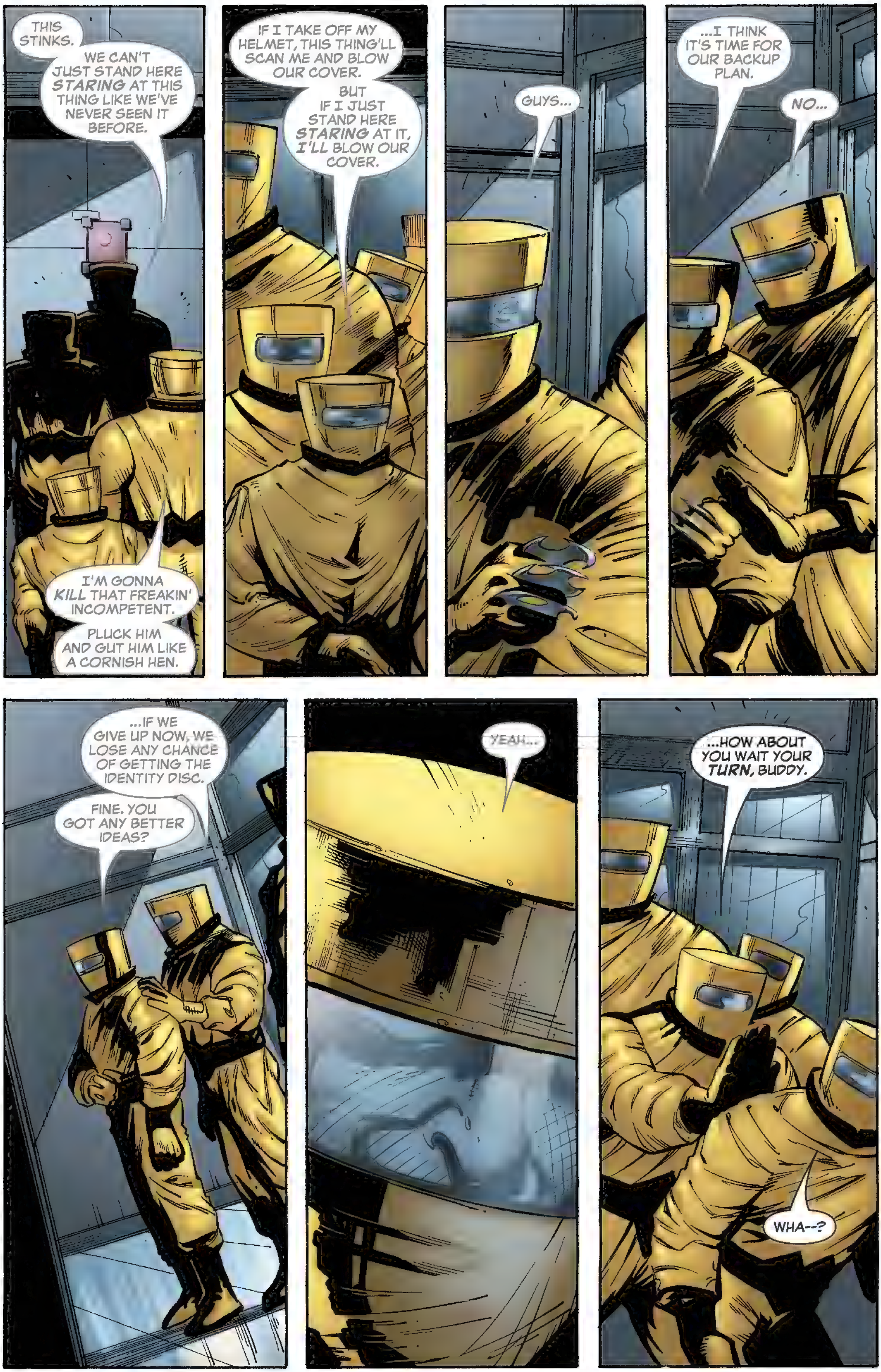

AH.
SCORE ONE FOR THE SCHEMATICS.
KIRBY-O-TRO
THAT'S ALMOST CERTAINLY THE GENERATOR.
HEY!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?...

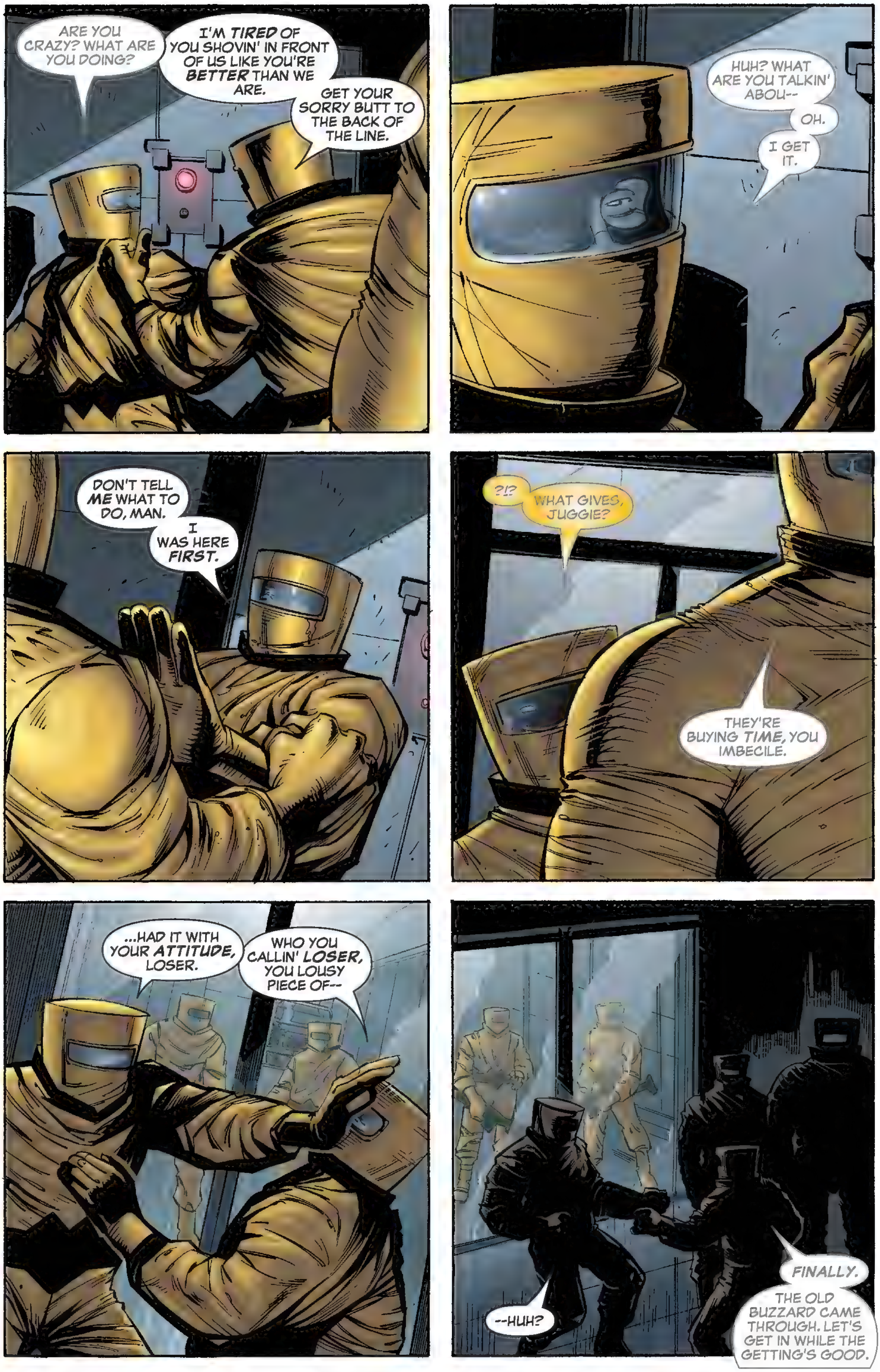

THEY'RE GETTING SUSPICIOUS.
WHAT'S TAKING THAT OLD BIRD SO LONG?
WE CAN'T JUST SIT HERE ANY LONGER.
GOTTA BRAZEN IT OUT.
WE *CAN'T* BRAZEN IT OUT!
THERE'S A FREAKIN' *RETINA SCAN,* REMEMBER?
THEN VULTURE BETTER SHORT IT OUT IN THE FIFTEEN SECONDS IT TAKES US TO *REACH* IT...

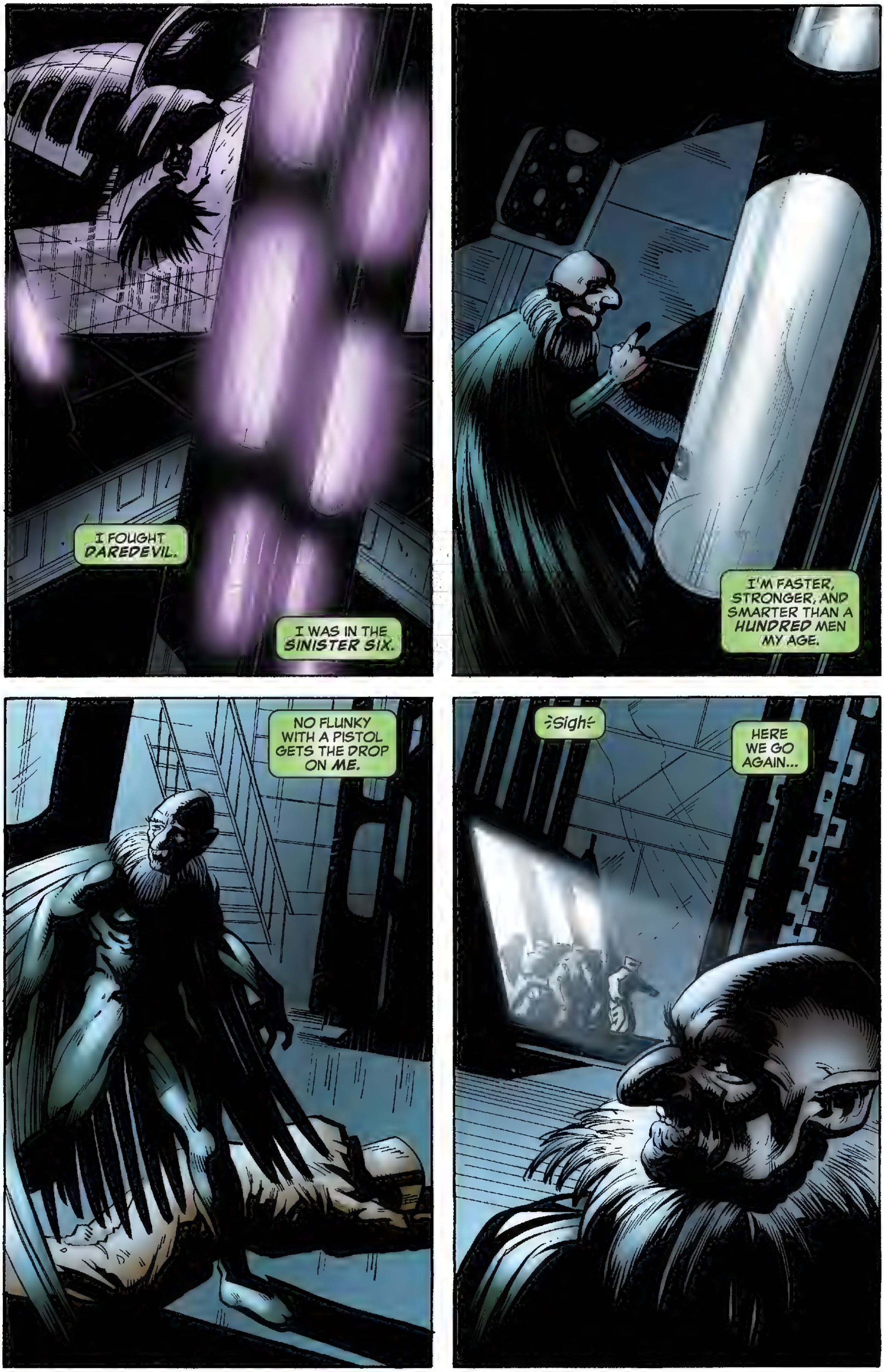

LET *GO*, YOU CONTEMPTIBLE *LACKEYS*...
...I'VE FOUGHT *SPIDER-MAN*, I TELL YOU!
THE DAY I CAN'T TAKE A HERD OF SLACKJAWED *THROWBACKS* IS THE DAY I--

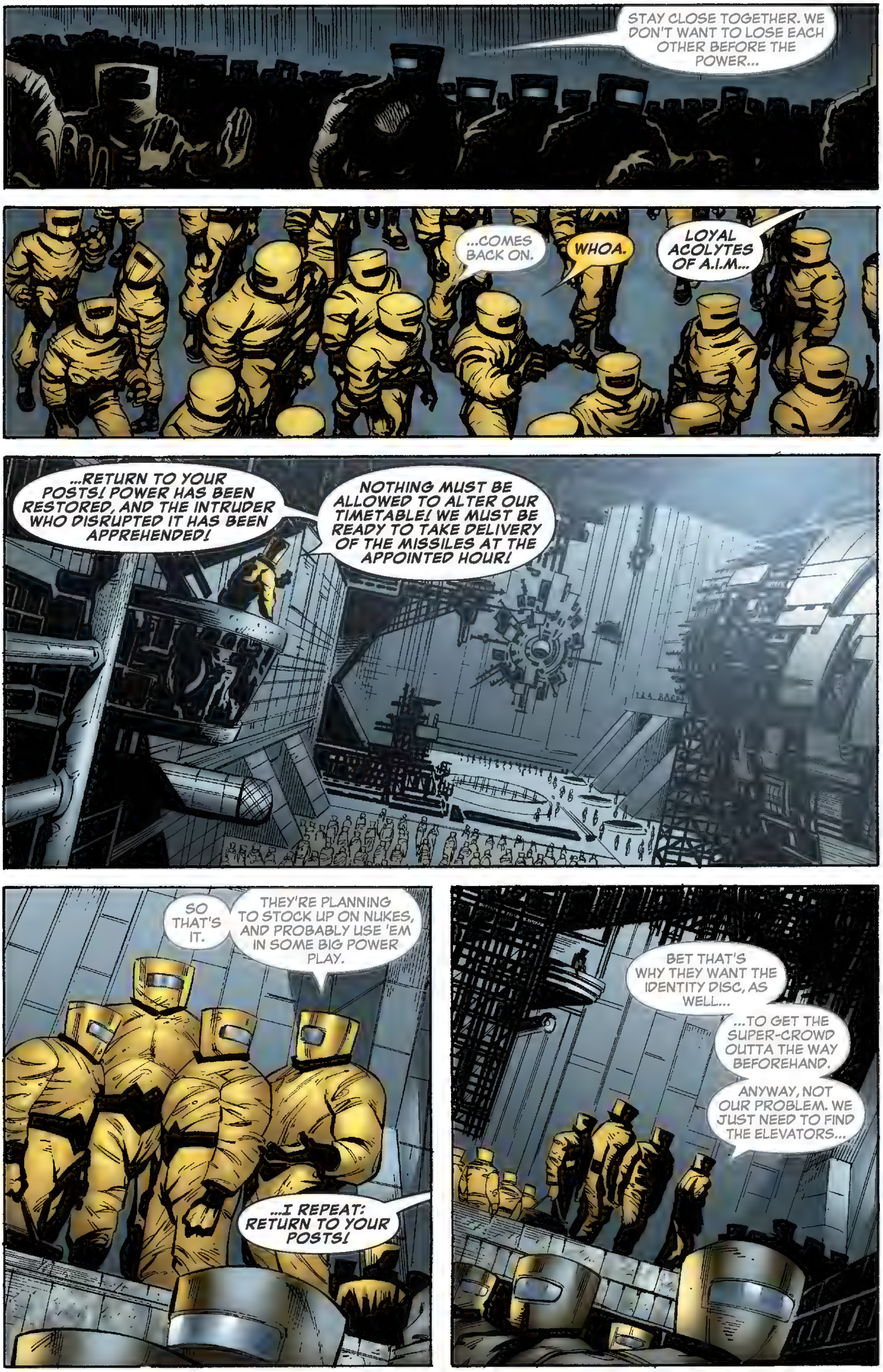

WE GOT A BACKUP PLAN?
YES.
KILL EVERYONE IN SIGHT.
I LIKE IT!
CAN WE SWITCH AND MAKE THAT THE MAIN PLAN...?
OOO-KAY. THE POWER IS STILL ON.
NOT GOING WELL.

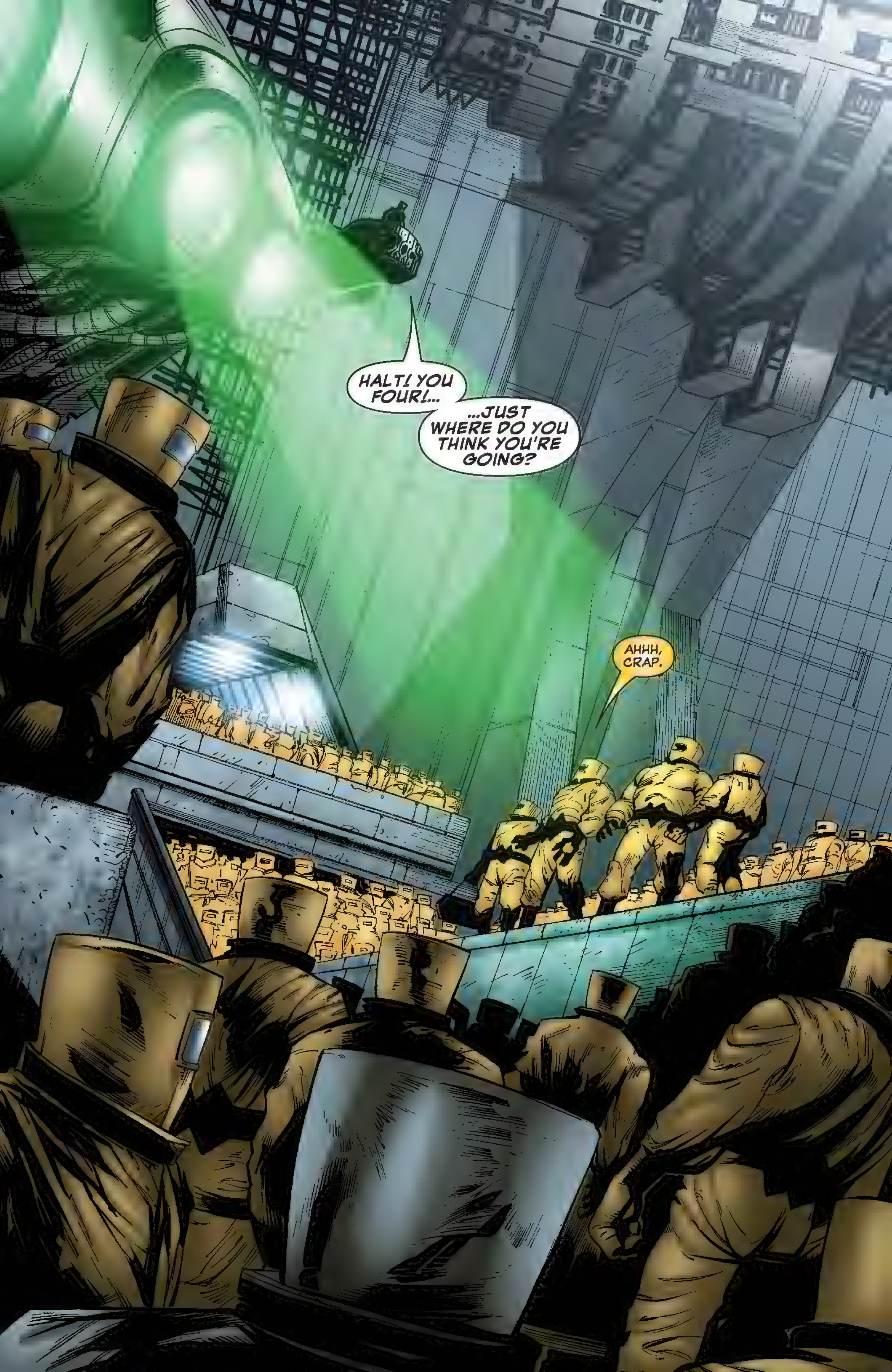

YAAAGH!
SLAM
=GASP=
=GASP=
TAKE THEM A FEW MINUTES TO GET THROUGH THE DOOR.
ALL I NEED.
CLICK


THIS STINKS.
WE CAN'T JUST STAND HERE **STARING** AT THIS THING LIKE WE'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE.
I'M GONNA **KILL** THAT FREAKIN' INCOMPETENT.
PLUCK HIM AND GUT HIM LIKE A CORNISH HEN.
IF I TAKE OFF MY HELMET, THIS THING'LL SCAN ME AND BLOW OUR COVER.
BUT IF I JUST STAND HERE **STARING** AT IT, **I'LL** BLOW OUR COVER.
GUYS...
...I THINK IT'S TIME FOR OUR BACKUP PLAN.
NO...
...IF WE GIVE UP NOW, WE LOSE ANY CHANCE OF GETTING THE IDENTITY DISC.
FINE. YOU GOT ANY BETTER IDEAS?
YEAH...
...HOW ABOUT YOU WAIT YOUR **TURN,** BUDDY.
WHA--?

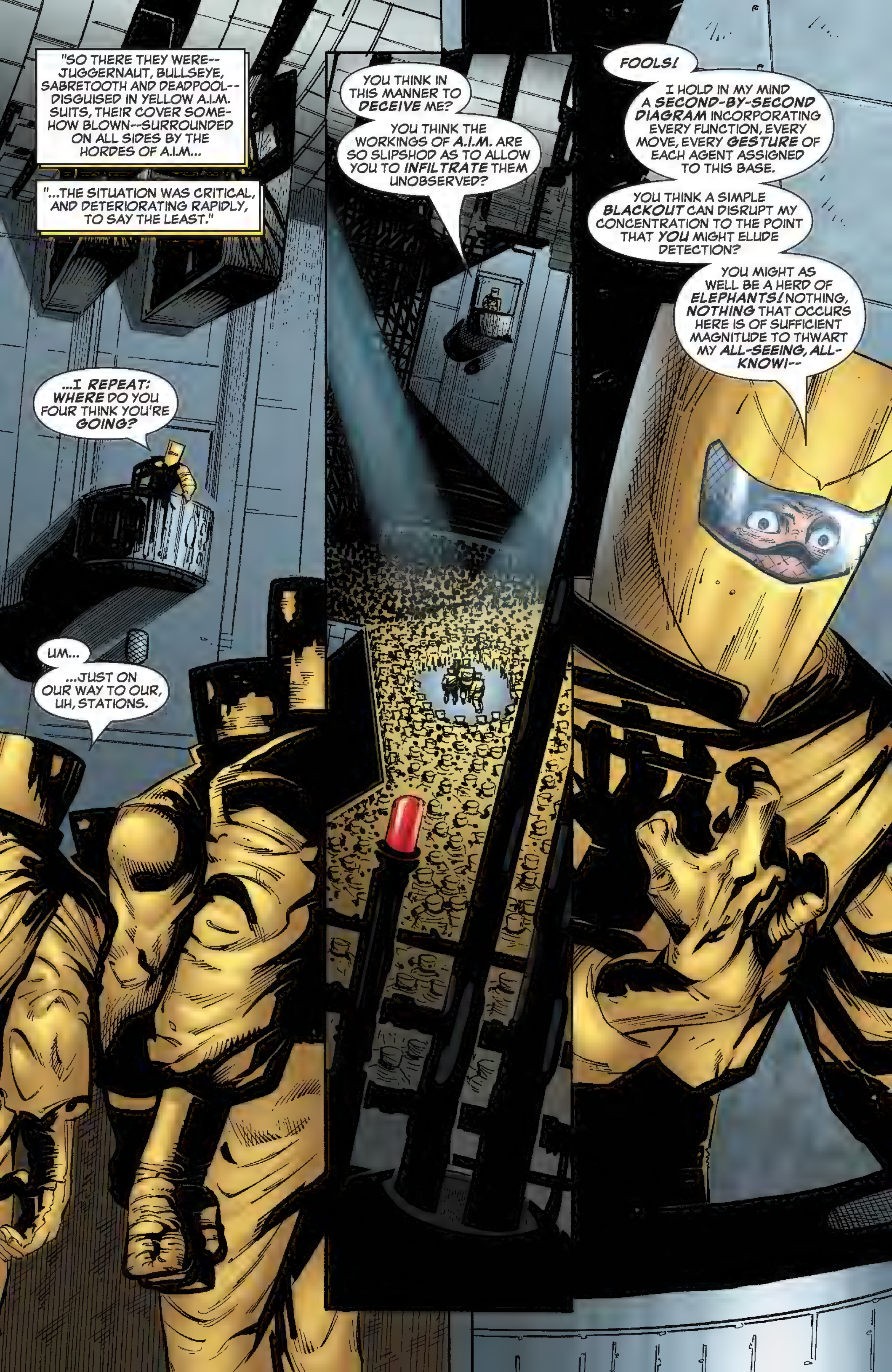

ARE YOU CRAZY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M *TIRED* OF YOU SHOVIN' IN FRONT OF US LIKE YOU'RE *BETTER* THAN WE ARE.
GET YOUR SORRY BUTT TO THE BACK OF THE LINE.
HUH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOU--
OH.
I GET IT.
DON'T TELL *ME* WHAT TO DO, MAN.
I WAS HERE *FIRST.*
?!?
WHAT GIVES, JUGGIE?
THEY'RE BUYING *TIME,* YOU IMBECILE.
...HAD IT WITH YOUR *ATTITUDE,* LOSER.
WHO YOU CALLIN' *LOSER,* YOU LOUSY PIECE OF--
--HUH?
FINALLY.
THE OLD BUZZARD CAME THROUGH. LET'S GET IN WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD.

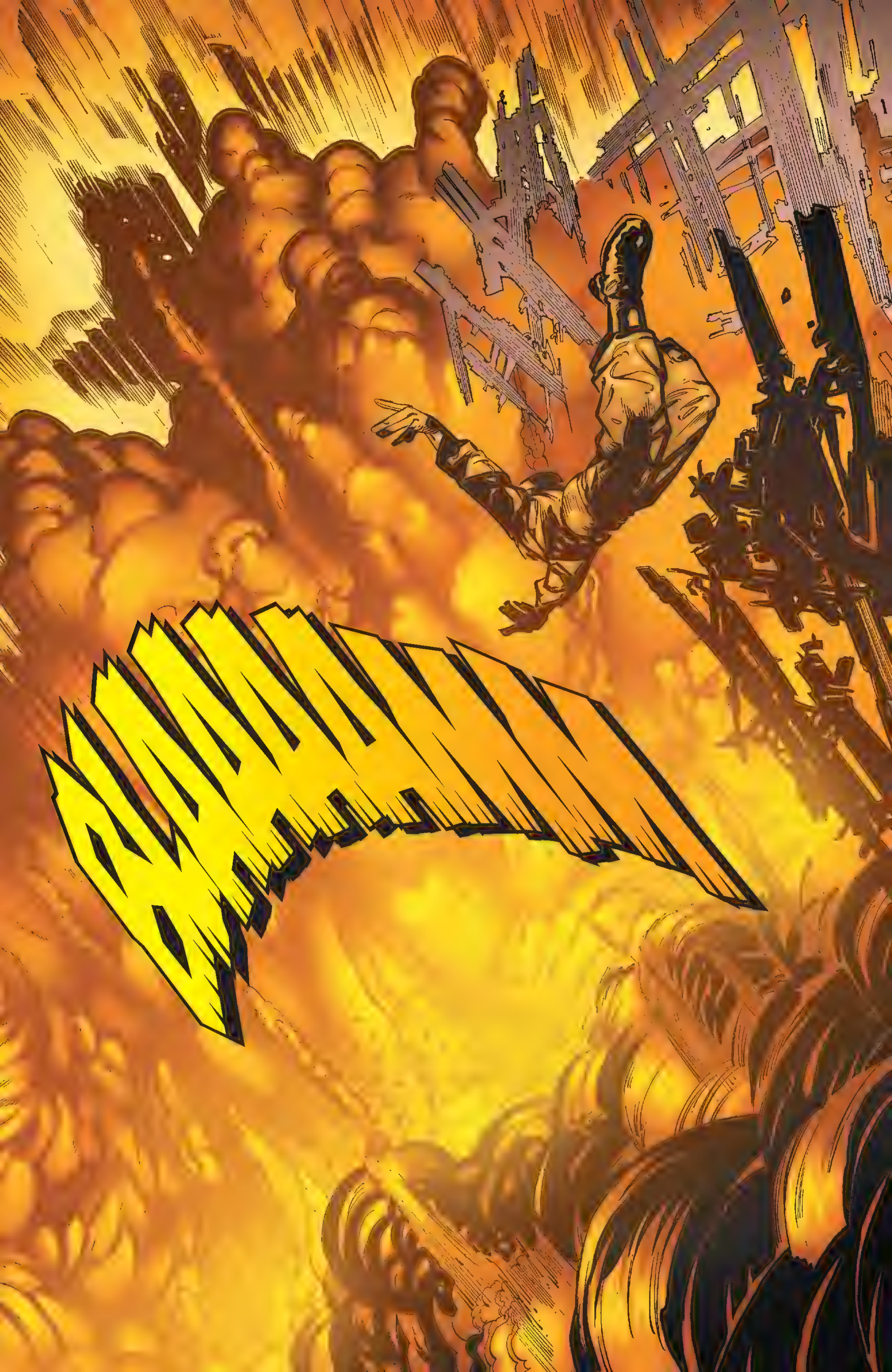

I FOUGHT **DAREDEVIL.**
I WAS IN THE **SINISTER SIX.**
I'M FASTER, STRONGER, AND SMARTER THAN A **HUNDRED** MEN MY AGE.
NO FLUNKY WITH A PISTOL GETS THE DROP ON **ME.**
Sigh
HERE WE GO AGAIN...

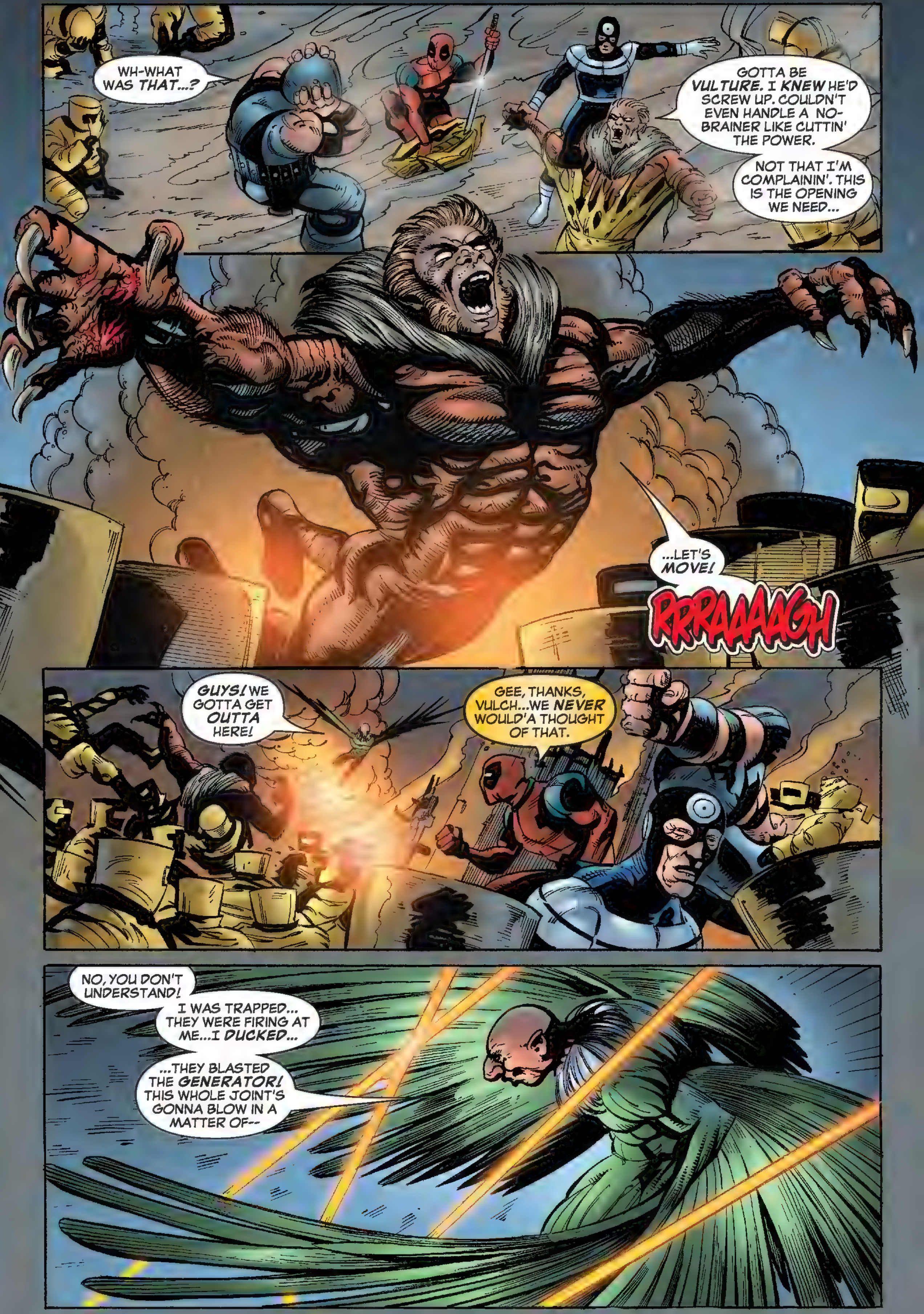

STAY CLOSE TOGETHER. WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE EACH OTHER BEFORE THE POWER...
...COMES BACK ON.
WHOA.
LOYAL ACOLYTES OF A.I.M...
...RETURN TO YOUR POSTS! POWER HAS BEEN RESTORED, AND THE INTRUDER WHO DISRUPTED IT HAS BEEN APPREHENDED!
NOTHING MUST BE ALLOWED TO ALTER OUR TIMETABLE! WE MUST BE READY TO TAKE DELIVERY OF THE MISSILES AT THE APPOINTED HOUR!
SO THAT'S IT.
THEY'RE PLANNING TO STOCK UP ON NUKES, AND PROBABLY USE 'EM IN SOME BIG POWER PLAY.
...I REPEAT: RETURN TO YOUR POSTS!
BET THAT'S WHY THEY WANT THE IDENTITY DISC, AS WELL...
...TO GET THE SUPER-CROWD OUTTA THE WAY BEFOREHAND.
ANYWAY, NOT OUR PROBLEM. WE JUST NEED TO FIND THE ELEVATORS...

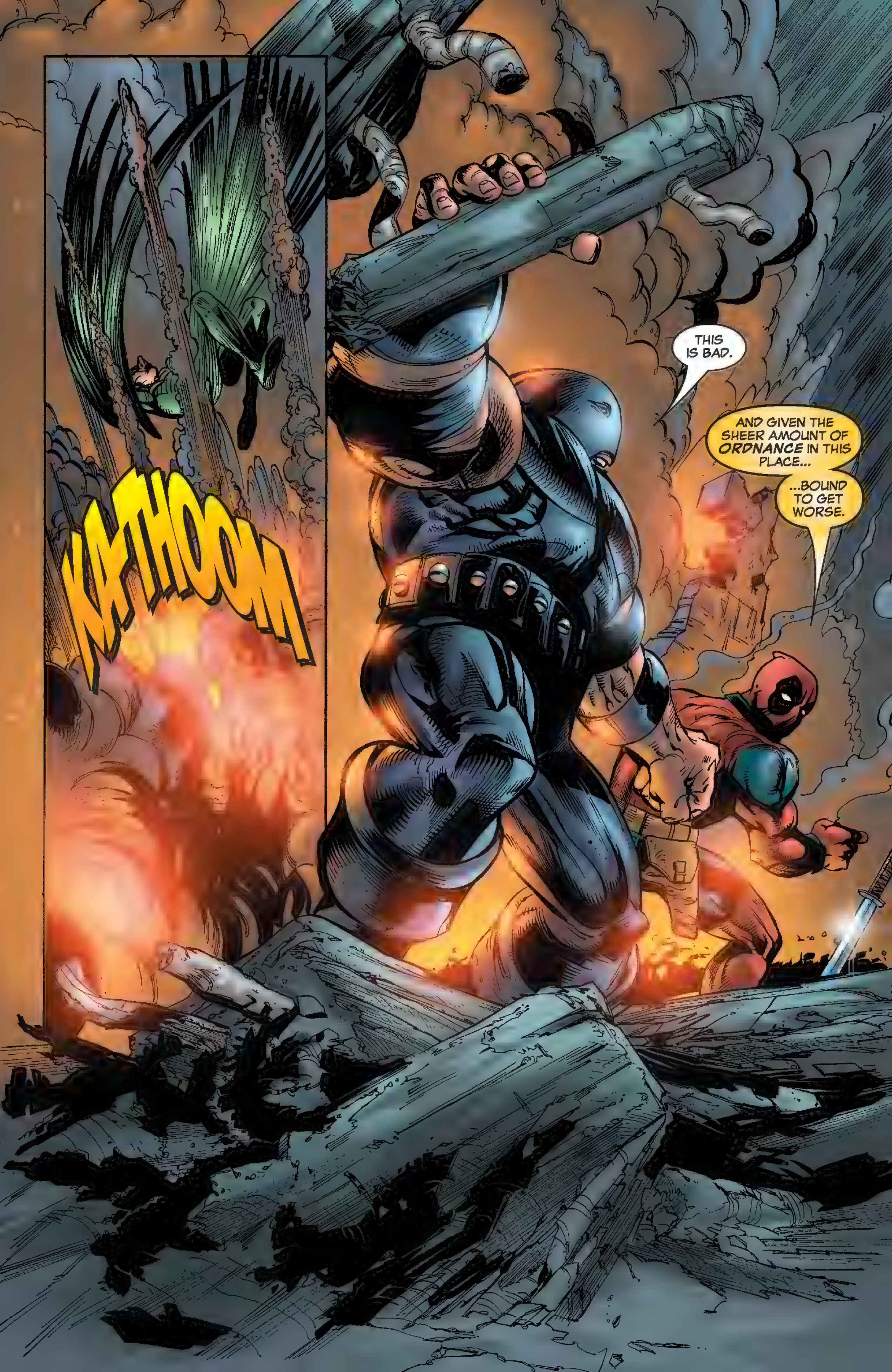

HALT! YOU FOUR!...
...JUST WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
AHHH, CRAP.

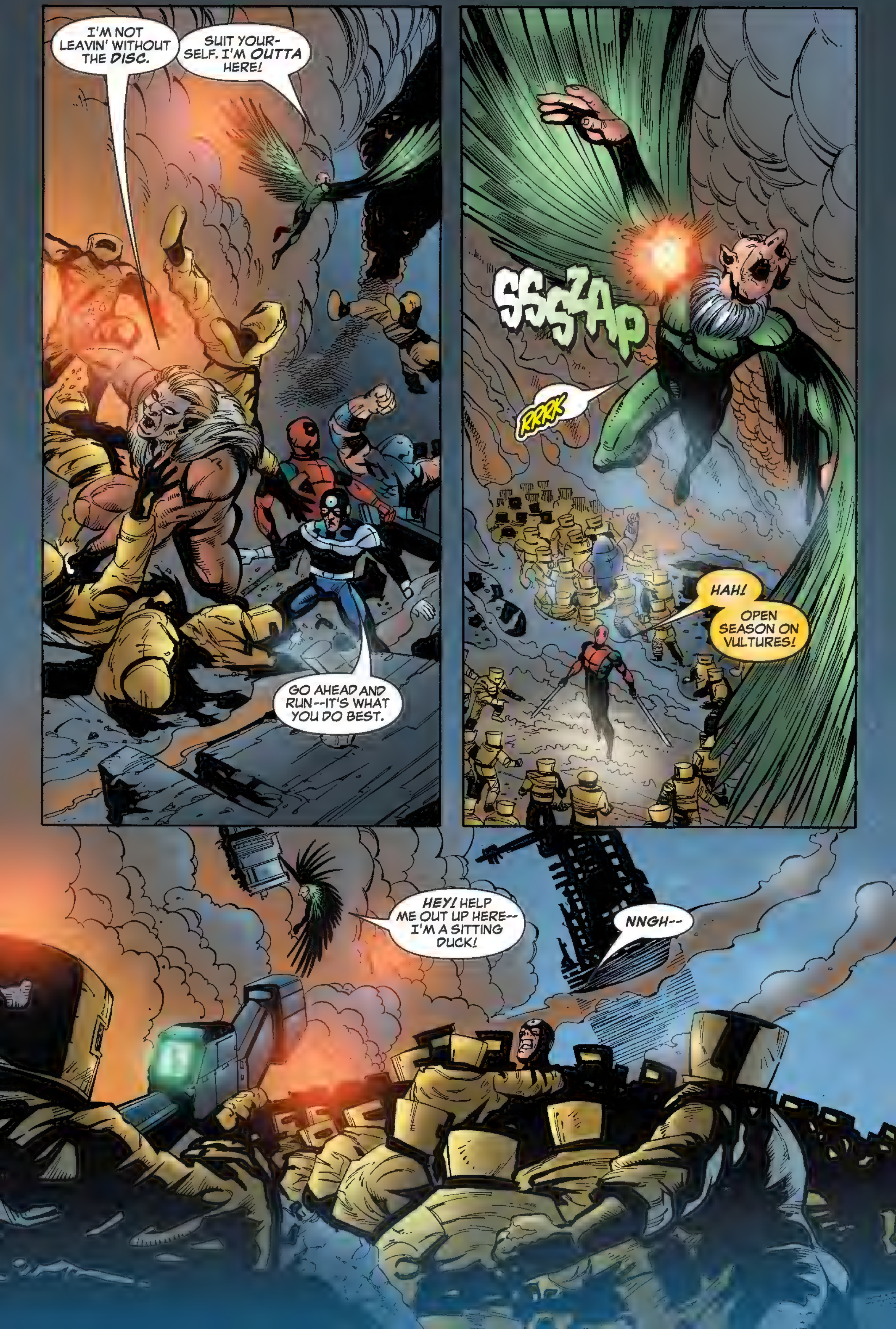
IDENTITY DISC #4

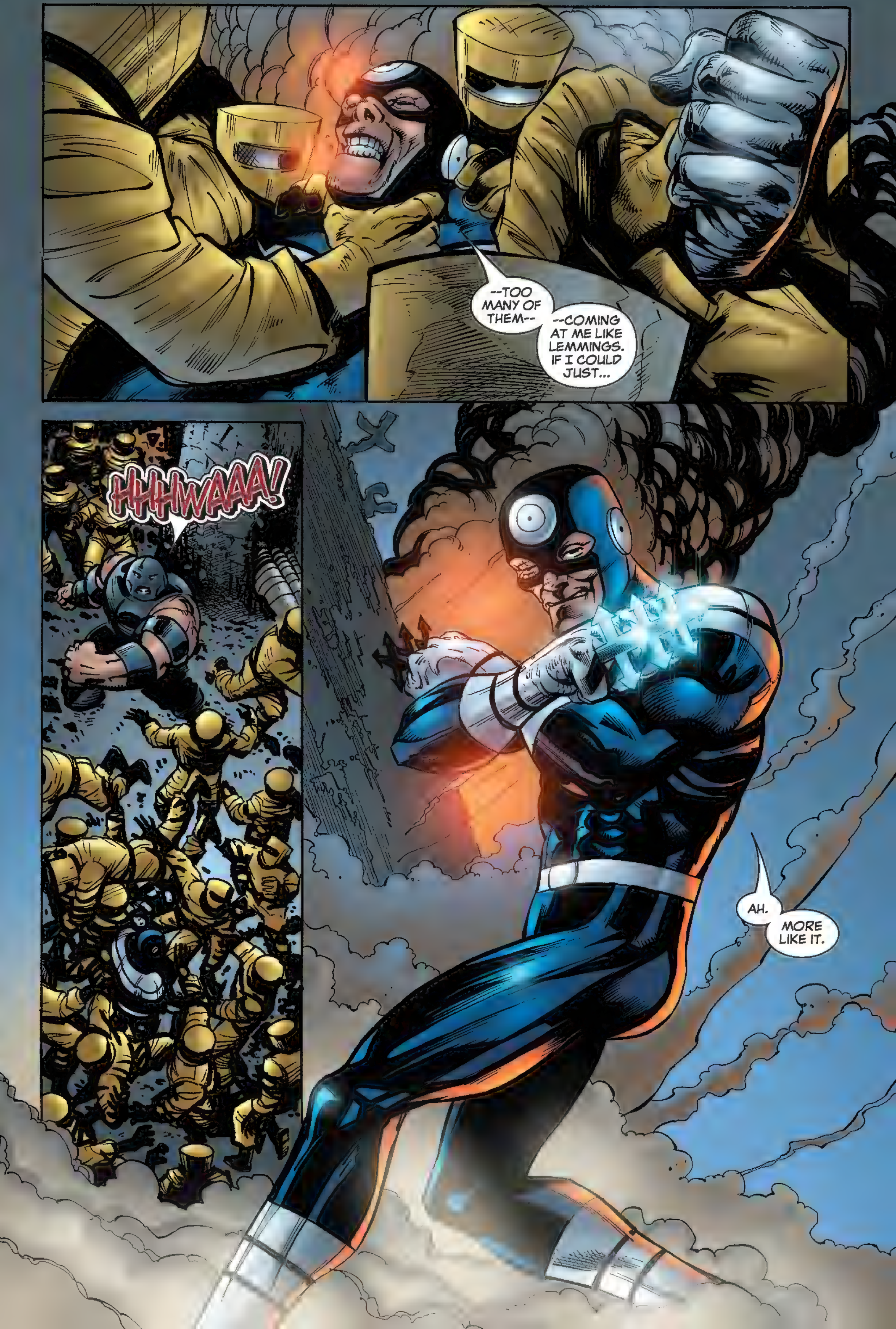

"SO THERE THEY WERE--JUGGERNAUT, BULLSEYE, SABRETOOTH AND DEADPOOL--DISGUISED IN YELLOW A.I.M. SUITS, THEIR COVER SOMEHOW BLOWN--SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES BY THE HORDES OF A.I.M...
"...THE SITUATION WAS CRITICAL, AND DETERIORATING RAPIDLY, TO SAY THE LEAST."
...I *REPEAT:* *WHERE* DO YOU FOUR THINK YOU'RE *GOING?*
UM...
...JUST ON OUR WAY TO OUR, UH, STATIONS.
YOU THINK IN THIS MANNER TO *DECEIVE* ME?
YOU THINK THE WORKINGS OF *A.I.M.* ARE SO SLIPSHOD AS TO ALLOW YOU TO *INFILTRATE* THEM UNOBSERVED?
FOOLS!
I HOLD IN MY MIND A *SECOND-BY-SECOND DIAGRAM* INCORPORATING EVERY FUNCTION, EVERY MOVE, EVERY *GESTURE* OF EACH AGENT ASSIGNED TO THIS BASE.
YOU THINK A SIMPLE *BLACKOUT* CAN DISRUPT MY CONCENTRATION TO THE POINT THAT *YOU* MIGHT ELUDE DETECTION?
YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE A HERD OF *ELEPHANTS!* NOTHING, *NOTHING* THAT OCCURS HERE IS OF SUFFICIENT MAGNITUDE TO THWART MY *ALL-SEEING, ALL-KNOWI--*

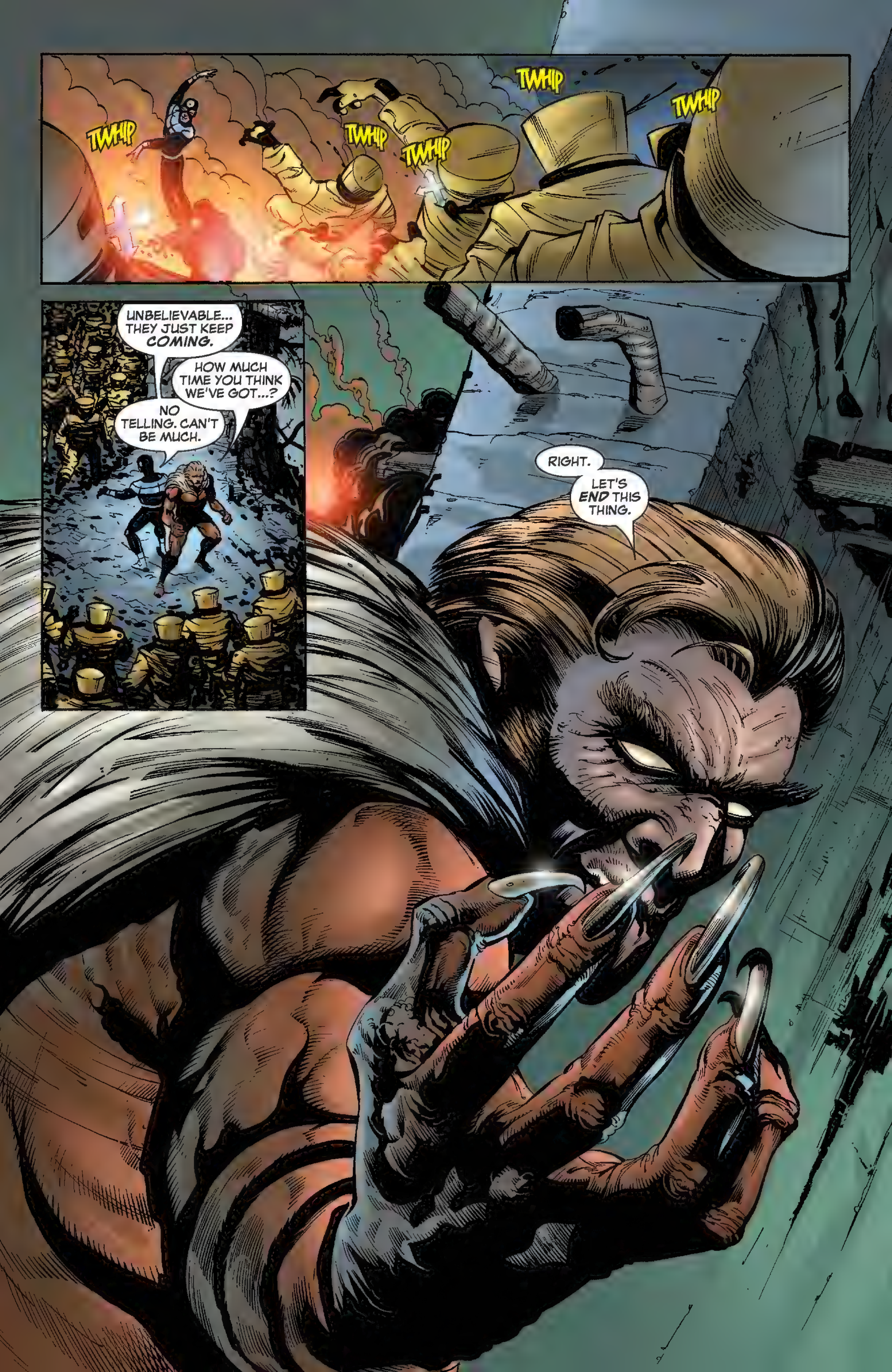

BAAAAMMM

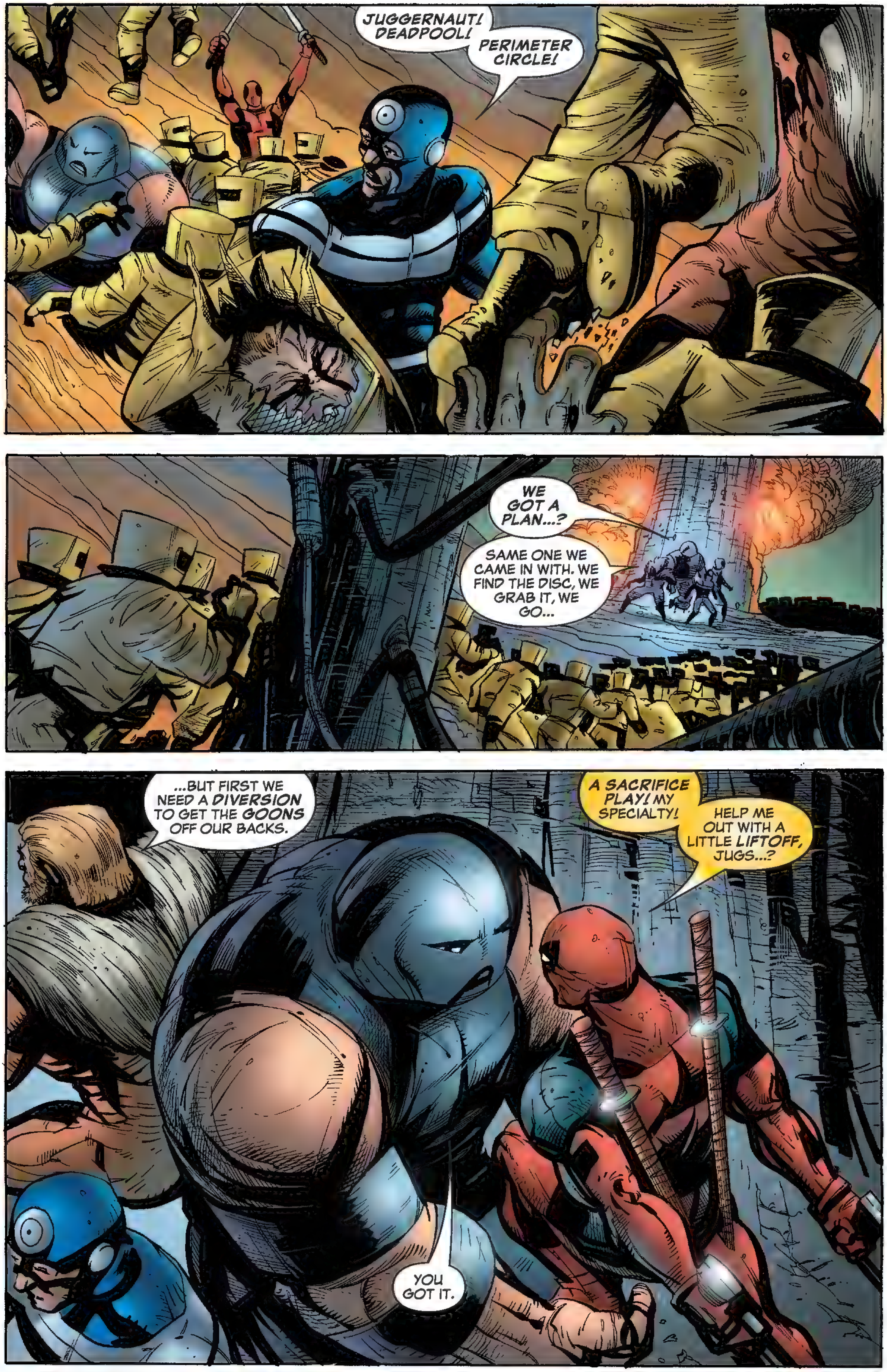

WH-WHAT WAS *THAT...?*
GOTTA BE ***VULTURE.*** I ***KNEW*** HE'D SCREW UP. COULDN'T EVEN HANDLE A NO-BRAINER LIKE CUTTIN' THE POWER.
NOT THAT I'M COMPLAININ'. THIS IS THE OPENING WE NEED...
...LET'S ***MOVE!***
RRRAAAAGH
GUYS! WE GOTTA GET ***OUTTA*** HERE!
GEE, THANKS, VULCH...WE ***NEVER*** WOULD'A THOUGHT OF THAT.
NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
I WAS TRAPPED... THEY WERE FIRING AT ME...I ***DUCKED...***
...THEY BLASTED THE ***GENERATOR!*** THIS WHOLE JOINT'S GONNA BLOW IN A MATTER OF--

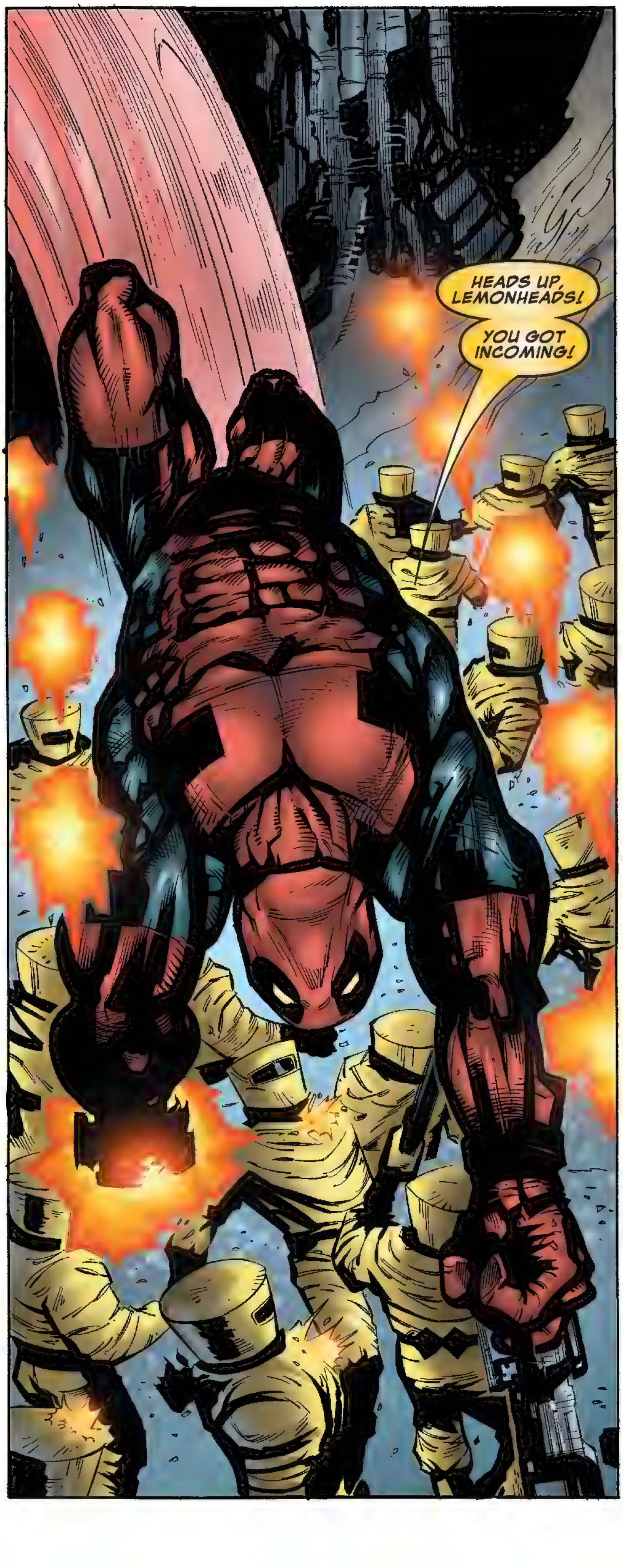

KA-THOOM
THIS IS BAD.
AND GIVEN THE SHEER AMOUNT OF *ORDNANCE* IN THIS PLACE...
...BOUND TO GET WORSE.

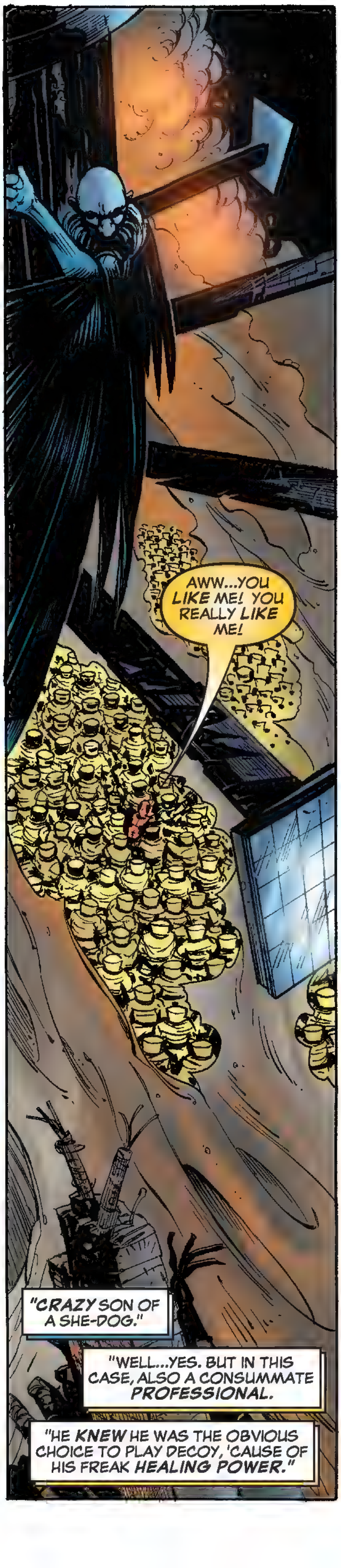

I'M NOT LEAVIN' WITHOUT THE *DISC.*
SUIT YOURSELF. I'M *OUTTA* HERE!
GO AHEAD AND RUN--IT'S WHAT YOU DO BEST.
SSSZAP
RRRK
HAH!
OPEN SEASON ON VULTURES!
HEY! HELP ME OUT UP HERE--I'M A SITTING DUCK!
NNGH--

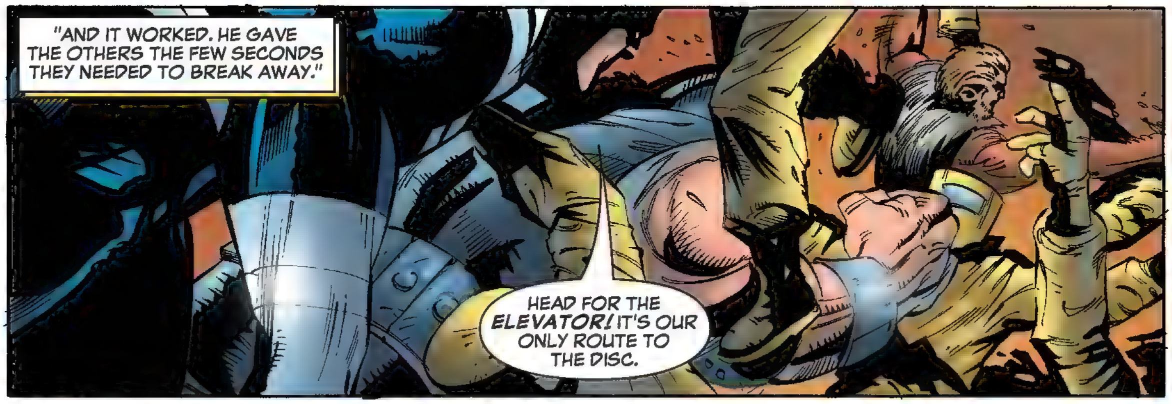

--TOO MANY OF THEM--
--COMING AT ME LIKE LEMMINGS. IF I COULD JUST...
HHHWAAA!
AH.
MORE LIKE IT.

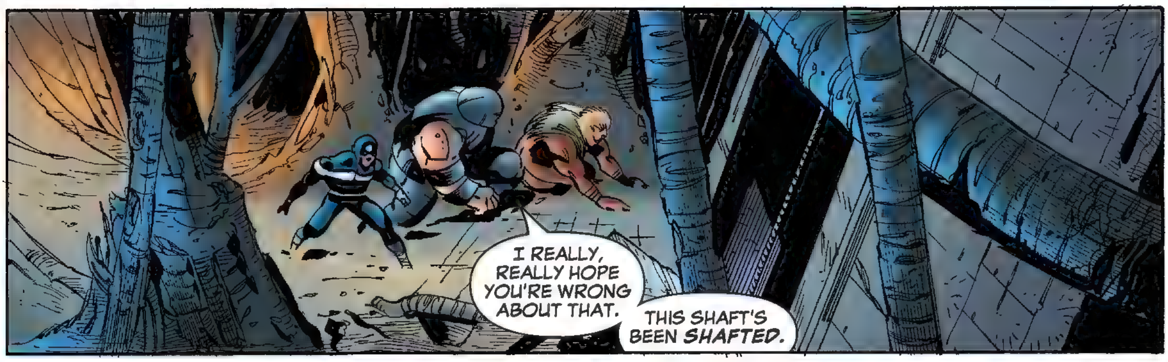

TWHIP
TWHIP
TWHIP
TWHIP
TWHIP
UNBELIEVABLE... THEY JUST KEEP *COMING.*
HOW MUCH TIME YOU THINK WE'VE GOT...?
NO TELLING. CAN'T BE MUCH.
RIGHT.
LET'S *END* THIS THING.

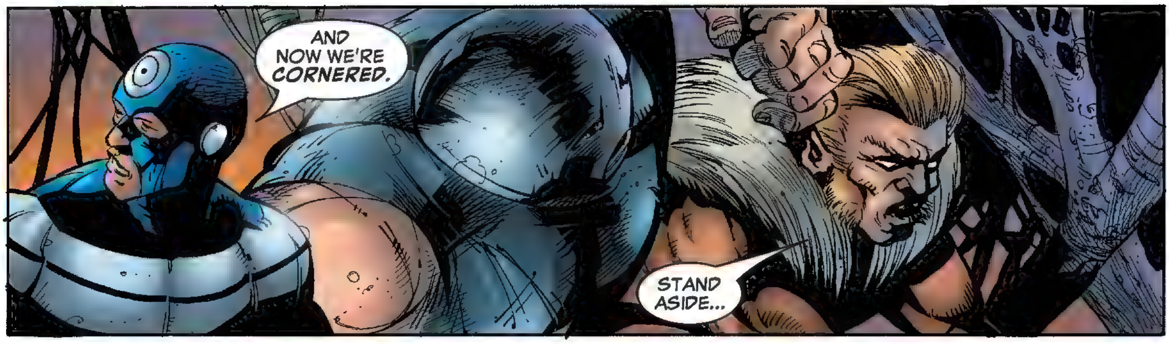

JUGGERNAUT! DEADPOOL!
PERIMETER CIRCLE!
WE GOT A PLAN...?
SAME ONE WE CAME IN WITH. WE FIND THE DISC, WE GRAB IT, WE GO...
...BUT FIRST WE NEED A *DIVERSION* TO GET THE *GOONS* OFF OUR BACKS.
A *SACRIFICE PLAY!* MY SPECIALTY!
HELP ME OUT WITH A LITTLE *LIFTOFF,* JUGS...?
YOU GOT IT.

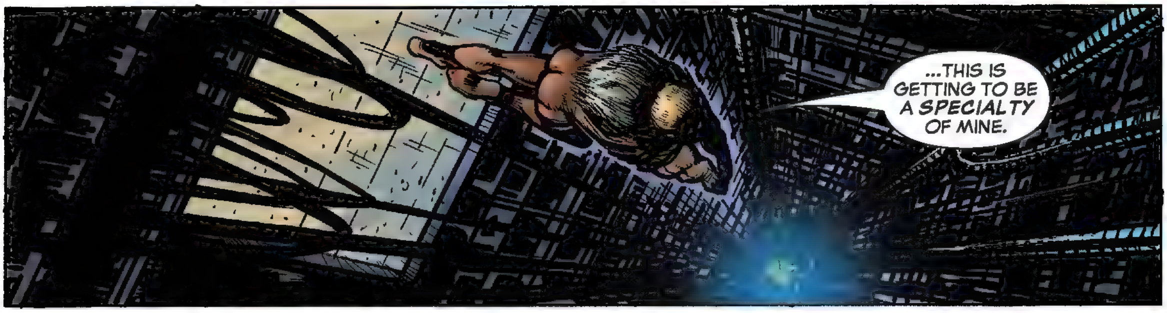

HEADS UP, LEMONHEADS!
YOU GOT INCOMING!

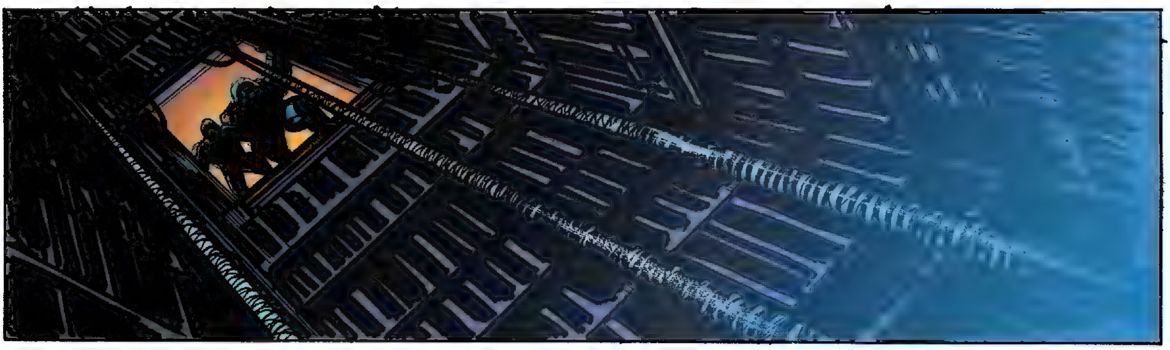

AWW...YOU LIKE ME! YOU REALLY LIKE ME!
"CRAZY SON OF A SHE-DOG."
"WELL...YES. BUT IN THIS CASE, ALSO A CONSUMMATE PROFESSIONAL.
"HE KNEW HE WAS THE OBVIOUS CHOICE TO PLAY DECOY, 'CAUSE OF HIS FREAK HEALING POWER."

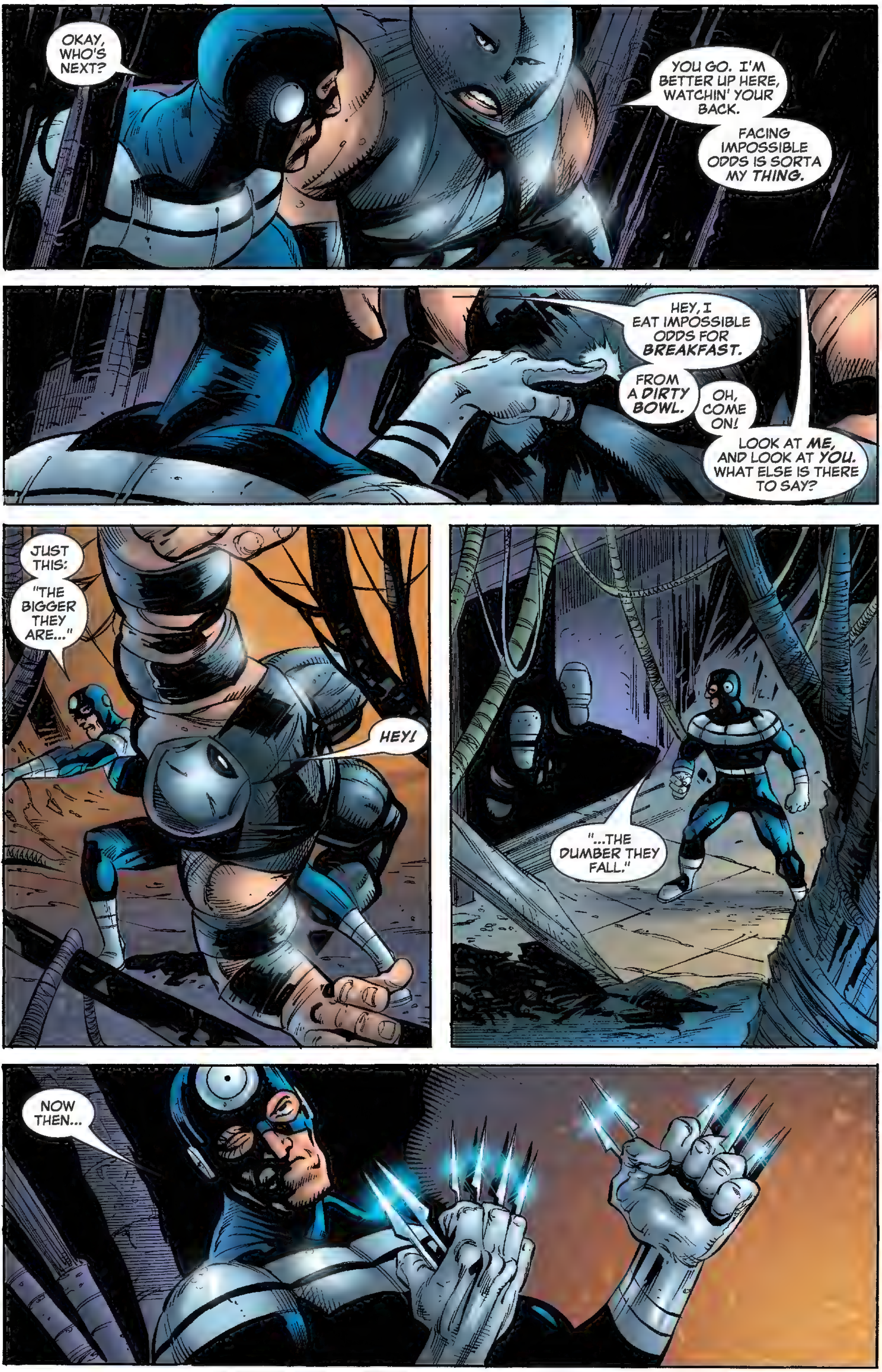

"AND IT WORKED. HE GAVE THE OTHERS THE FEW SECONDS THEY NEEDED TO BREAK AWAY."
HEAD FOR THE *ELEVATOR!* IT'S OUR ONLY ROUTE TO THE DISC.

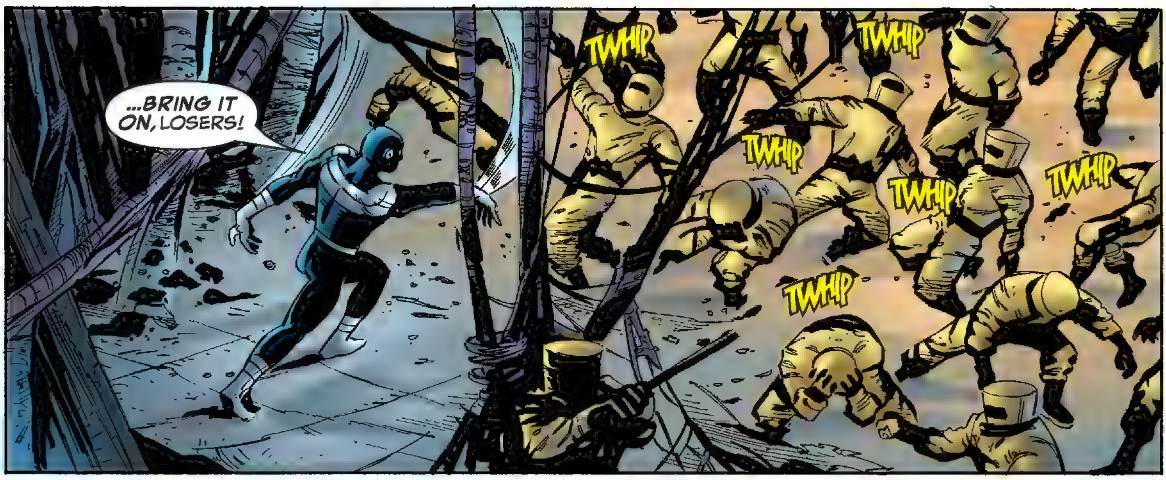

I REALLY, REALLY HOPE YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT THAT.
THIS SHAFT'S BEEN *SHAFTED.*

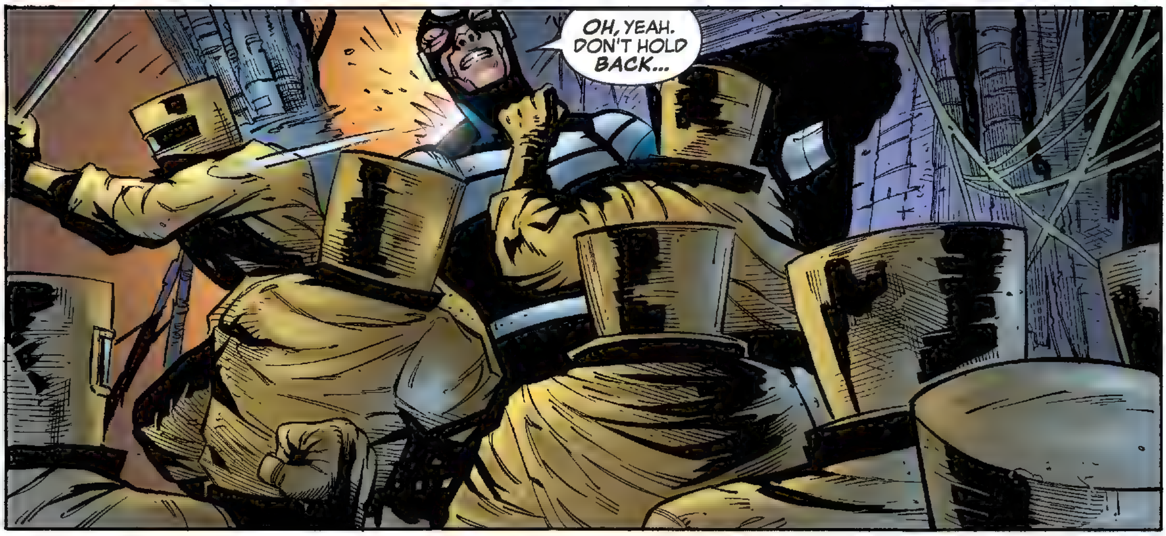

AND NOW WE'RE *CORNERED.*
STAND ASIDE...

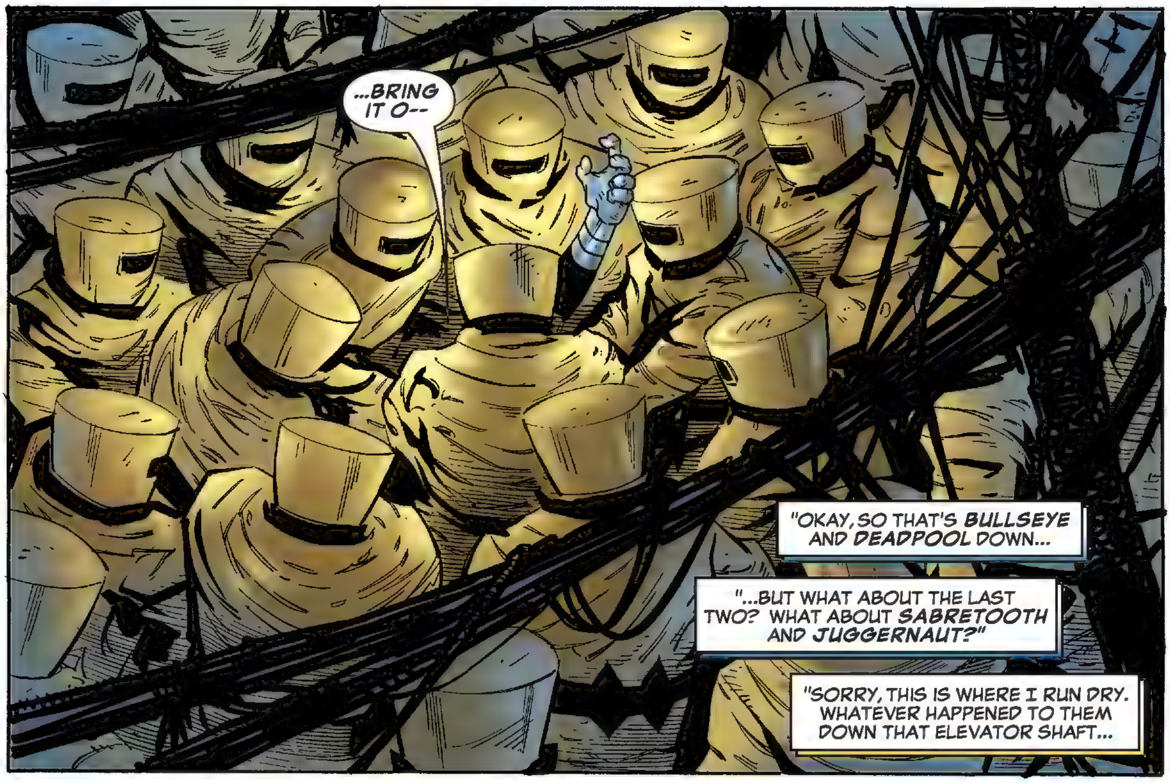

...THIS IS GETTING TO BE A *SPECIALTY* OF MINE.

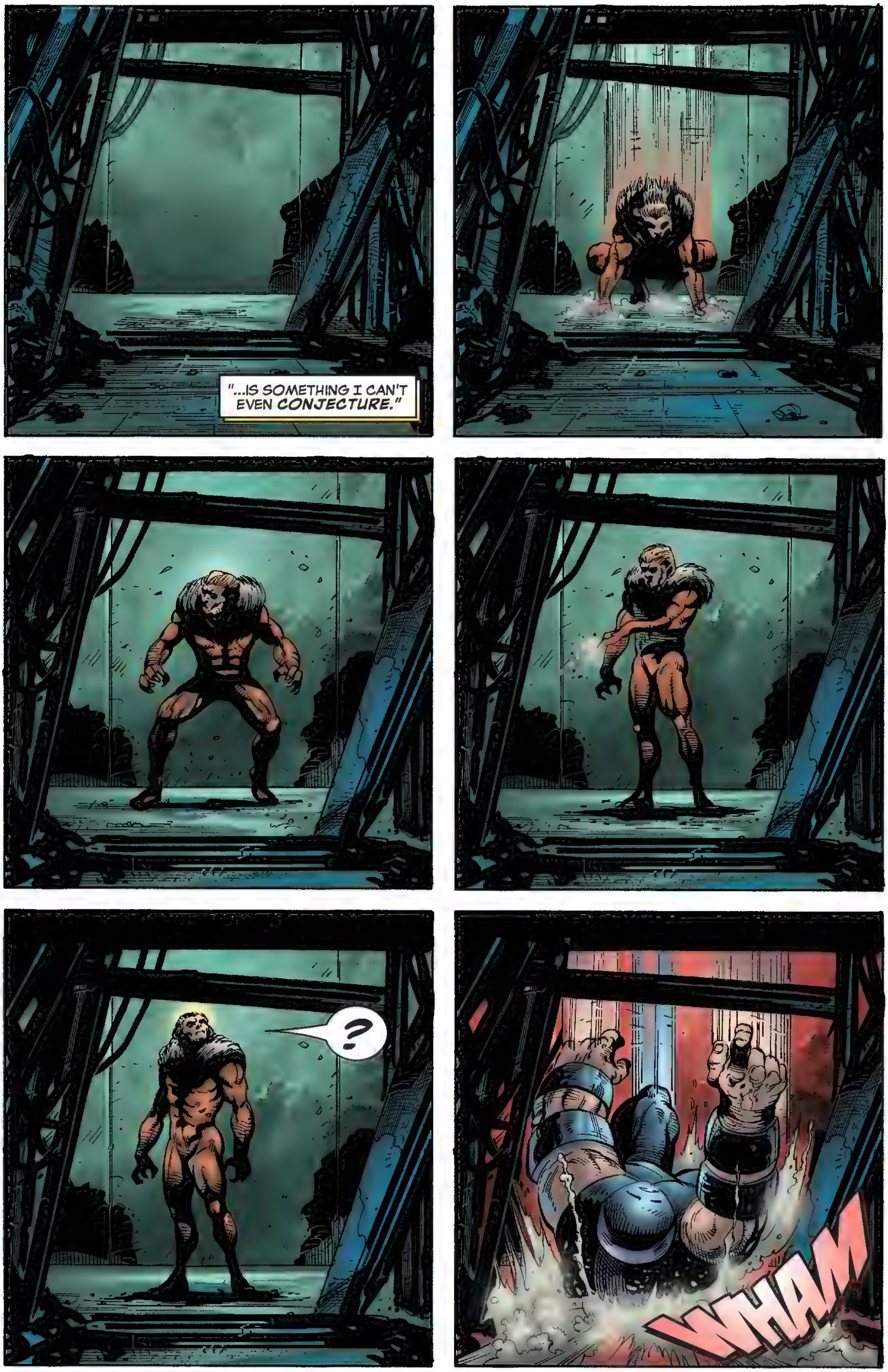


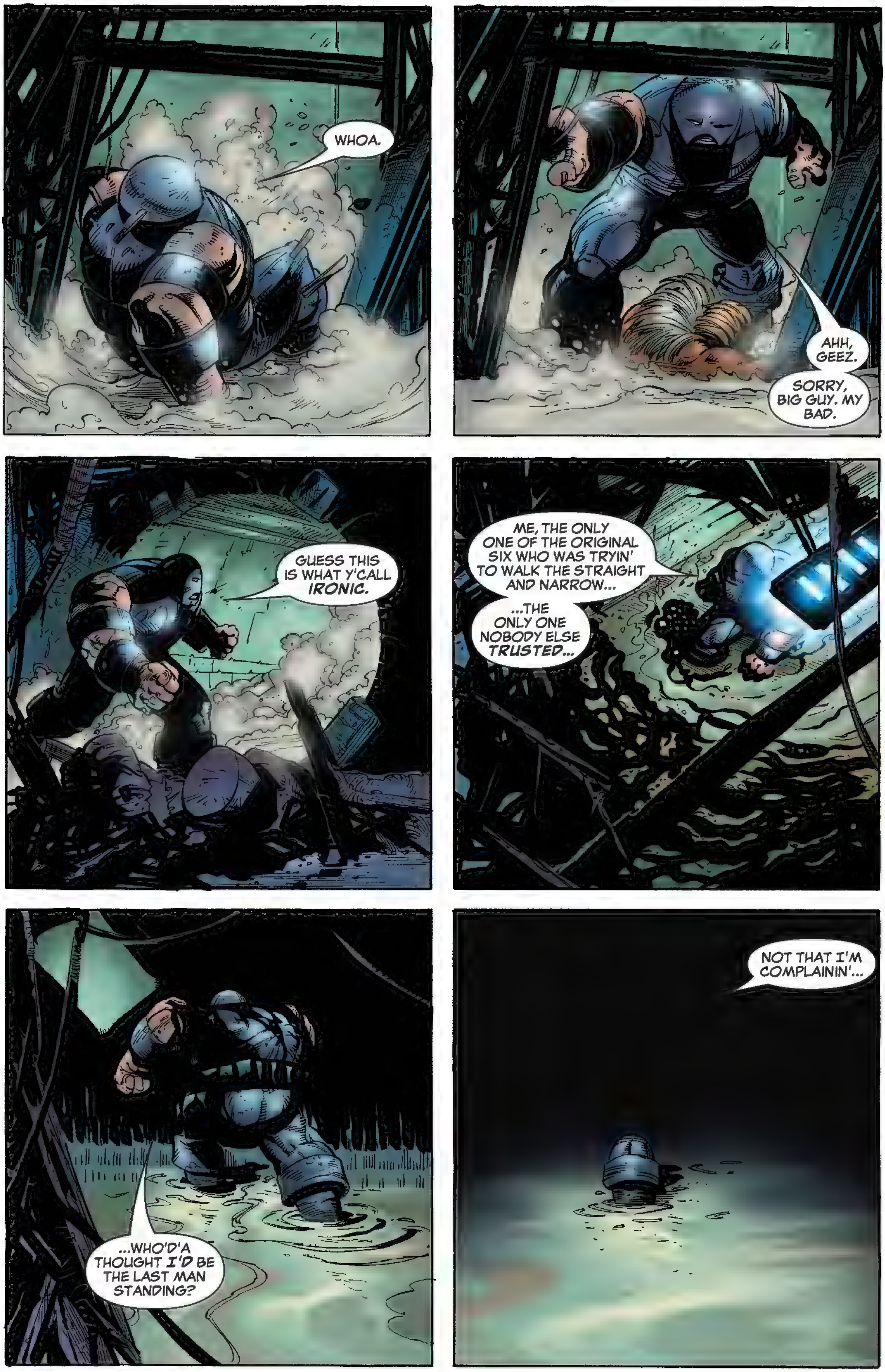

OKAY, WHO'S NEXT?
YOU GO. I'M BETTER UP HERE, WATCHIN' YOUR BACK.
FACING IMPOSSIBLE ODDS IS SORTA MY *THING.*
HEY, I EAT IMPOSSIBLE ODDS FOR ***BREAKFAST.***
FROM A ***DIRTY BOWL.***
OH, COME ON!
LOOK AT ***ME,*** AND LOOK AT ***YOU.*** WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO SAY?
JUST THIS: "THE BIGGER THEY ARE..."
HEY!
"...THE DUMBER THEY FALL."
NOW THEN...

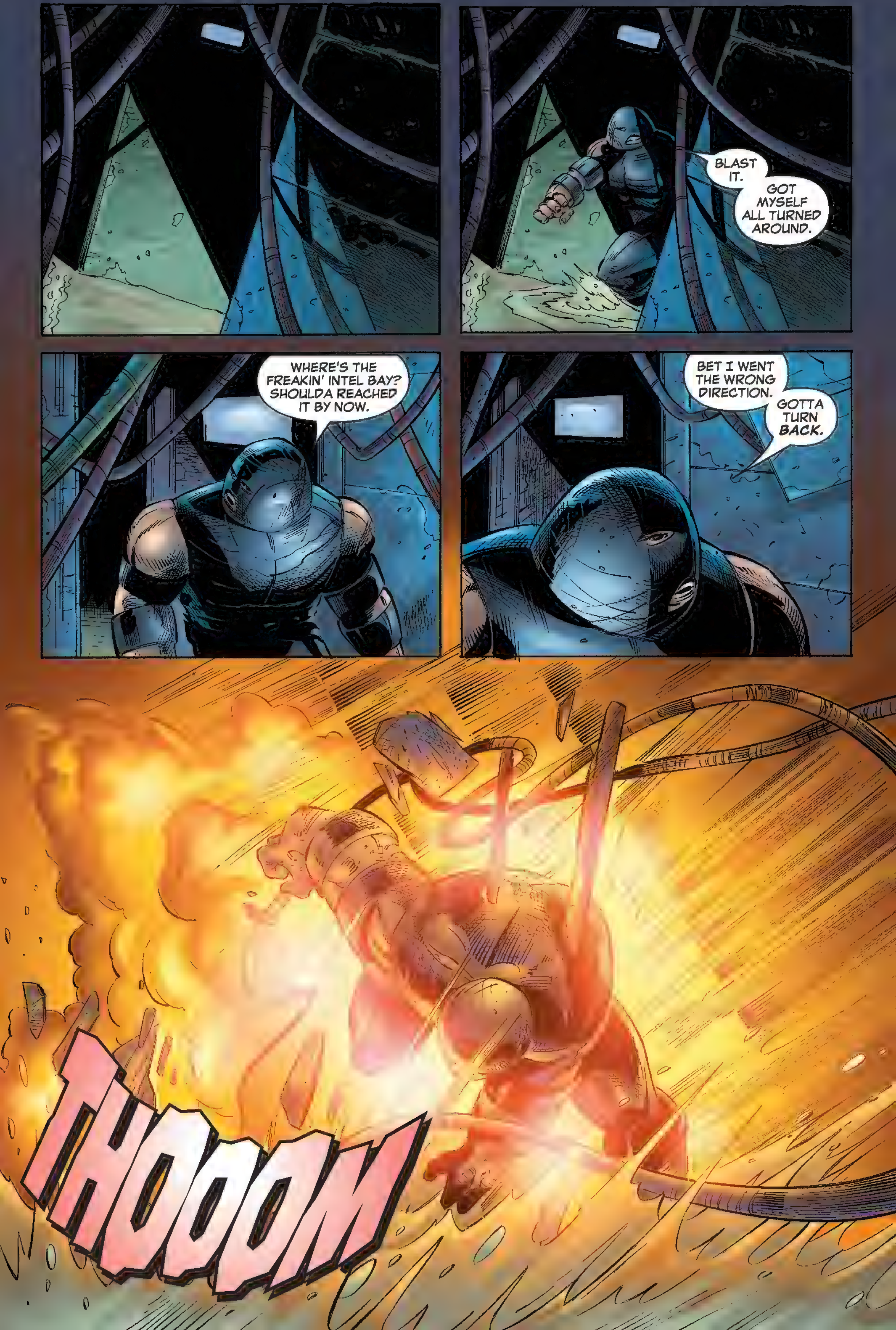

...BRING IT ON, LOSERS!
TWHIP
TWHIP
TWHIP
TWHIP
TWHIP
TWHIP

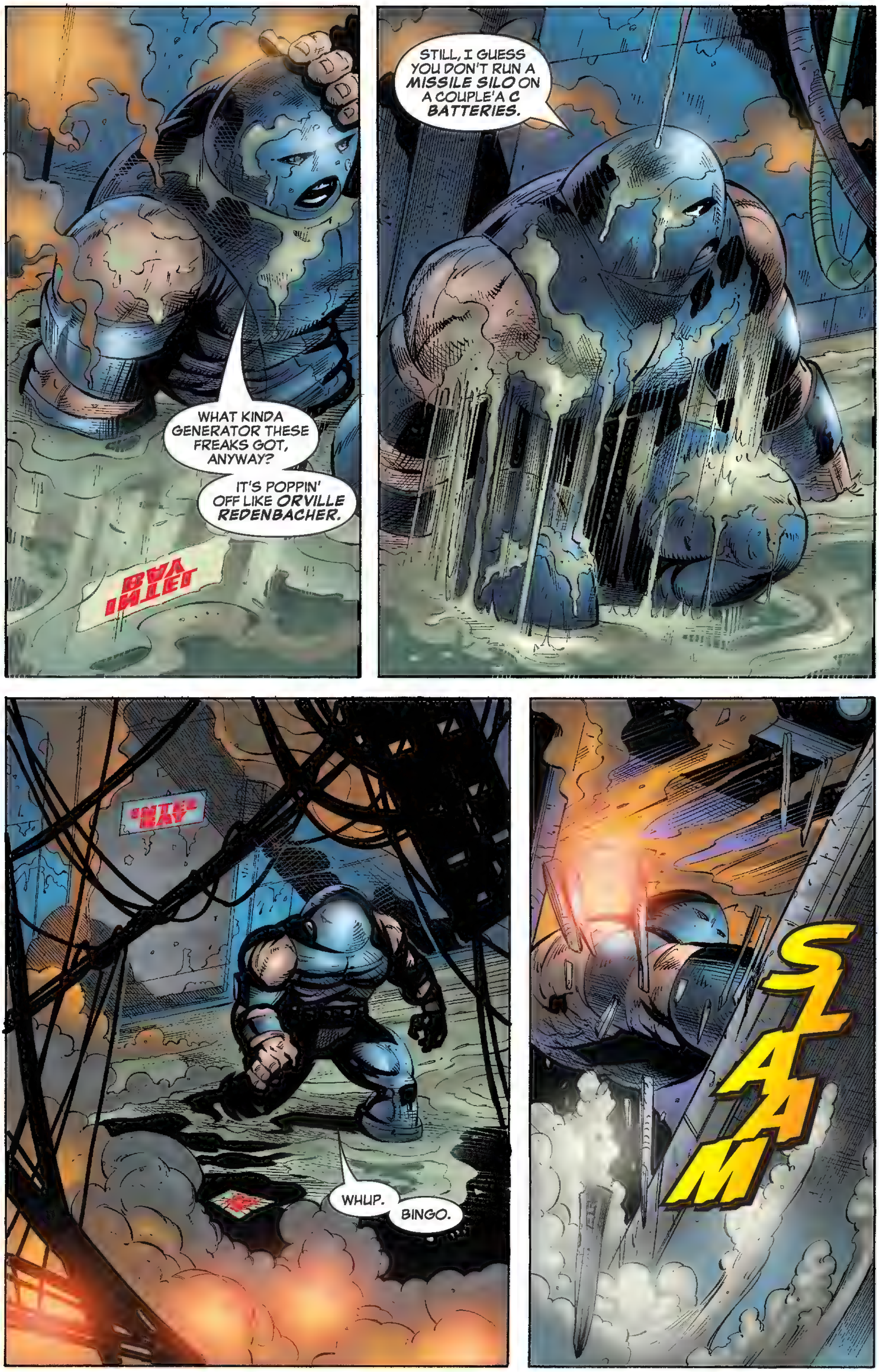

OH, YEAH. DON'T HOLD BACK...

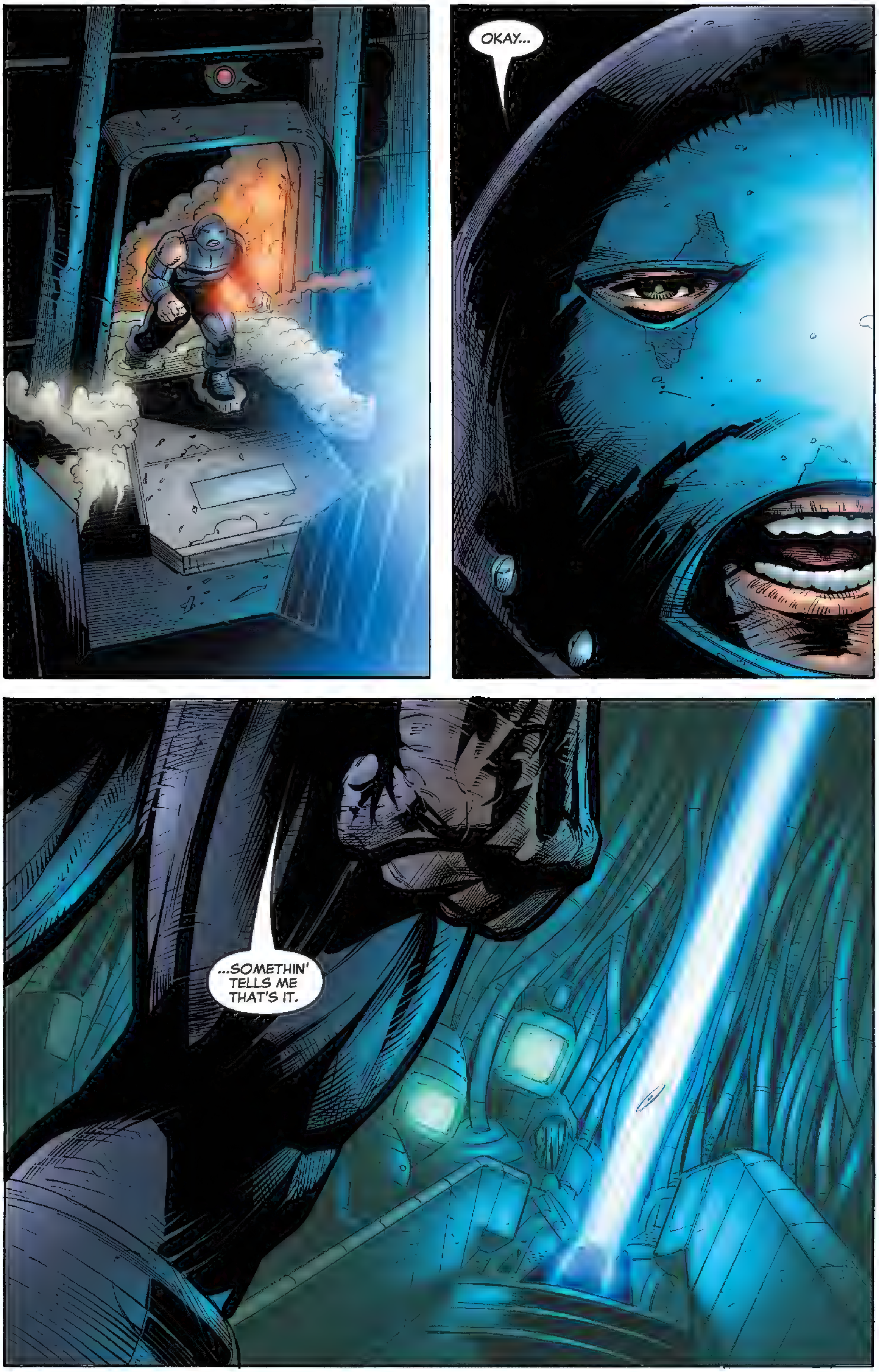

...BRING IT O--
"OKAY, SO THAT'S **BULLSEYE** AND **DEADPOOL** DOWN...
"...BUT WHAT ABOUT THE LAST TWO? WHAT ABOUT **SABRETOOTH** AND **JUGGERNAUT?**"
"SORRY, THIS IS WHERE I RUN DRY. WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THEM DOWN THAT ELEVATOR SHAFT...

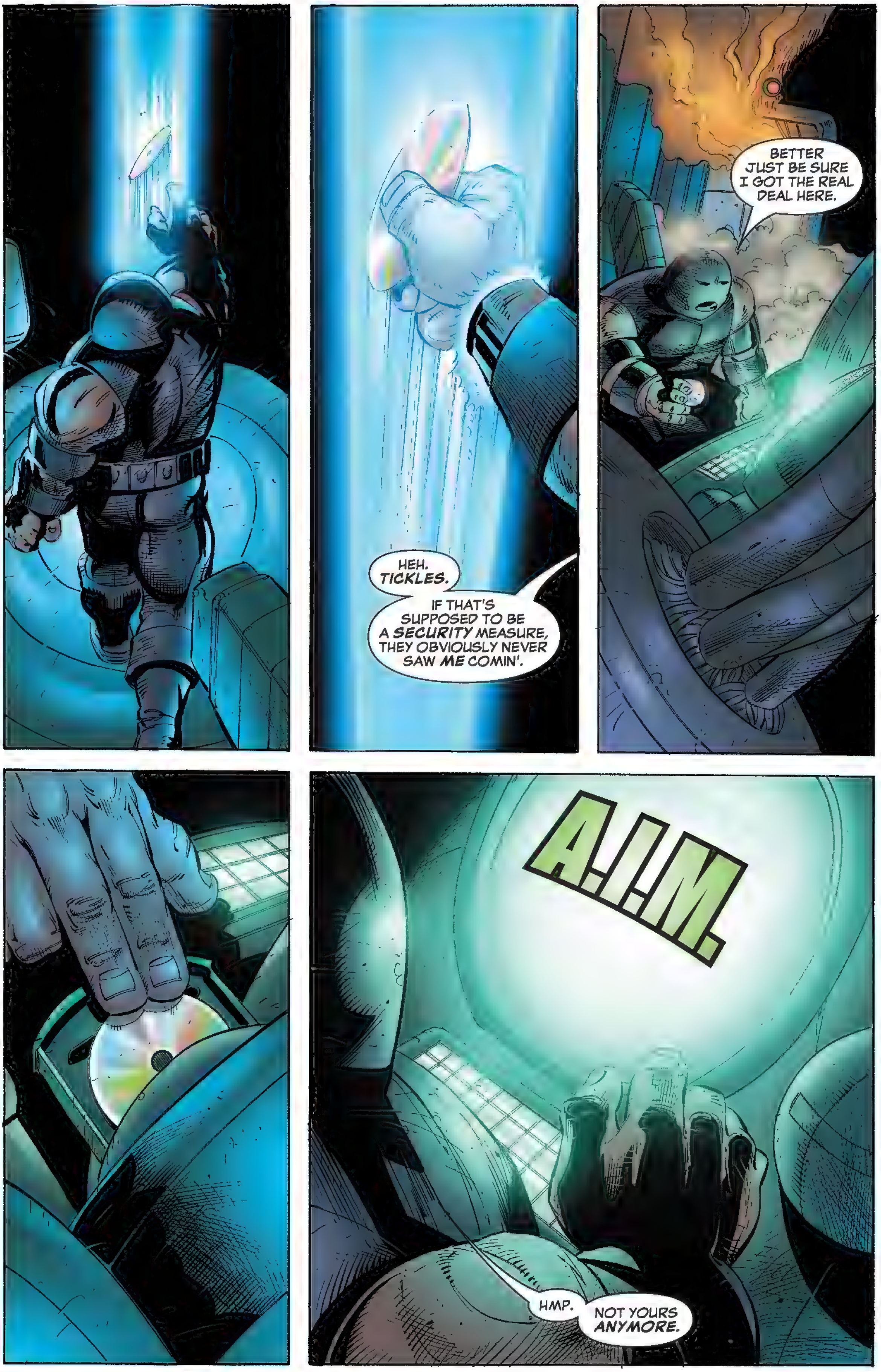

"...IS SOMETHING I CAN'T EVEN CONJECTURE."
?
WHAM

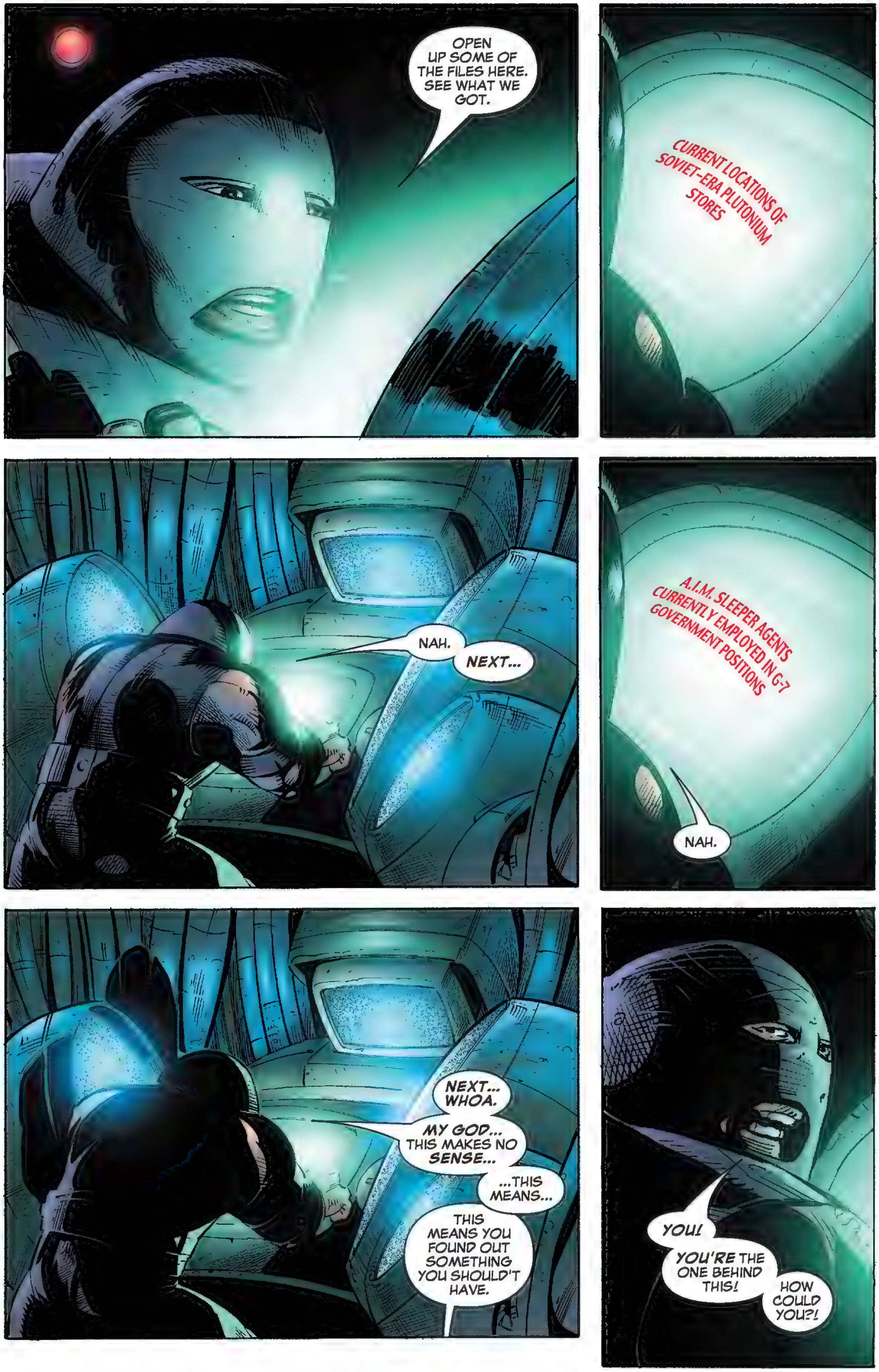

WHOA.
AHH, GEEZ.
SORRY, BIG GUY. MY BAD.
GUESS THIS IS WHAT Y'CALL *IRONIC.*
ME, THE ONLY ONE OF THE ORIGINAL SIX WHO WAS TRYIN' TO WALK THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW...
...THE ONLY ONE NOBODY ELSE *TRUSTED...*
...WHO'D'A THOUGHT *I'D* BE THE LAST MAN STANDING?
NOT THAT I'M COMPLAININ'...

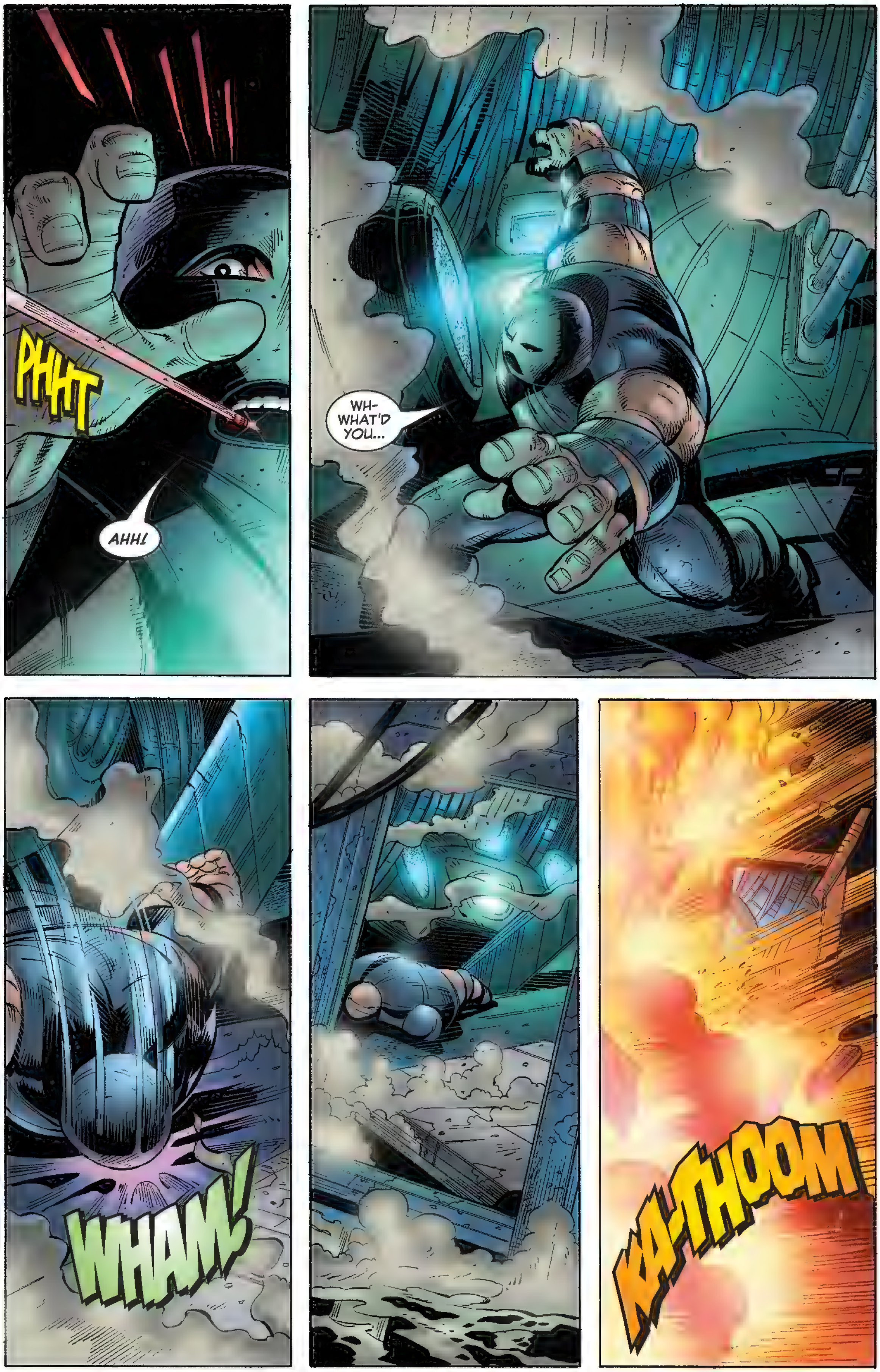

BLAST IT.
GOT MYSELF ALL TURNED AROUND.
WHERE'S THE FREAKIN' INTEL BAY? SHOULDA REACHED IT BY NOW.
BET I WENT THE WRONG DIRECTION.
GOTTA TURN BACK.
THOOOM

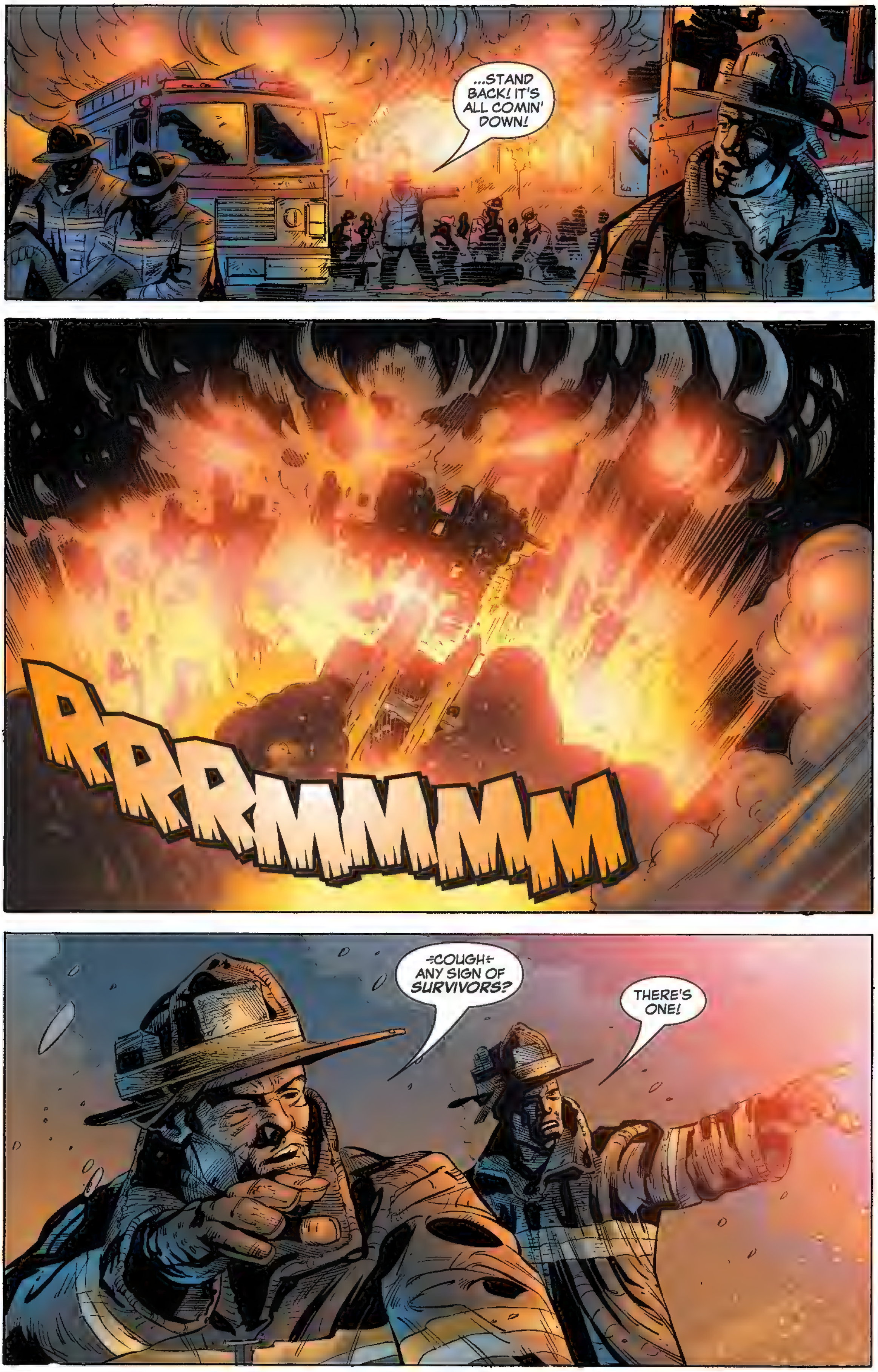

WHAT KINDA GENERATOR THESE FREAKS GOT, ANYWAY?
IT'S POPPIN' OFF LIKE *ORVILLE REDENBACHER.*
STILL, I GUESS YOU DON'T RUN A *MISSILE SILO* ON A COUPLE'A *C BATTERIES.*
WHUP.
BINGO.
SLAAM

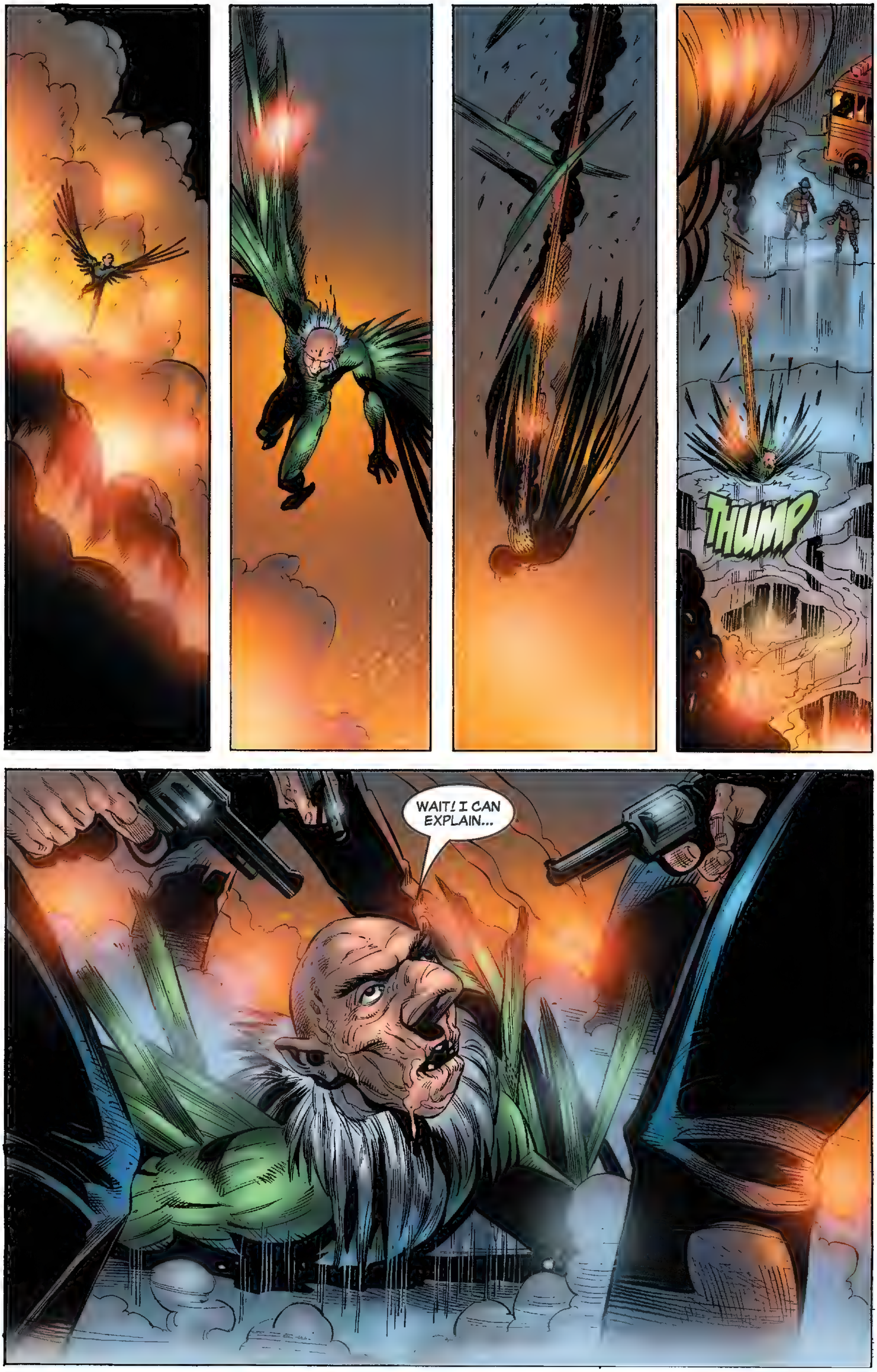

OKAY...
...SOMETHIN' TELLS ME THAT'S IT.


HEH. *TICKLES.*
IF THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A *SECURITY* MEASURE, THEY OBVIOUSLY NEVER SAW *ME* COMIN'.
BETTER JUST BE SURE I GOT THE REAL DEAL HERE.
A.I.M.
HMP.
NOT YOURS *ANYMORE.*

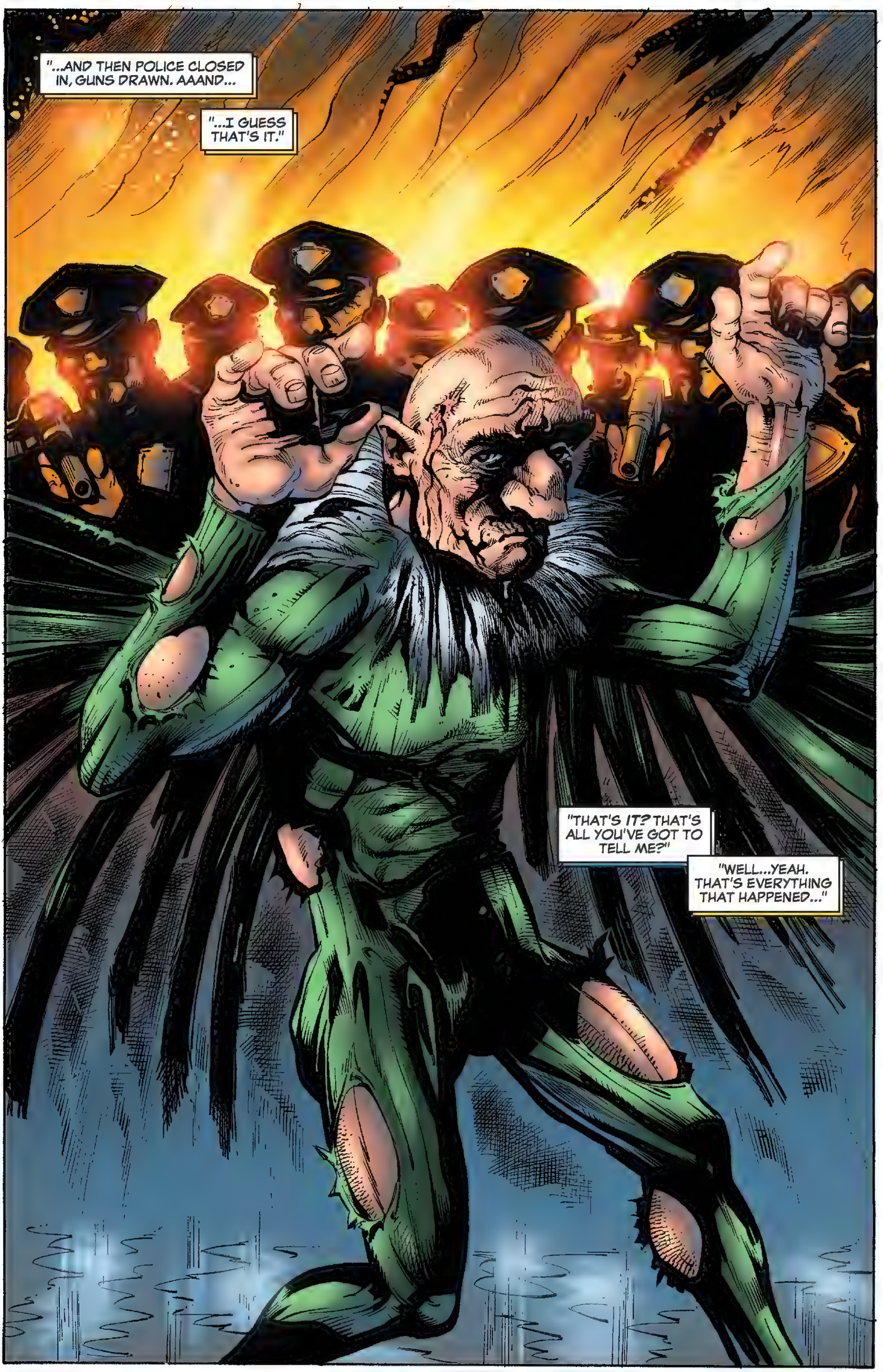

OPEN UP SOME OF THE FILES HERE. SEE WHAT WE GOT.
CURRENT LOCATIONS OF SOVIET-ERA PLUTONIUM STORES
NAH.
NEXT...
A.I.M. SLEEPER AGENTS CURRENTLY EMPLOYED IN G-7 GOVERNMENT POSITIONS
NAH.
NEXT... WHOA.
MY GOD... THIS MAKES NO SENSE...
...THIS MEANS...
THIS MEANS YOU FOUND OUT SOMETHING YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE.
YOU!
YOU'RE THE ONE BEHIND THIS!
HOW COULD YOU?!

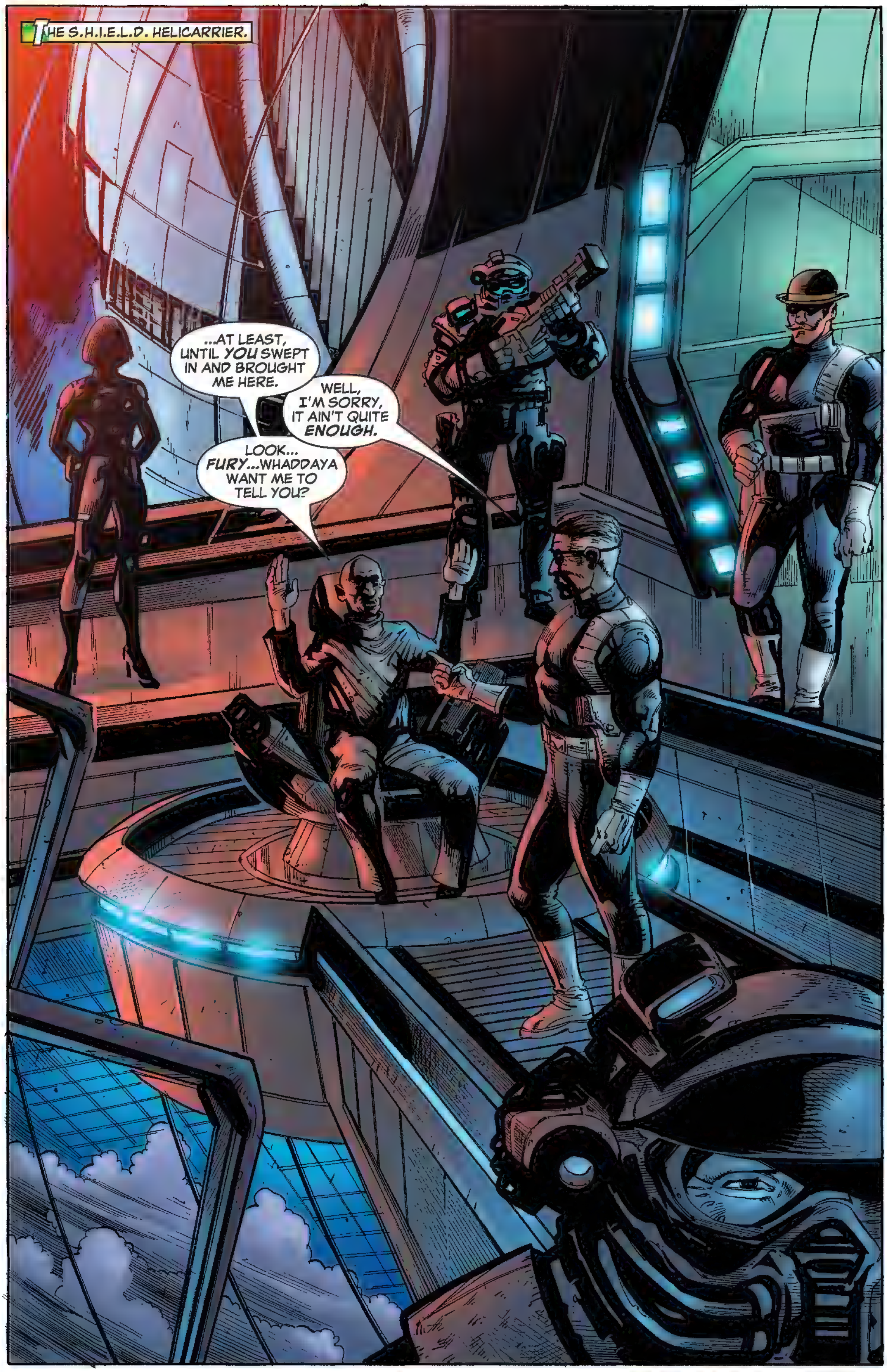

PHHT
AHH!
WH-
WHAT'D
YOU...
WHAM!
KA-THOOM

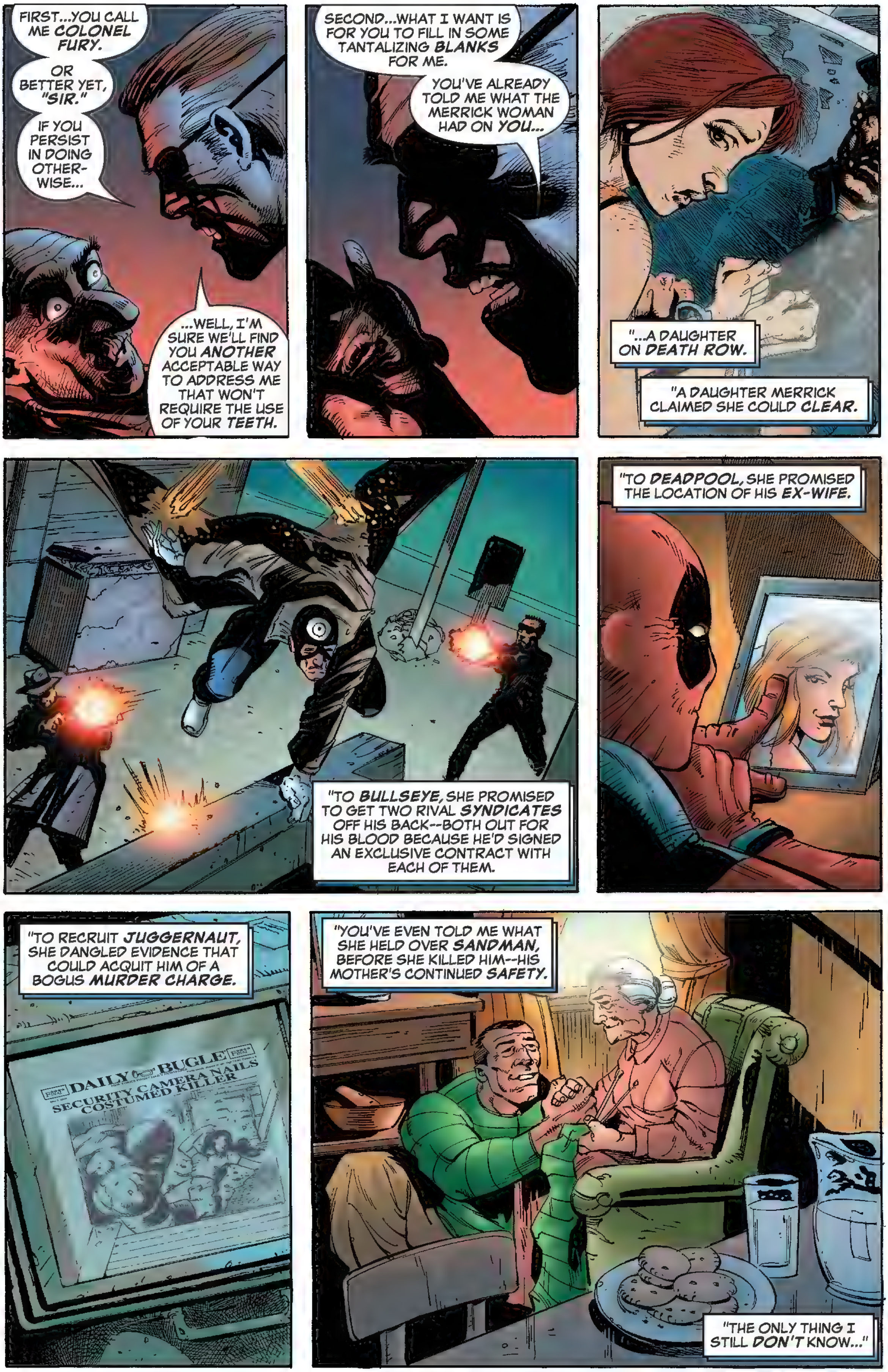

...STAND BACK! IT'S ALL COMIN' DOWN!
RRRMMMMM
-COUGH- ANY SIGN OF SURVIVORS?
THERE'S ONE!

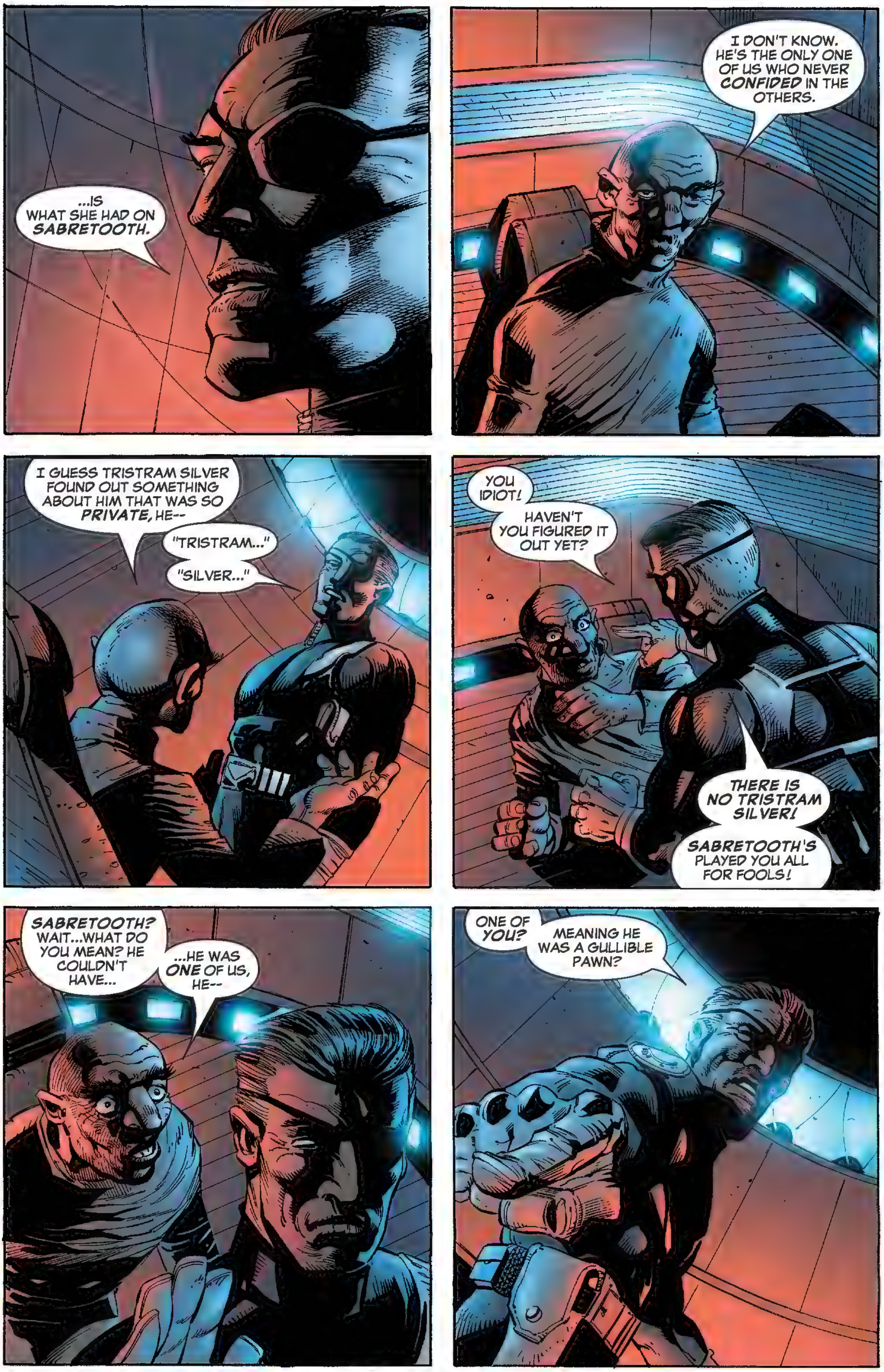

THUMP
WAIT! I CAN EXPLAIN...

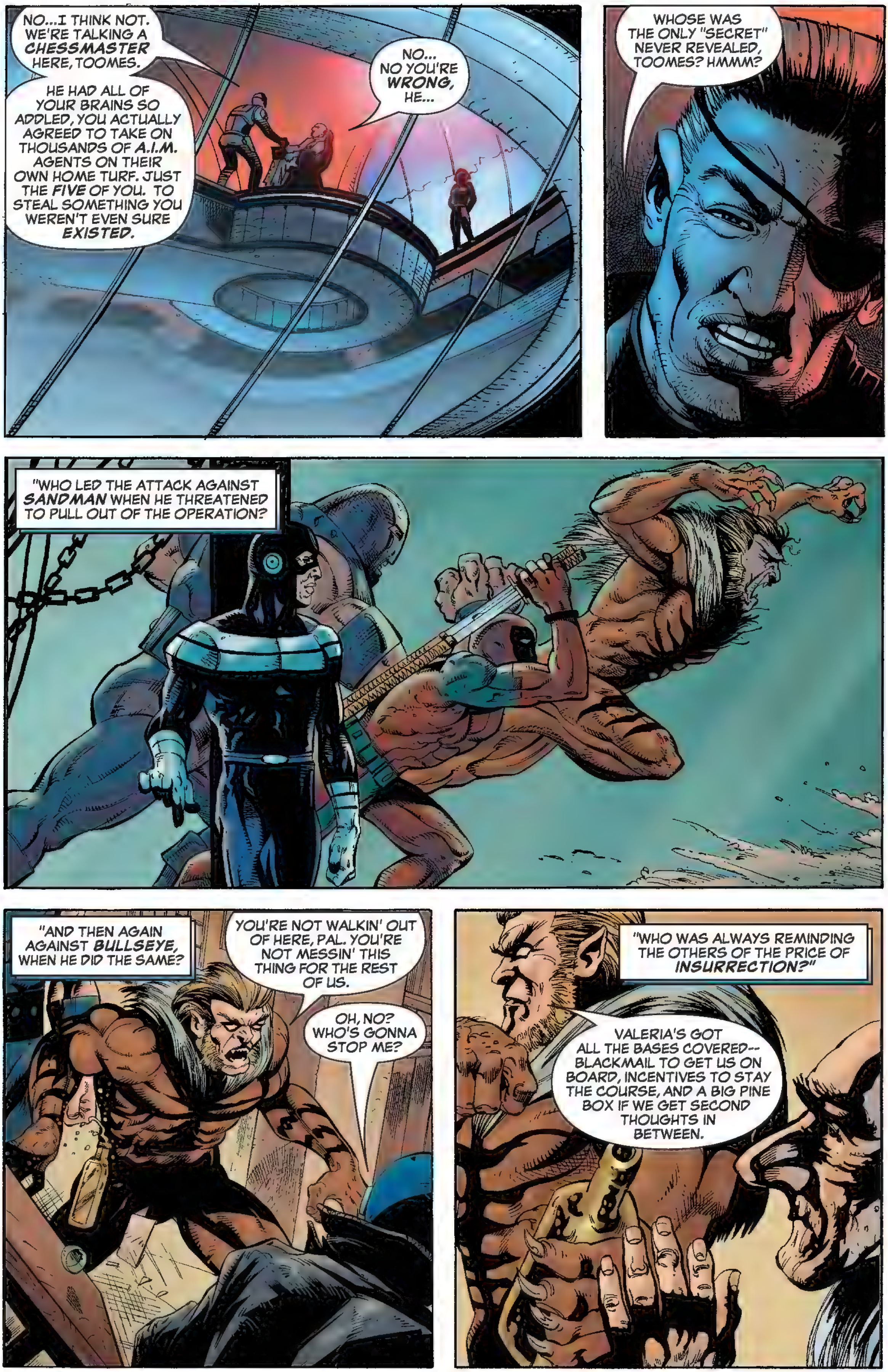
IDENTITY DISC #5

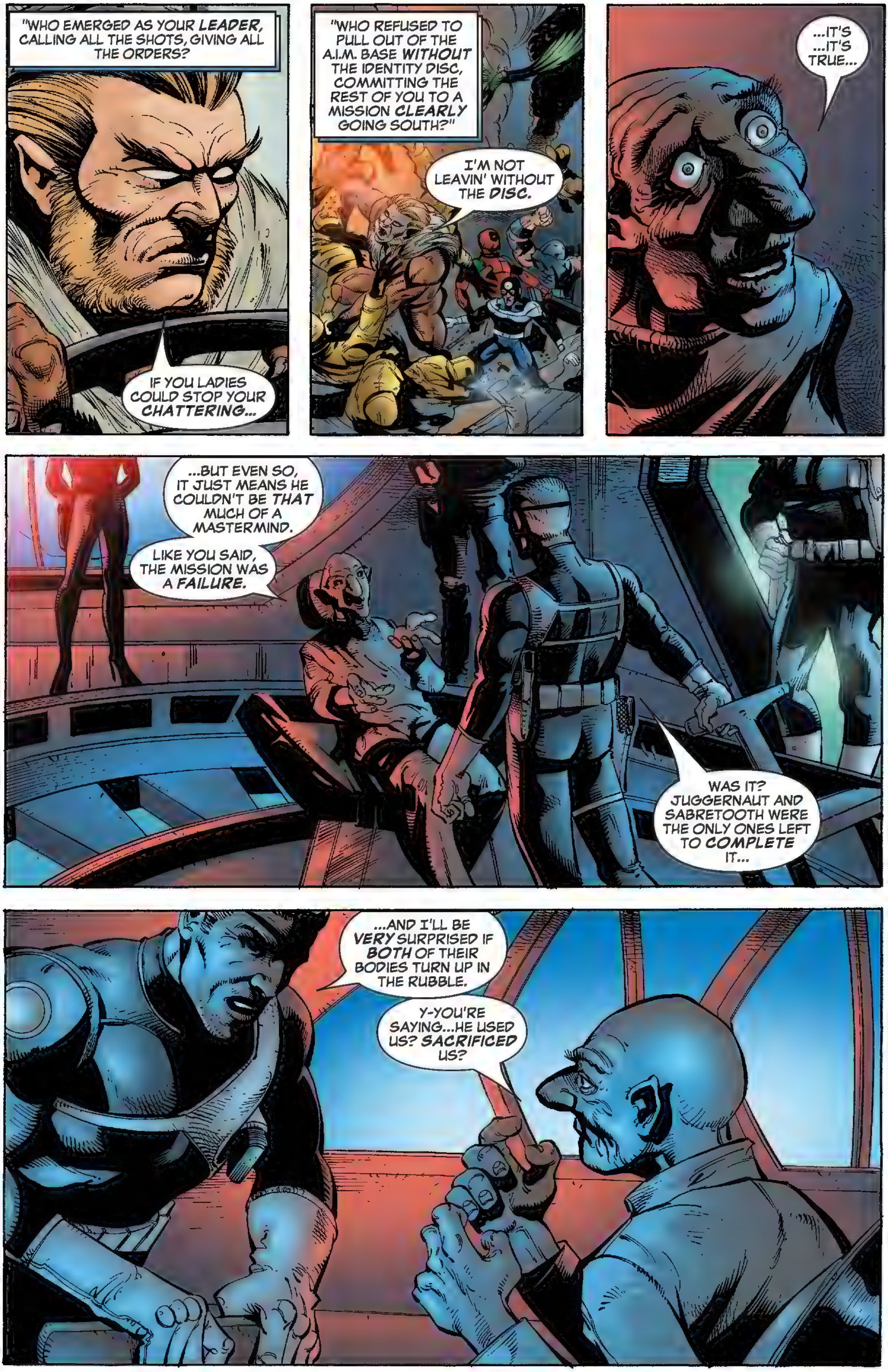

"...AND THEN POLICE CLOSED IN, GUNS DRAWN. AAAND...
"...I GUESS THAT'S IT."
"THAT'S *IT?* THAT'S ALL YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME?"
"WELL...YEAH. THAT'S EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED..."

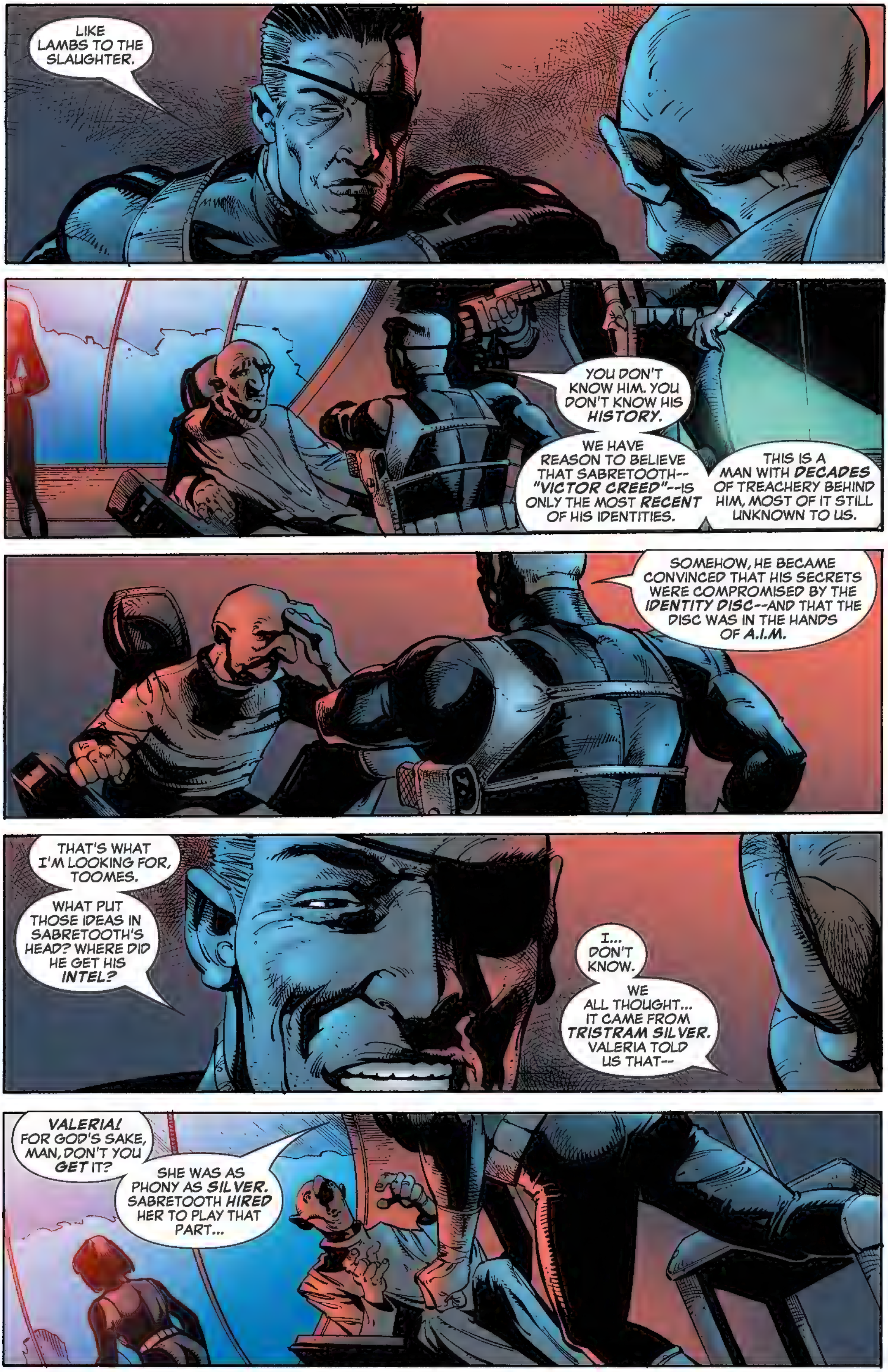

THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER.
...AT LEAST, UNTIL *YOU* SWEPT IN AND BROUGHT ME HERE.
WELL, I'M SORRY, IT AIN'T QUITE *ENOUGH.*
LOOK... *FURY*...WHADDAYA WANT ME TO TELL YOU?

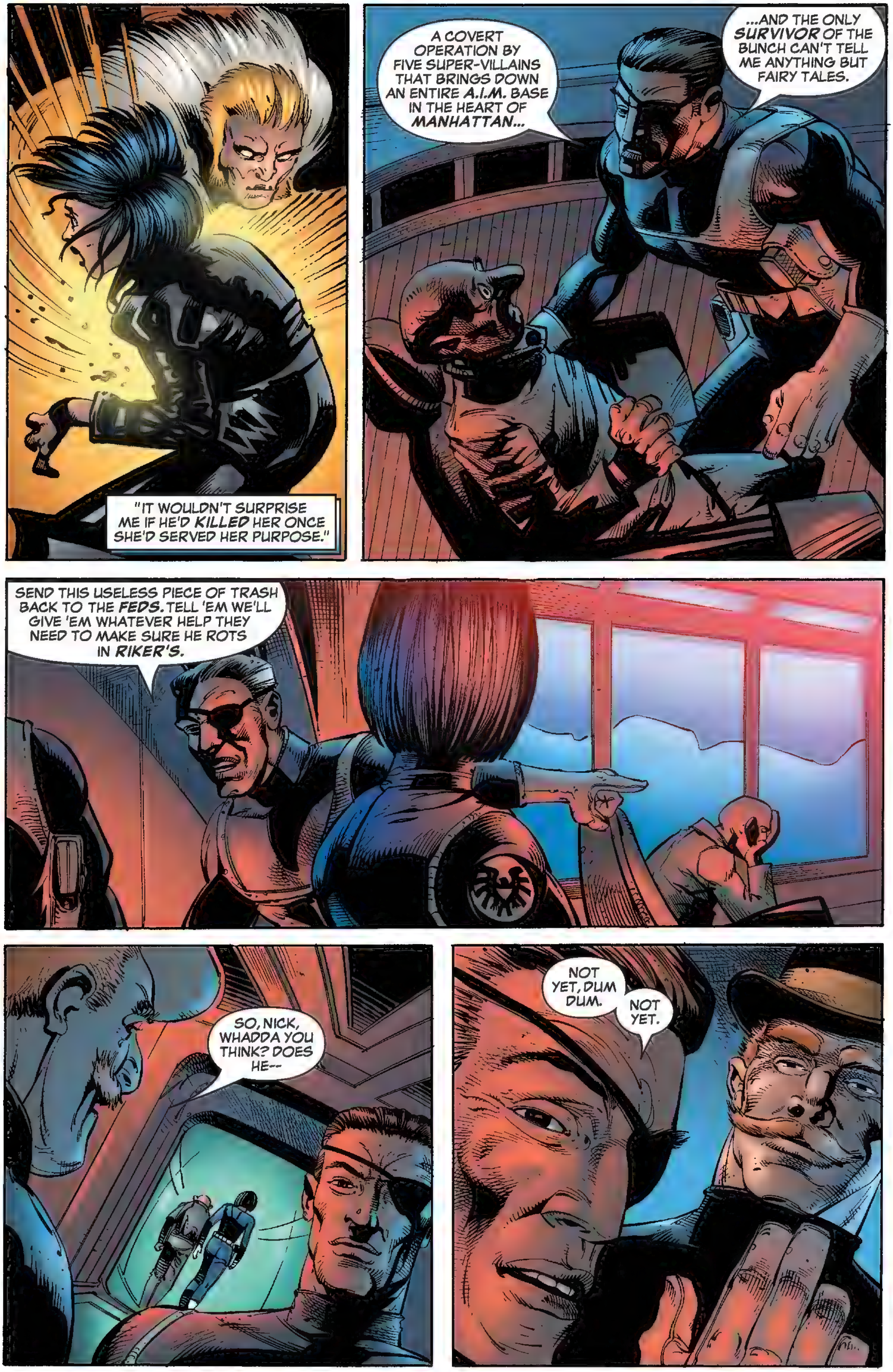

FIRST...YOU CALL ME **COLONEL FURY.**
OR BETTER YET, **"SIR."**
IF YOU PERSIST IN DOING OTHERWISE...
...WELL, I'M SURE WE'LL FIND YOU **ANOTHER** ACCEPTABLE WAY TO ADDRESS ME THAT WON'T REQUIRE THE USE OF YOUR **TEETH.**
SECOND...WHAT I WANT IS FOR YOU TO FILL IN SOME TANTALIZING **BLANKS** FOR ME.
YOU'VE ALREADY TOLD ME WHAT THE MERRICK WOMAN HAD ON **YOU...**
"...A DAUGHTER ON **DEATH ROW.**
"A DAUGHTER MERRICK CLAIMED SHE COULD **CLEAR.**
"TO **BULLSEYE,** SHE PROMISED TO GET TWO RIVAL **SYNDICATES** OFF HIS BACK--BOTH OUT FOR HIS BLOOD BECAUSE HE'D SIGNED AN EXCLUSIVE CONTRACT WITH EACH OF THEM.
"TO **DEADPOOL,** SHE PROMISED THE LOCATION OF HIS **EX-WIFE.**
"TO RECRUIT **JUGGERNAUT,** SHE DANGLED EVIDENCE THAT COULD ACQUIT HIM OF A BOGUS **MURDER CHARGE.**
DAILY BUGLE
SECURITY CAMERA NAILS COSTUMED KILLER
"YOU'VE EVEN TOLD ME WHAT SHE HELD OVER **SANDMAN,** BEFORE SHE KILLED HIM--HIS MOTHER'S CONTINUED **SAFETY.**
"THE ONLY THING I STILL **DON'T** KNOW..."

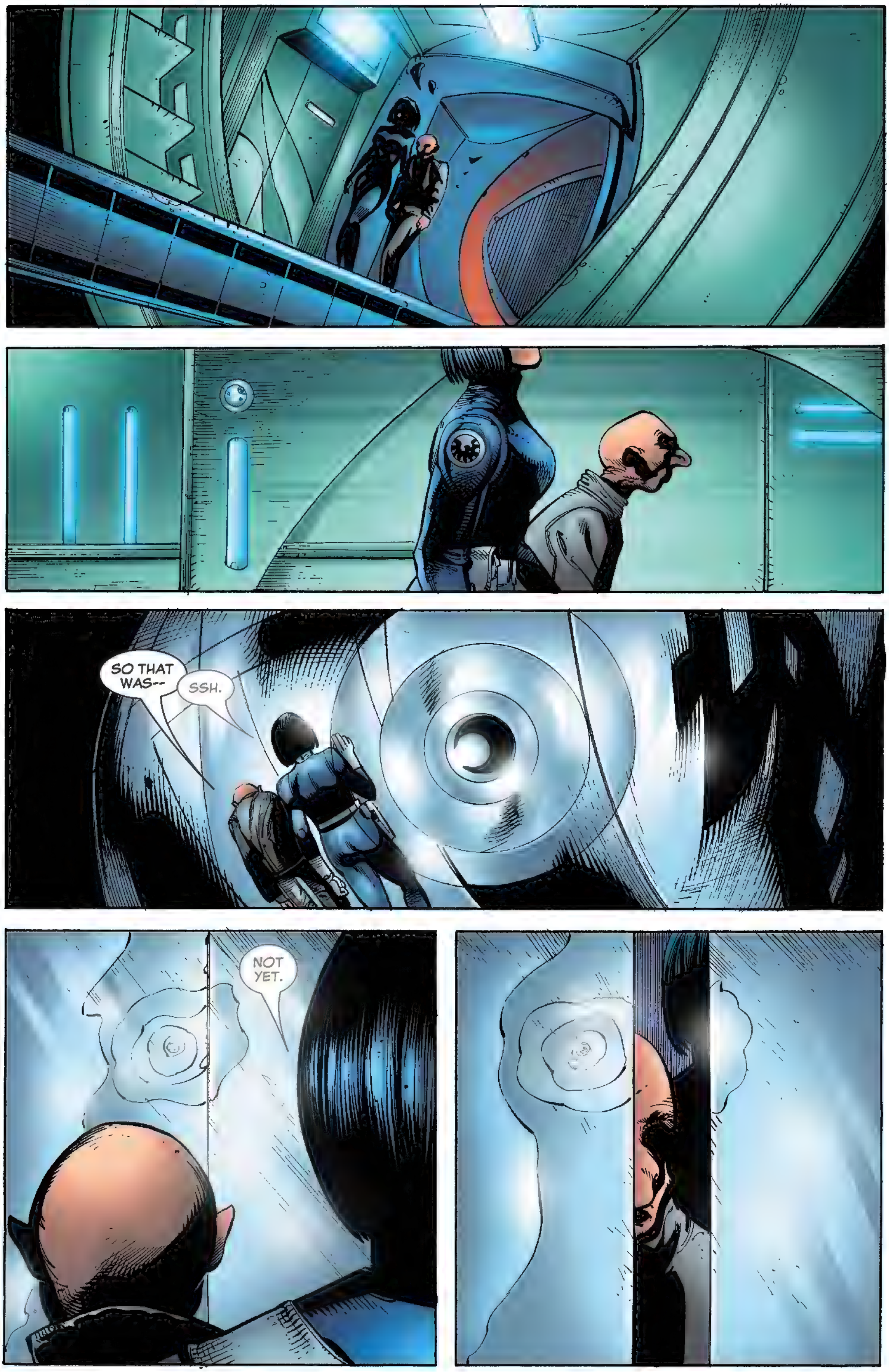

...IS WHAT SHE HAD ON SABRETOOTH.
I DON'T KNOW. HE'S THE ONLY ONE OF US WHO NEVER CONFIDED IN THE OTHERS.
I GUESS TRISTRAM SILVER FOUND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT HIM THAT WAS SO PRIVATE, HE--
"TRISTRAM..."
"SILVER..."
YOU IDIOT!
HAVEN'T YOU FIGURED IT OUT YET?
THERE IS NO TRISTRAM SILVER!
SABRETOOTH'S PLAYED YOU ALL FOR FOOLS!
SABRETOOTH? WAIT...WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HE COULDN'T HAVE...
...HE WAS ONE OF US, HE--
ONE OF YOU?
MEANING HE WAS A GULLIBLE PAWN?

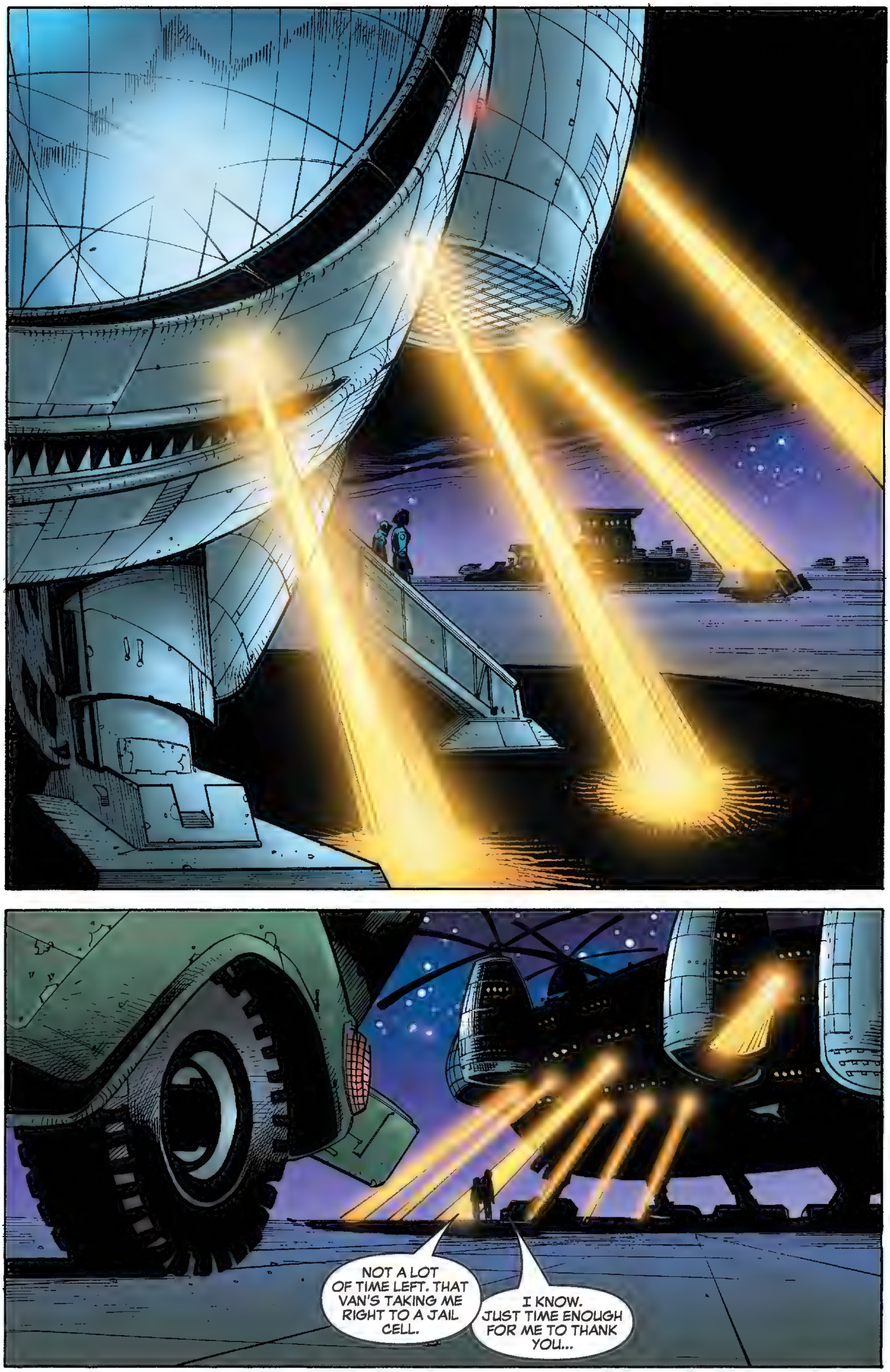

NO...I THINK NOT. WE'RE TALKING A **CHESSMASTER** HERE, TOOMES.
HE HAD ALL OF YOUR BRAINS SO ADDLED, YOU ACTUALLY AGREED TO TAKE ON THOUSANDS OF **A.I.M.** AGENTS ON THEIR OWN HOME TURF. JUST THE **FIVE** OF YOU. TO STEAL SOMETHING YOU WEREN'T EVEN SURE **EXISTED**.
NO... NO YOU'RE **WRONG**, HE...
WHOSE WAS THE ONLY "SECRET" NEVER REVEALED, TOOMES? HMMM?
"WHO LED THE ATTACK AGAINST **SANDMAN** WHEN HE THREATENED TO PULL OUT OF THE OPERATION?
"AND THEN AGAIN AGAINST **BULLSEYE**, WHEN HE DID THE SAME?
YOU'RE NOT WALKIN' OUT OF HERE, PAL. YOU'RE NOT MESSIN' THIS THING FOR THE REST OF US.
OH, NO? WHO'S GONNA STOP ME?
"WHO WAS ALWAYS REMINDING THE OTHERS OF THE PRICE OF **INSURRECTION?**"
VALERIA'S GOT ALL THE BASES COVERED-- BLACKMAIL TO GET US ON BOARD, INCENTIVES TO STAY THE COURSE, AND A BIG PINE BOX IF WE GET SECOND THOUGHTS IN BETWEEN.

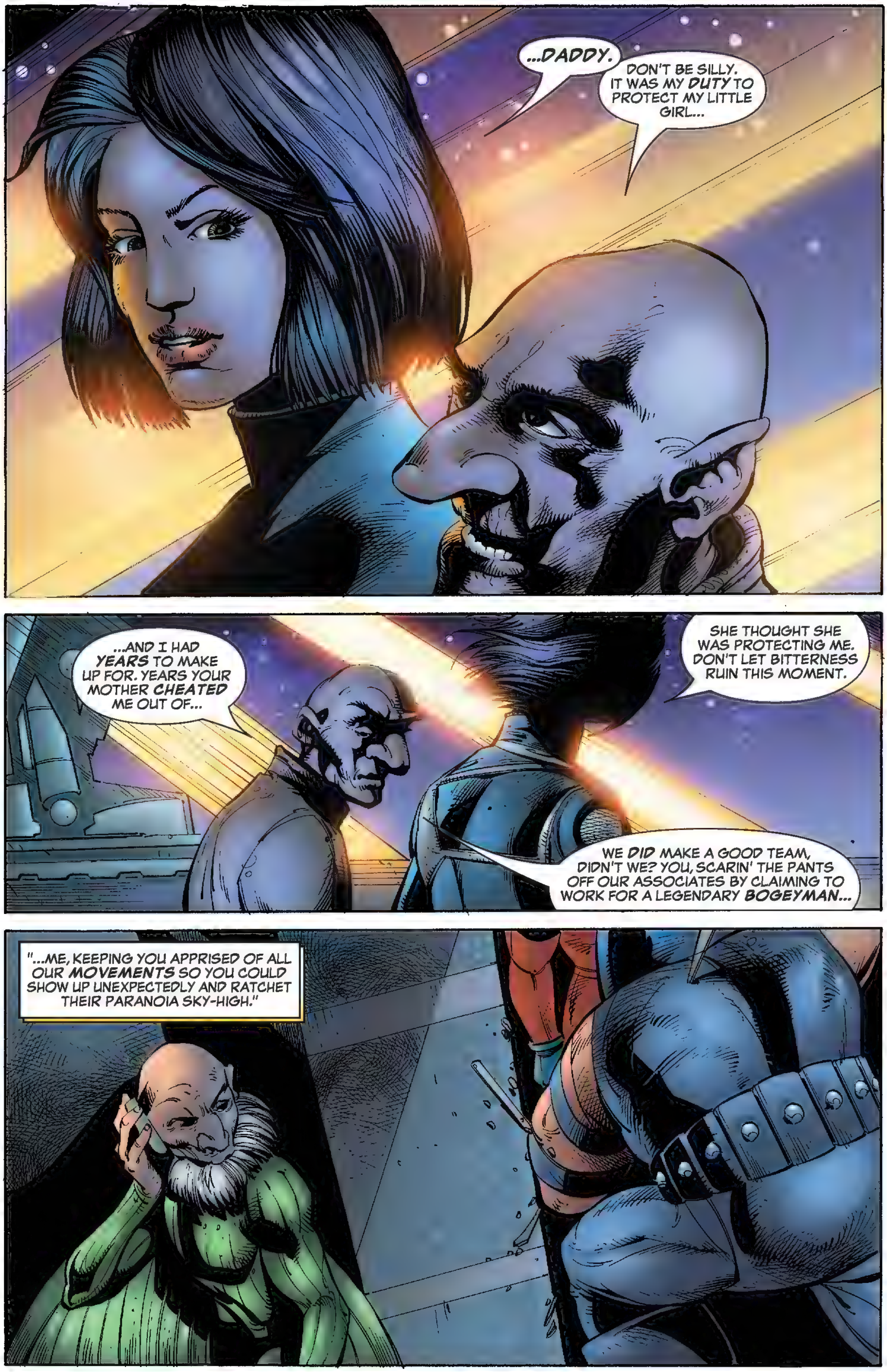

"WHO EMERGED AS YOUR **LEADER**, CALLING ALL THE SHOTS, GIVING ALL THE ORDERS?
IF YOU LADIES COULD STOP YOUR **CHATTERING...**
"WHO REFUSED TO PULL OUT OF THE A.I.M. BASE **WITHOUT** THE IDENTITY DISC, COMMITTING THE REST OF YOU TO A MISSION **CLEARLY** GOING SOUTH?"
I'M NOT LEAVIN' WITHOUT THE **DISC.**
...IT'S ...IT'S TRUE...
...BUT EVEN SO, IT JUST MEANS HE COULDN'T BE **THAT** MUCH OF A MASTERMIND.
LIKE YOU SAID, THE MISSION WAS A **FAILURE.**
WAS IT? JUGGERNAUT AND SABRETOOTH WERE THE ONLY ONES LEFT TO **COMPLETE** IT...
...AND I'LL BE **VERY** SURPRISED IF **BOTH** OF THEIR BODIES TURN UP IN THE RUBBLE.
Y-YOU'RE SAYING...HE USED US? **SACRIFICED** US?

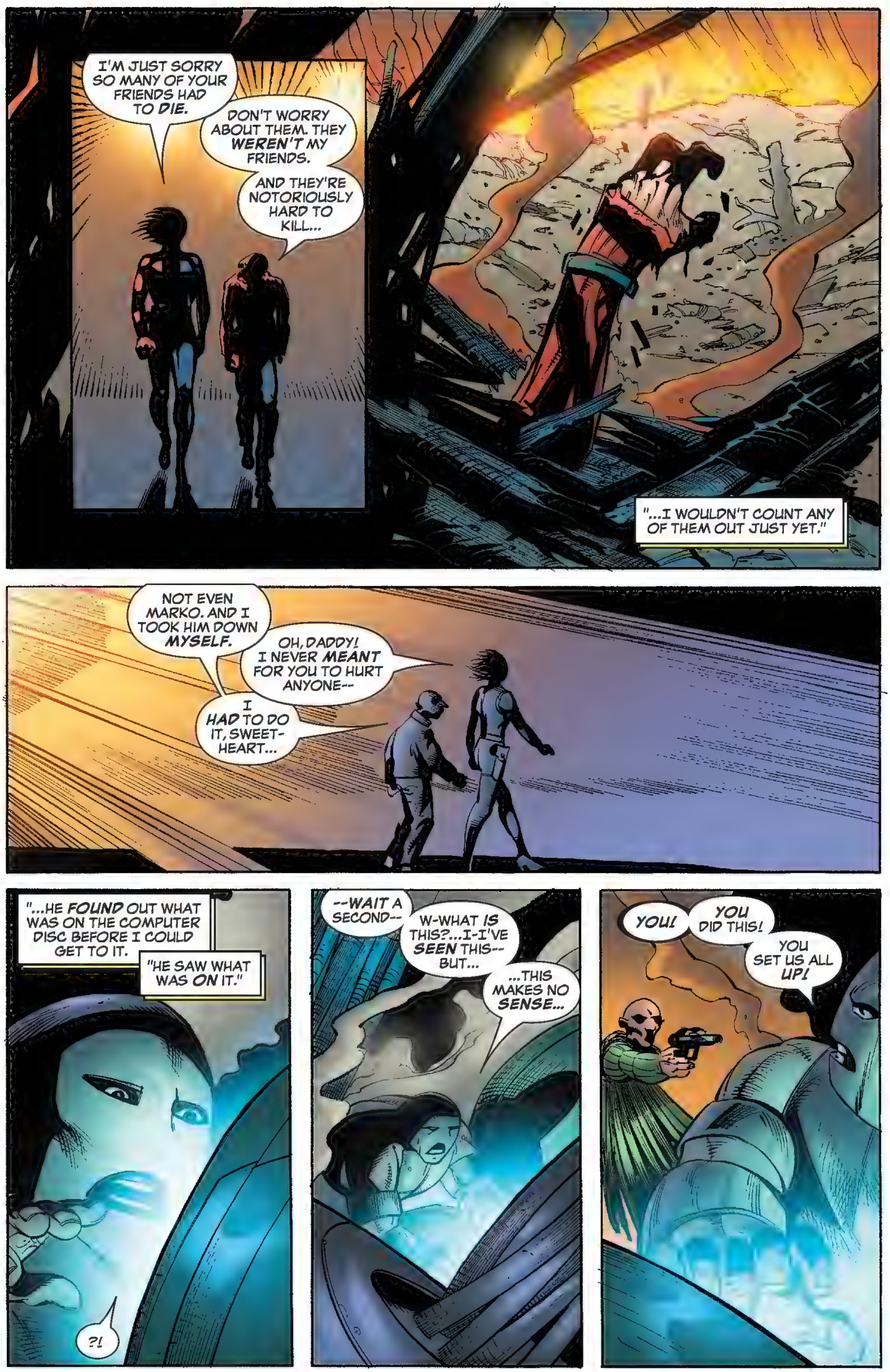

LIKE LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER.
YOU DON'T KNOW HIM. YOU DON'T KNOW HIS **HISTORY.**
WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT SABRETOOTH--**"VICTOR CREED"**--IS ONLY THE MOST **RECENT** OF HIS IDENTITIES.
THIS IS A MAN WITH **DECADES** OF TREACHERY BEHIND HIM, MOST OF IT STILL UNKNOWN TO US.
SOMEHOW, HE BECAME CONVINCED THAT HIS SECRETS WERE COMPROMISED BY THE **IDENTITY DISC**--AND THAT THE DISC WAS IN THE HANDS OF **A.I.M.**
THAT'S WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR, TOOMES.
WHAT PUT THOSE IDEAS IN SABRETOOTH'S HEAD? WHERE DID HE GET HIS **INTEL?**
I... DON'T KNOW.
WE ALL THOUGHT... IT CAME FROM **TRISTRAM SILVER.** VALERIA TOLD US THAT--
VALERIA! FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAN, DON'T YOU **GET** IT?
SHE WAS AS PHONY AS **SILVER.** SABRETOOTH **HIRED** HER TO PLAY THAT PART...

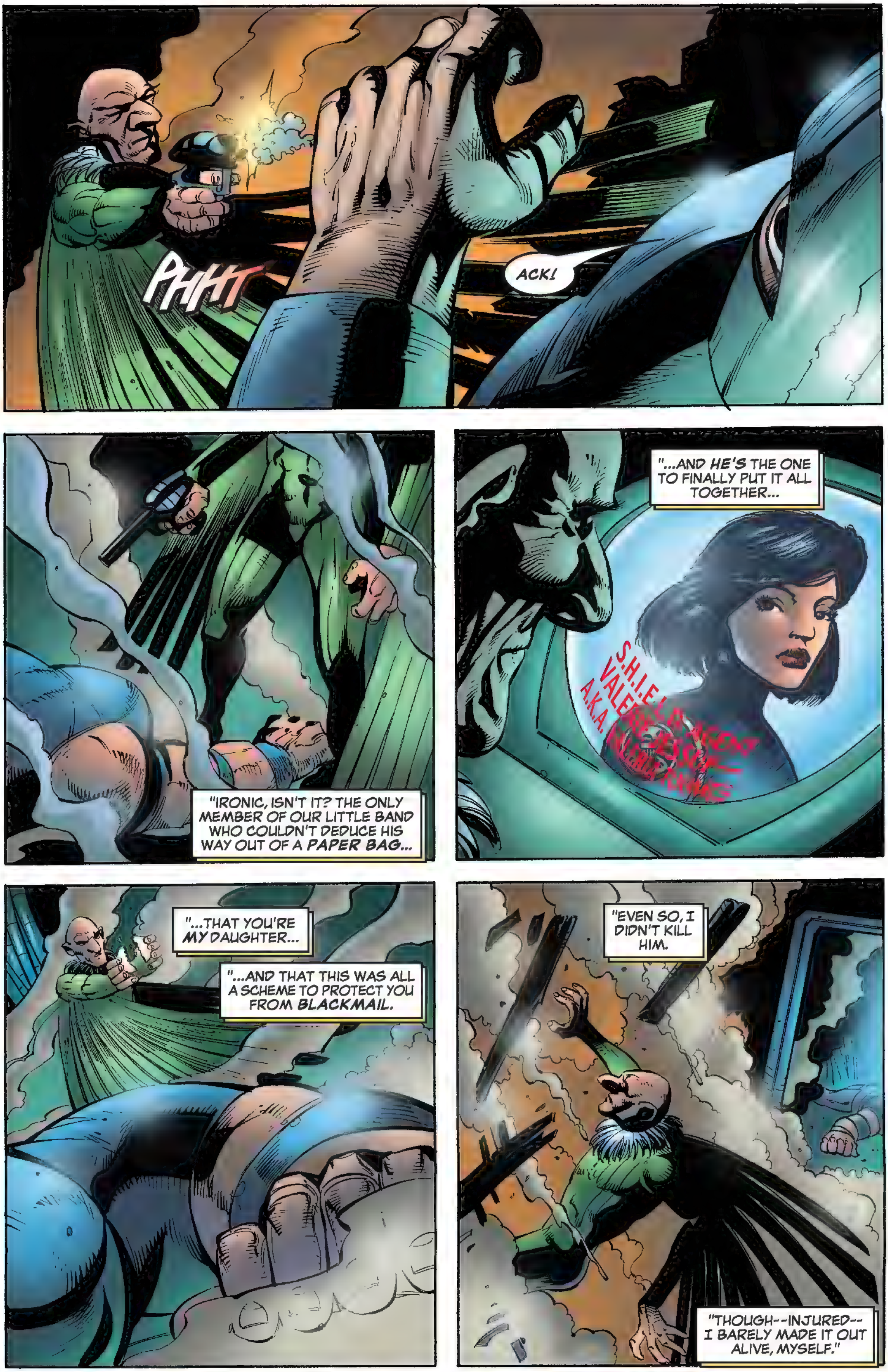

"IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF HE'D **KILLED** HER ONCE SHE'D SERVED HER PURPOSE."
A COVERT OPERATION BY FIVE SUPER-VILLAINS THAT BRINGS DOWN AN ENTIRE **A.I.M.** BASE IN THE HEART OF **MANHATTAN...**
...AND THE ONLY **SURVIVOR** OF THE BUNCH CAN'T TELL ME ANYTHING BUT FAIRY TALES.
SEND THIS USELESS PIECE OF TRASH BACK TO THE **FEDS.** TELL 'EM WE'LL GIVE 'EM WHATEVER HELP THEY NEED TO MAKE SURE HE ROTS IN **RIKER'S.**
SO, NICK, WHADDA YOU THINK? DOES HE--
NOT YET, DUM DUM.
NOT YET.

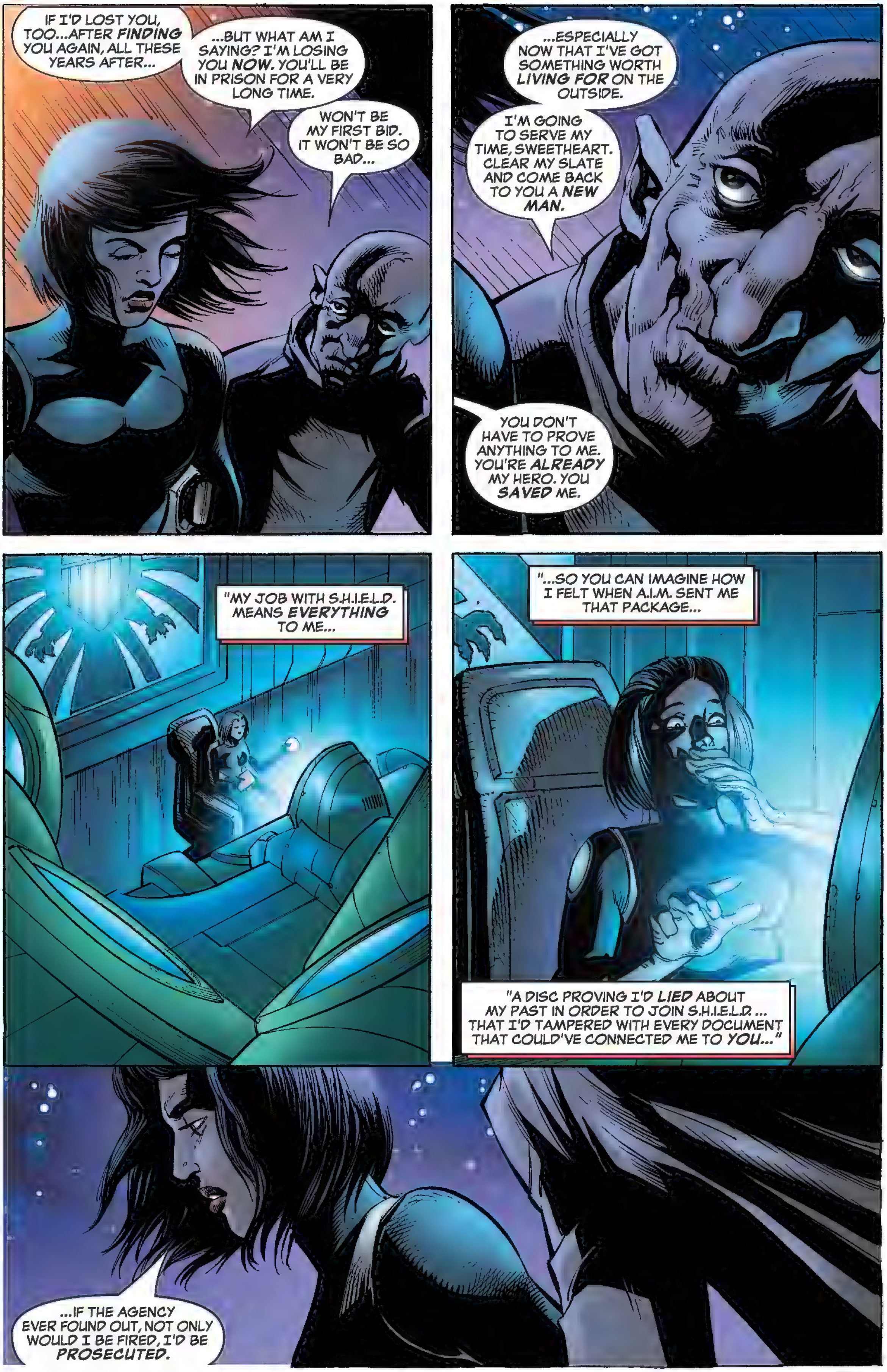

SO THAT WAS--
SSH.
NOT YET.

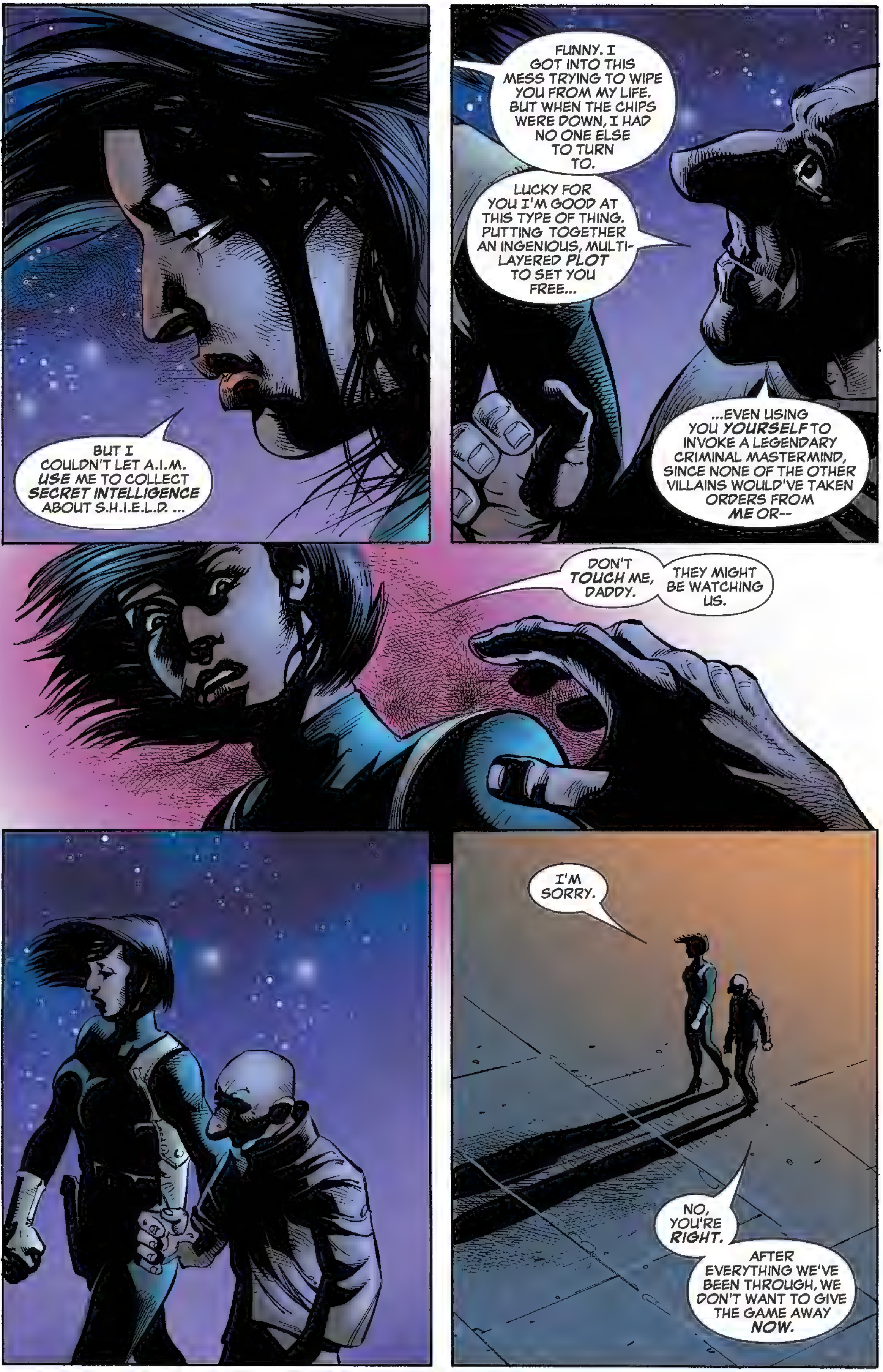

NOT A LOT OF TIME LEFT. THAT VAN'S TAKING ME RIGHT TO A JAIL CELL.
I KNOW. JUST TIME ENOUGH FOR ME TO THANK YOU...

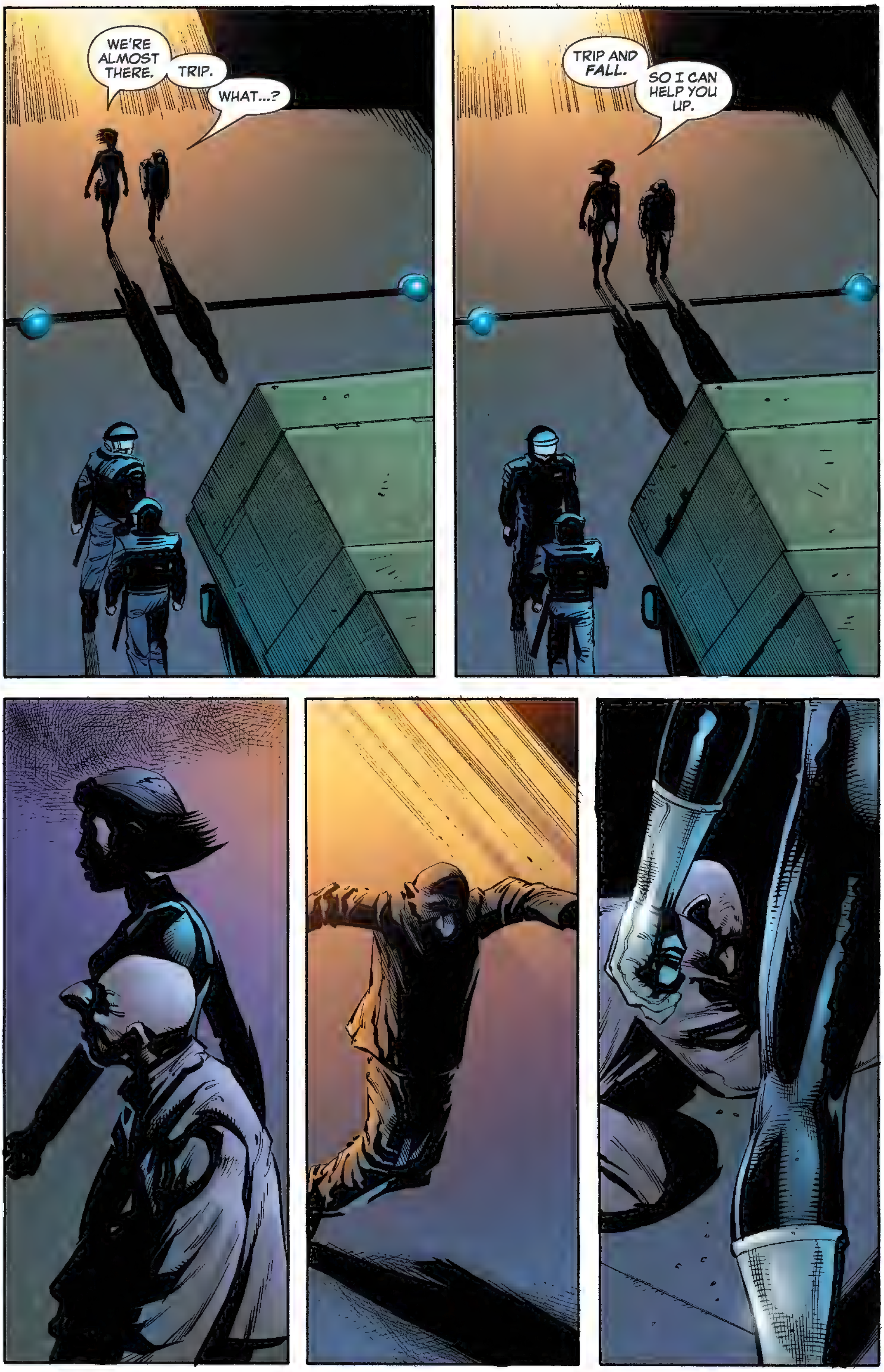

...DADDY.
DON'T BE SILLY. IT WAS MY **DUTY** TO PROTECT MY LITTLE GIRL...
...AND I HAD **YEARS** TO MAKE UP FOR. YEARS YOUR MOTHER **CHEATED** ME OUT OF...
SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS PROTECTING ME. DON'T LET BITTERNESS RUIN THIS MOMENT.
WE **DID** MAKE A GOOD TEAM, DIDN'T WE? YOU, SCARIN' THE PANTS OFF OUR ASSOCIATES BY CLAIMING TO WORK FOR A LEGENDARY **BOGEYMAN**...
"...ME, KEEPING YOU APPRISED OF ALL OUR **MOVEMENTS** SO YOU COULD SHOW UP UNEXPECTEDLY AND RATCHET THEIR PARANOIA SKY-HIGH."

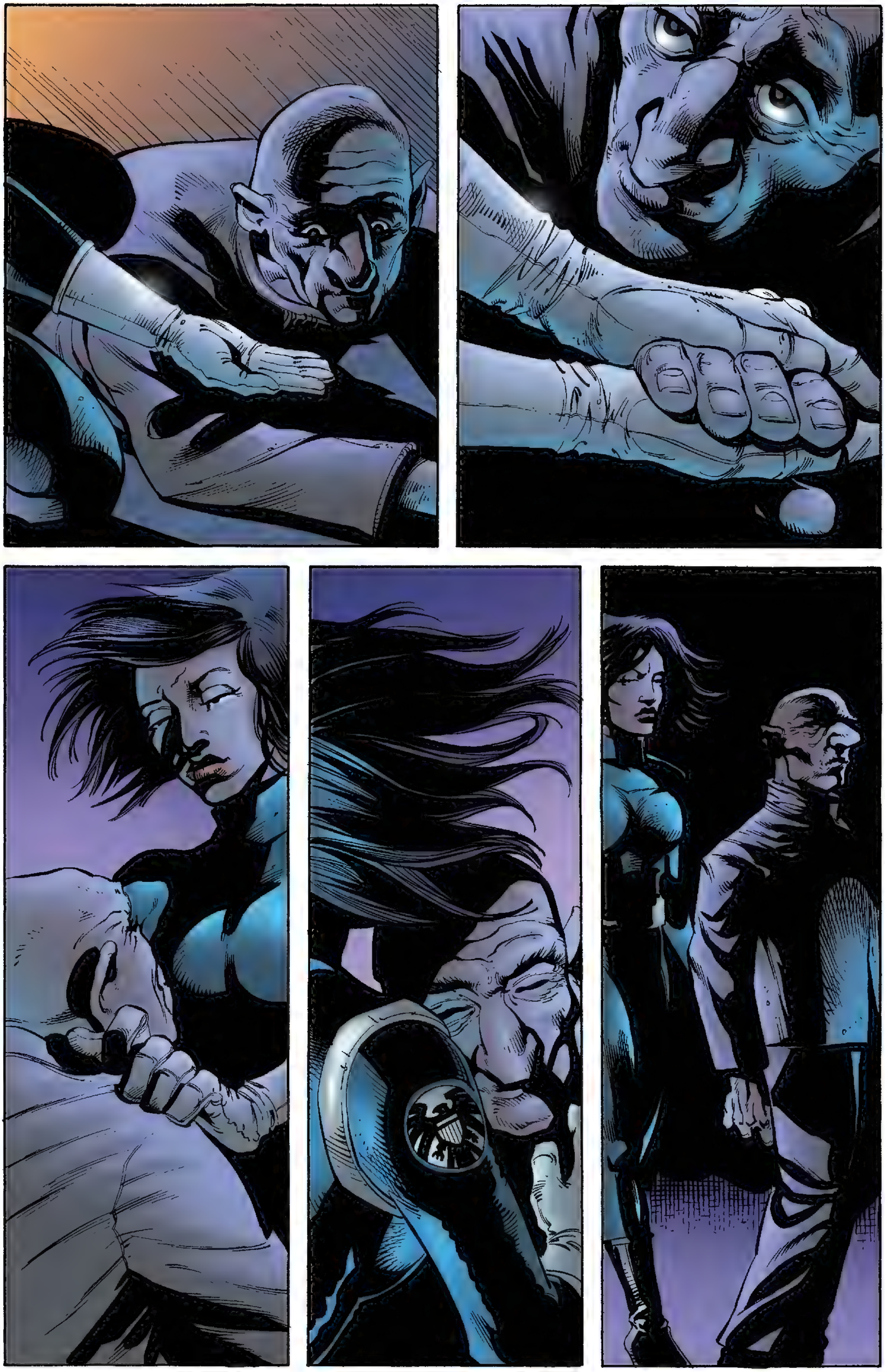

I'M JUST SORRY SO MANY OF YOUR FRIENDS HAD TO *DIE.*
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM. THEY ***WEREN'T*** MY FRIENDS.
AND THEY'RE NOTORIOUSLY HARD TO KILL...
"...I WOULDN'T COUNT ANY OF THEM OUT JUST YET."
NOT EVEN MARKO. AND I TOOK HIM DOWN ***MYSELF.***
OH, DADDY! I NEVER ***MEANT*** FOR YOU TO HURT ANYONE--
I ***HAD*** TO DO IT, SWEETHEART...
"...HE ***FOUND*** OUT WHAT WAS ON THE COMPUTER DISC BEFORE I COULD GET TO IT.
"HE SAW WHAT WAS ***ON*** IT."
?!
--***WAIT*** A SECOND--
W-WHAT ***IS*** THIS?...I-I'VE ***SEEN*** THIS--BUT...
...THIS MAKES NO ***SENSE...***
YOU!
YOU DID THIS!
YOU SET US ALL ***UP!***

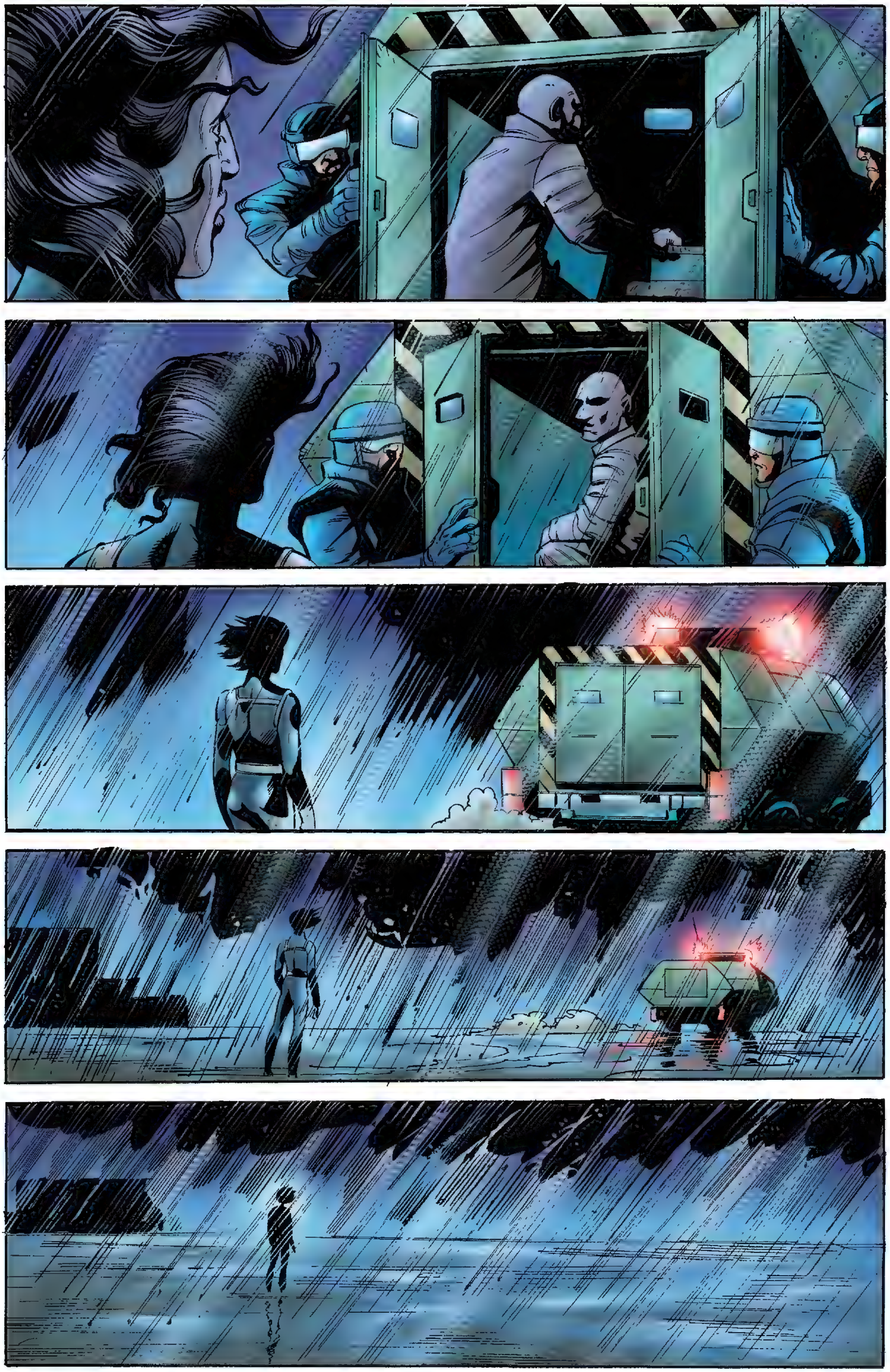

PHHT
ACK!
"IRONIC, ISN'T IT? THE ONLY MEMBER OF OUR LITTLE BAND WHO COULDN'T DEDUCE HIS WAY OUT OF A *PAPER BAG*...
"...AND *HE'S* THE ONE TO FINALLY PUT IT ALL TOGETHER...
S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT
VALERIE JESSUP
A.K.A. [illegible]
"...THAT YOU'RE *MY* DAUGHTER...
"...AND THAT THIS WAS ALL A SCHEME TO PROTECT YOU FROM *BLACKMAIL*.
"EVEN SO, I DIDN'T KILL HIM.
"THOUGH--INJURED--I BARELY MADE IT OUT ALIVE, MYSELF."

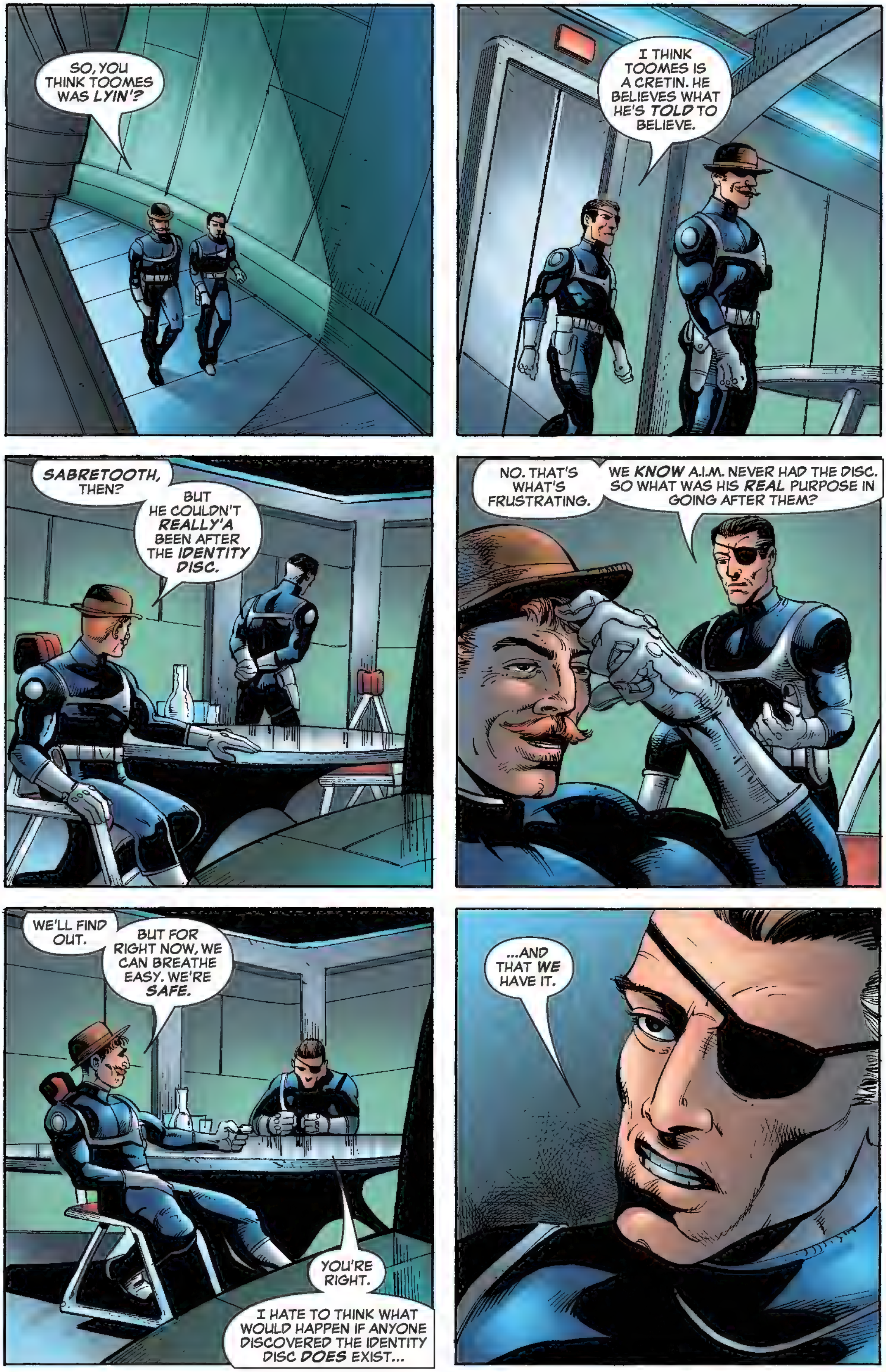

IF I'D LOST YOU, TOO...AFTER FINDING YOU AGAIN, ALL THESE YEARS AFTER...
...BUT WHAT AM I SAYING? I'M LOSING YOU NOW. YOU'LL BE IN PRISON FOR A VERY LONG TIME.
WON'T BE MY FIRST BID. IT WON'T BE SO BAD...
...ESPECIALLY NOW THAT I'VE GOT SOMETHING WORTH LIVING FOR ON THE OUTSIDE.
I'M GOING TO SERVE MY TIME, SWEETHEART. CLEAR MY SLATE AND COME BACK TO YOU A NEW MAN.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO PROVE ANYTHING TO ME. YOU'RE ALREADY MY HERO. YOU SAVED ME.
"MY JOB WITH S.H.I.E.L.D. MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME...
"...SO YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW I FELT WHEN A.I.M. SENT ME THAT PACKAGE...
"A DISC PROVING I'D LIED ABOUT MY PAST IN ORDER TO JOIN S.H.I.E.L.D. ... THAT I'D TAMPERED WITH EVERY DOCUMENT THAT COULD'VE CONNECTED ME TO YOU..."
...IF THE AGENCY EVER FOUND OUT, NOT ONLY WOULD I BE FIRED, I'D BE PROSECUTED.

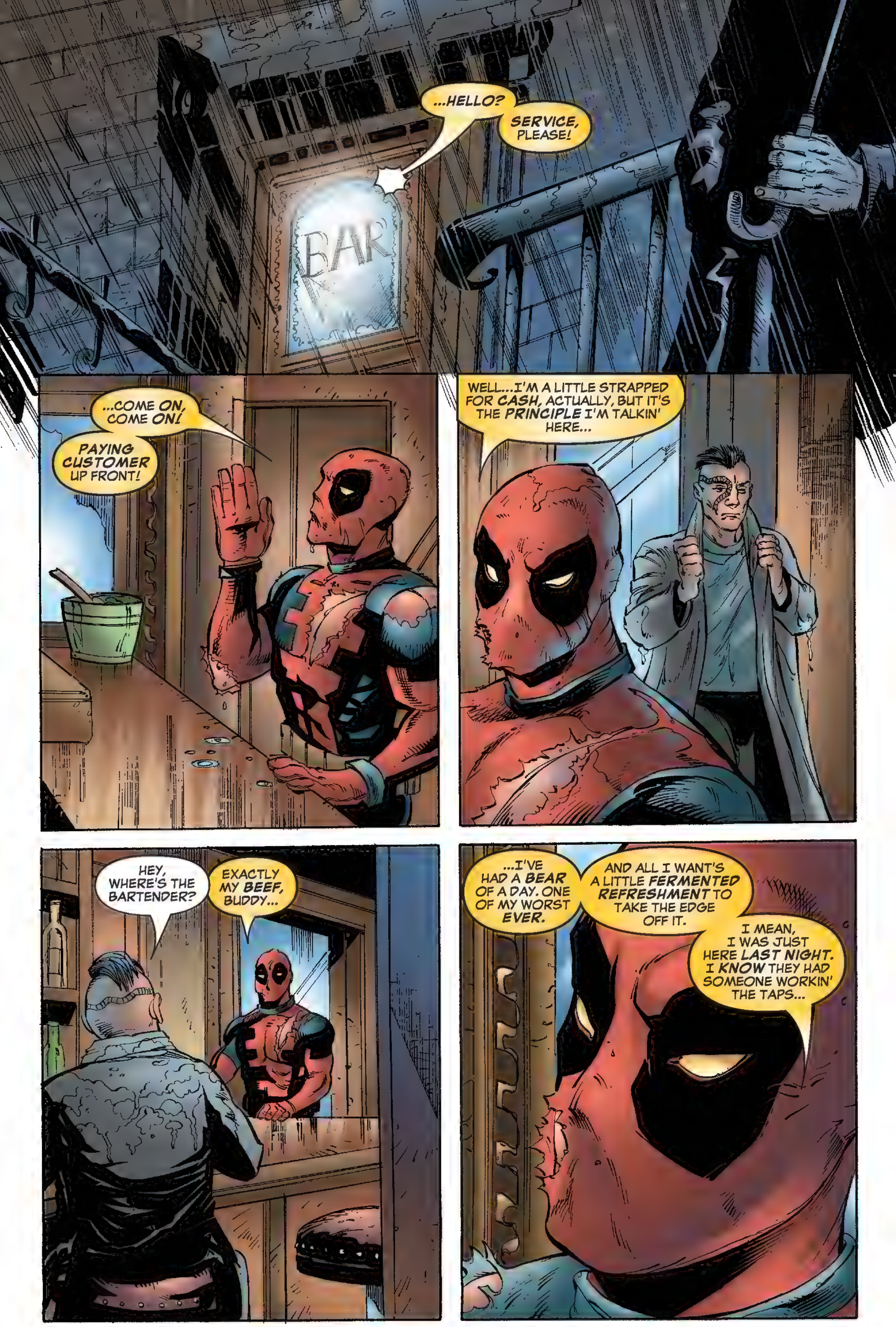

BUT I COULDN'T LET A.I.M. USE ME TO COLLECT SECRET INTELLIGENCE ABOUT S.H.I.E.L.D. ...
FUNNY. I GOT INTO THIS MESS TRYING TO WIPE YOU FROM MY LIFE. BUT WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN, I HAD NO ONE ELSE TO TURN TO.
LUCKY FOR YOU I'M GOOD AT THIS TYPE OF THING. PUTTING TOGETHER AN INGENIOUS, MULTI-LAYERED PLOT TO SET YOU FREE...
...EVEN USING YOU YOURSELF TO INVOKE A LEGENDARY CRIMINAL MASTERMIND, SINCE NONE OF THE OTHER VILLAINS WOULD'VE TAKEN ORDERS FROM ME OR--
DON'T TOUCH ME, DADDY.
THEY MIGHT BE WATCHING US.
I'M SORRY.
NO, YOU'RE RIGHT.
AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, WE DON'T WANT TO GIVE THE GAME AWAY NOW.

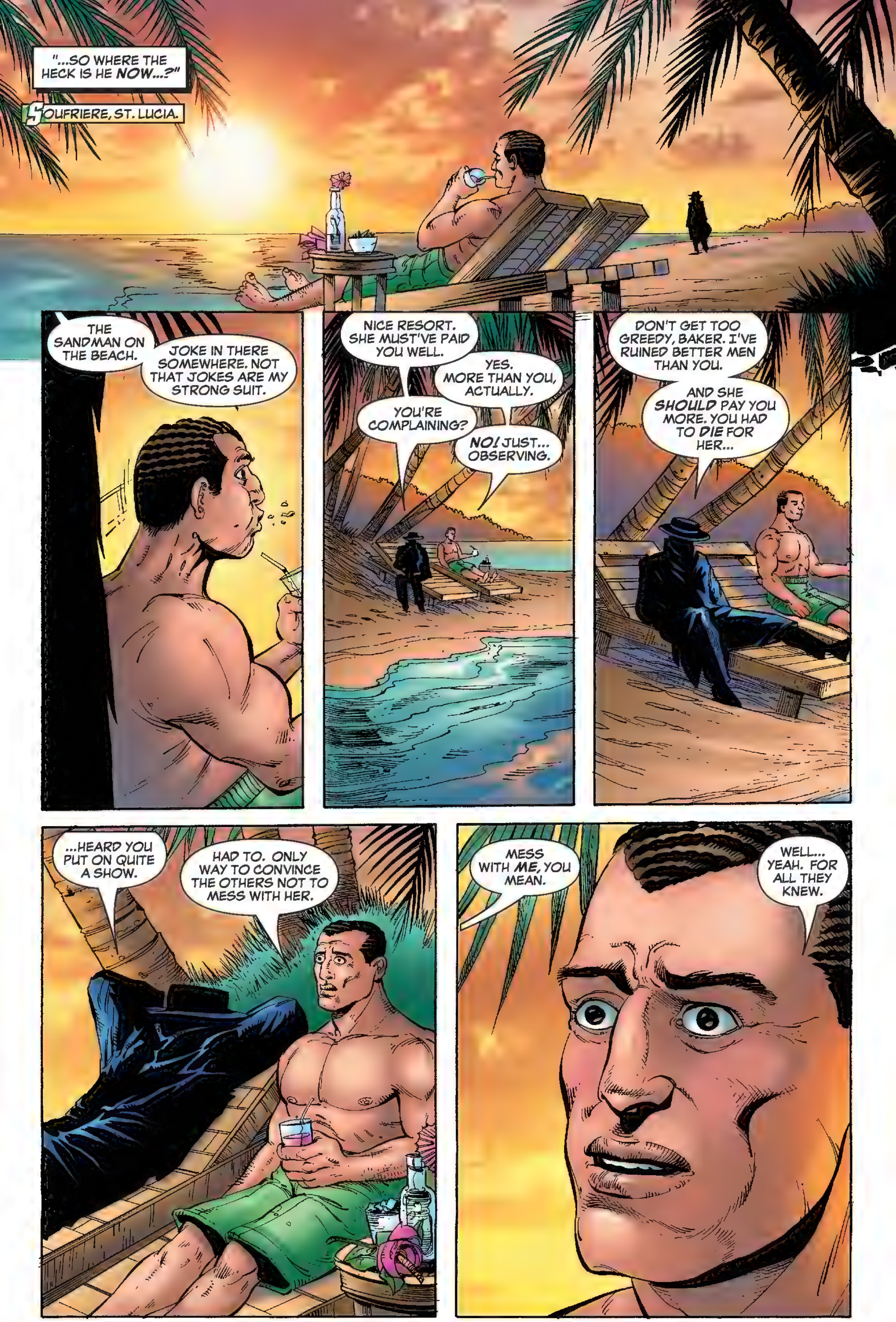

WE'RE ALMOST THERE.
TRIP.
WHAT...?
TRIP AND *FALL.*
SO I CAN HELP YOU UP.

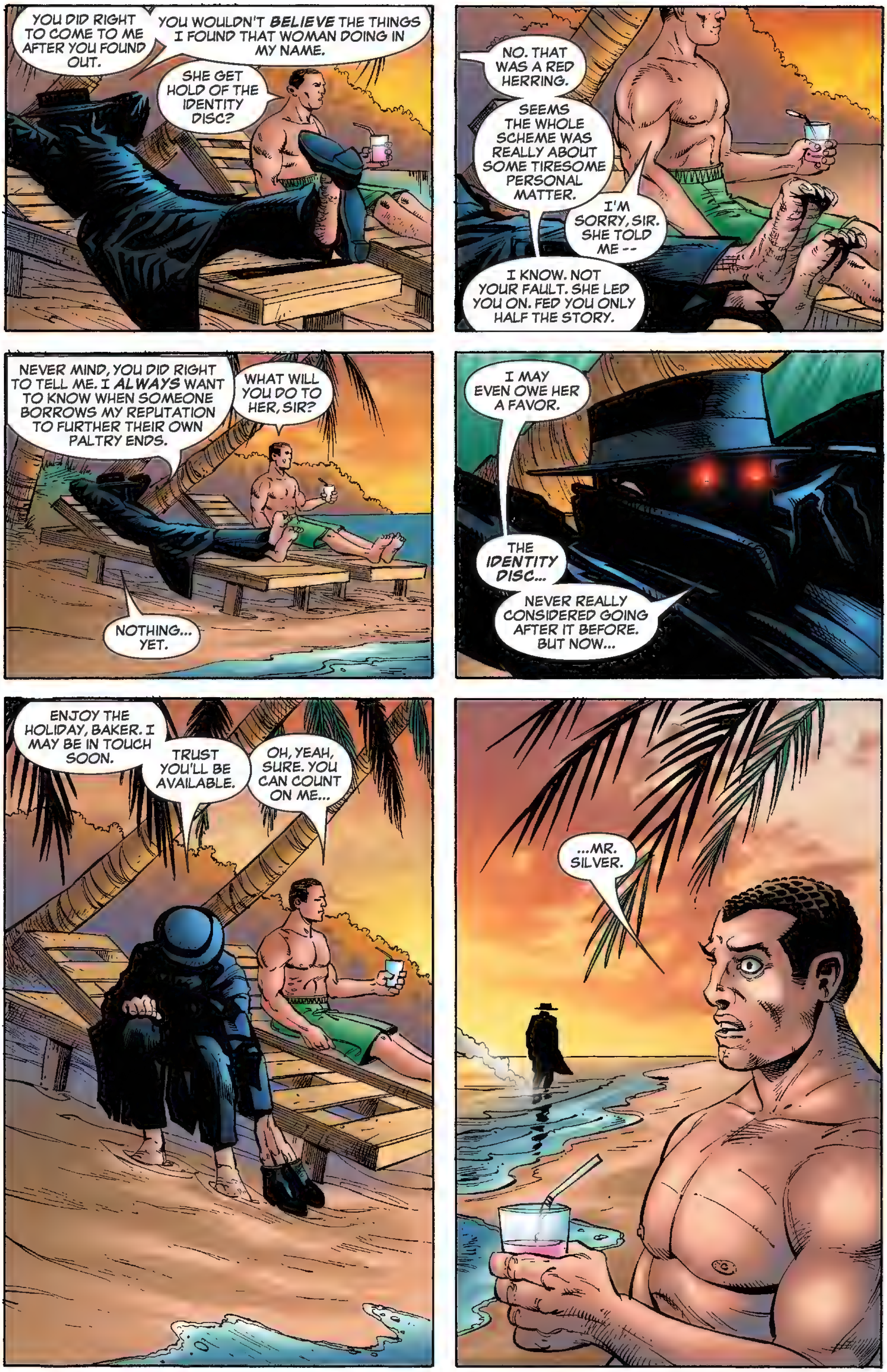





SO, YOU THINK TOOMES WAS *LYIN'?*
I THINK TOOMES IS A CRETIN. HE BELIEVES WHAT HE'S *TOLD* TO BELIEVE.
SABRETOOTH, THEN?
BUT HE COULDN'T *REALLY'A* BEEN AFTER THE *IDENTITY DISC.*
NO. THAT'S WHAT'S FRUSTRATING.
WE *KNOW* A.I.M. NEVER HAD THE DISC. SO WHAT WAS HIS *REAL* PURPOSE IN GOING AFTER THEM?
WE'LL FIND OUT.
BUT FOR RIGHT NOW, WE CAN BREATHE EASY. WE'RE *SAFE.*
YOU'RE RIGHT.
I HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF ANYONE DISCOVERED THE IDENTITY DISC *DOES* EXIST...
...AND THAT *WE* HAVE IT.


...HELLO?
SERVICE, PLEASE!
BAR
...COME ON, COME ON!
PAYING CUSTOMER UP FRONT!
WELL...I'M A LITTLE STRAPPED FOR CASH, ACTUALLY, BUT IT'S THE PRINCIPLE I'M TALKIN' HERE...
HEY, WHERE'S THE BARTENDER?
EXACTLY MY BEEF, BUDDY...
...I'VE HAD A BEAR OF A DAY. ONE OF MY WORST EVER.
AND ALL I WANT'S A LITTLE FERMENTED REFRESHMENT TO TAKE THE EDGE OFF IT.
I MEAN, I WAS JUST HERE LAST NIGHT. I KNOW THEY HAD SOMEONE WORKIN' THE TAPS...


"...SO WHERE THE HECK IS HE *NOW*...?"
SOUFRIERE, ST. LUCIA.
THE SANDMAN ON THE BEACH.
JOKE IN THERE SOMEWHERE. NOT THAT JOKES ARE MY STRONG SUIT.
NICE RESORT. SHE MUST'VE PAID YOU WELL.
YES. MORE THAN YOU, ACTUALLY.
YOU'RE COMPLAINING?
NO! JUST... OBSERVING.
DON'T GET TOO GREEDY, BAKER. I'VE RUINED BETTER MEN THAN YOU.
AND SHE *SHOULD* PAY YOU MORE. YOU HAD TO *DIE* FOR HER...
...HEARD YOU PUT ON QUITE A SHOW.
HAD TO. ONLY WAY TO CONVINCE THE OTHERS NOT TO MESS WITH HER.
MESS WITH *ME*, YOU MEAN.
WELL... YEAH. FOR ALL THEY KNEW.


YOU DID RIGHT TO COME TO ME AFTER YOU FOUND OUT.
YOU WOULDN'T **BELIEVE** THE THINGS I FOUND THAT WOMAN DOING IN MY NAME.
SHE GET HOLD OF THE IDENTITY DISC?
NO. THAT WAS A RED HERRING.
SEEMS THE WHOLE SCHEME WAS REALLY ABOUT SOME TIRESOME PERSONAL MATTER.
I'M SORRY, SIR. SHE TOLD ME --
I KNOW. NOT YOUR FAULT. SHE LED YOU ON. FED YOU ONLY HALF THE STORY.
NEVER MIND, YOU DID RIGHT TO TELL ME. I **ALWAYS** WANT TO KNOW WHEN SOMEONE BORROWS MY REPUTATION TO FURTHER THEIR OWN PALTRY ENDS.
WHAT WILL YOU DO TO HER, SIR?
NOTHING... YET.
I MAY EVEN OWE HER A FAVOR.
THE *IDENTITY DISC*...
NEVER REALLY CONSIDERED GOING AFTER IT BEFORE. BUT NOW...
ENJOY THE HOLIDAY, BAKER. I MAY BE IN TOUCH SOON.
TRUST YOU'LL BE AVAILABLE.
OH, YEAH, SURE. YOU CAN COUNT ON ME...
...MR. SILVER.

Following the *Identity Disc* series, Deadpool made several short cameos all across the Marvel Universe.

Recently, a virus genetically bonded Deadpool and Cable — and whenever Cable teleported, Deadpool came along for the ride. Forced to work together, the two formed a grudging friendship. In *X-Force #4-5*, Cable recruited X-Force in preparation for a battle against a creature called the Skornn. The team allied with Wolverine to rescue their teammate Caliban from the Watchtower's leader the Administrator, but ended up recruiting some extremely unlikely allies. (Deadpool apparently declined to help Cable battle the Skornn, as he was nowhere in sight for the final fight.)

In *White Tiger #5*, the White Tiger's investigation of a crime syndicate hit a snag when Deadpool intervened. In *Marvel Team-Up #25*, Doctor Strange recruited several heroes for a battle, including Wolverine — interrupting his grudge match against Deadpool. In the *Daily Bugle: Civil War Special Edition*, Cable sided with unlicensed heroes in the superhuman civil war — while Deadpool, who broke ranks with his "partner" and joined the registration effort, couldn't help but comment during an interview. And in *Wolverine #73*, Wolverine's many adventures — told in dozens of quick single-panel vignettes — included a bizarre alliance with Deadpool.

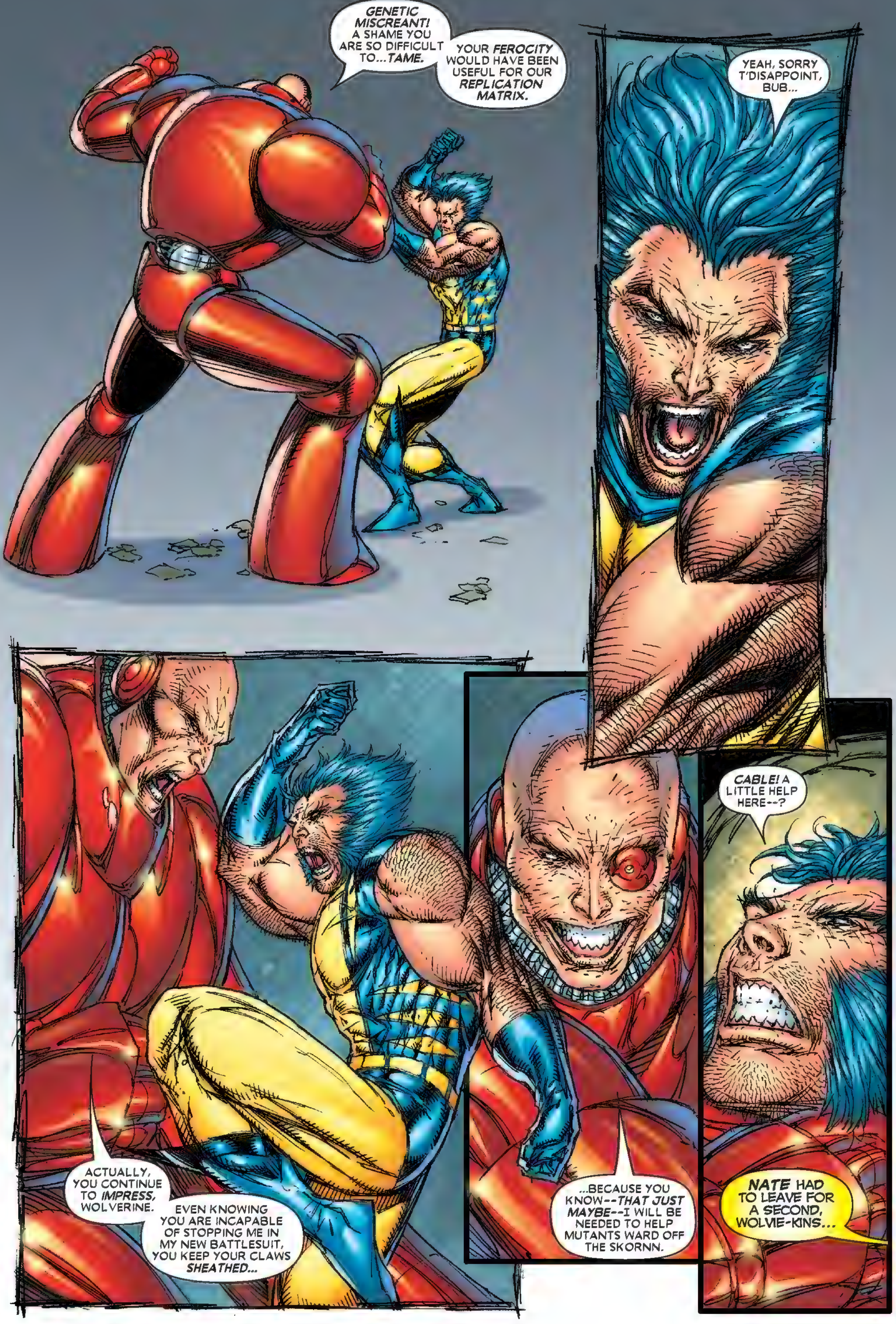
X-FORCE #4-5 — Plotter & Artist: Rob Liefeld • Scripter: Fabian Nicieza • Colorist: Matt Yackey • Letterer: VC's Rus Wooton • Assistant Editors: Stephanie Moore & Sean Ryan • Editor: Mike Marts • *X-Force #4* Cover Art: Rob Liefeld

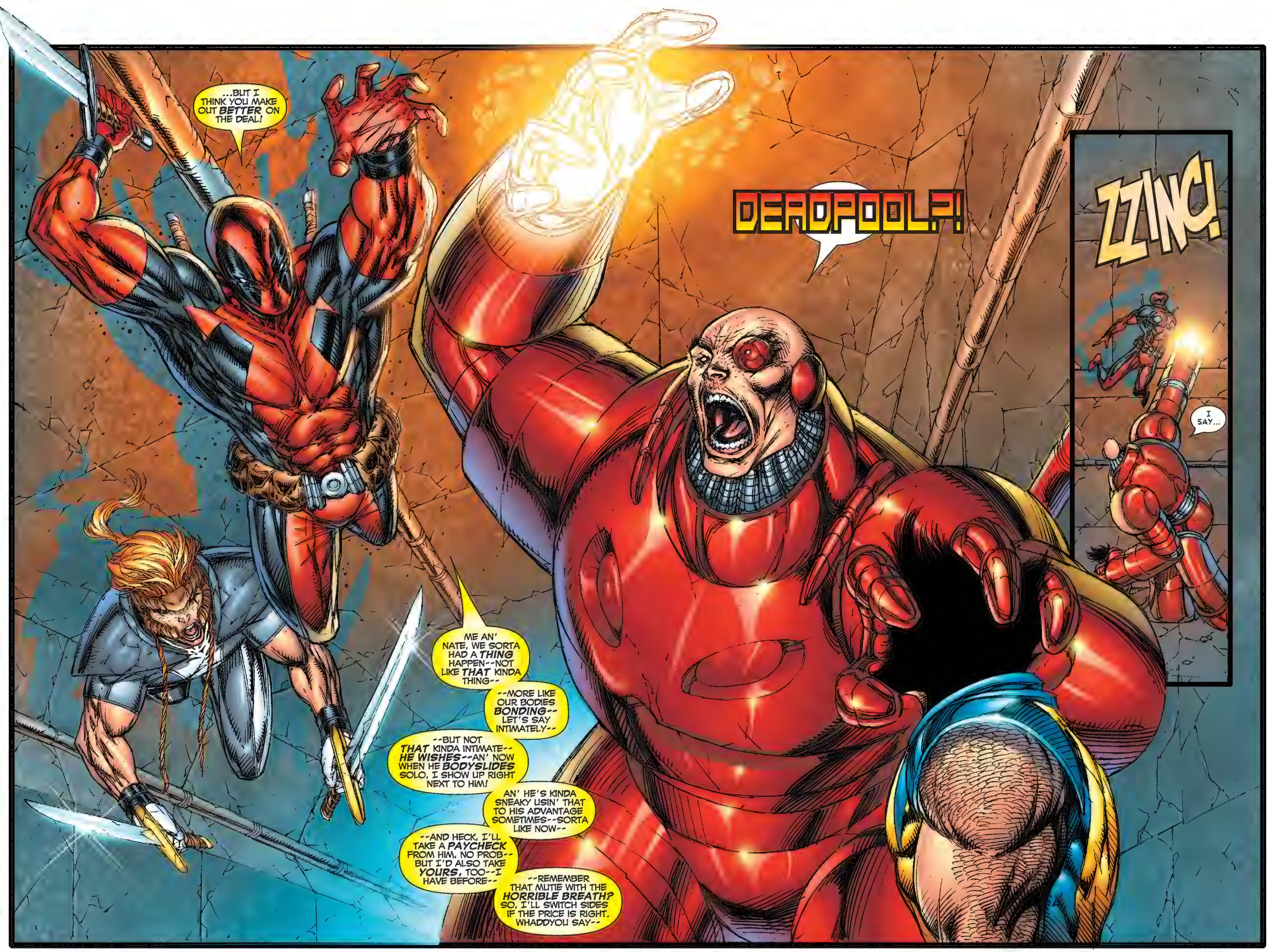
WHITE TIGER #5 — Writers: Tamora Pierce & Timothy Liebe • Penciler: Phil Briones • Inker: Don Hillsman • Colorist: Chris Sotomayor • Letterer: VC's Rus Wooton • Editor: Ruwan Jayatilleke • Consulting Editor: Ralph Macchio

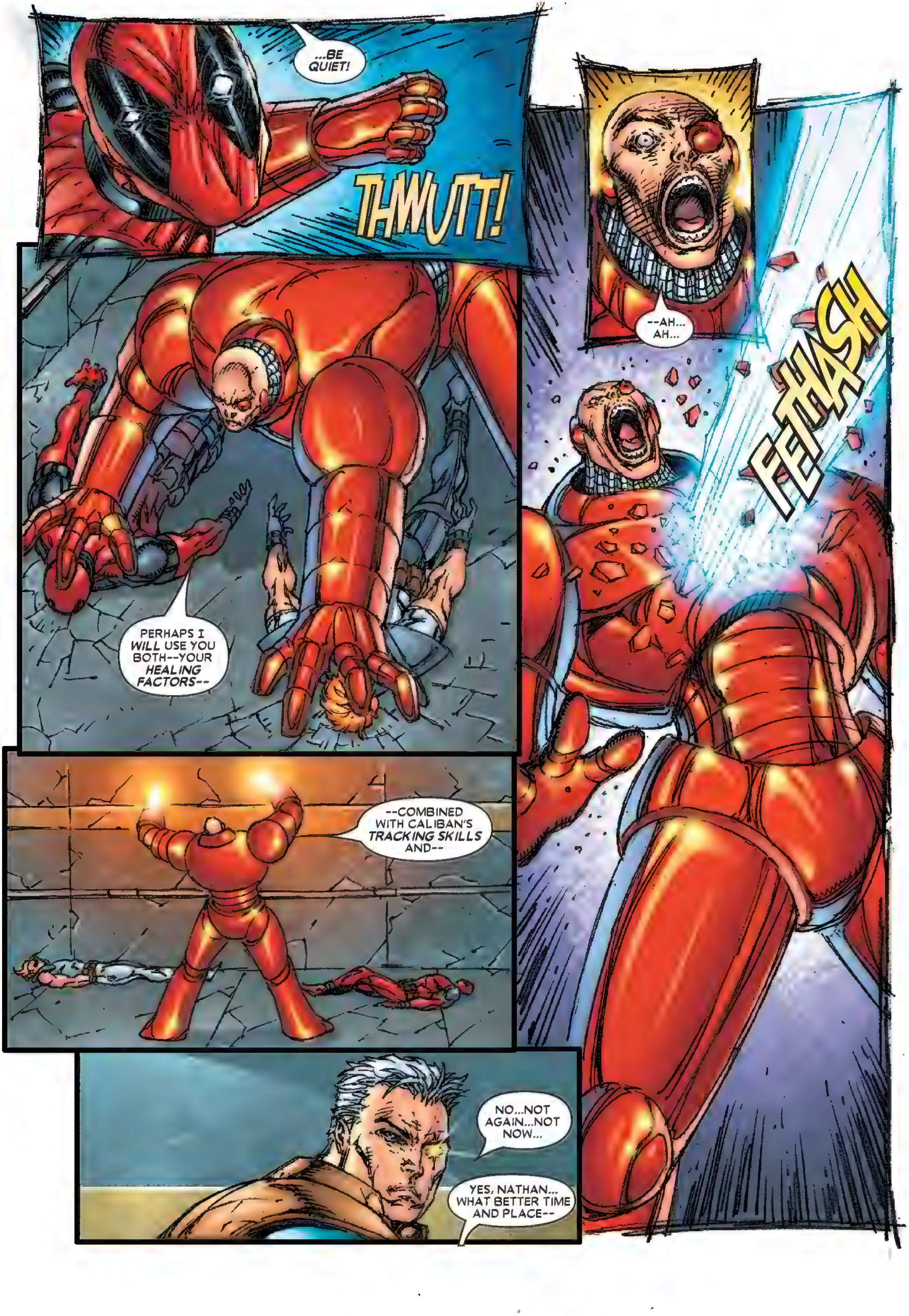
MARVEL TEAM-UP #25 — Writer: Robert Kirkman • Artist: Andy Kuhn • Colorist: Studio F's Marte Gracia • Letterer: VC's Rus Wooton • Editor: Aubrey Sitterson • Consulting Editor: Tom Brevoort

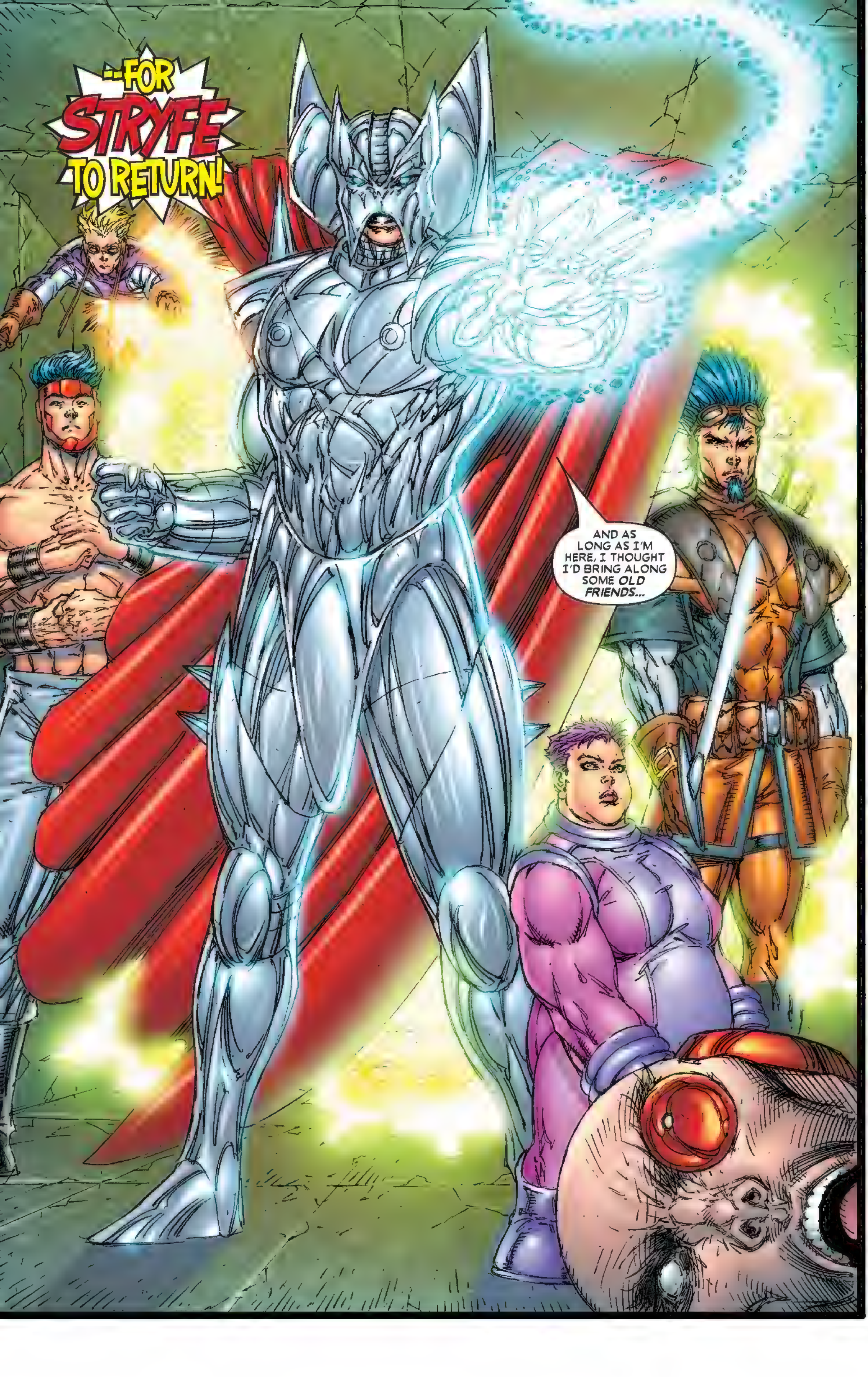
DAILY BUGLE: CIVIL WAR SPECIAL EDITION — Artist: Mike Mayhew • Colorist: Avalon's Andy Troy • Designer: Patrick McGrath • Associate Editor: Andy Schmidt • Editors: John Barber & Cory Sedlmeier • Executive Editor: Tom Brevoort

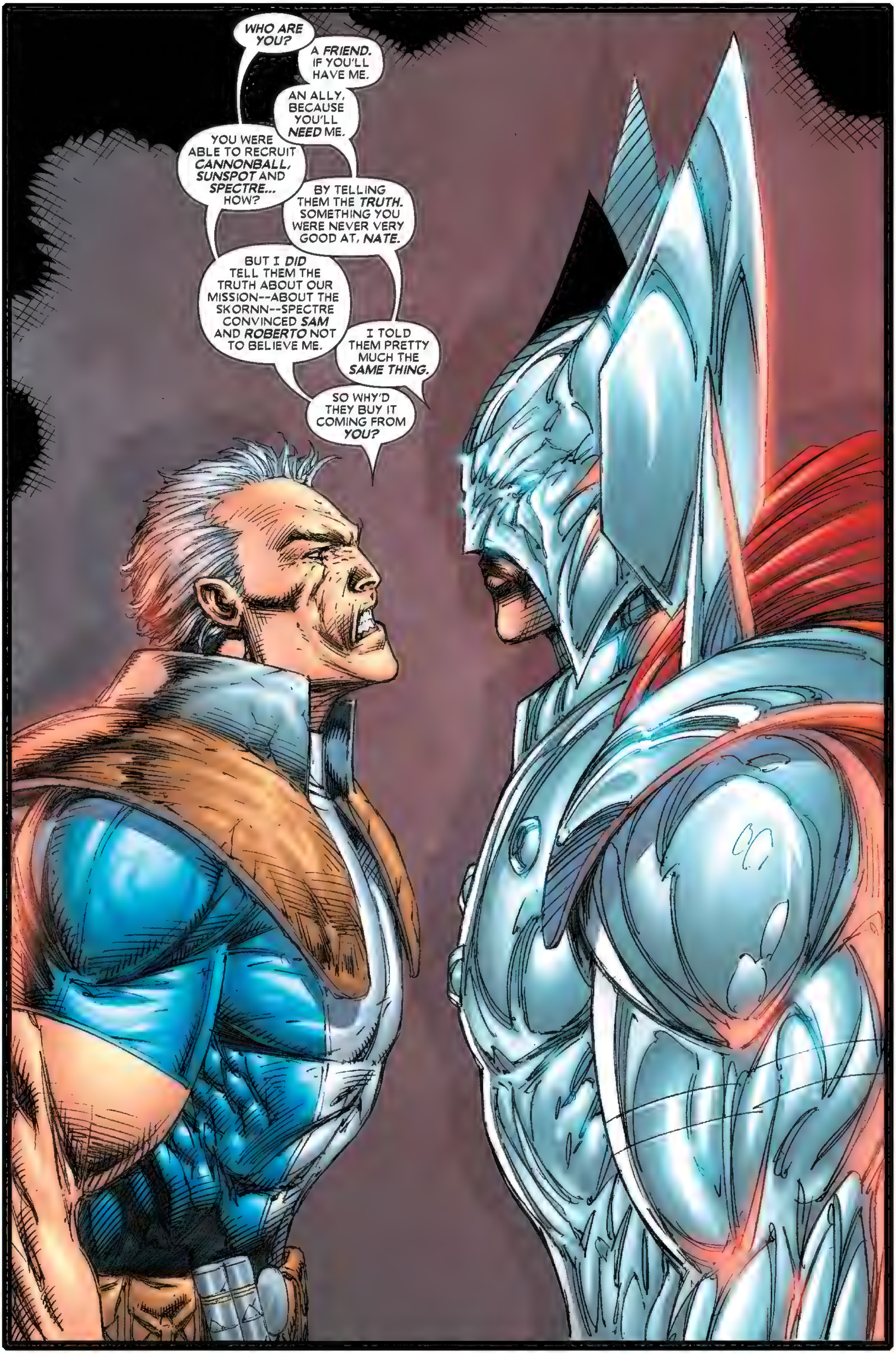
WOLVERINE #73 — Writer: Jason Aaron • Penciler: Adam Kubert • Inker: Mark Farmer • Colorist: Justin Ponsor • Letterer: VC's Cory Petit • Assistant Editor: Jody LeHeup • Editor: John Barber • Group Editor: Axel Alonso

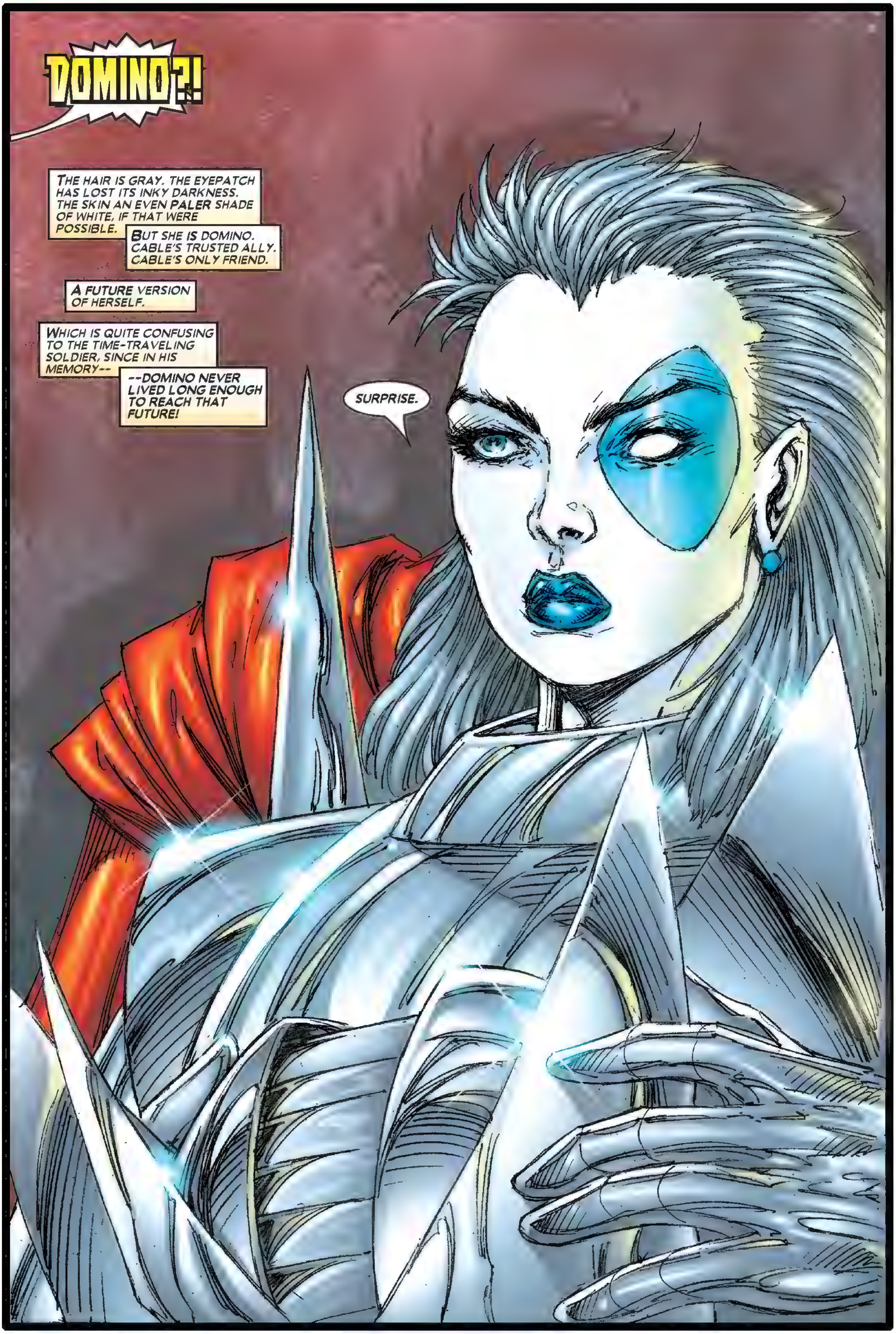

GENETIC MISCREANT! A SHAME YOU ARE SO DIFFICULT TO...TAME.
YOUR FEROCITY WOULD HAVE BEEN USEFUL FOR OUR REPLICATION MATRIX.
YEAH, SORRY T'DISAPPOINT, BUB...
ACTUALLY, YOU CONTINUE TO IMPRESS, WOLVERINE.
EVEN KNOWING YOU ARE INCAPABLE OF STOPPING ME IN MY NEW BATTLESUIT, YOU KEEP YOUR CLAWS SHEATHED...
...BECAUSE YOU KNOW--THAT JUST MAYBE--I WILL BE NEEDED TO HELP MUTANTS WARD OFF THE SKORNN.
CABLE! A LITTLE HELP HERE--?
NATE HAD TO LEAVE FOR A SECOND, WOLVIE-KINS...

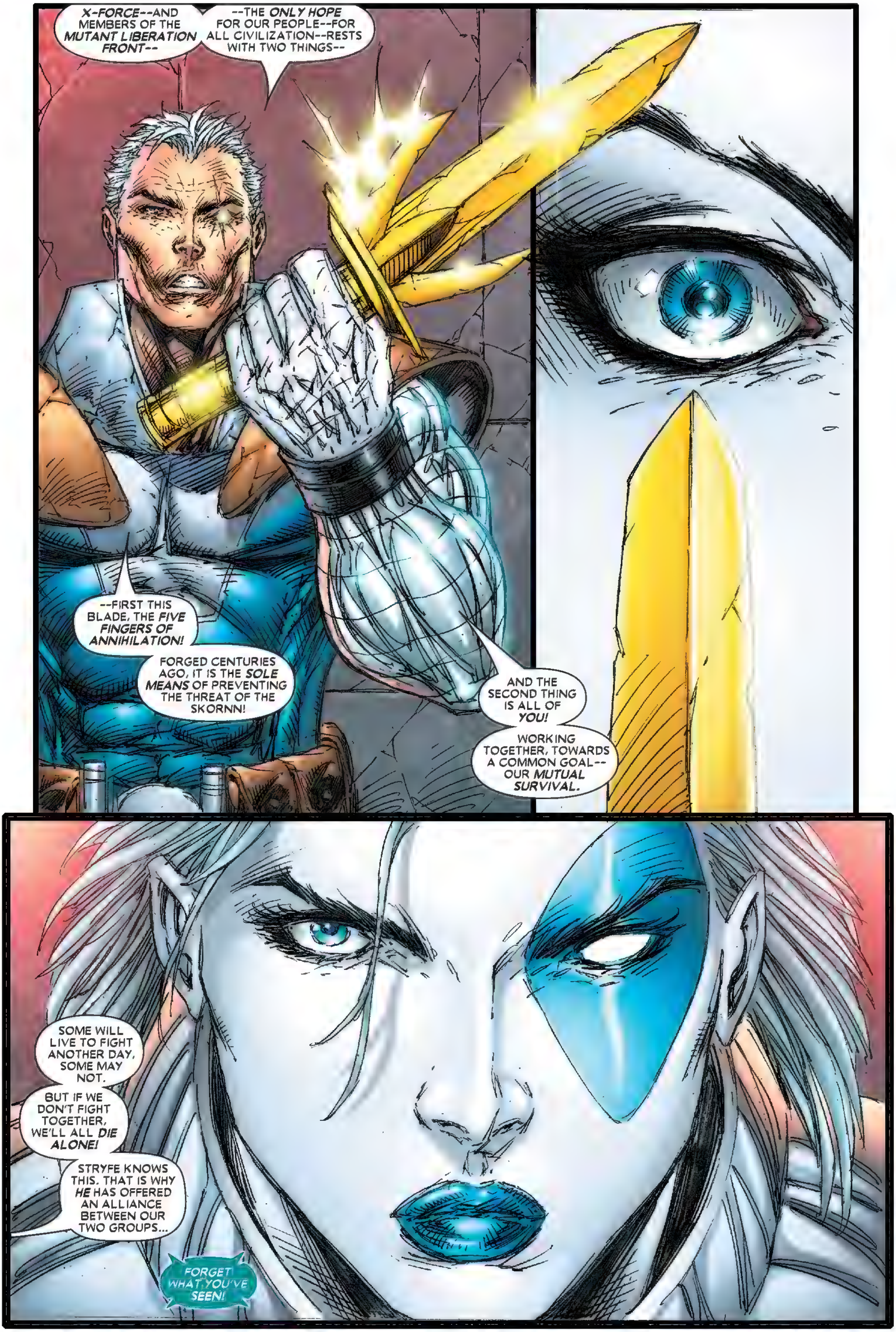

...BUT I THINK YOU MAKE OUT *BETTER* ON THE DEAL!
DEADPOOL?!
ZZING!
I SAY...
ME AN' NATE, WE SORTA HAD A *THING* HAPPEN--NOT LIKE *THAT* KINDA THING--
--MORE LIKE OUR BODIES *BONDING*--LET'S SAY INTIMATELY--
--BUT NOT *THAT* KINDA INTIMATE--*HE WISHES*--AN' NOW WHEN HE *BODYSLIDES* SOLO, I SHOW UP RIGHT NEXT TO HIM!
AN' HE'S KINDA SNEAKY USIN' THAT TO HIS ADVANTAGE SOMETIMES--SORTA LIKE NOW--
--AND HECK, I'LL TAKE A *PAYCHECK* FROM HIM, NO PROB--BUT I'D ALSO TAKE *YOURS*, TOO--I HAVE BEFORE--
--REMEMBER THAT MUTIE WITH THE *HORRIBLE BREATH?* SO, I'LL SWITCH SIDES IF THE PRICE IS RIGHT. WHADDYOU SAY--

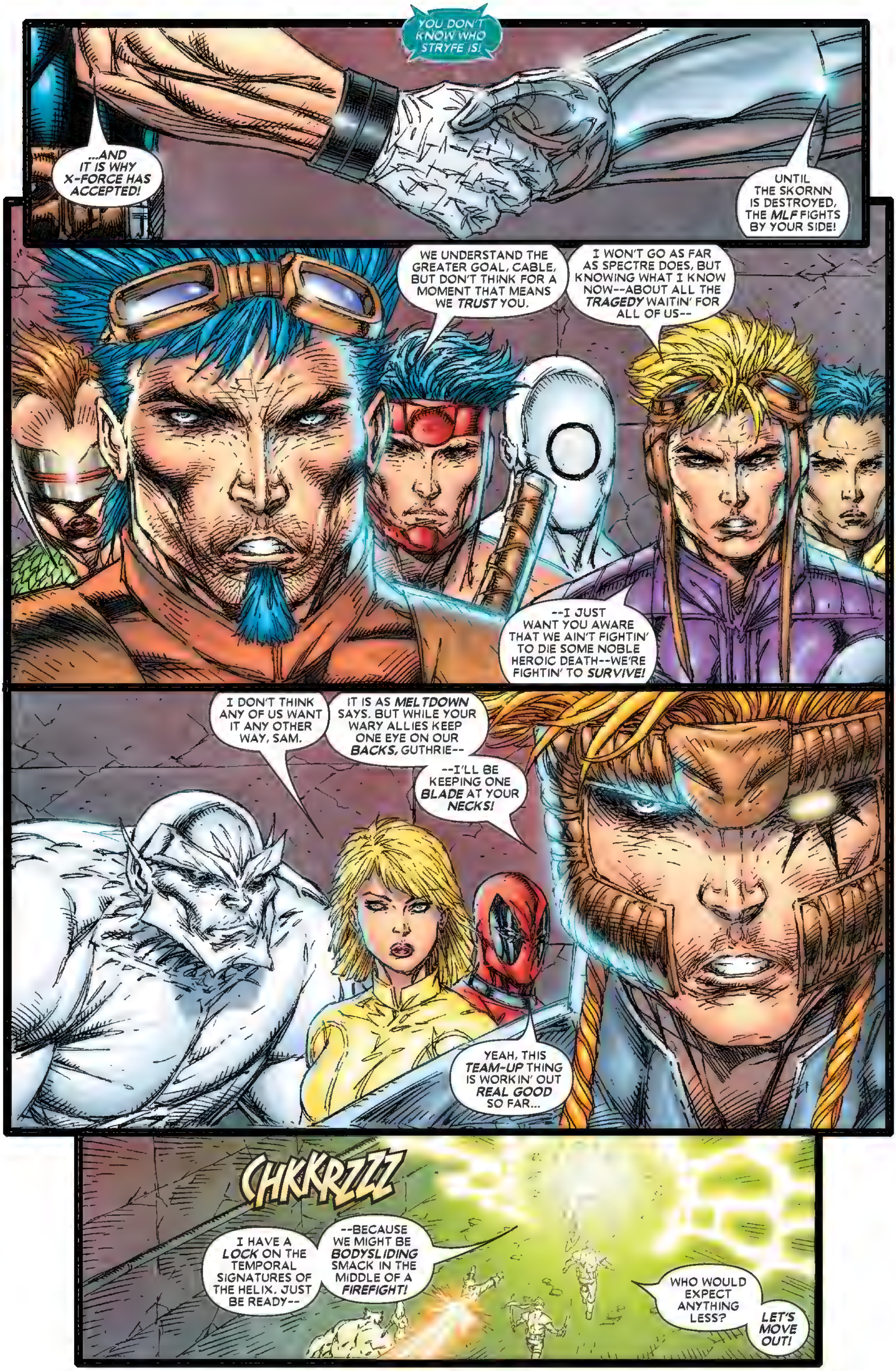

...BE QUIET!
THWUTT!
PERHAPS I WILL USE YOU BOTH--YOUR HEALING FACTORS--
--COMBINED WITH CALIBAN'S TRACKING SKILLS AND--
NO...NOT AGAIN...NOT NOW...
YES, NATHAN... WHAT BETTER TIME AND PLACE--
--AH... AH...
FETHASH

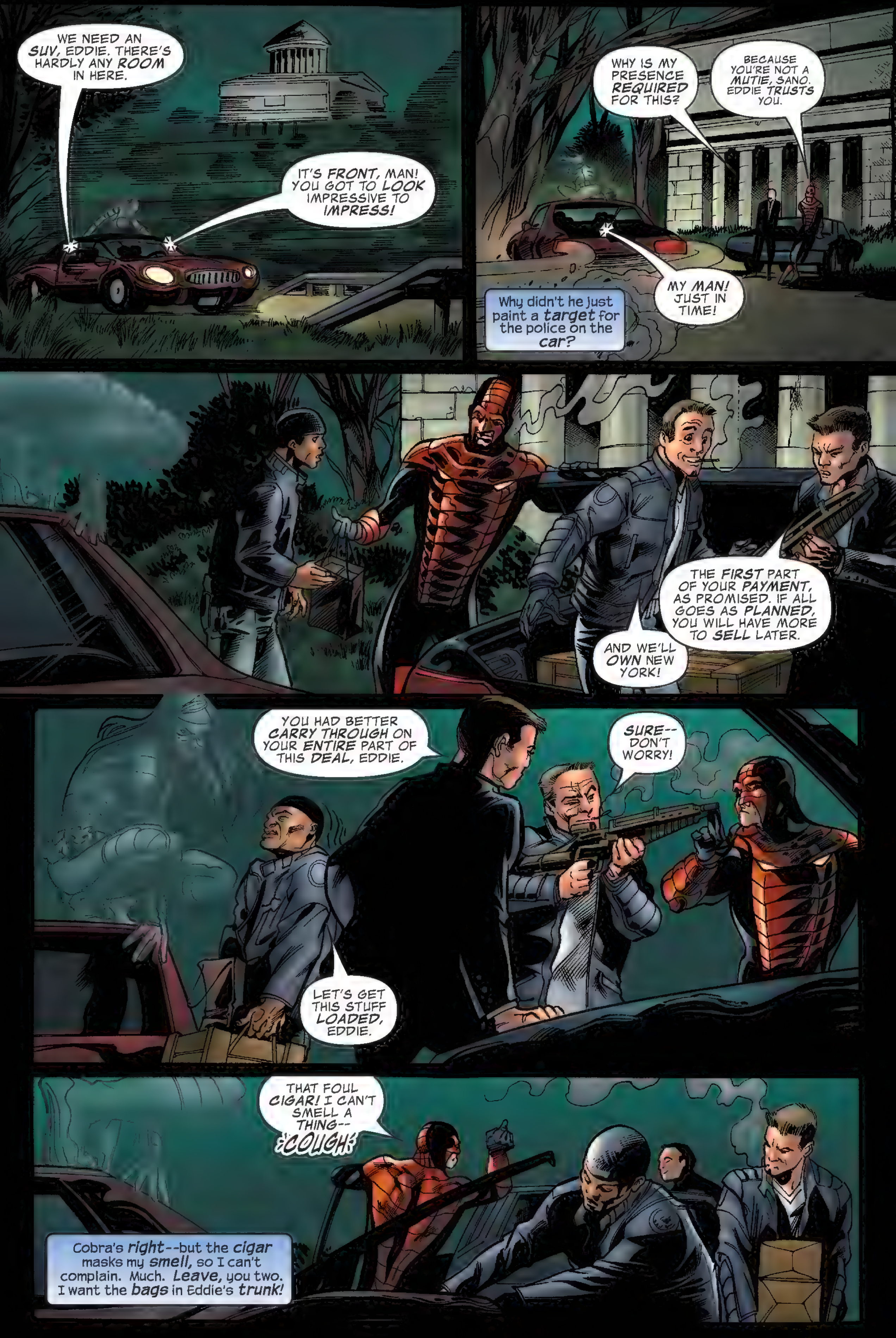

--FOR STRYFE TO RETURN!
AND AS LONG AS I'M HERE, I THOUGHT I'D BRING ALONG SOME *OLD FRIENDS...*

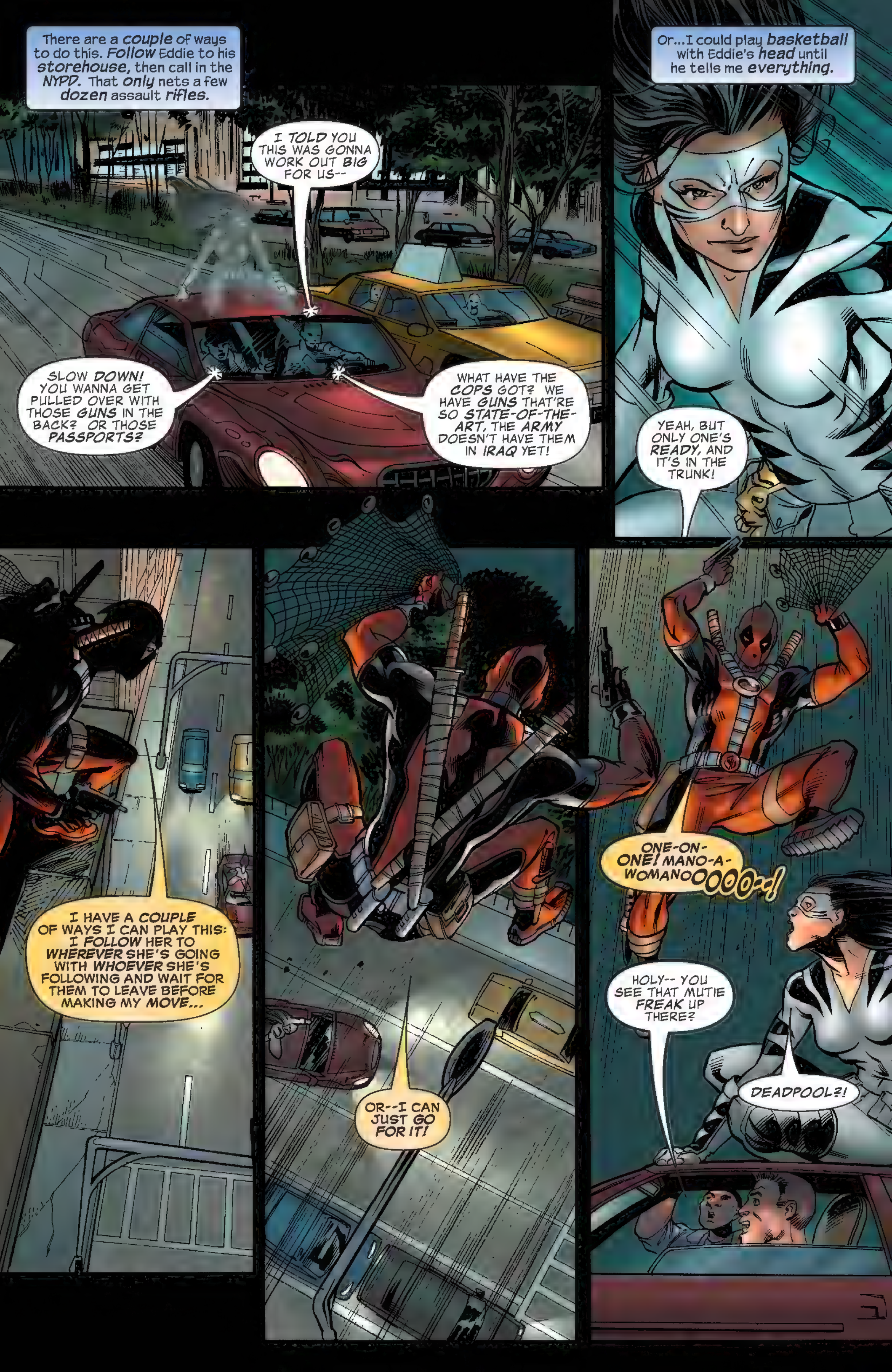

WHO ARE YOU?
A FRIEND. IF YOU'LL HAVE ME.
AN ALLY, BECAUSE YOU'LL NEED ME.
YOU WERE ABLE TO RECRUIT CANNONBALL, SUNSPOT AND SPECTRE... HOW?
BY TELLING THEM THE TRUTH. SOMETHING YOU WERE NEVER VERY GOOD AT, NATE.
BUT I DID TELL THEM THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR MISSION--ABOUT THE SKORNN--SPECTRE CONVINCED SAM AND ROBERTO NOT TO BELIEVE ME.
I TOLD THEM PRETTY MUCH THE SAME THING.
SO WHY'D THEY BUY IT COMING FROM YOU?

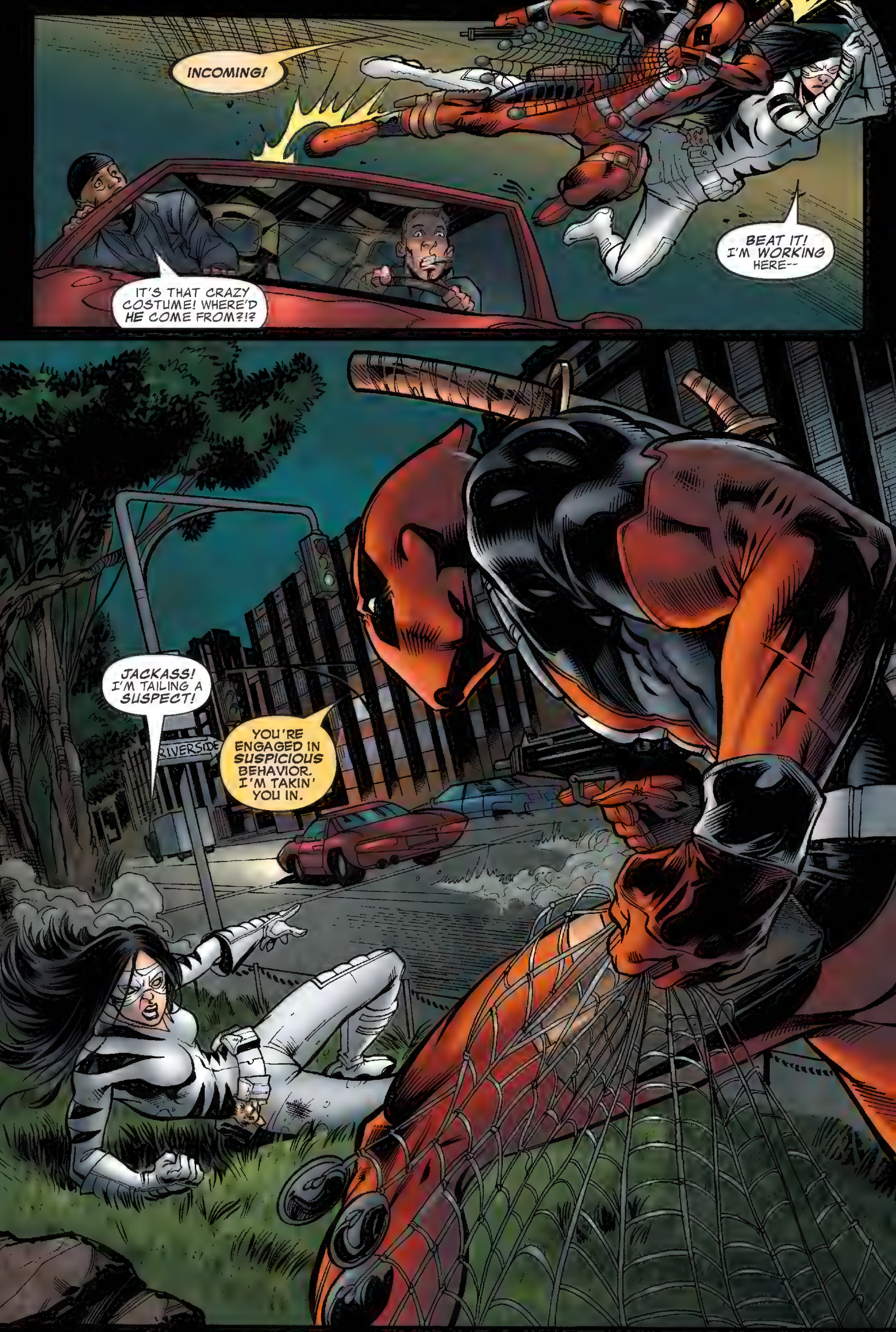

DOMINO?!
THE HAIR IS GRAY. THE EYEPATCH HAS LOST ITS INKY DARKNESS. THE SKIN AN EVEN PALER SHADE OF WHITE, IF THAT WERE POSSIBLE.
BUT SHE IS DOMINO. CABLE'S TRUSTED ALLY. CABLE'S ONLY FRIEND.
A FUTURE VERSION OF HERSELF.
WHICH IS QUITE CONFUSING TO THE TIME-TRAVELING SOLDIER, SINCE IN HIS MEMORY--
--DOMINO NEVER LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO REACH THAT FUTURE!
SURPRISE.

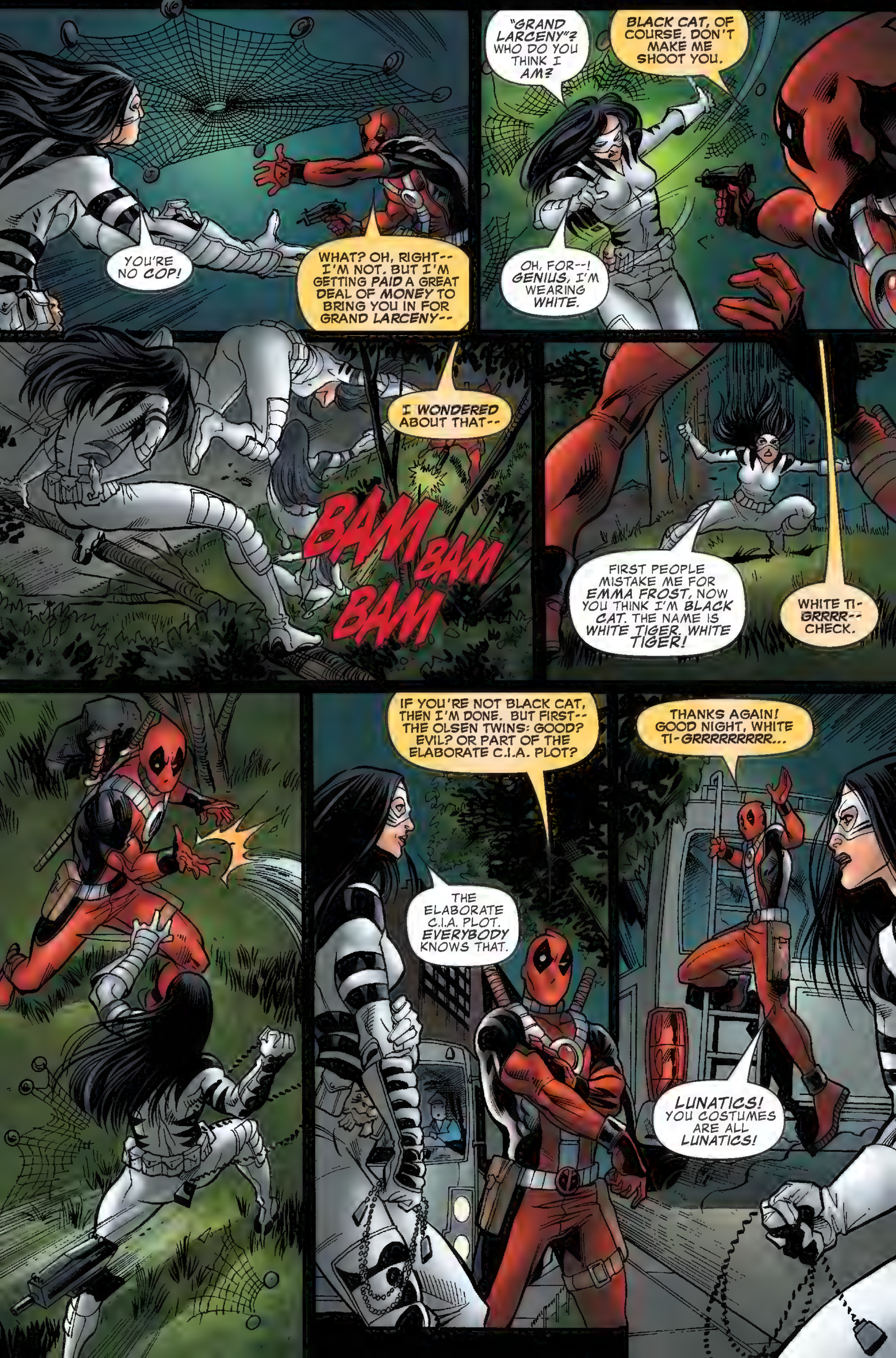

X-FORCE--AND MEMBERS OF THE *MUTANT LIBERATION FRONT*--
--THE *ONLY HOPE* FOR OUR PEOPLE--FOR ALL CIVILIZATION--RESTS WITH TWO THINGS--
--FIRST THIS BLADE, THE *FIVE FINGERS OF ANNIHILATION!*
FORGED CENTURIES AGO, IT IS THE *SOLE MEANS* OF PREVENTING THE THREAT OF THE SKORNN!
AND THE SECOND THING IS ALL OF *YOU!*
WORKING TOGETHER, TOWARDS A COMMON GOAL--OUR *MUTUAL SURVIVAL.*
SOME WILL LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY, SOME MAY NOT.
BUT IF WE DON'T FIGHT TOGETHER, WE'LL ALL *DIE ALONE!*
STRYFE KNOWS THIS. THAT IS WHY *HE* HAS OFFERED AN ALLIANCE BETWEEN OUR TWO GROUPS...
FORGET! WHAT YOU'VE SEEN!

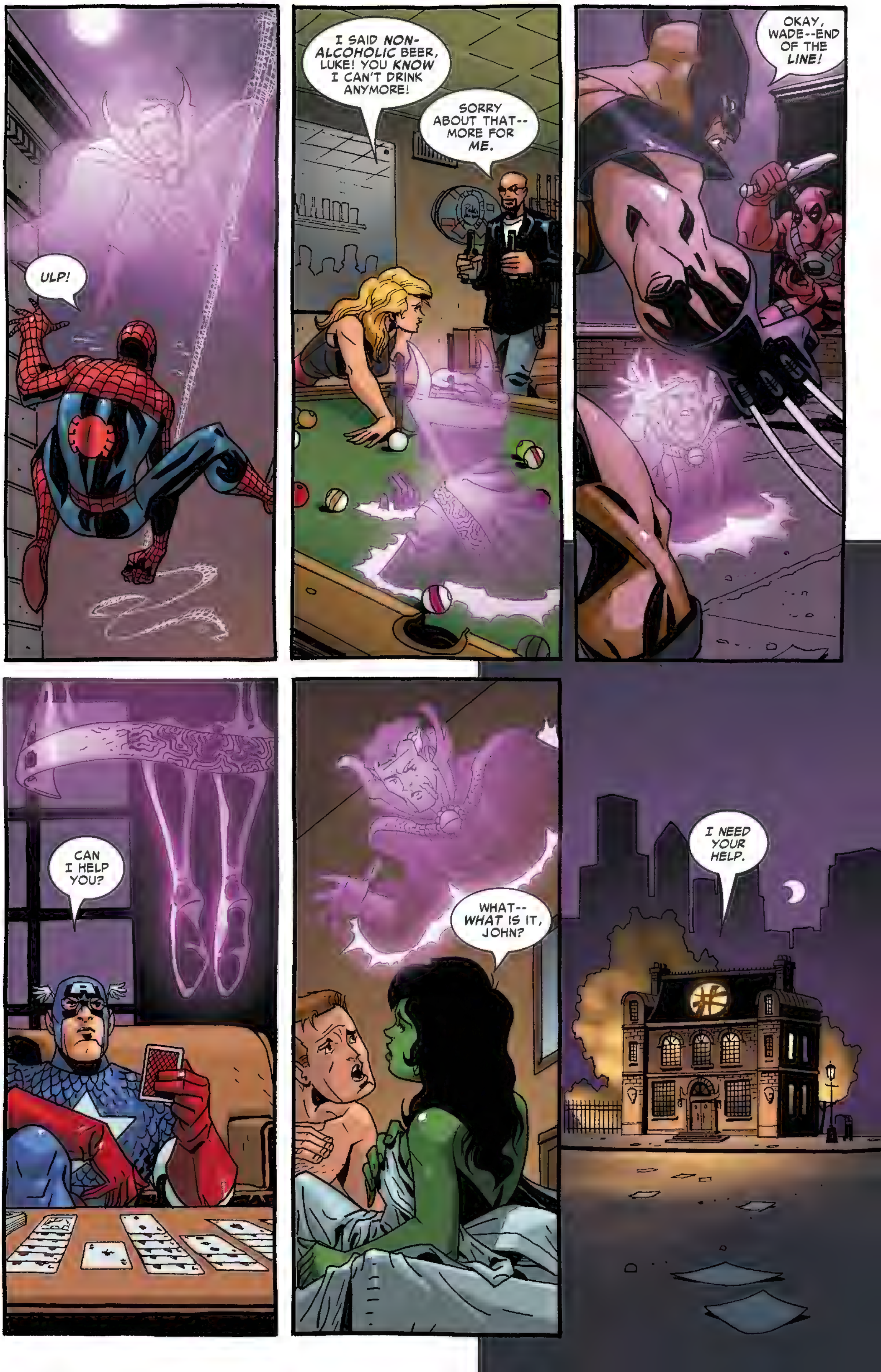

YOU DON'T KNOW WHO STRYFE IS!
...AND IT IS WHY X-FORCE HAS ACCEPTED!
UNTIL THE SKORNN IS DESTROYED, THE *MLF* FIGHTS BY YOUR SIDE!
WE UNDERSTAND THE GREATER GOAL, CABLE, BUT DON'T THINK FOR A MOMENT THAT MEANS WE *TRUST* YOU.
I WON'T GO AS FAR AS SPECTRE DOES, BUT KNOWING WHAT I KNOW NOW--ABOUT ALL THE *TRAGEDY* WAITIN' FOR ALL OF US--
--I JUST WANT YOU AWARE THAT WE AIN'T FIGHTIN' TO DIE SOME NOBLE HEROIC DEATH--WE'RE FIGHTIN' TO *SURVIVE!*
I DON'T THINK ANY OF US WANT IT ANY OTHER WAY, SAM.
IT IS AS *MELTDOWN* SAYS. BUT WHILE YOUR WARY ALLIES KEEP ONE EYE ON OUR *BACKS,* GUTHRIE--
--I'LL BE KEEPING ONE *BLADE* AT YOUR *NECKS!*
YEAH, THIS *TEAM-UP* THING IS WORKIN' OUT *REAL GOOD* SO FAR...
CHKKRZZZ
I HAVE A *LOCK* ON THE TEMPORAL SIGNATURES OF THE HELIX. JUST BE READY--
--BECAUSE WE MIGHT BE *BODYSLIDING* SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A *FIREFIGHT!*
WHO WOULD EXPECT ANYTHING LESS?
LET'S MOVE OUT!


WE NEED AN SUV, EDDIE. THERE'S HARDLY ANY ROOM IN HERE.
IT'S FRONT, MAN! YOU GOT TO LOOK IMPRESSIVE TO IMPRESS!
WHY IS MY PRESENCE REQUIRED FOR THIS?
BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT A MUTIE, SANO. EDDIE TRUSTS YOU.
Why didn't he just paint a target for the police on the car?
MY MAN! JUST IN TIME!
THE FIRST PART OF YOUR PAYMENT, AS PROMISED. IF ALL GOES AS PLANNED, YOU WILL HAVE MORE TO SELL LATER.
AND WE'LL OWN NEW YORK!
YOU HAD BETTER CARRY THROUGH ON YOUR ENTIRE PART OF THIS DEAL, EDDIE.
SURE-- DON'T WORRY!
LET'S GET THIS STUFF LOADED, EDDIE.
THAT FOUL CIGAR! I CAN'T SMELL A THING-- *COUGH*
Cobra's right--but the cigar masks my smell, so I can't complain. Much. Leave, you two. I want the bags in Eddie's trunk!


There are a couple of ways to do this. Follow Eddie to his storehouse, then call in the NYPD. That only nets a few dozen assault rifles.
I TOLD YOU THIS WAS GONNA WORK OUT BIG FOR US--
SLOW DOWN! YOU WANNA GET PULLED OVER WITH THOSE GUNS IN THE BACK? OR THOSE PASSPORTS?
WHAT HAVE THE COPS GOT? WE HAVE GUNS THAT'RE SO STATE-OF-THE-ART, THE ARMY DOESN'T HAVE THEM IN IRAQ YET!
Or...I could play basketball with Eddie's head until he tells me everything.
YEAH, BUT ONLY ONE'S READY, AND IT'S IN THE TRUNK!
I HAVE A COUPLE OF WAYS I CAN PLAY THIS: I FOLLOW HER TO WHEREVER SHE'S GOING WITH WHOEVER SHE'S FOLLOWING AND WAIT FOR THEM TO LEAVE BEFORE MAKING MY MOVE...
OR--I CAN JUST GO FOR IT!
ONE-ON-ONE! MANO-A-WOMANOOOOO-d!
HOLY-- YOU SEE THAT MUTIE FREAK UP THERE?
DEADPOOL?!


INCOMING!
IT'S THAT CRAZY COSTUME! WHERE'D HE COME FROM?!?
BEAT IT! I'M WORKING HERE--
JACKASS! I'M TAILING A SUSPECT!
RIVERSIDE
YOU'RE ENGAGED IN SUSPICIOUS BEHAVIOR. I'M TAKIN' YOU IN.


YOU'RE NO *COP!*
WHAT? OH, RIGHT-- I'M NOT. BUT I'M GETTING *PAID* A GREAT DEAL OF *MONEY* TO BRING YOU IN FOR GRAND *LARCENY*--
"*GRAND LARCENY*"? WHO DO YOU THINK I *AM?*
BLACK CAT, OF COURSE. DON'T MAKE ME SHOOT YOU.
OH, FOR--! *GENIUS*, I'M WEARING *WHITE*.
I *WONDERED* ABOUT THAT--
BAM BAM BAM
FIRST PEOPLE MISTAKE ME FOR *EMMA FROST*, NOW YOU THINK I'M *BLACK CAT*. THE NAME IS *WHITE TIGER. WHITE TIGER!*
WHITE TI-*GRRRR*--CHECK.
IF YOU'RE NOT BLACK CAT, THEN I'M DONE. BUT FIRST-- THE OLSEN TWINS: GOOD? EVIL? OR PART OF THE ELABORATE C.I.A. PLOT?
THE ELABORATE C.I.A. PLOT. *EVERYBODY* KNOWS THAT.
THANKS AGAIN! GOOD NIGHT, WHITE TI-*GRRRRRRRR...*
LUNATICS! YOU COSTUMES ARE ALL *LUNATICS!*


ULP!
I SAID NON-ALCOHOLIC BEER, LUKE! YOU KNOW I CAN'T DRINK ANYMORE!
SORRY ABOUT THAT--MORE FOR ME.
OKAY, WADE--END OF THE LINE!
CAN I HELP YOU?
WHAT--WHAT IS IT, JOHN?
I NEED YOUR HELP.

MUTANT 'CABLE' OFFERS AMNESTY

Fleeing 'Masks' May Find Safe Haven

By KEN ELLIS
***BUGLE* STAFF WRITER**

PROVIDENCE–The United States' Superhuman Registration Act took a turn for the strange, and perhaps even deadly, here in the South Pacific island of Providence.

The mysterious mutant known as Cable, who created the island colony as an attempt to build a "utopian society," has extended an offer of amnesty and safe haven to those fleeing the Superhuman Registration Act.

"I have seen the future, and this path leads only to ruin," Cable said in a statement released to media worldwide. "I will not allow mankind to repeat the sins of my past. A list of names leads to an eye on every corner which, ultimately, inevitably, leads to tyranny."

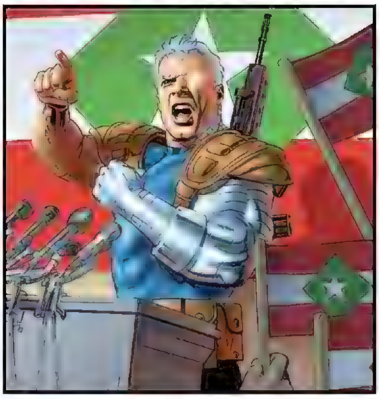
Cable's reference to the "sins" of his past could be taken literally. Little is known about the man described as both "mutant terrorist" and "mutant freedom fighter," but rumors persist that Cable actually *is* from the future, and has traveled back to our time. Cable—the founder of the cult-like Askani "religion," practiced by several thousand people worldwide—is a brilliant military strategist and tactician.

It's these talents that recently allowed him to take over the Eastern-European nation of Rumekistan, wresting it from the control of the terrorist known as "Flag-Smasher." This move, combined with the amnesty offer in Providence, puts Cable on the map as a potential world power broker, with multiple bases of operations.

At this early juncture, no one knows what will happen with Cable's offer of amnesty. Providence may see a small trickle of superhuman refugees, or a veritable flood. Past history indicates that when large groups of superhumans gather, strife usually results. The streets of Providence may run red with blood, despite Cable's offer of peace.

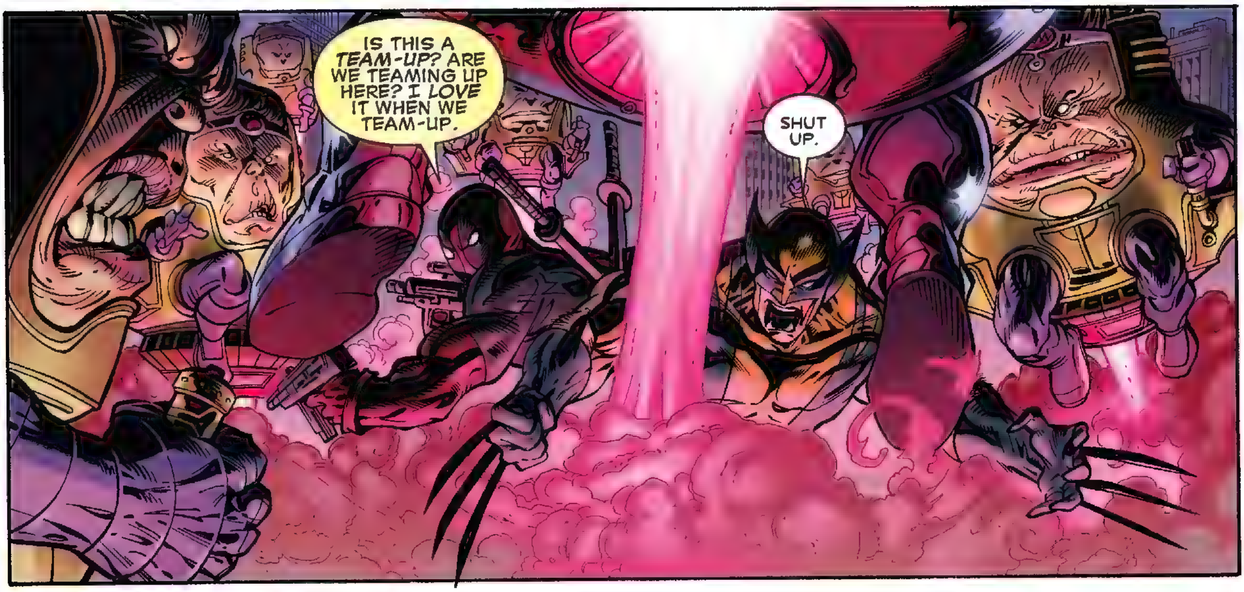
And the first salvo may already have been fired. While details remain sketchy, many reports place the hired assassin known as Deadpool in Cable's vicinity. This is the same Deadpool who is now a licensed operative of the United States government, acting as a bounty hunter to bring to justice those superhumans who have refused to follow the parameters of the Act.

While the government itself has denied reports of a larger initiative using superhuman operatives to track down fellow renegade "masks," Deadpool himself was quick to comment. "Not that I'm saying there's a list, but let's say there was a list. Well, there's a couple of names on that list, is what I'm saying. Captain America, of course, numero uno traitor, right? Second on that list: Squirrel Girl. Don't ask. Third could very well be that rabble-rousing pal o'mine, Cable. Lordy knows I have killed people for less."

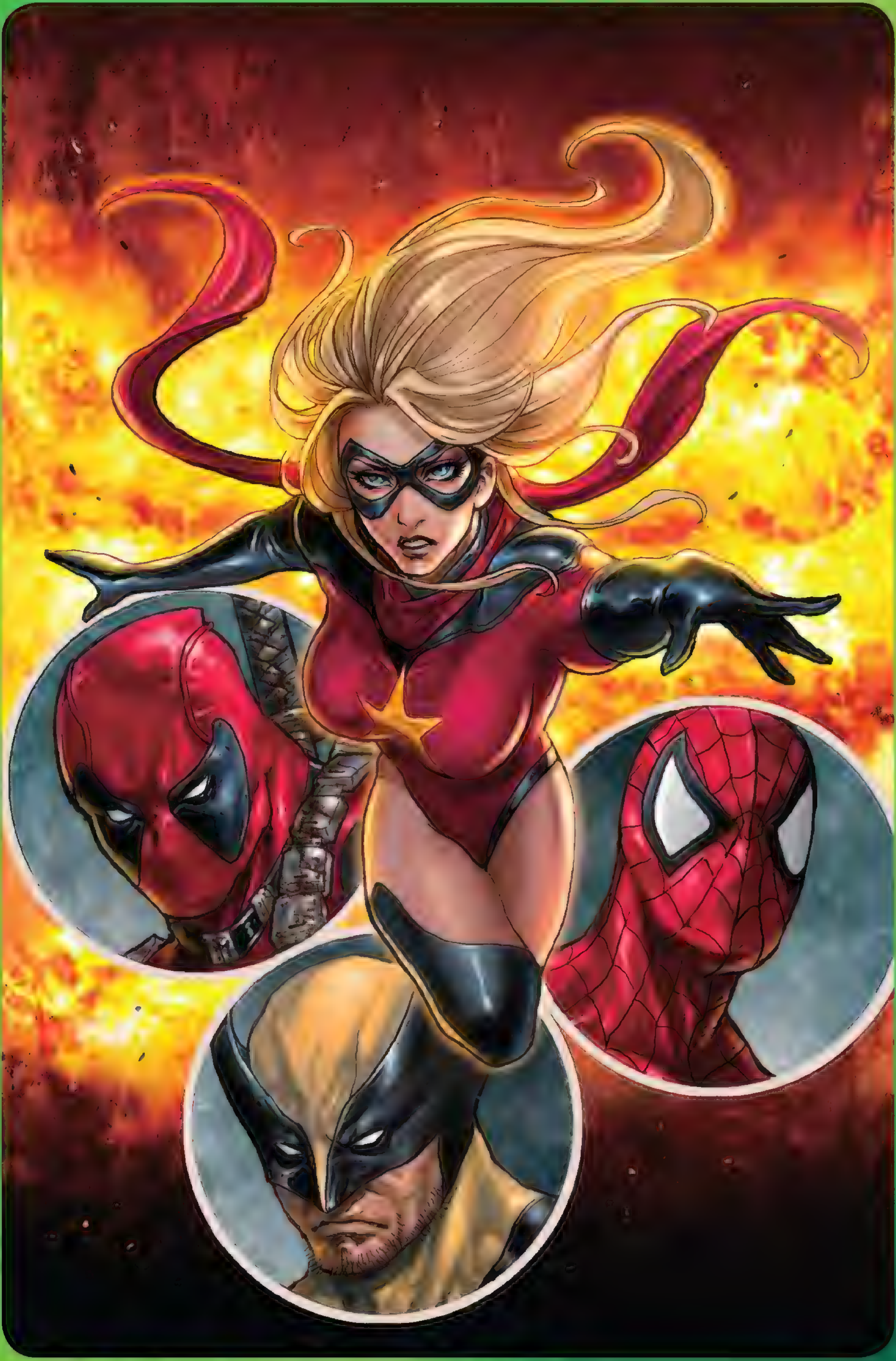


CABLE GUY: Cable's (Nathan Summers) utopian society?

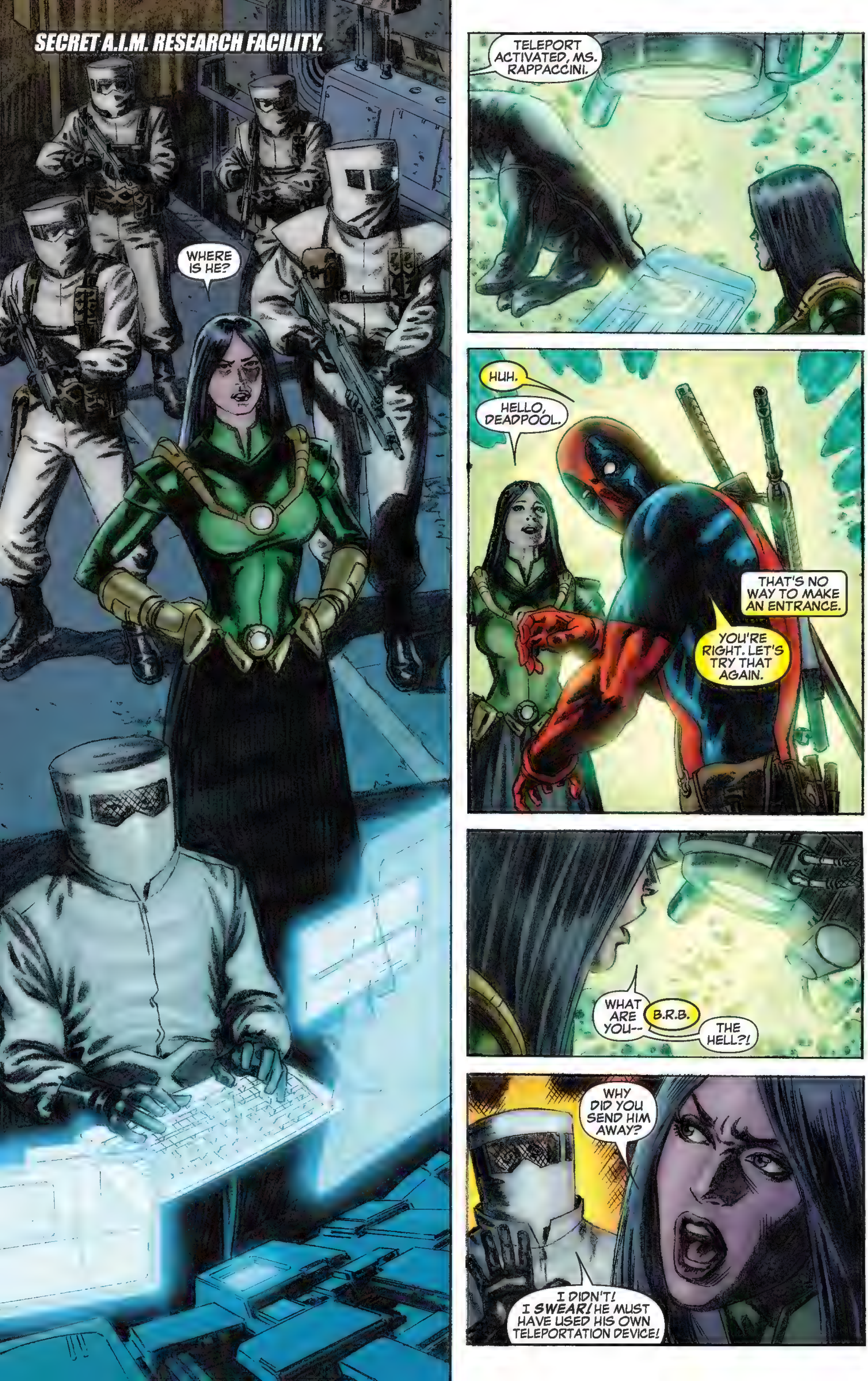
Story continues in *Cable & Deadpool #31*

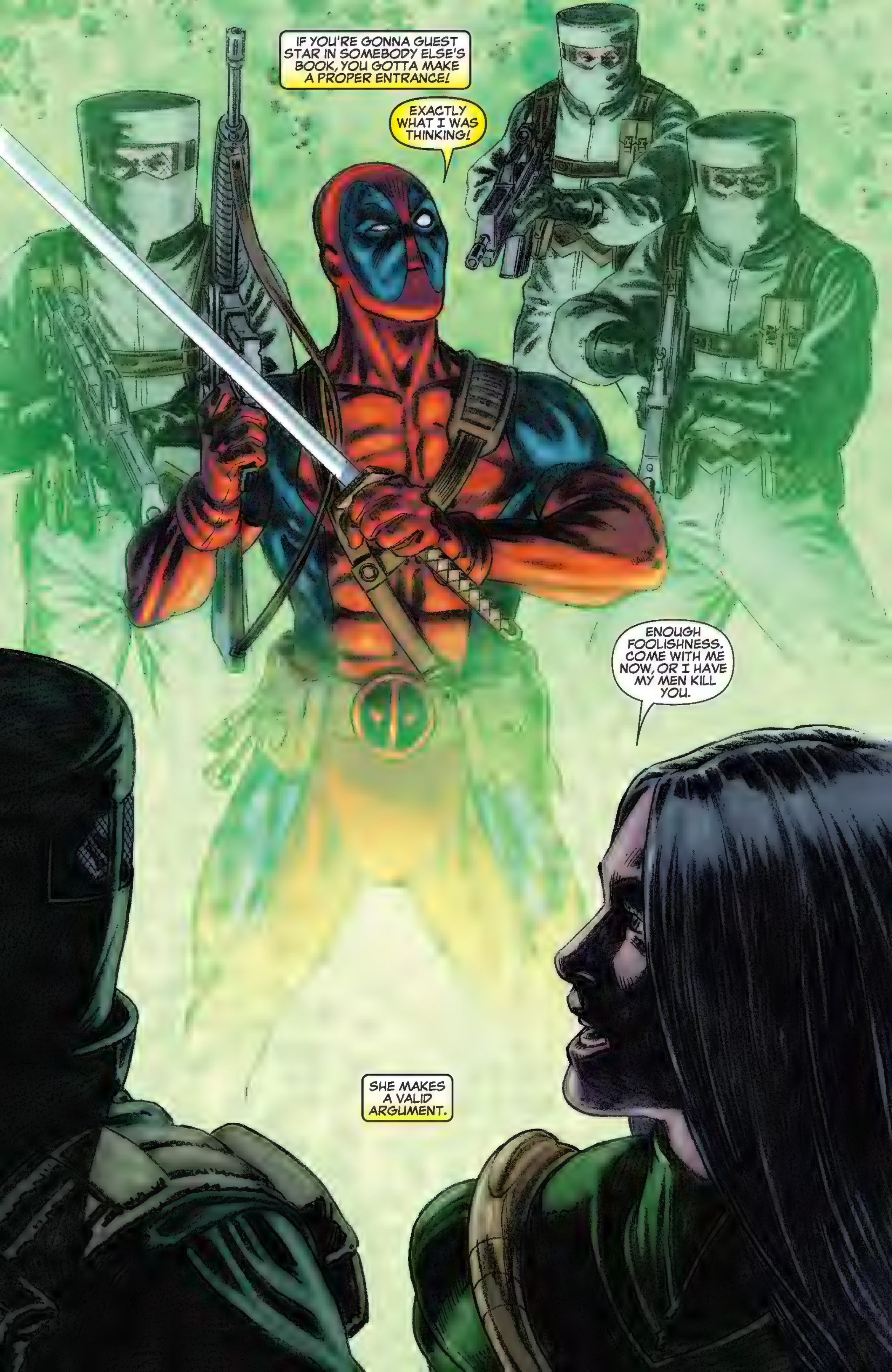

IS THIS A *TEAM-UP*? ARE WE TEAMING UP HERE? I *LOVE* IT WHEN WE TEAM-UP.
SHUT UP.

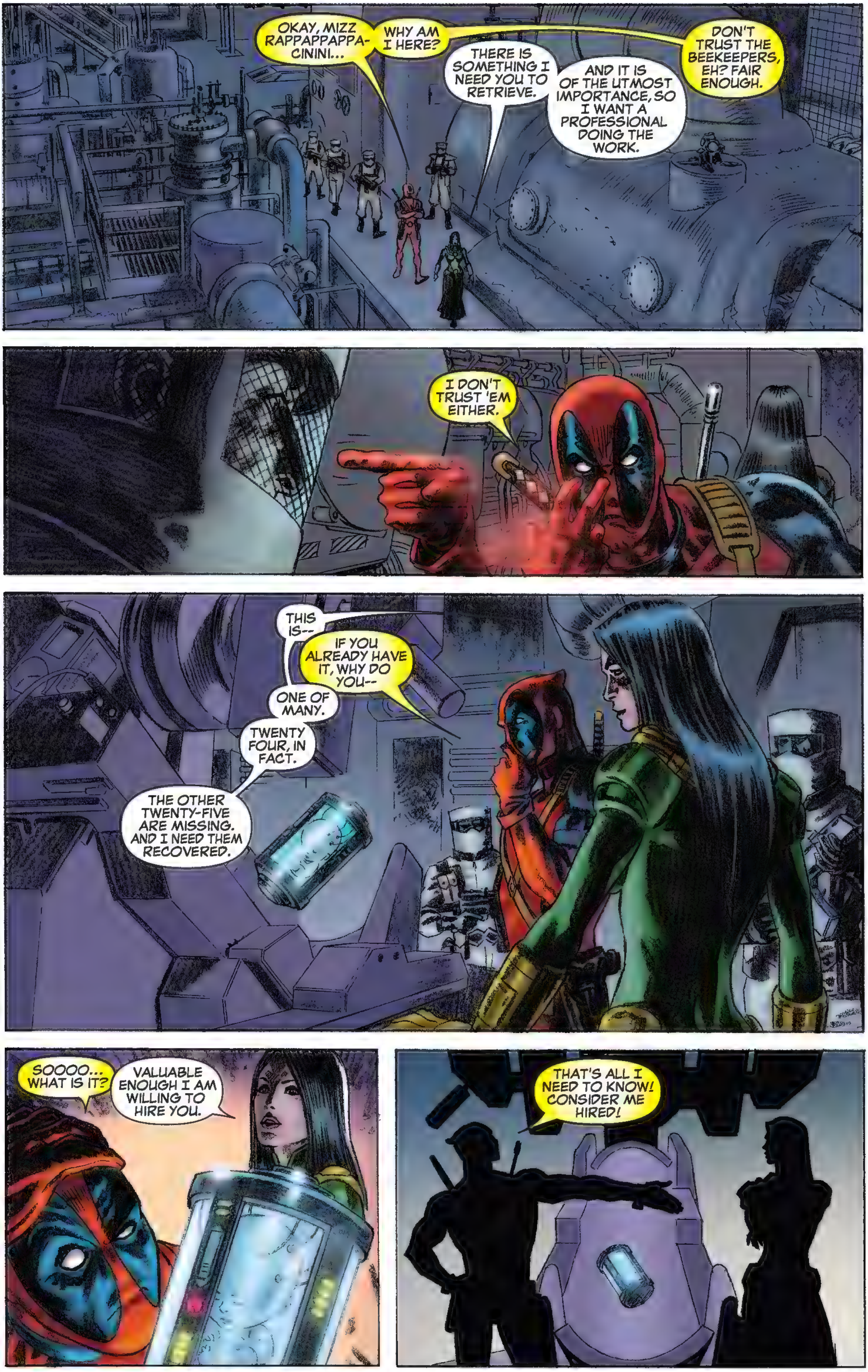
Carol Danvers, the original Ms. Marvel, recently died when her powers overloaded, evaporating her. Meanwhile, Norman Osborn became head of H.A.M.M.E.R. and built his own Avengers team, staffing it with disguised villains — including the amoral Moonstone as his new "Ms. Marvel." While protecting baby M.O.D.O.K.s that she liberated from an A.I.M. cell, Moonstone was attacked by a woman made of energy…

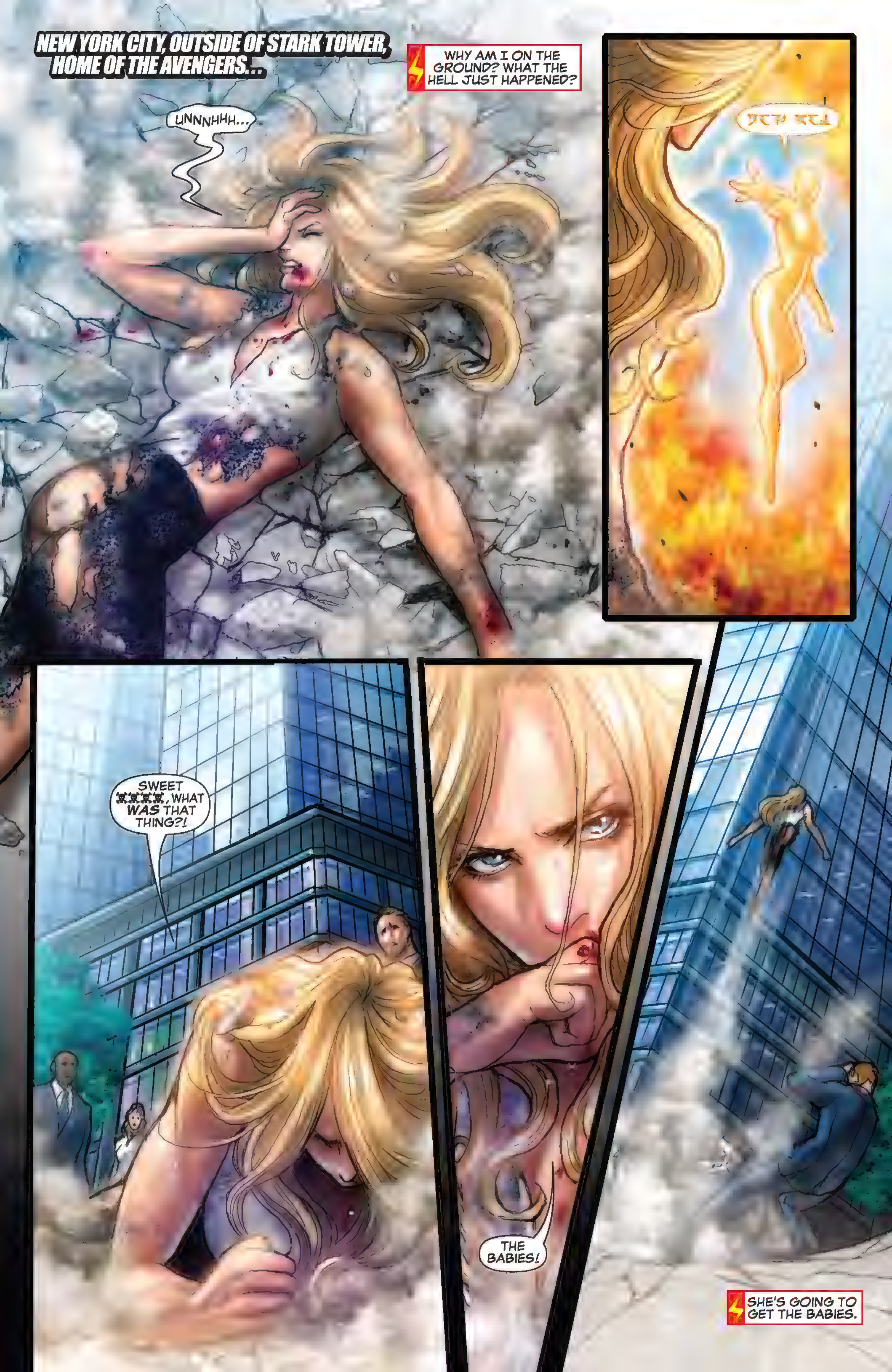


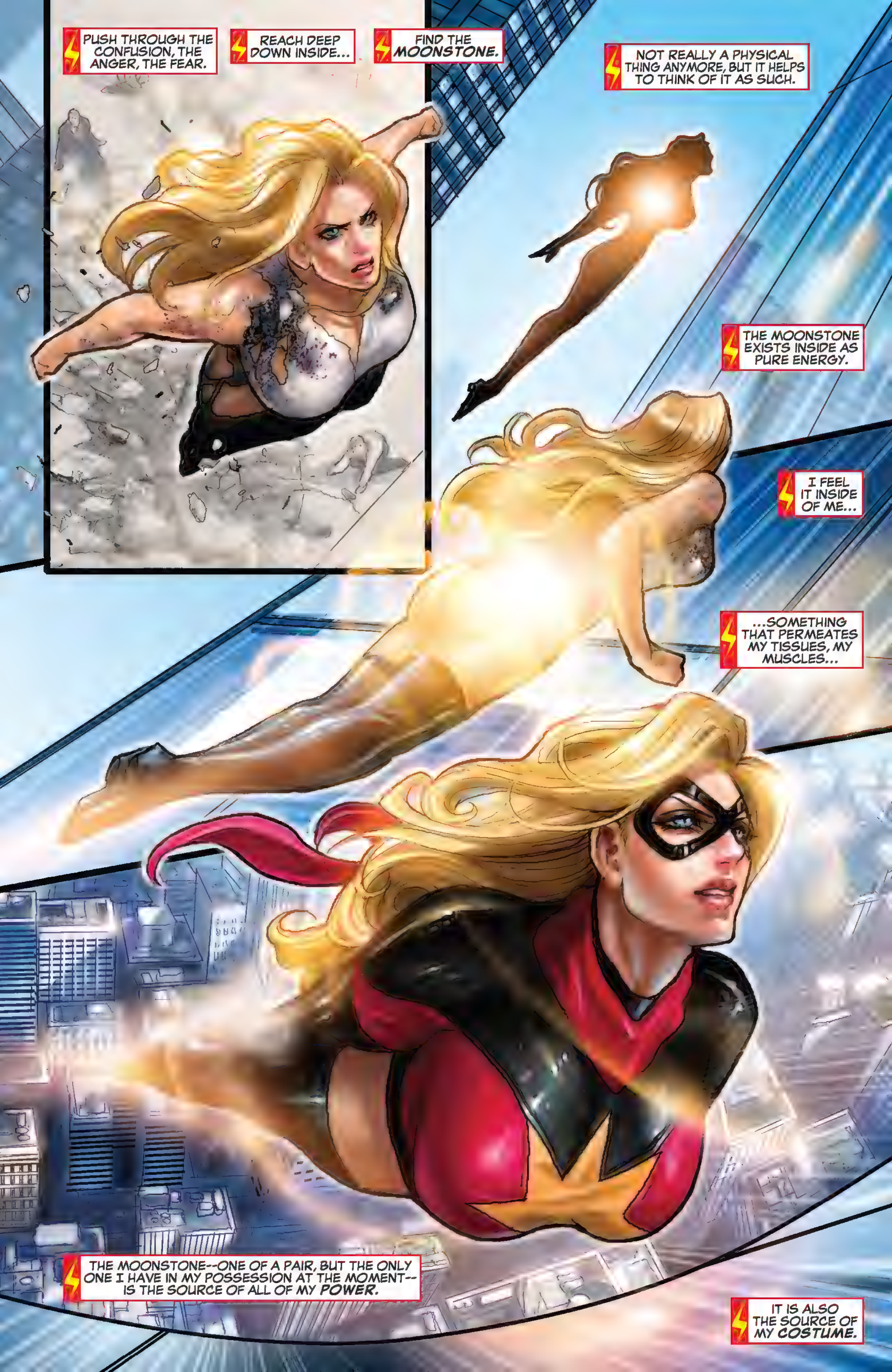
MS. MARVEL (2006) #40

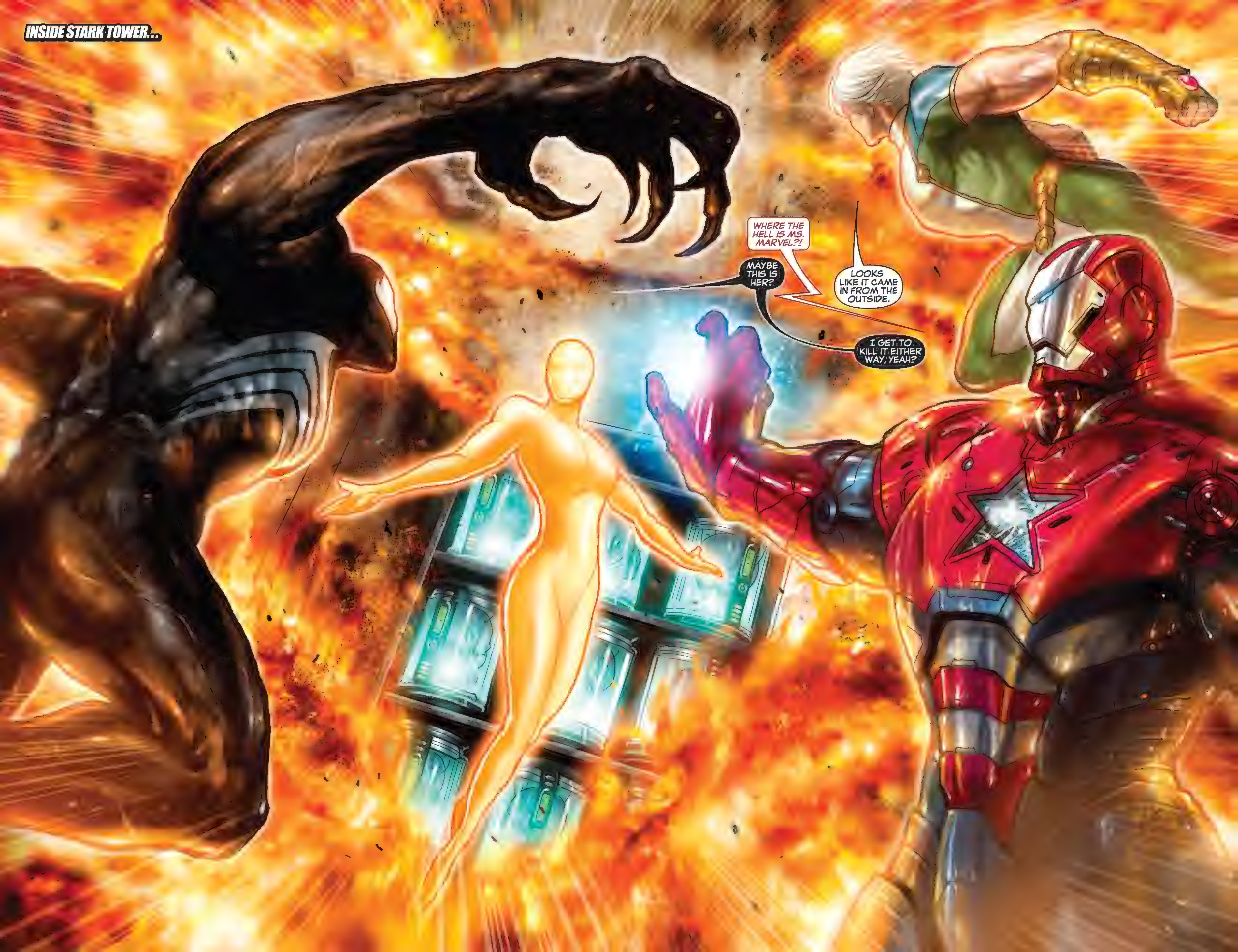

SECRET A.I.M. RESEARCH FACILITY.
WHERE IS HE?
TELEPORT ACTIVATED, MS. RAPPACCINI.
HUH.
HELLO, DEADPOOL.
THAT'S NO WAY TO MAKE AN ENTRANCE.
YOU'RE RIGHT. LET'S TRY THAT AGAIN.
WHAT ARE YOU--
B.R.B.
THE HELL?!
WHY DID YOU SEND HIM AWAY?
I DIDN'T! I *SWEAR!* HE MUST HAVE USED HIS OWN TELEPORTATION DEVICE!

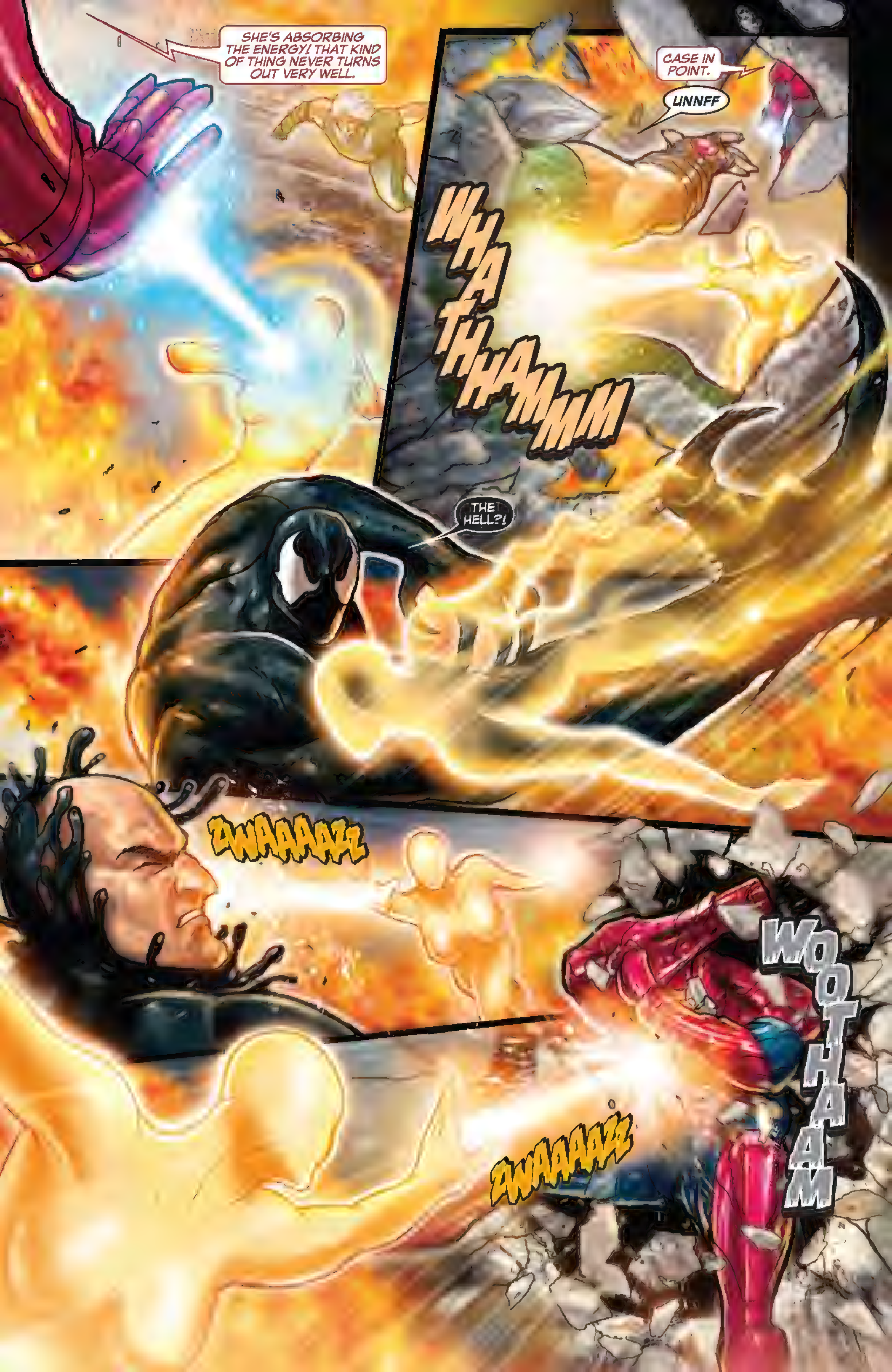

IF YOU'RE GONNA GUEST STAR IN SOMEBODY ELSE'S BOOK, YOU GOTTA MAKE A PROPER ENTRANCE!
EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING!
ENOUGH FOOLISHNESS. COME WITH ME NOW, OR I HAVE MY MEN KILL YOU.
SHE MAKES A VALID ARGUMENT.

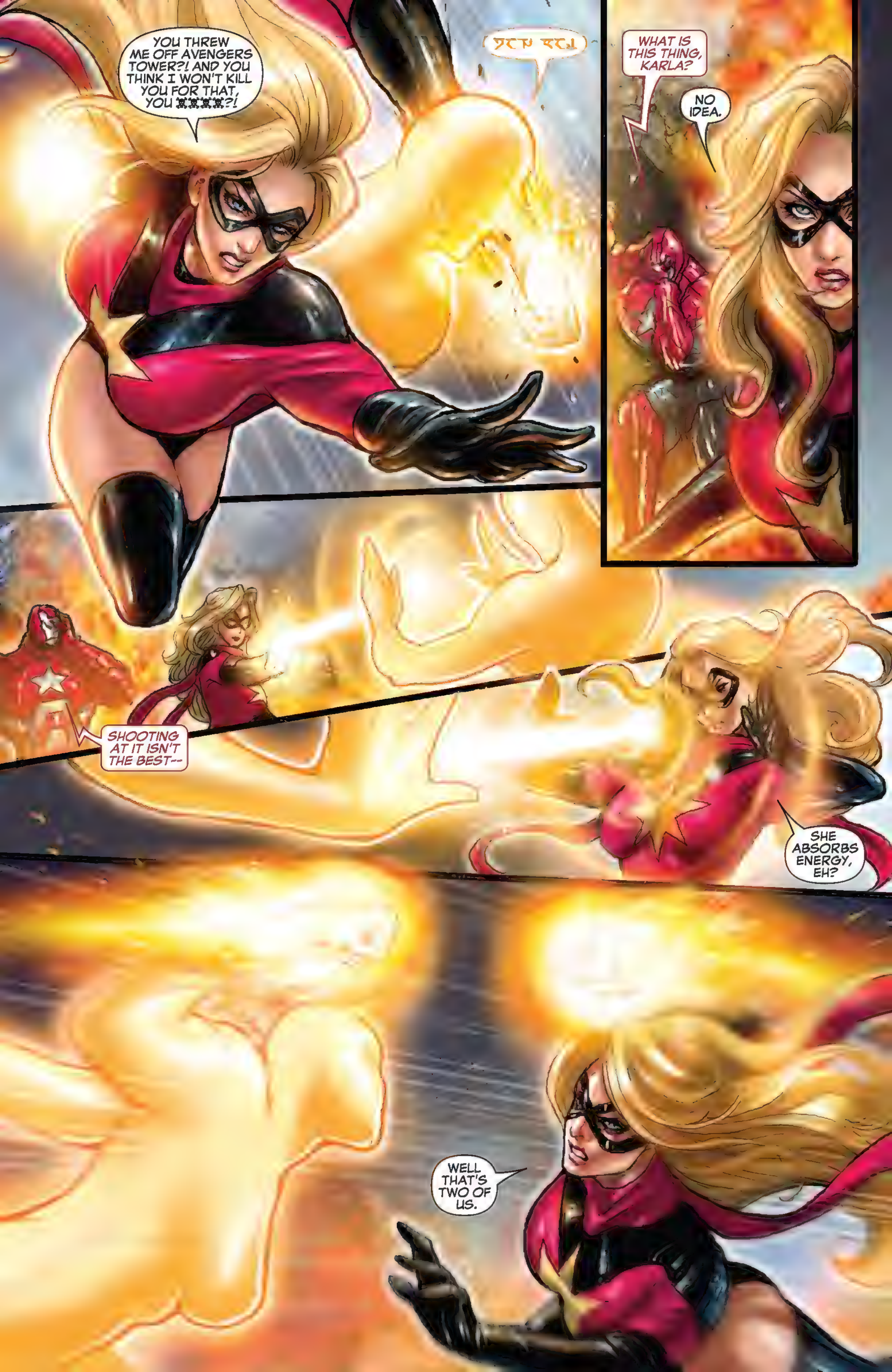

OKAY, MIZZ RAPPAPPAPPA-CININI...
WHY AM I HERE?
THERE IS SOMETHING I NEED YOU TO RETRIEVE.
AND IT IS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE, SO I WANT A PROFESSIONAL DOING THE WORK.
DON'T TRUST THE BEEKEEPERS, EH? FAIR ENOUGH.
I DON'T TRUST 'EM EITHER.
THIS IS--
IF YOU ALREADY HAVE IT, WHY DO YOU--
ONE OF MANY.
TWENTY FOUR, IN FACT.
THE OTHER TWENTY-FIVE ARE MISSING. AND I NEED THEM RECOVERED.
SOOOO... WHAT IS IT?
VALUABLE ENOUGH I AM WILLING TO HIRE YOU.
THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW! CONSIDER ME HIRED!

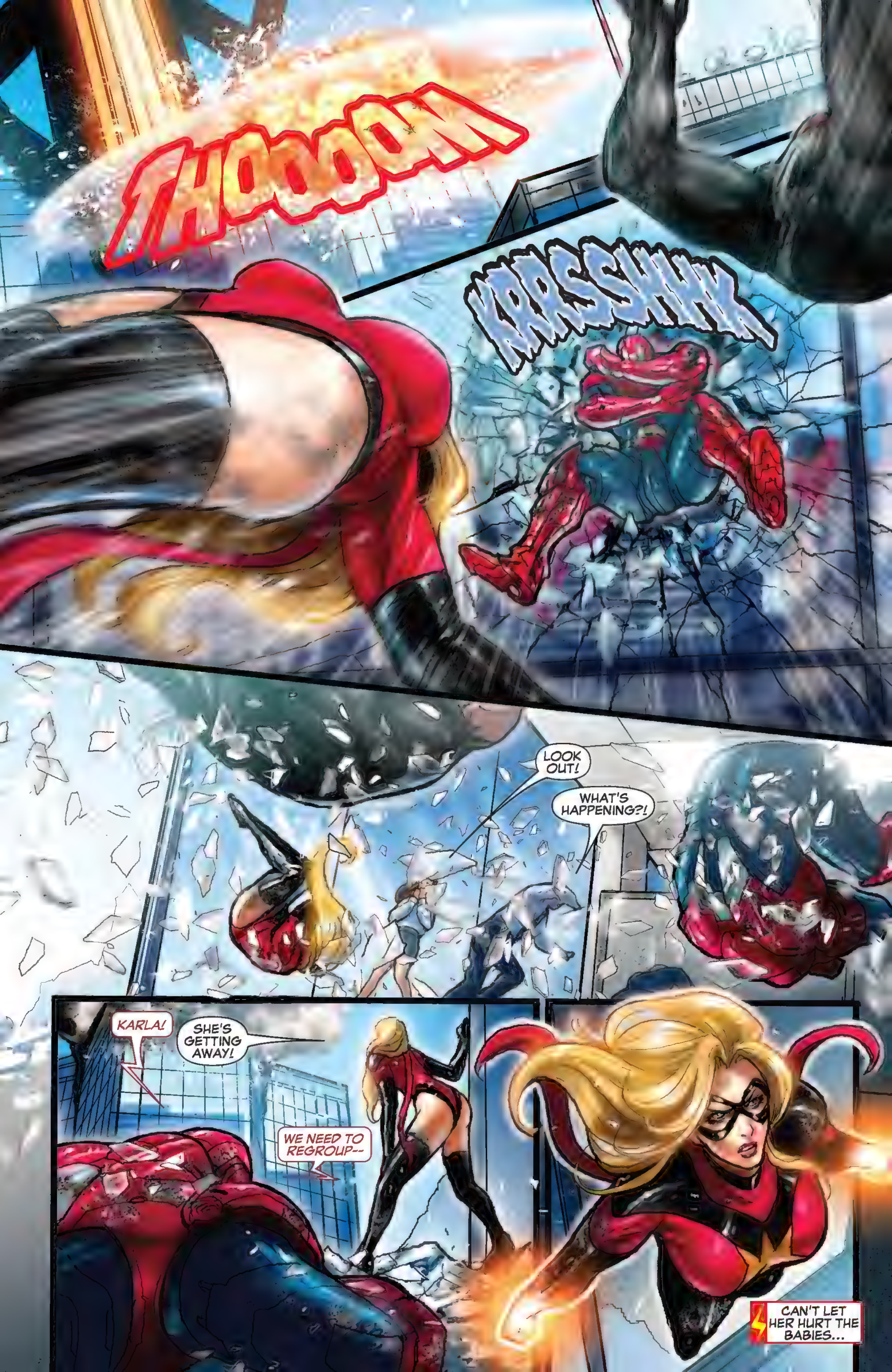

NEW YORK CITY, OUTSIDE OF STARK TOWER, HOME OF THE AVENGERS...
WHY AM I ON THE GROUND? WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED?
UNNNHHH...
SWEET ☠☠☠☠, WHAT WAS THAT THING?!
THE BABIES!
SHE'S GOING TO GET THE BABIES.

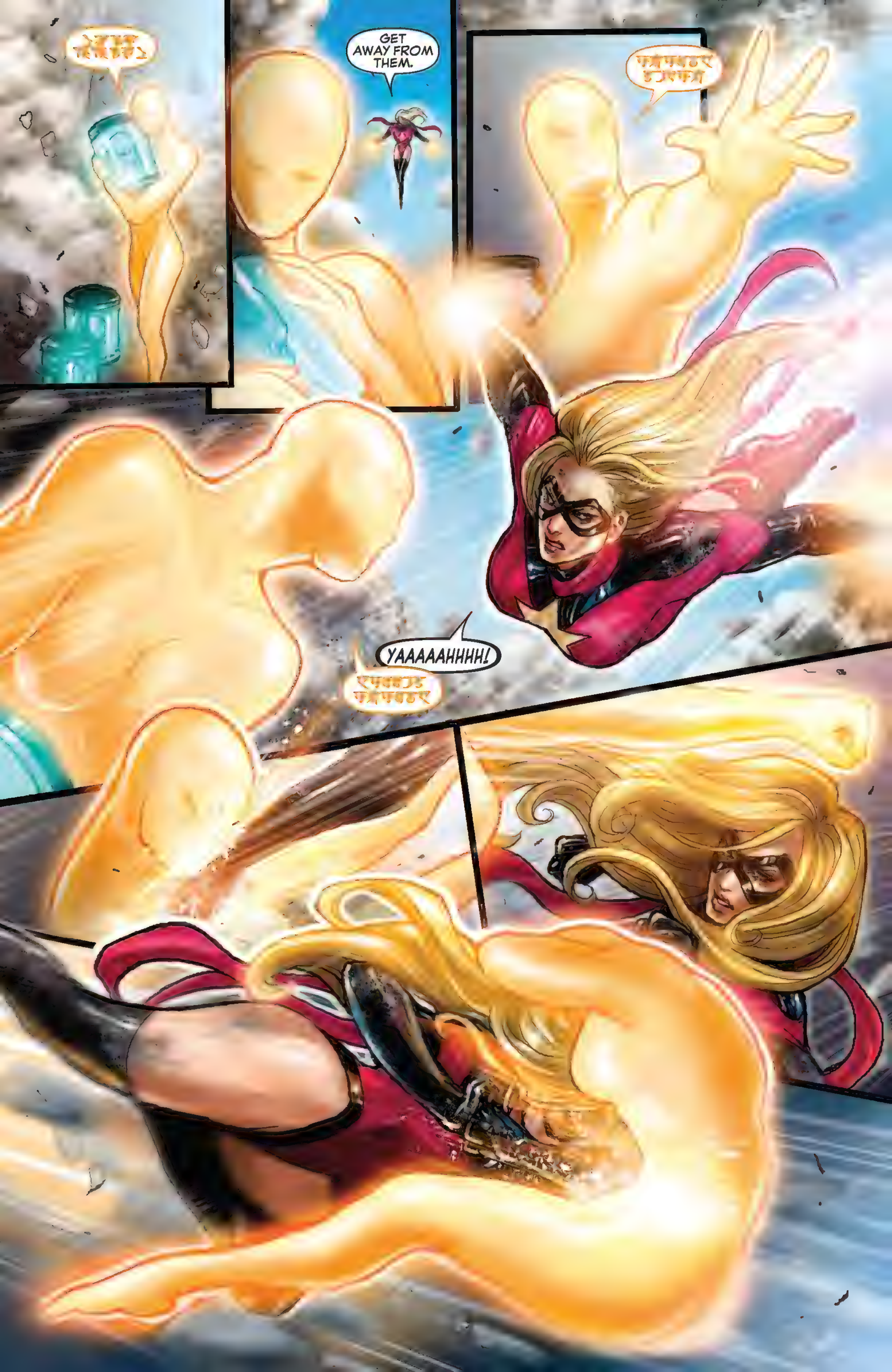

PUSH THROUGH THE CONFUSION, THE ANGER, THE FEAR.
REACH DEEP DOWN INSIDE...
FIND THE ***MOONSTONE.***
NOT REALLY A PHYSICAL THING ANYMORE, BUT IT HELPS TO THINK OF IT AS SUCH.
THE MOONSTONE EXISTS INSIDE AS PURE ENERGY.
I FEEL IT INSIDE OF ME...
...SOMETHING THAT PERMEATES MY TISSUES, MY MUSCLES...
THE MOONSTONE--ONE OF A PAIR, BUT THE ONLY ONE I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION AT THE MOMENT--IS THE SOURCE OF ALL OF MY ***POWER.***
IT IS ALSO THE SOURCE OF MY ***COSTUME.***

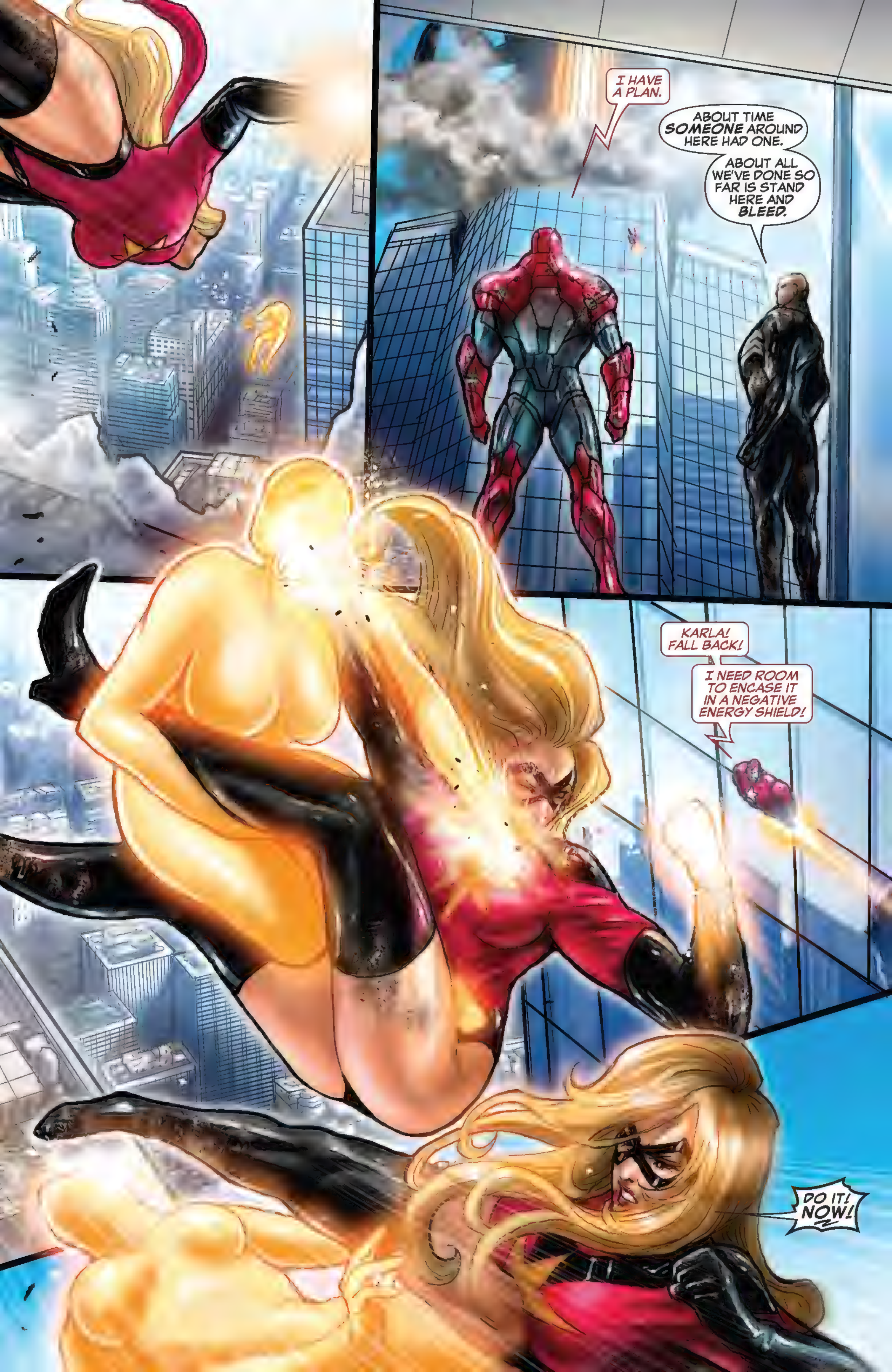

INSIDE STARK TOWER...
WHERE THE HELL IS MS. MARVEL?!
MAYBE THIS IS HER?
LOOKS LIKE IT CAME IN FROM THE OUTSIDE.
I GET TO KILL IT EITHER WAY, YEAH?

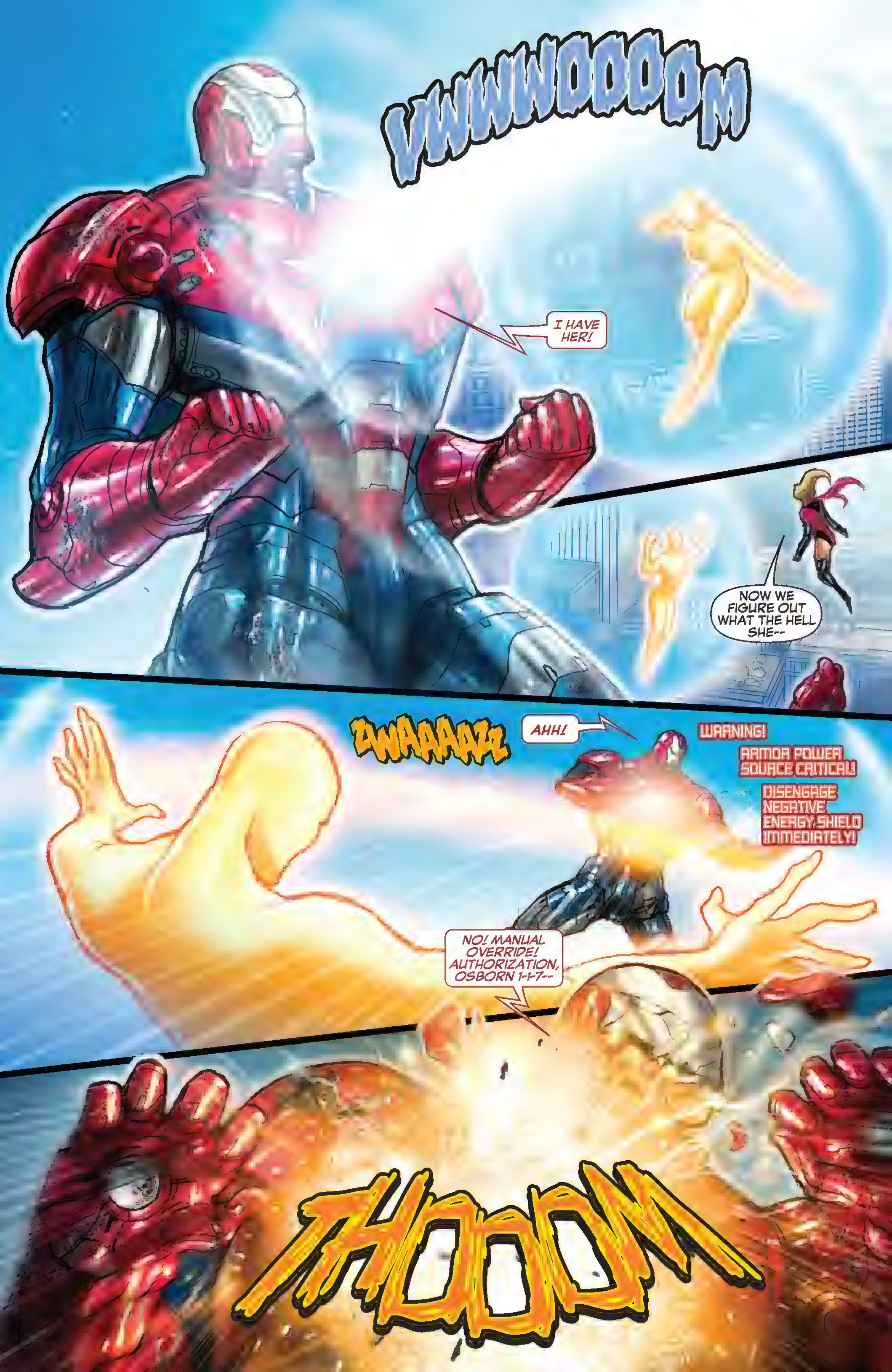

SHE'S ABSORBING THE ENERGY! THAT KIND OF THING NEVER TURNS OUT VERY WELL.
CASE IN POINT.
UNNFF
WHHAATHHAMMMM
THE HELL?!
ZWAAAAZZ
WOOTHHAAM
ZWAAAAZZ

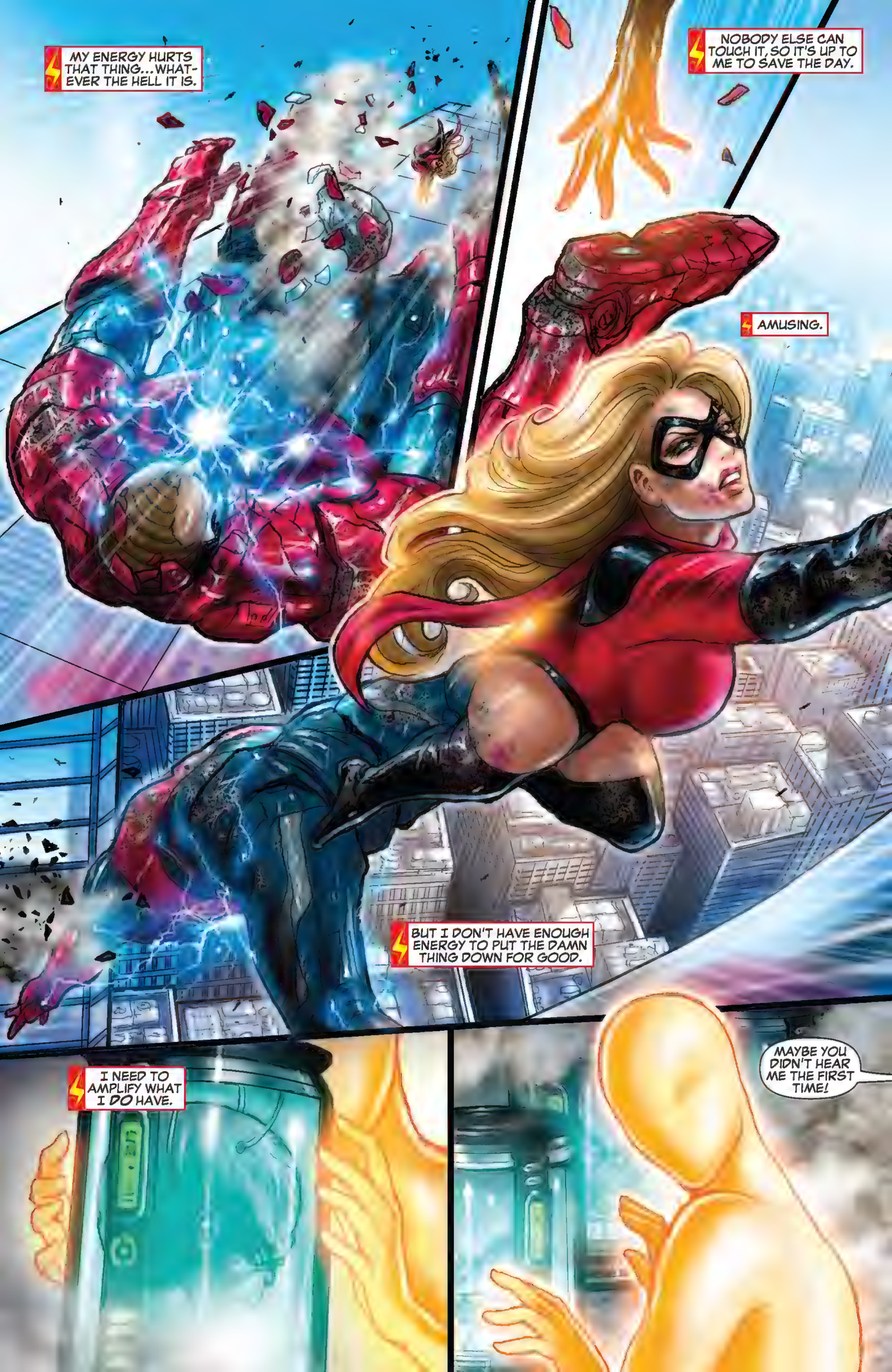

YOU THREW ME OFF AVENGERS TOWER?! AND YOU THINK I WON'T KILL YOU FOR THAT, YOU ☠☠☠☠?!
WHAT IS THIS THING, KARLA?
NO IDEA.
SHOOTING AT IT ISN'T THE BEST--
SHE ABSORBS ENERGY, EH?
WELL THAT'S TWO OF US.

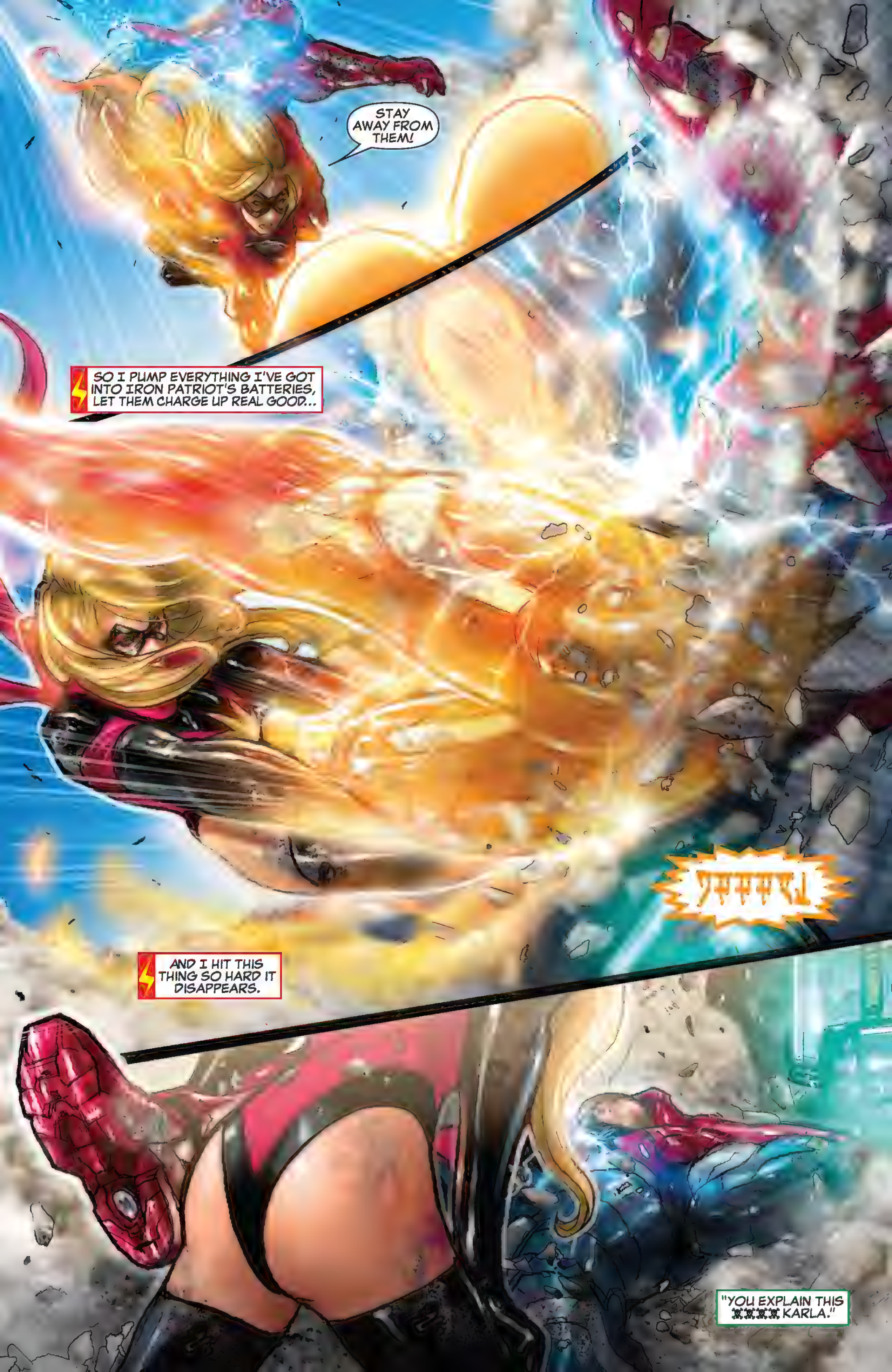

THOOOM
KRRSHHK
LOOK OUT!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
KARLA!
SHE'S GETTING AWAY!
WE NEED TO REGROUP--
CAN'T LET HER HURT THE BABIES...

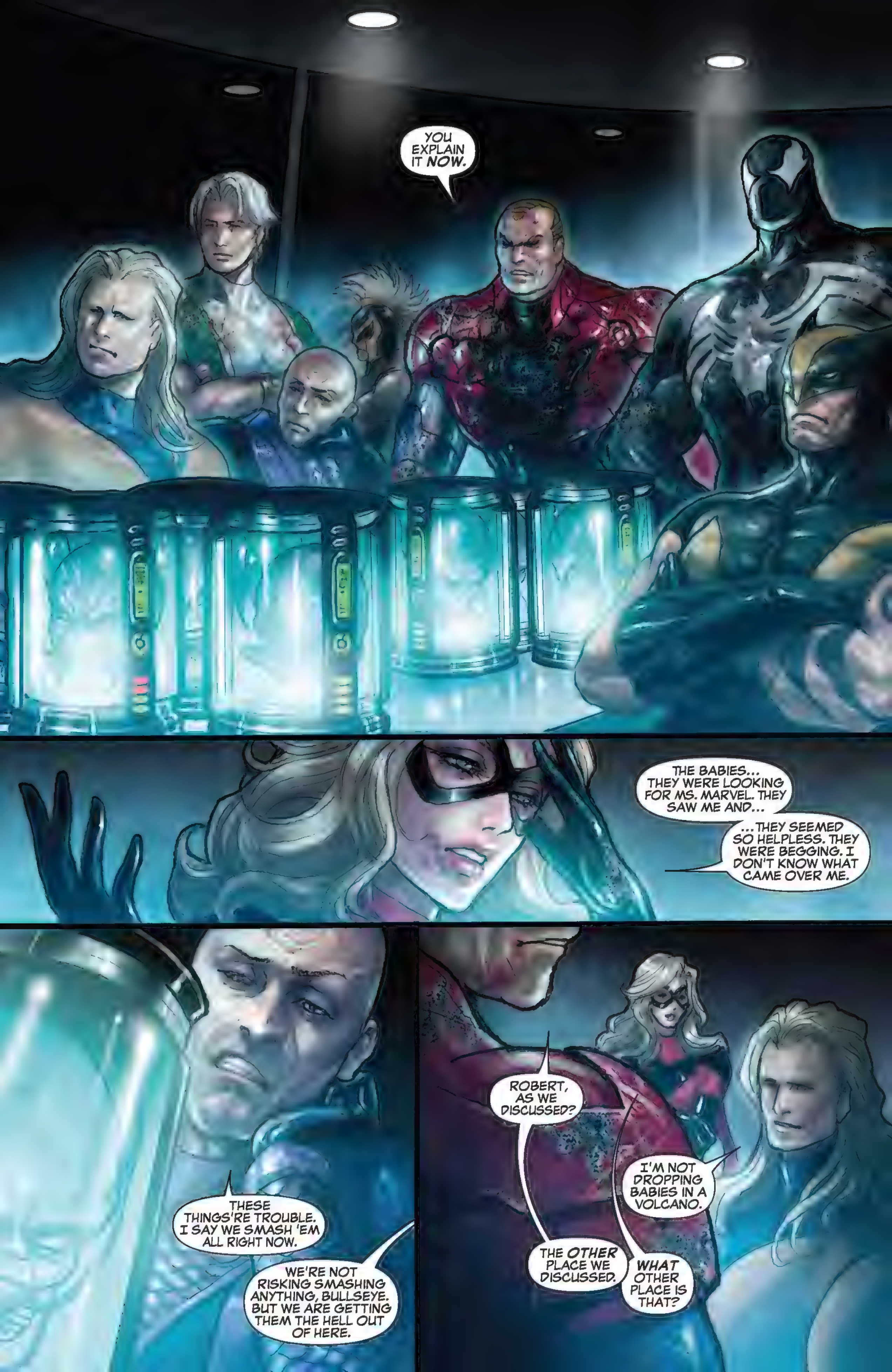

GET AWAY FROM THEM.
YAAAAAHHHH!

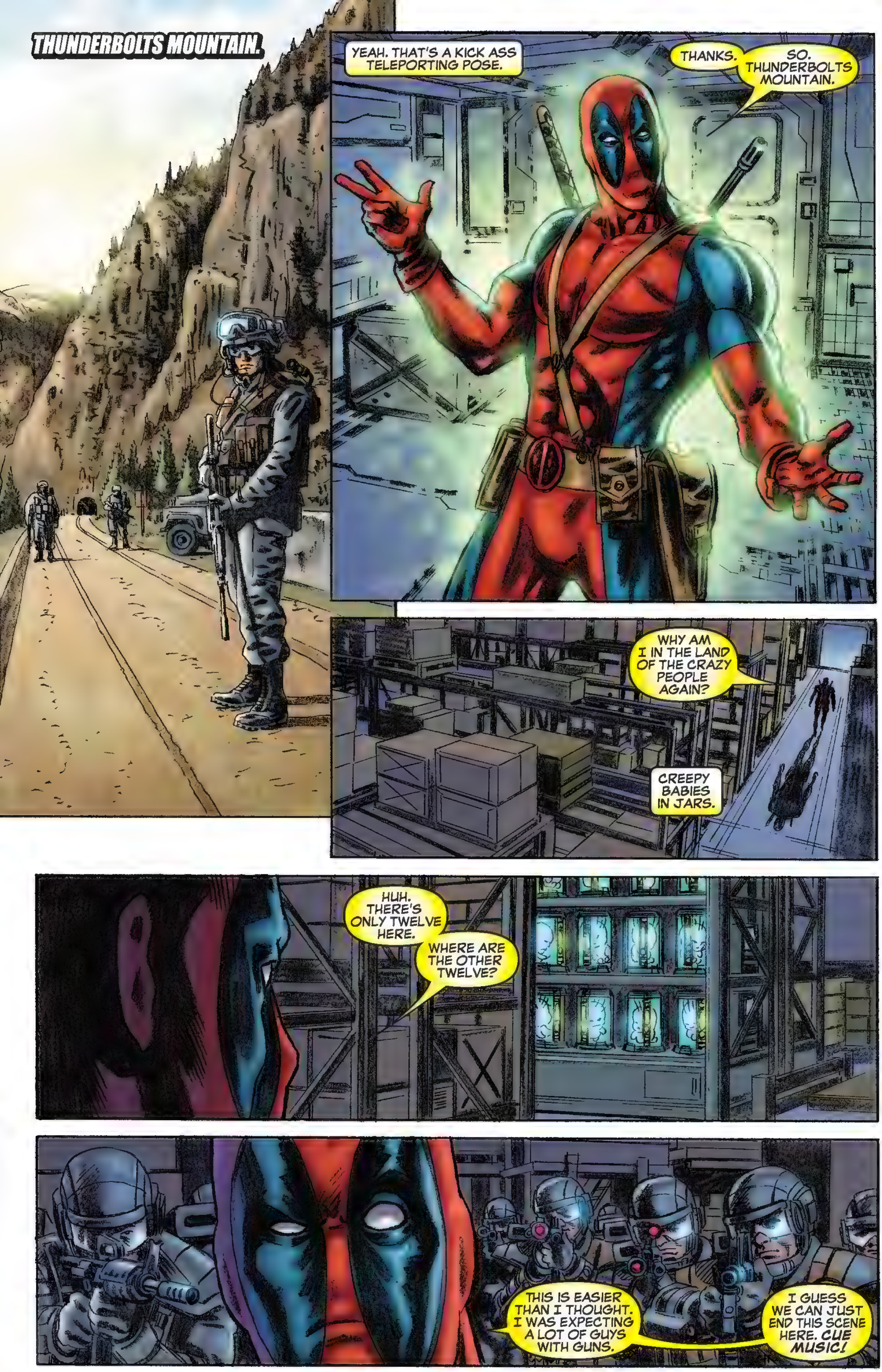

I HAVE A PLAN.
ABOUT TIME SOMEONE AROUND HERE HAD ONE.
ABOUT ALL WE'VE DONE SO FAR IS STAND HERE AND BLEED.
KARLA! FALL BACK!
I NEED ROOM TO ENCASE IT IN A NEGATIVE ENERGY SHIELD!
DO IT! NOW!

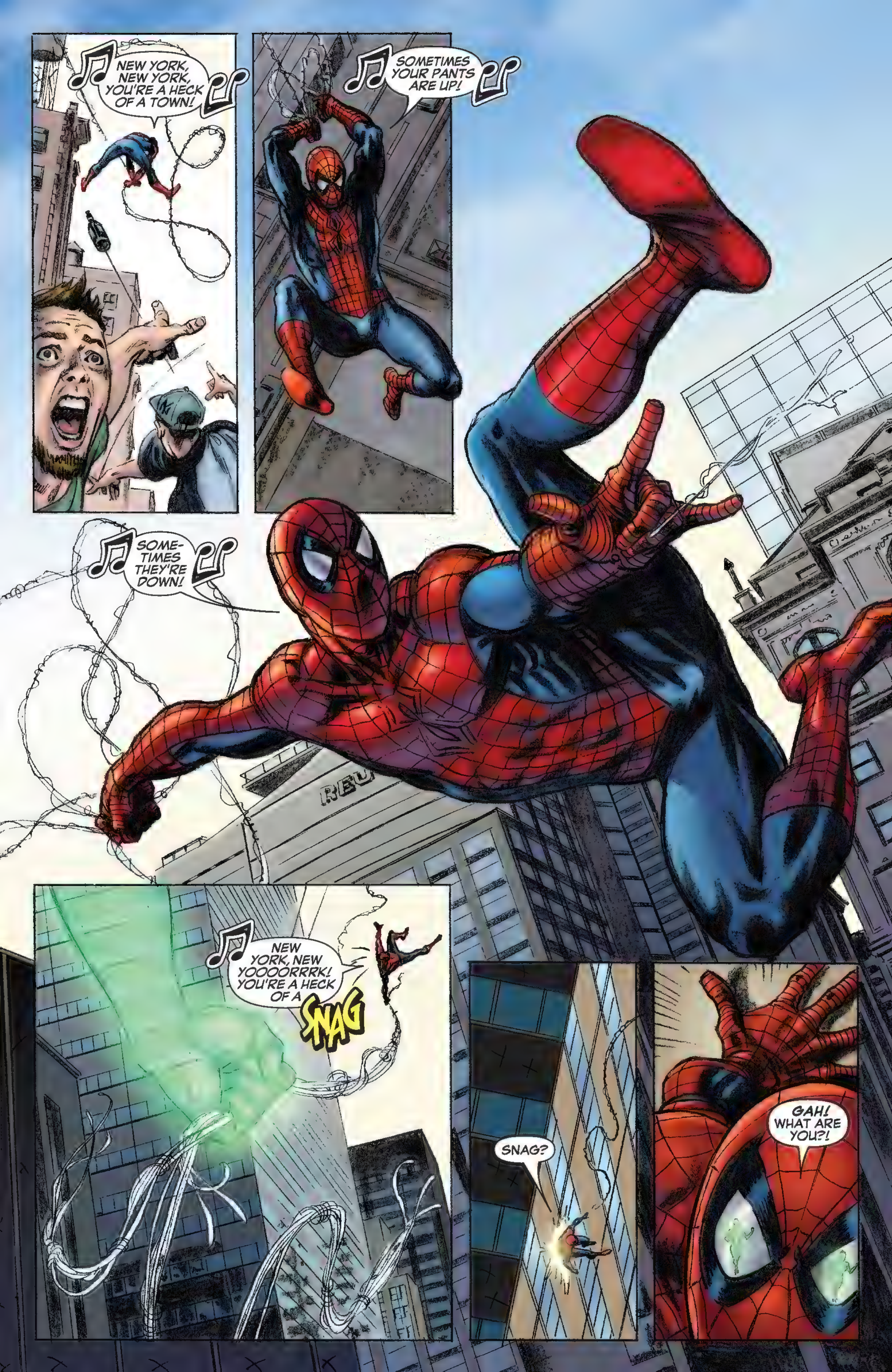

VWWWOOOOM
I HAVE HER!
NOW WE FIGURE OUT WHAT THE HELL SHE--
ZWAAAAZZ
AHH!
WARNING!
ARMOR POWER SOURCE CRITICAL!
DISENGAGE NEGATIVE ENERGY SHIELD IMMEDIATELY!
NO! MANUAL OVERRIDE! AUTHORIZATION, OSBORN 1-1-7--
THOOOM

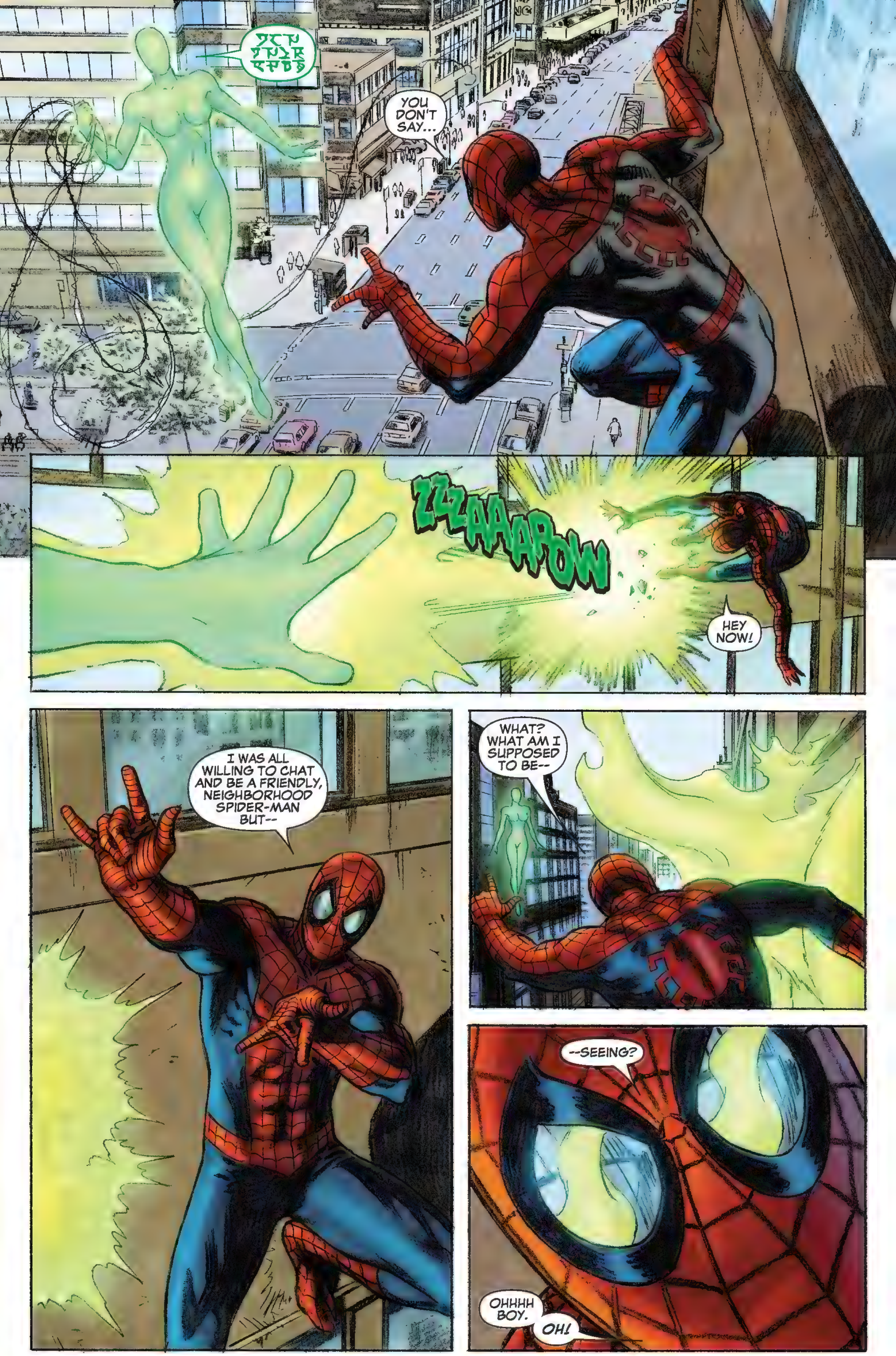

MY ENERGY HURTS THAT THING...WHATEVER THE HELL IT IS.
NOBODY ELSE CAN TOUCH IT, SO IT'S UP TO ME TO SAVE THE DAY.
AMUSING.
BUT I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH ENERGY TO PUT THE DAMN THING DOWN FOR GOOD.
I NEED TO AMPLIFY WHAT I *DO* HAVE.
MAYBE YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME THE FIRST TIME!

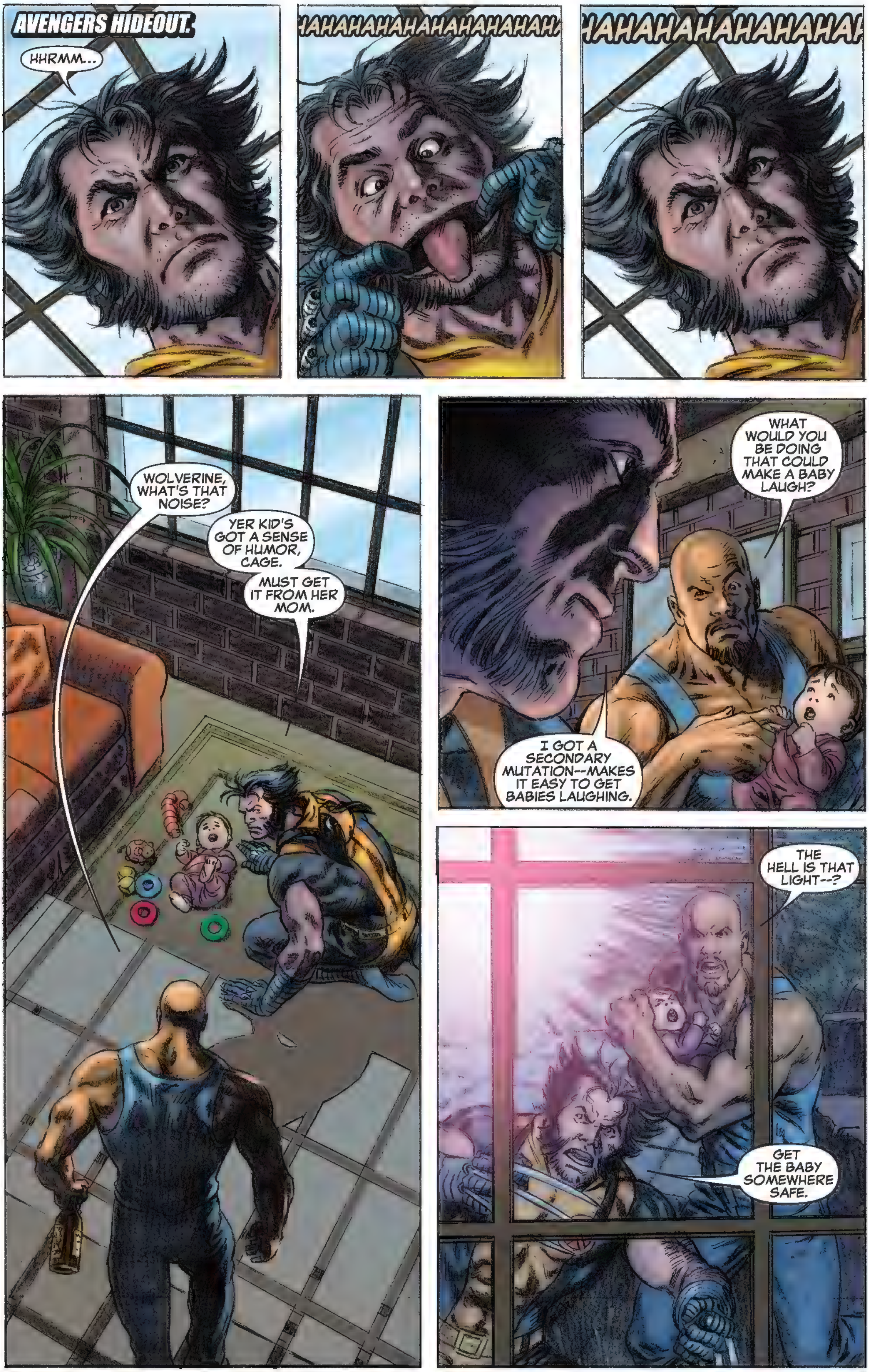

STAY AWAY FROM THEM!
SO I PUMP EVERYTHING I'VE GOT INTO IRON PATRIOT'S BATTERIES, LET THEM CHARGE UP REAL GOOD...
AND I HIT THIS THING SO HARD IT DISAPPEARS.
"YOU EXPLAIN THIS ☠☠☠☠ KARLA."

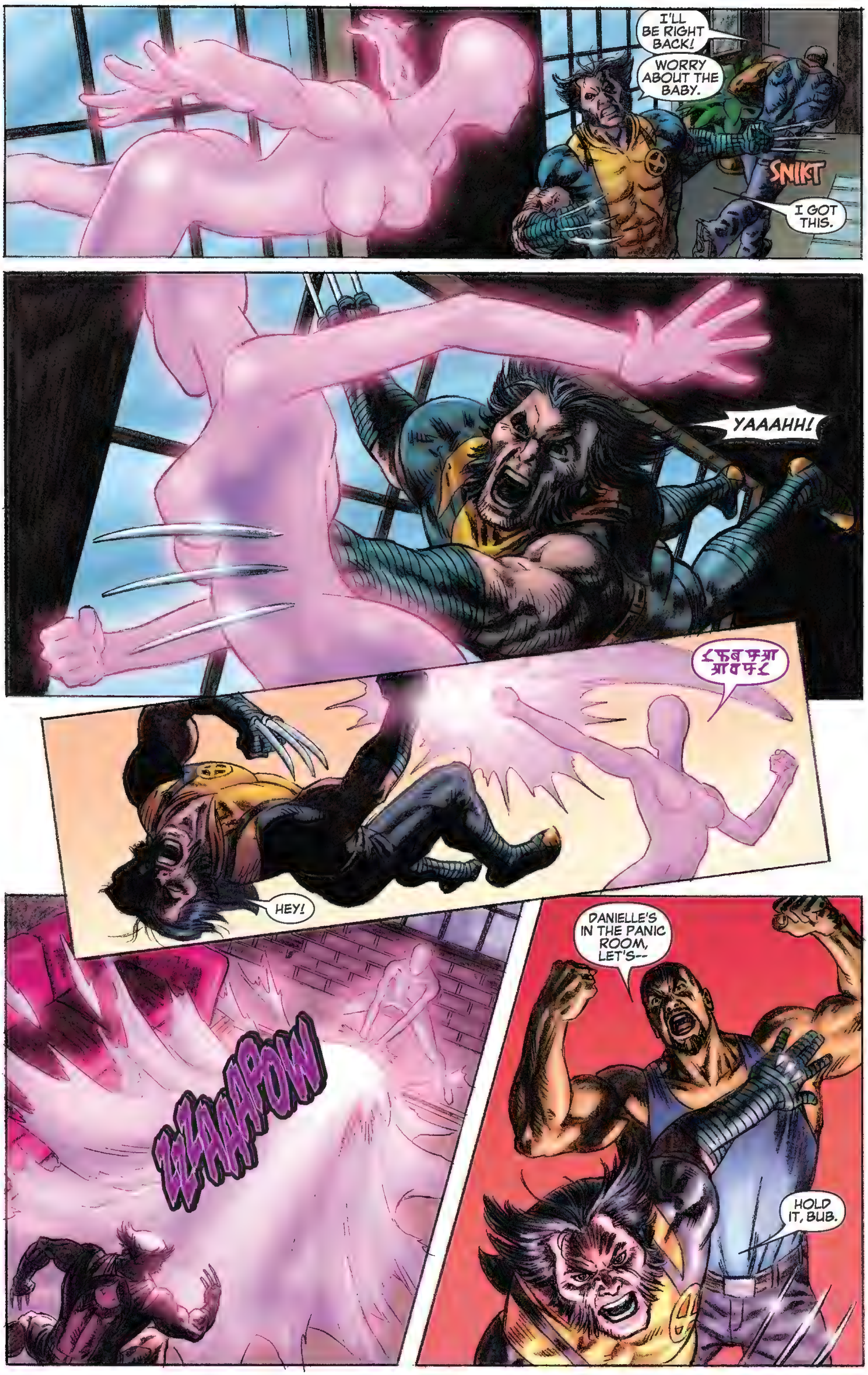

YOU EXPLAIN IT *NOW*.
THE BABIES... THEY WERE LOOKING FOR MS. MARVEL. THEY SAW ME AND...
...THEY SEEMED SO HELPLESS. THEY WERE BEGGING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME.
THESE THINGS'RE TROUBLE. I SAY WE SMASH 'EM ALL RIGHT NOW.
WE'RE NOT RISKING SMASHING ANYTHING, BULLSEYE. BUT WE ARE GETTING THEM THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
ROBERT, AS WE DISCUSSED?
I'M NOT DROPPING BABIES IN A VOLCANO.
THE *OTHER* PLACE WE DISCUSSED.
WHAT OTHER PLACE IS THAT?

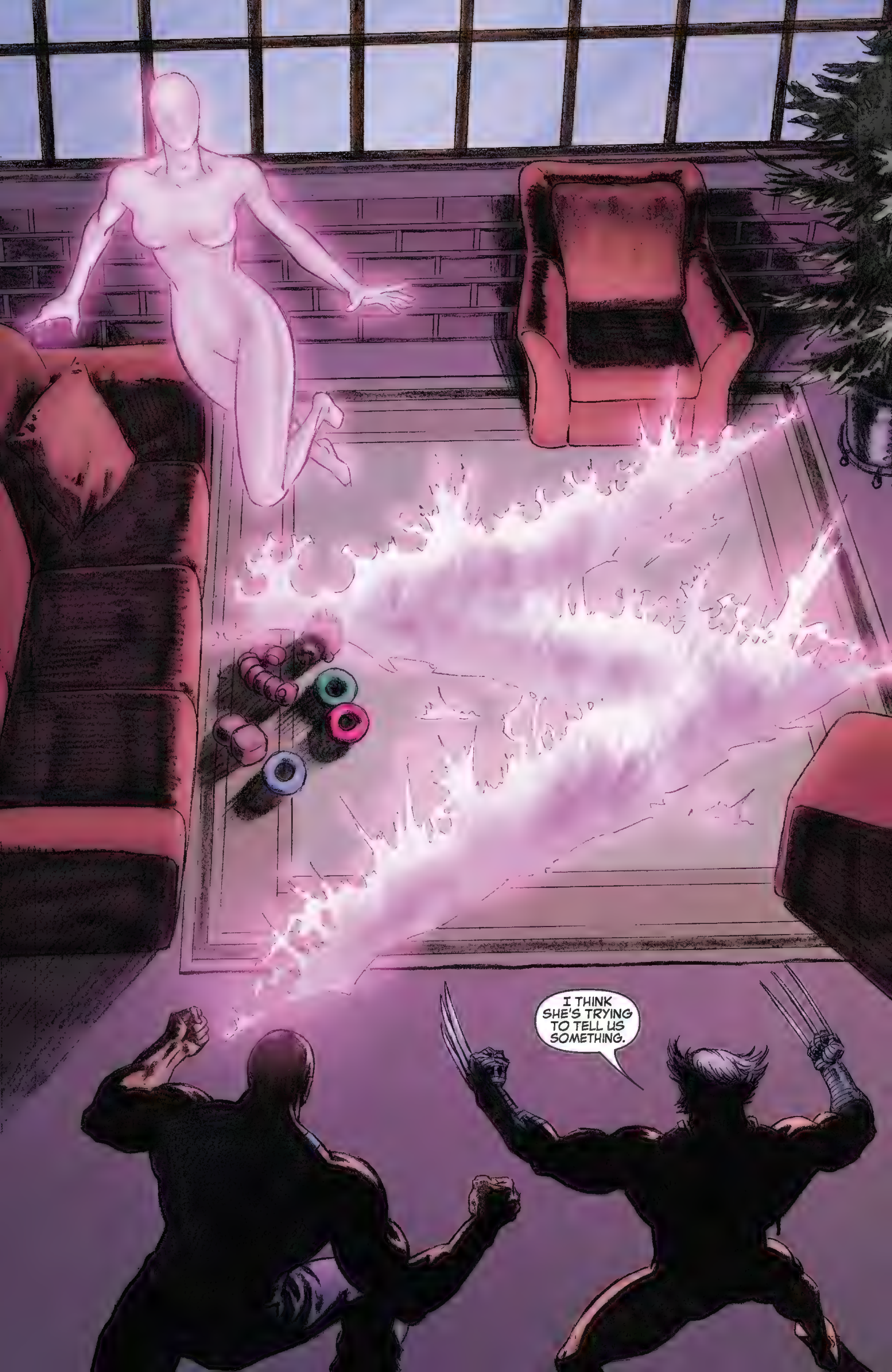

THUNDERBOLTS MOUNTAIN.
YEAH. THAT'S A KICK ASS TELEPORTING POSE.
THANKS.
SO. THUNDERBOLTS MOUNTAIN.
WHY AM I IN THE LAND OF THE CRAZY PEOPLE AGAIN?
CREEPY BABIES IN JARS.
HUH. THERE'S ONLY TWELVE HERE.
WHERE ARE THE OTHER TWELVE?
THIS IS EASIER THAN I THOUGHT. I WAS EXPECTING A LOT OF GUYS WITH GUNS.
I GUESS WE CAN JUST END THIS SCENE HERE. CUE MUSIC!


NEW YORK, NEW YORK, YOU'RE A HECK OF A TOWN!
SOMETIMES YOUR PANTS ARE UP!
SOME-TIMES THEY'RE DOWN!
REU
NEW YORK, NEW YOOOORRRK! YOU'RE A HECK OF A
SNAG
SNAG?
GAH! WHAT ARE YOU?!

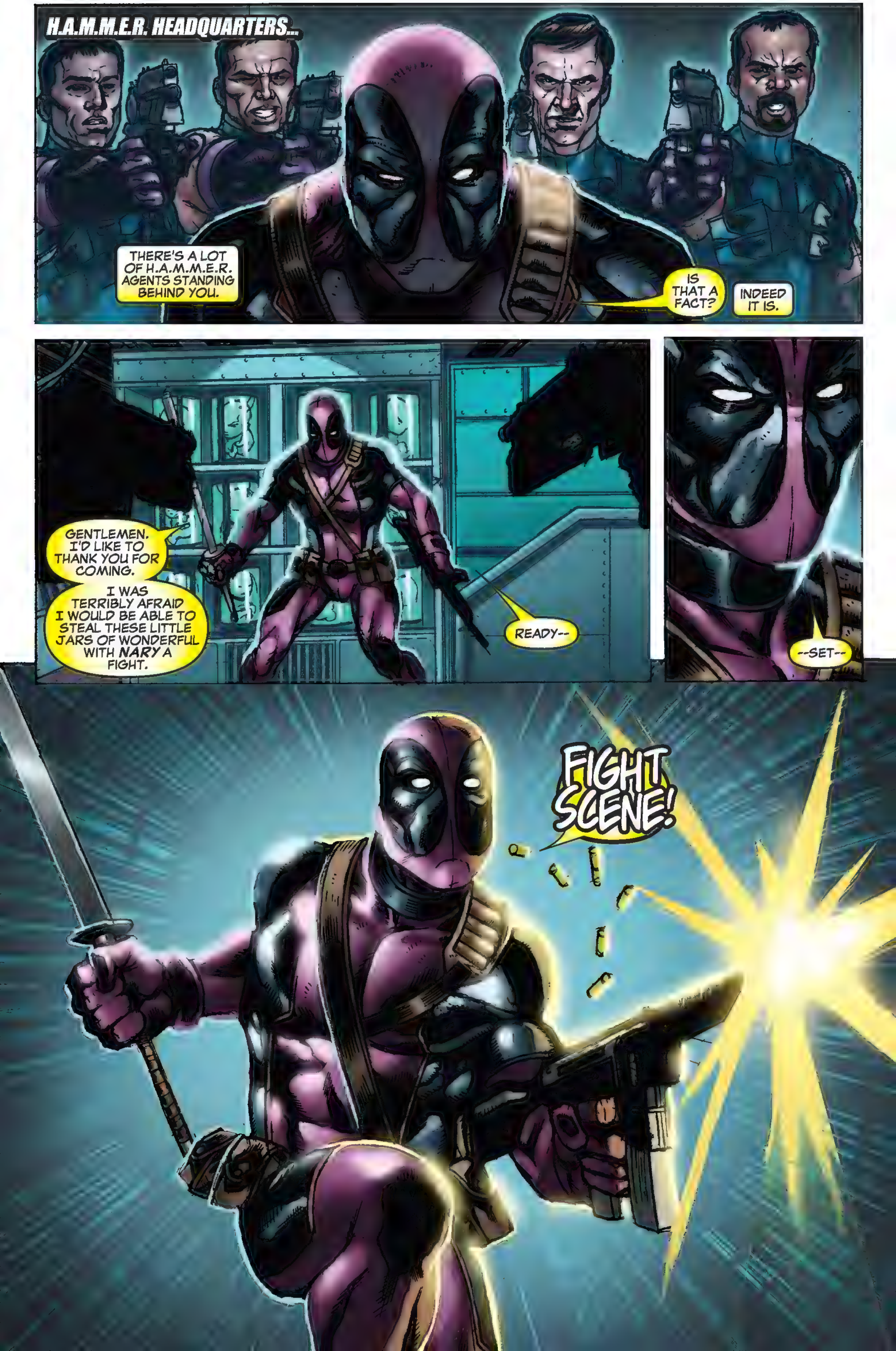

YOU DON'T SAY...
ZZZAAAPOW
HEY NOW!
I WAS ALL WILLING TO CHAT AND BE A FRIENDLY, NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN BUT--
WHAT? WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO BE--
--SEEING?
OHHHH BOY.
OH!

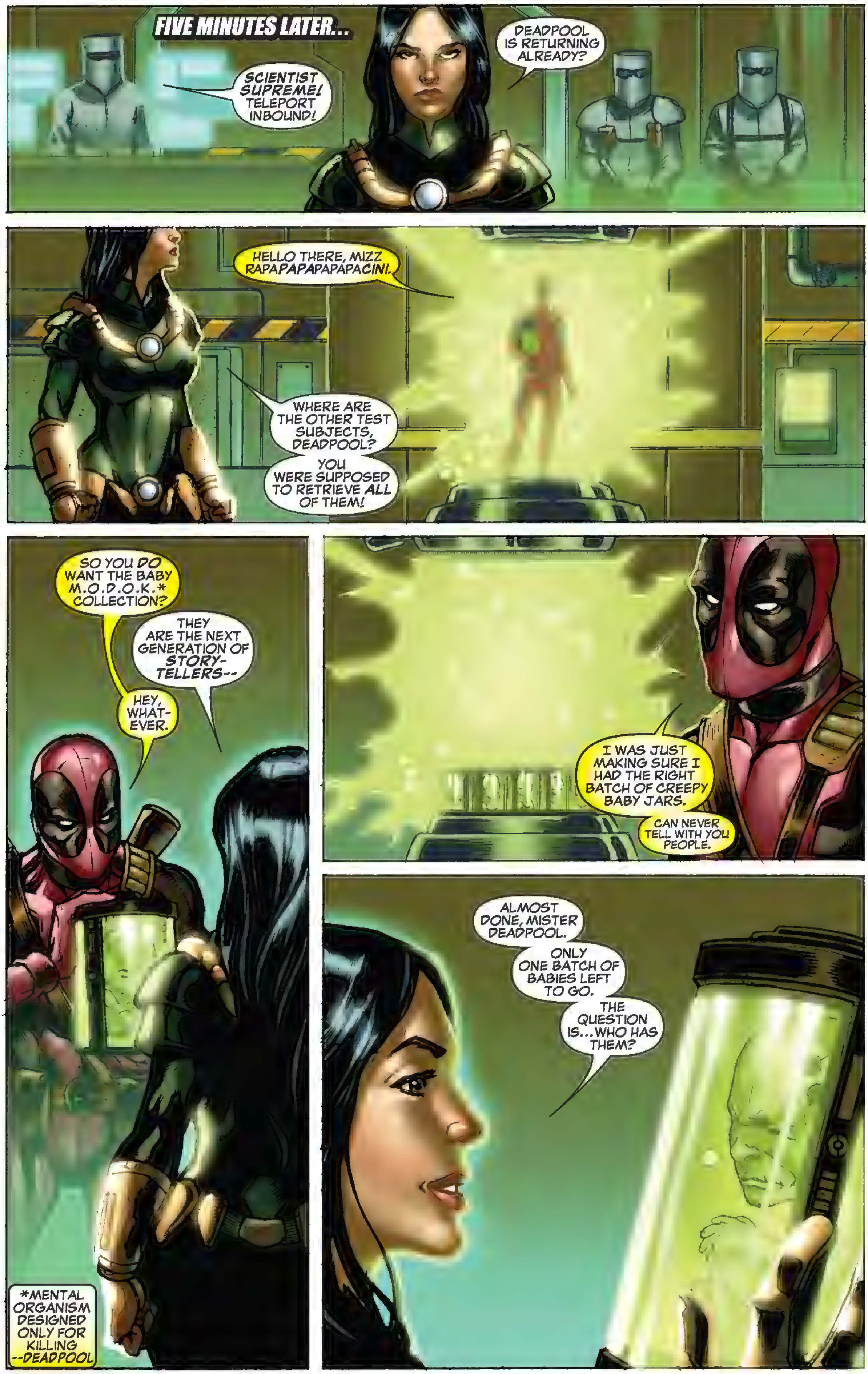

AVENGERS HIDEOUT.
HHRMM...
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
WOLVERINE, WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
YER KID'S GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR, CAGE.
MUST GET IT FROM HER MOM.
WHAT WOULD YOU BE DOING THAT COULD MAKE A BABY LAUGH?
I GOT A SECONDARY MUTATION--MAKES IT EASY TO GET BABIES LAUGHING.
THE HELL IS THAT LIGHT--?
GET THE BABY SOMEWHERE SAFE.

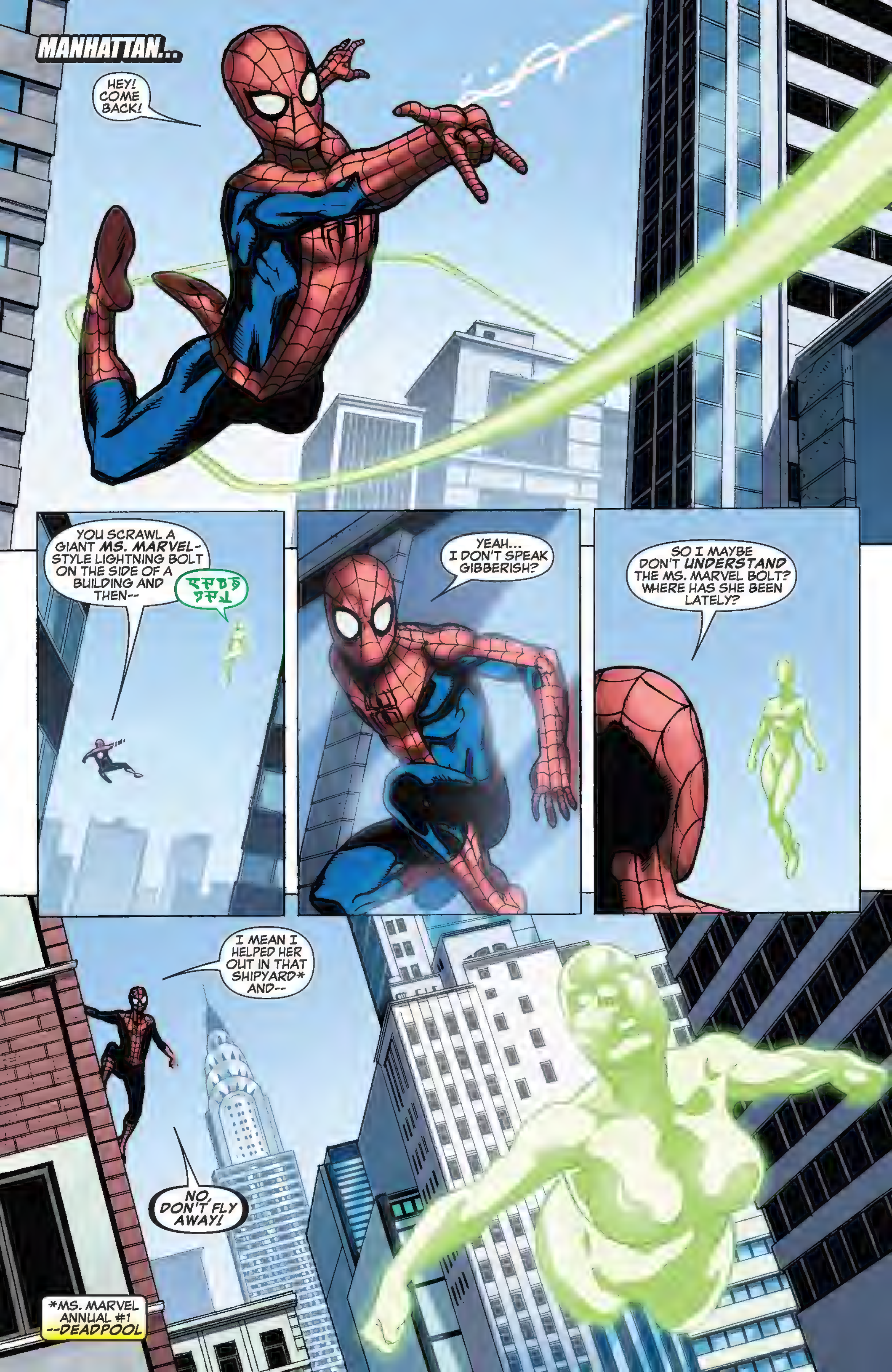

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
WORRY ABOUT THE BABY.
SNIKT
I GOT THIS.
YAAAHH!
HEY!
ZZAAAPOW
DANIELLE'S IN THE PANIC ROOM, LET'S--
HOLD IT, BUB.

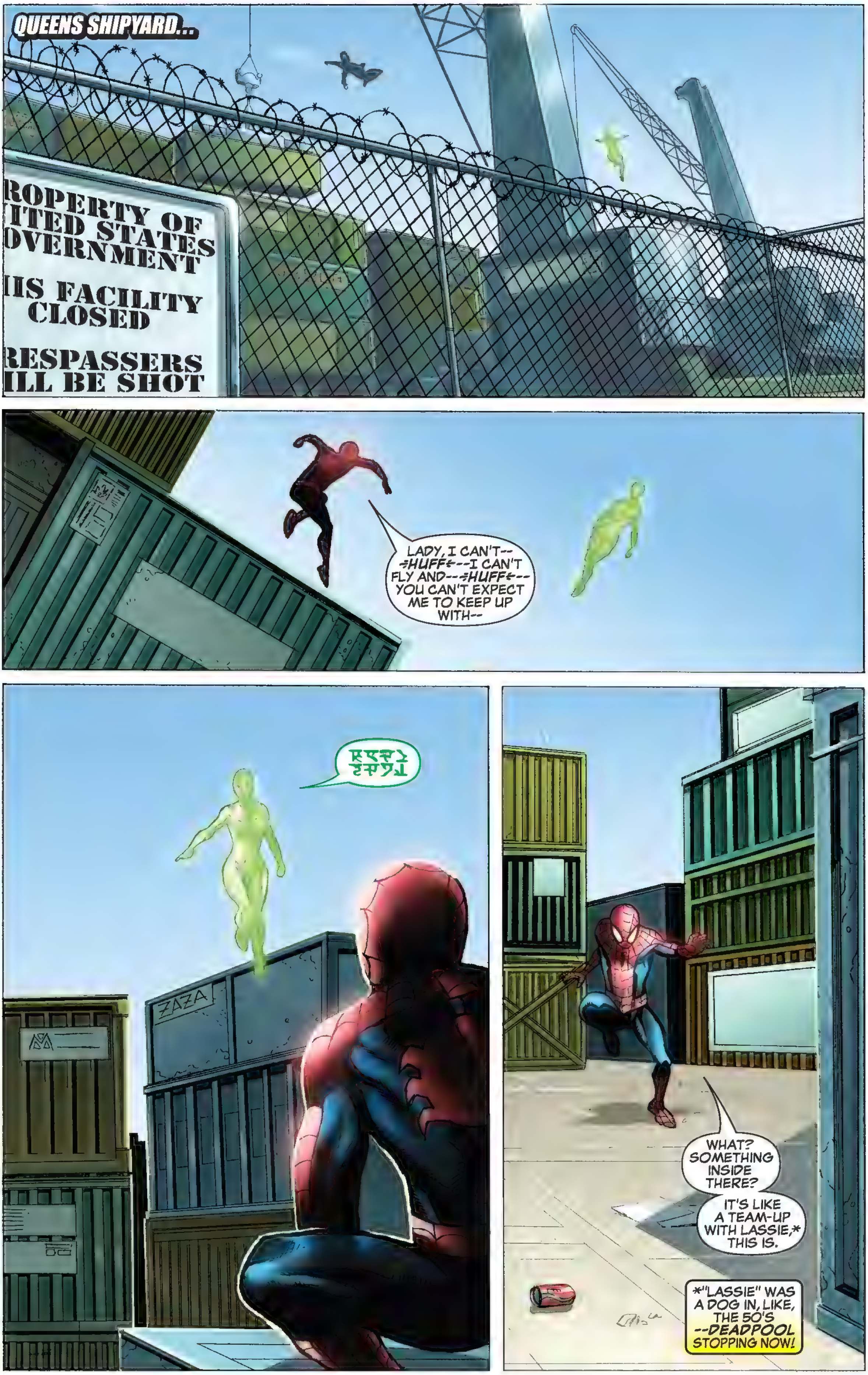

I THINK SHE'S TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING.

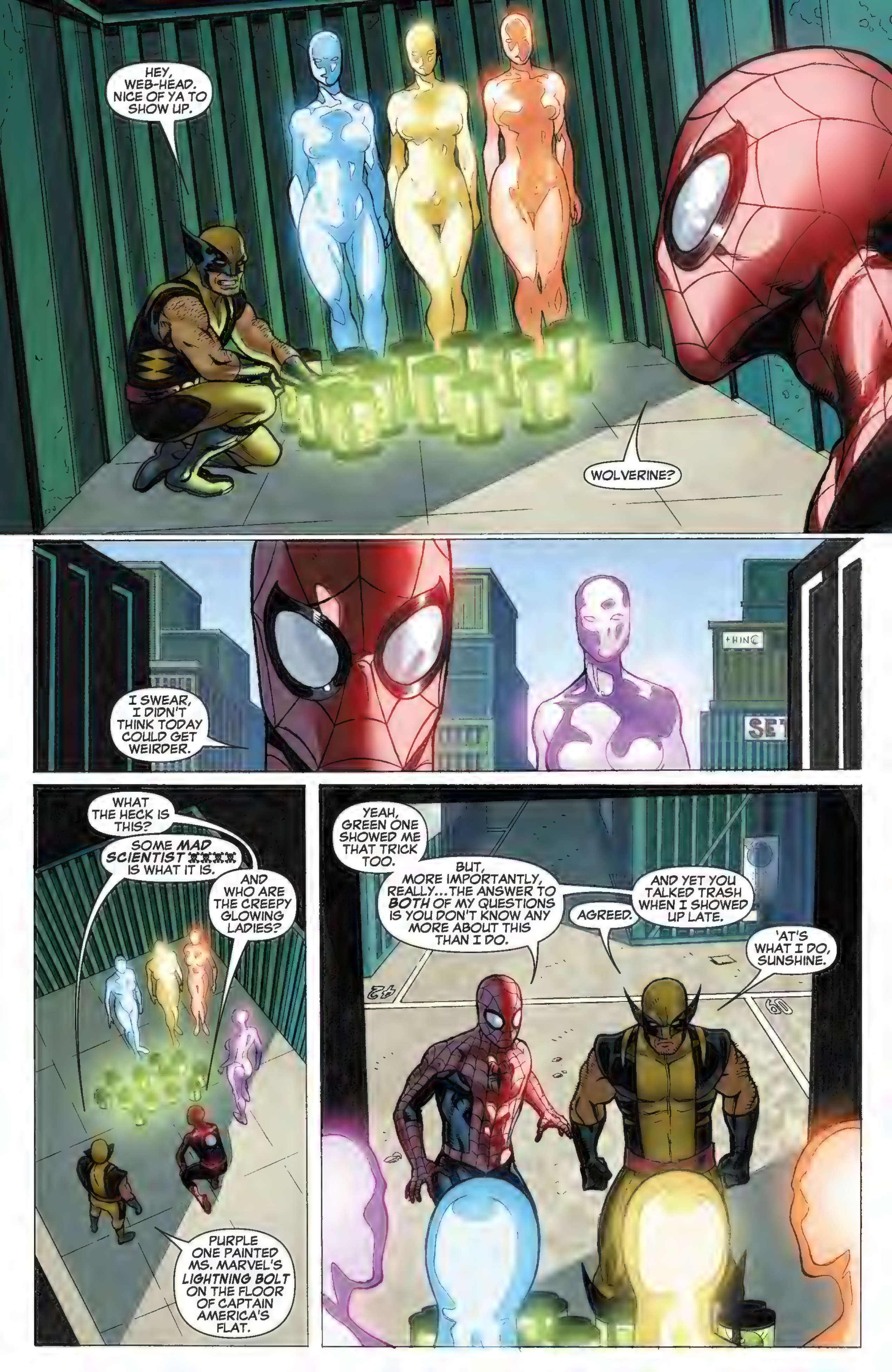
MS. MARVEL (2006) #41

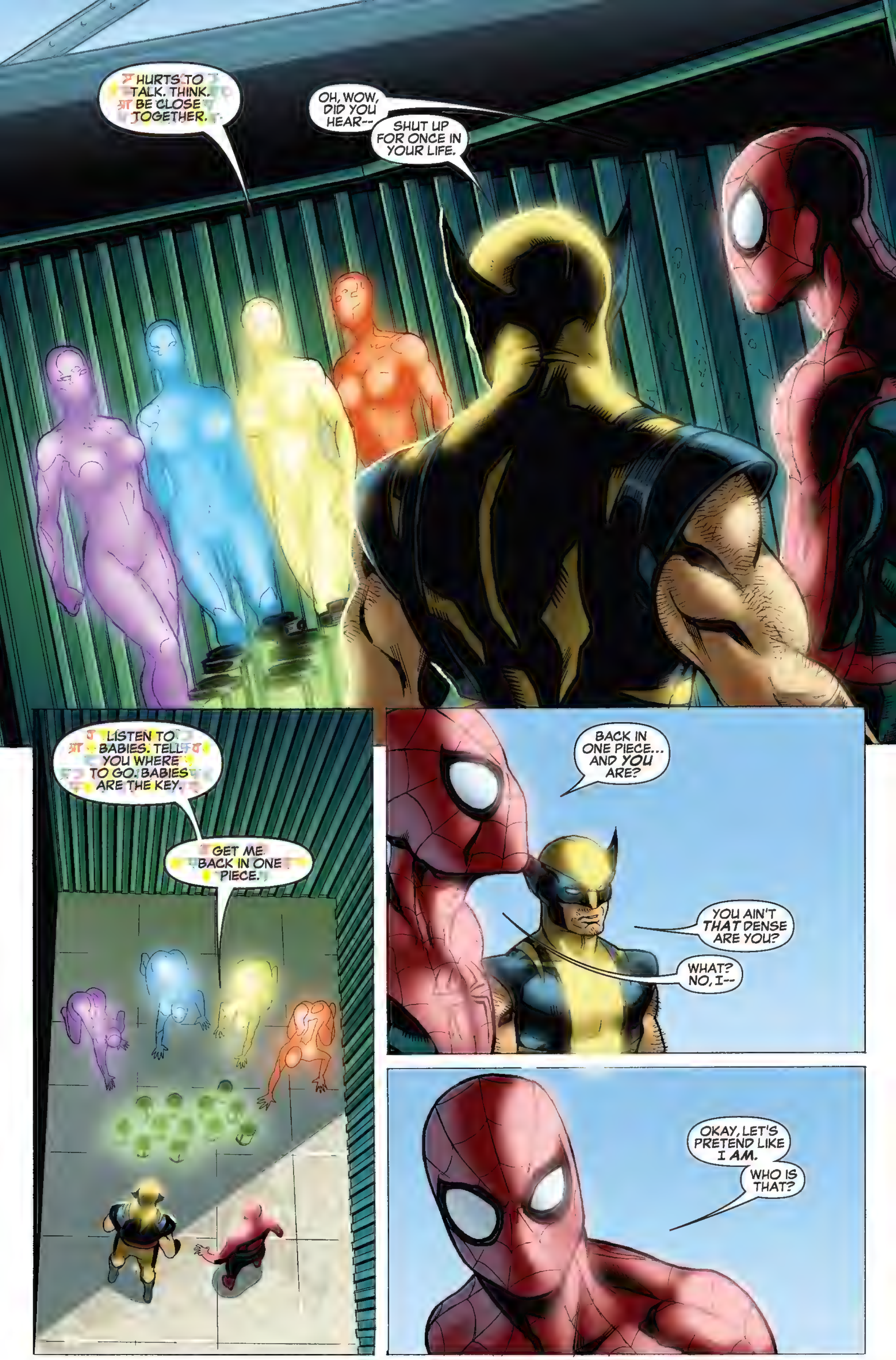

H.A.M.M.E.R. HEADQUARTERS...
THERE'S A LOT OF H.A.M.M.E.R. AGENTS STANDING BEHIND YOU.
IS THAT A FACT?
INDEED IT IS.
GENTLEMEN. I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR COMING.
I WAS TERRIBLY AFRAID I WOULD BE ABLE TO STEAL THESE LITTLE JARS OF WONDERFUL WITH NARY A FIGHT.
READY--
--SET--
FIGHT SCENE!

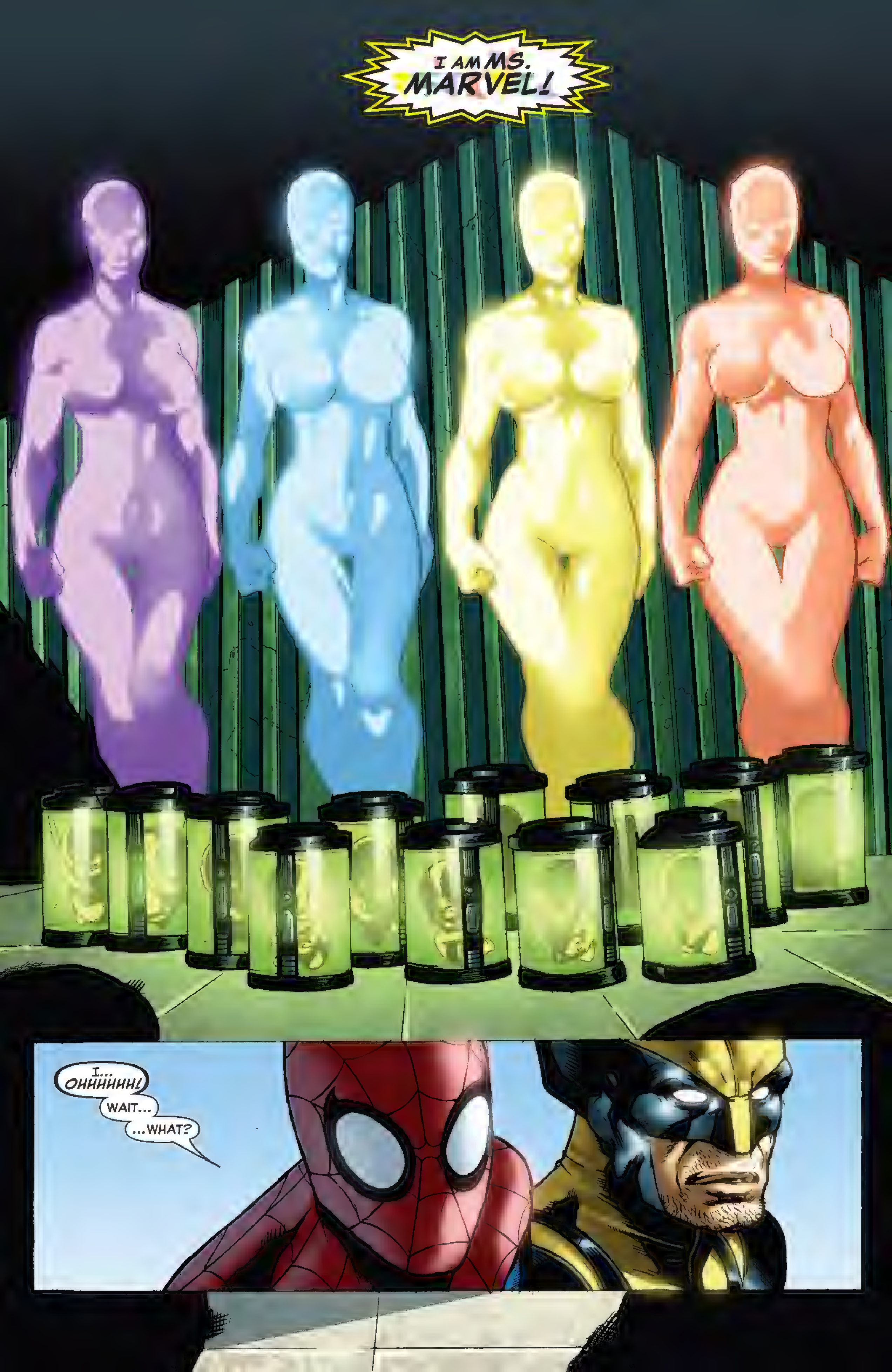

FIVE MINUTES LATER...
SCIENTIST SUPREME! TELEPORT INBOUND!
DEADPOOL IS RETURNING ALREADY?
HELLO THERE, MIZZ RAPAPAPAPAPAPACINI.
WHERE ARE THE OTHER TEST SUBJECTS, DEADPOOL?
YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO RETRIEVE ALL OF THEM!
SO YOU DO WANT THE BABY M.O.D.O.K.* COLLECTION?
THEY ARE THE NEXT GENERATION OF STORY-TELLERS--
HEY, WHAT-EVER.
*MENTAL ORGANISM DESIGNED ONLY FOR KILLING --DEADPOOL
I WAS JUST MAKING SURE I HAD THE RIGHT BATCH OF CREEPY BABY JARS.
CAN NEVER TELL WITH YOU PEOPLE.
ALMOST DONE, MISTER DEADPOOL.
ONLY ONE BATCH OF BABIES LEFT TO GO.
THE QUESTION IS...WHO HAS THEM?

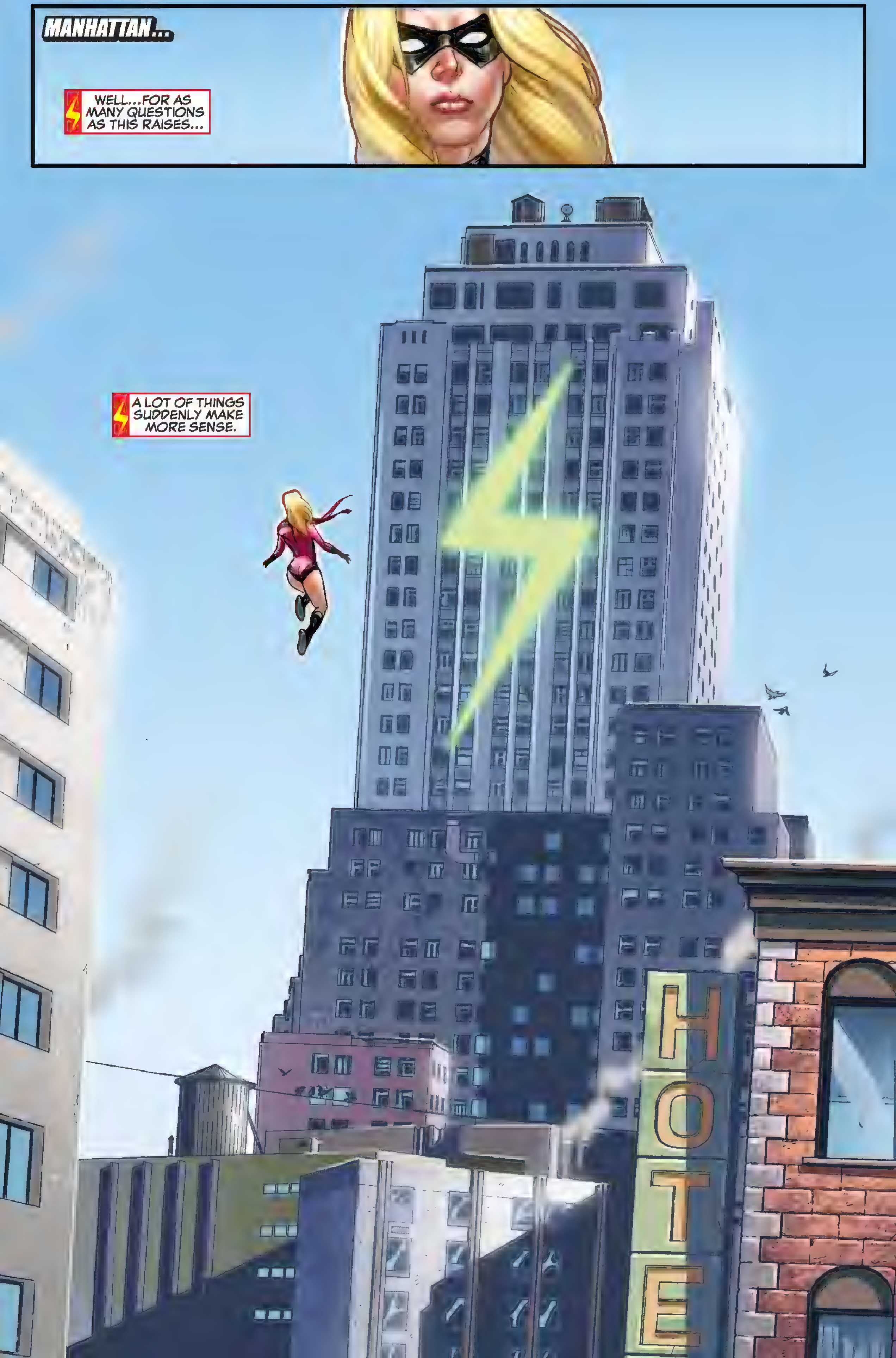

MANHATTAN...
HEY! COME BACK!
YOU SCRAWL A GIANT **MS. MARVEL**-STYLE LIGHTNING BOLT ON THE SIDE OF A BUILDING AND THEN--
YEAH... I DON'T SPEAK GIBBERISH?
SO I MAYBE DON'T **UNDERSTAND** THE MS. MARVEL BOLT? WHERE HAS SHE BEEN LATELY?
I MEAN I HELPED HER OUT IN THAT SHIPYARD* AND--
NO, DON'T FLY AWAY!
*MS. MARVEL ANNUAL #1 --DEADPOOL

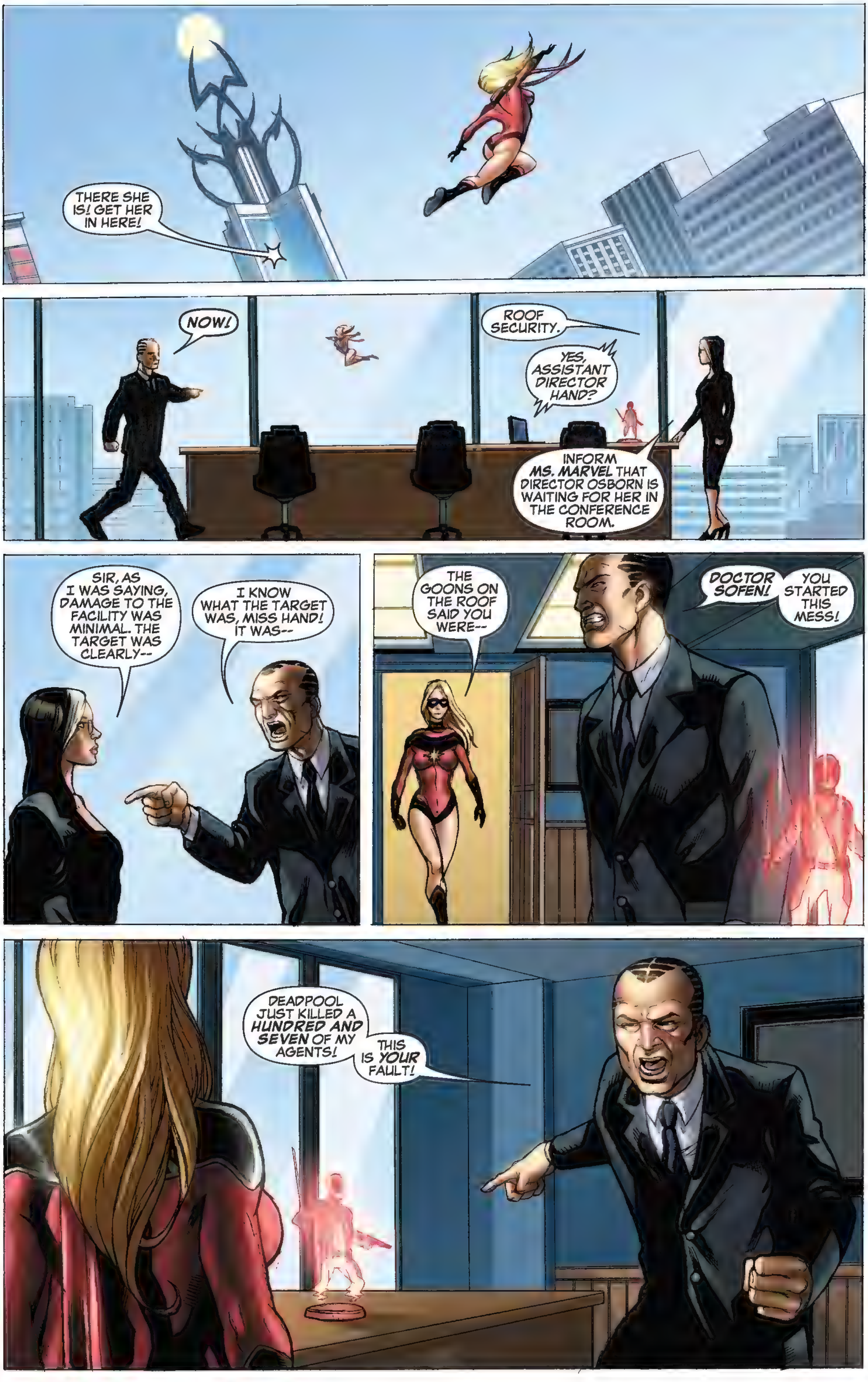

QUEENS SHIPYARD...
ROPERTY OF
ITED STATES
OVERNMENT
IIS FACILITY
CLOSED
RESPASSERS
ILL BE SHOT
LADY, I CAN'T-- ≠HUFF≠ --I CAN'T FLY AND-- ≠HUFF≠ -- YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO KEEP UP WITH--
ZAZA
WHAT? SOMETHING INSIDE THERE?
IT'S LIKE A TEAM-UP WITH LASSIE,* THIS IS.
*"LASSIE" WAS A DOG IN, LIKE, THE 50'S --DEADPOOL STOPPING NOW!

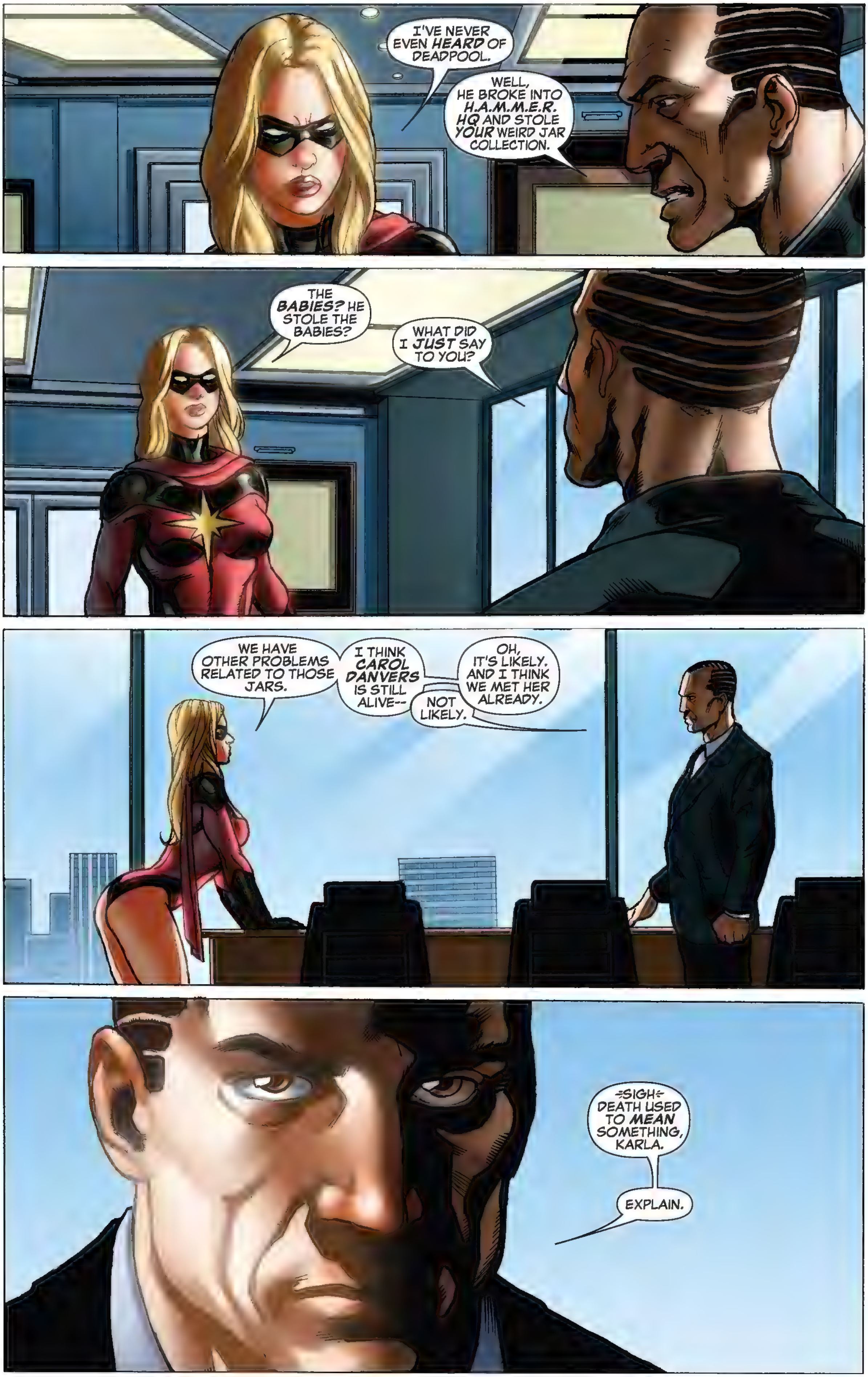

HEY, WEB-HEAD. NICE OF YA TO SHOW UP.
WOLVERINE?
I SWEAR, I DIDN'T THINK TODAY COULD GET WEIRDER.
WHAT THE HECK IS THIS?
SOME *MAD SCIENTIST* ☠☠☠☠ IS WHAT IT IS.
AND WHO ARE THE CREEPY GLOWING LADIES?
PURPLE ONE PAINTED MS. MARVEL'S *LIGHTNING BOLT* ON THE FLOOR OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S FLAT.
YEAH, GREEN ONE SHOWED ME THAT TRICK TOO.
BUT, MORE IMPORTANTLY, REALLY... THE ANSWER TO *BOTH* OF MY QUESTIONS IS YOU DON'T KNOW ANY MORE ABOUT THIS THAN I DO.
AGREED.
AND YET YOU TALKED TRASH WHEN I SHOWED UP LATE.
'AT'S WHAT I DO, SUNSHINE.

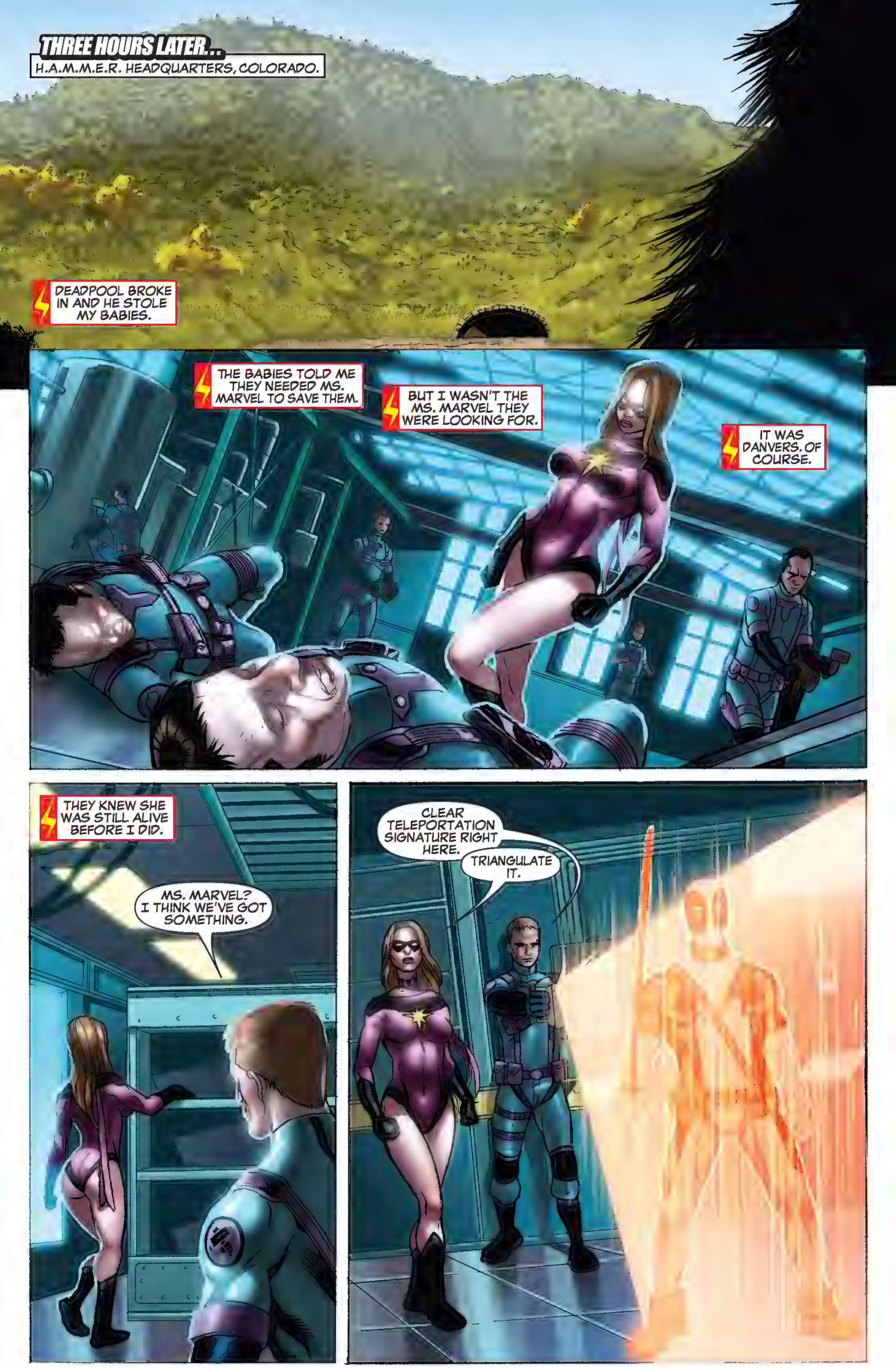

HURTS TO TALK. THINK. BE CLOSE TOGETHER.
OH, WOW, DID YOU HEAR--
SHUT UP FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE.
LISTEN TO BABIES. TELL YOU WHERE TO GO. BABIES ARE THE KEY.
GET ME BACK IN ONE PIECE.
BACK IN ONE PIECE... AND *YOU* ARE?
YOU AIN'T *THAT* DENSE ARE YOU?
WHAT? NO, I--
OKAY, LET'S PRETEND LIKE I *AM*.
WHO IS THAT?

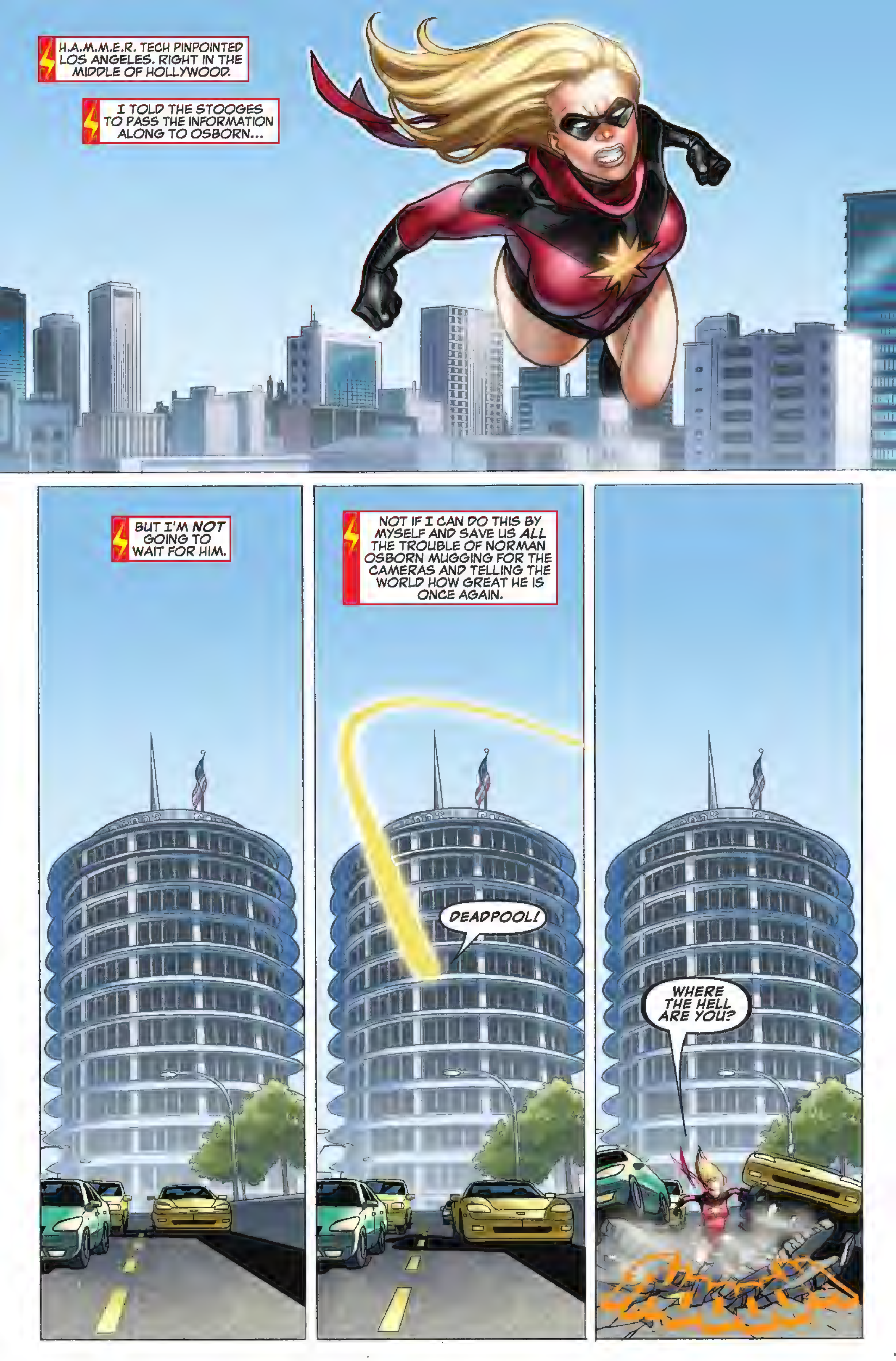

I AM MS. MARVEL!
I... OHHHHHH!
WAIT...
...WHAT?

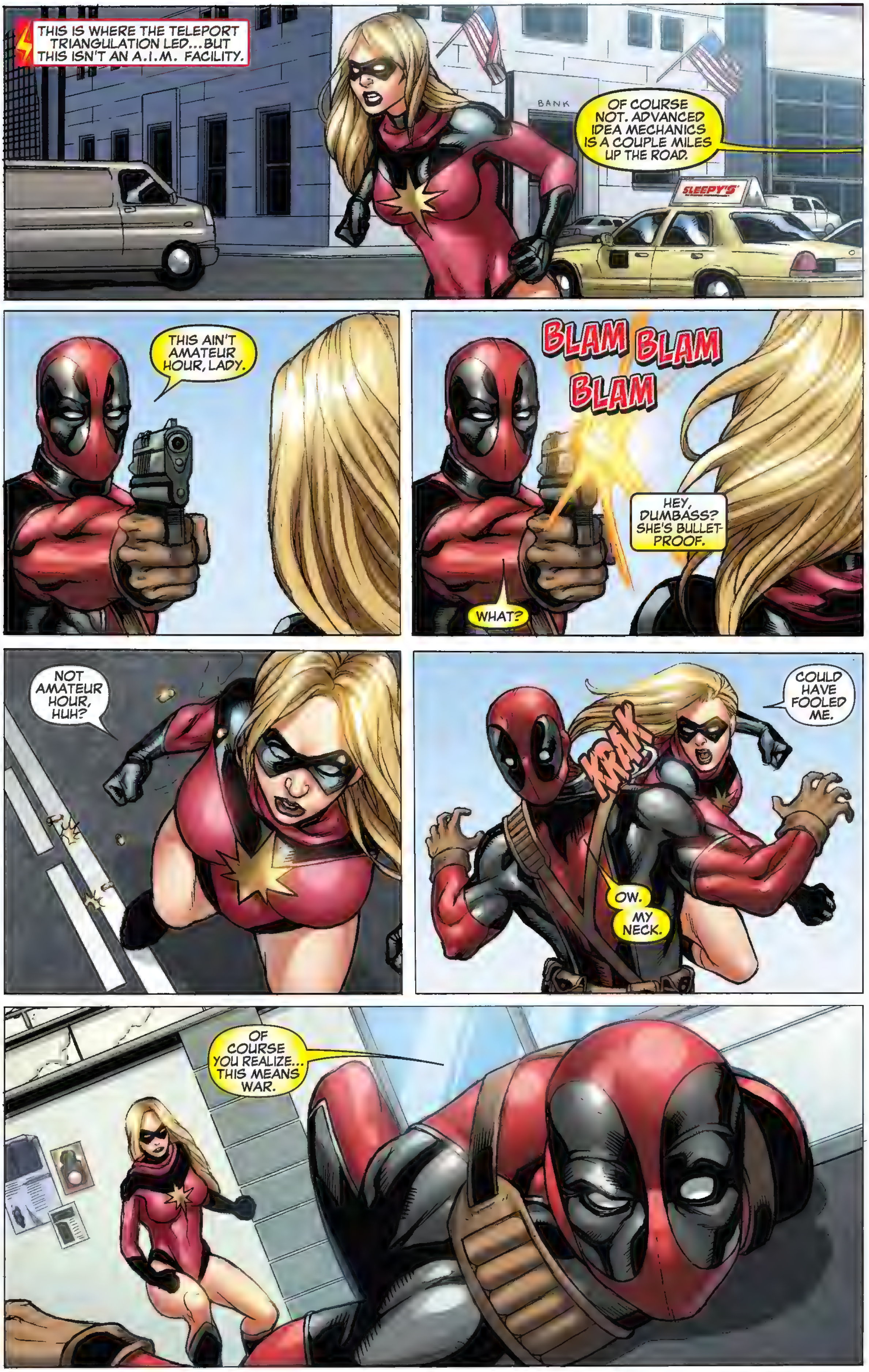

MANHATTAN...
WELL...FOR AS MANY QUESTIONS AS THIS RAISES...
A LOT OF THINGS SUDDENLY MAKE MORE SENSE.
HOTE

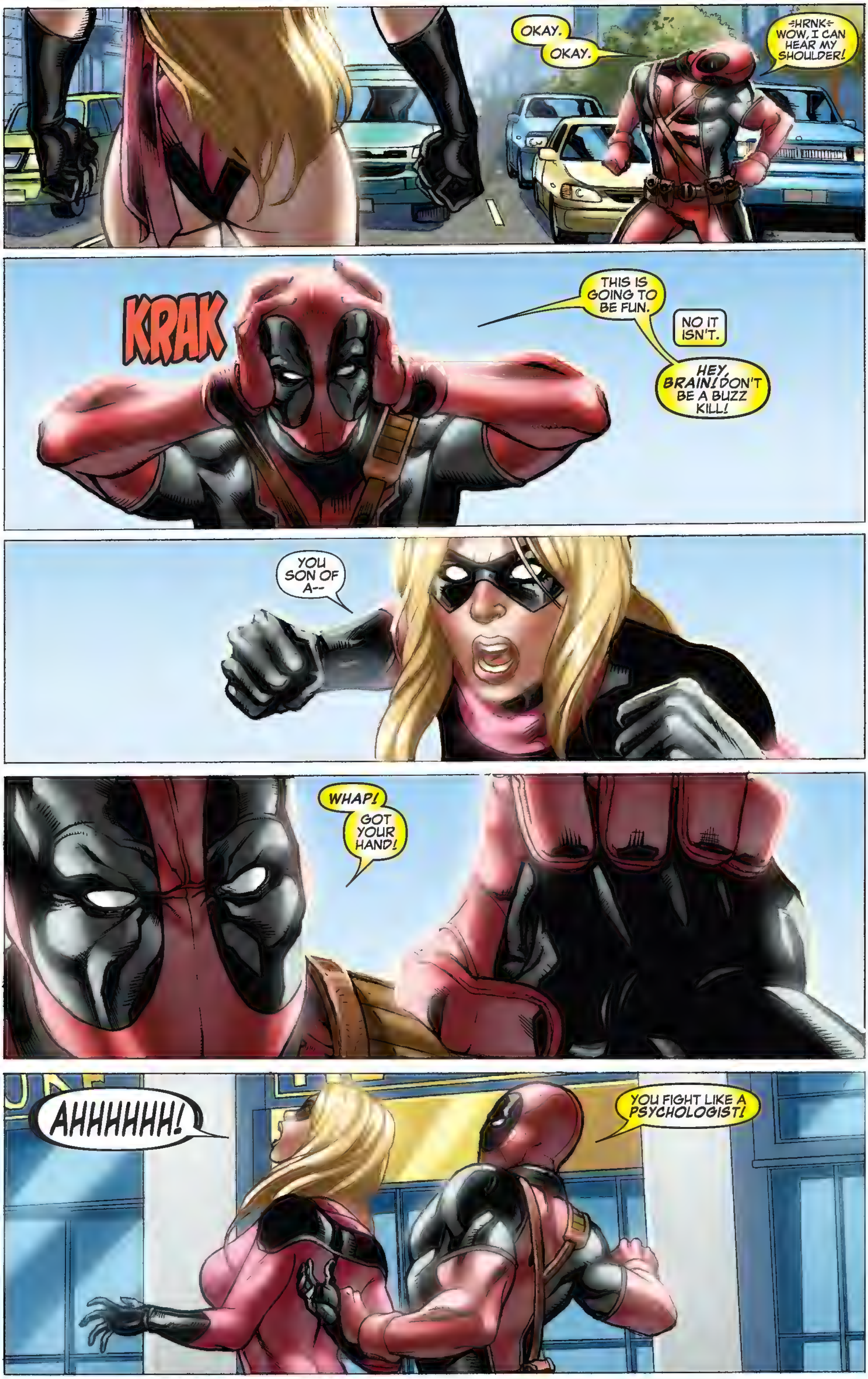

THERE SHE IS! GET HER IN HERE!
NOW!
ROOF SECURITY.
YES, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR HAND?
INFORM **MS. MARVEL** THAT DIRECTOR OSBORN IS WAITING FOR HER IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM.
SIR, AS I WAS SAYING, DAMAGE TO THE FACILITY WAS MINIMAL. THE TARGET WAS CLEARLY--
I KNOW WHAT THE TARGET WAS, MISS HAND! IT WAS--
THE GOONS ON THE ROOF SAID YOU WERE--
DOCTOR SOFEN!
YOU STARTED THIS MESS!
DEADPOOL JUST KILLED A **HUNDRED AND SEVEN** OF MY AGENTS!
THIS IS **YOUR** FAULT!

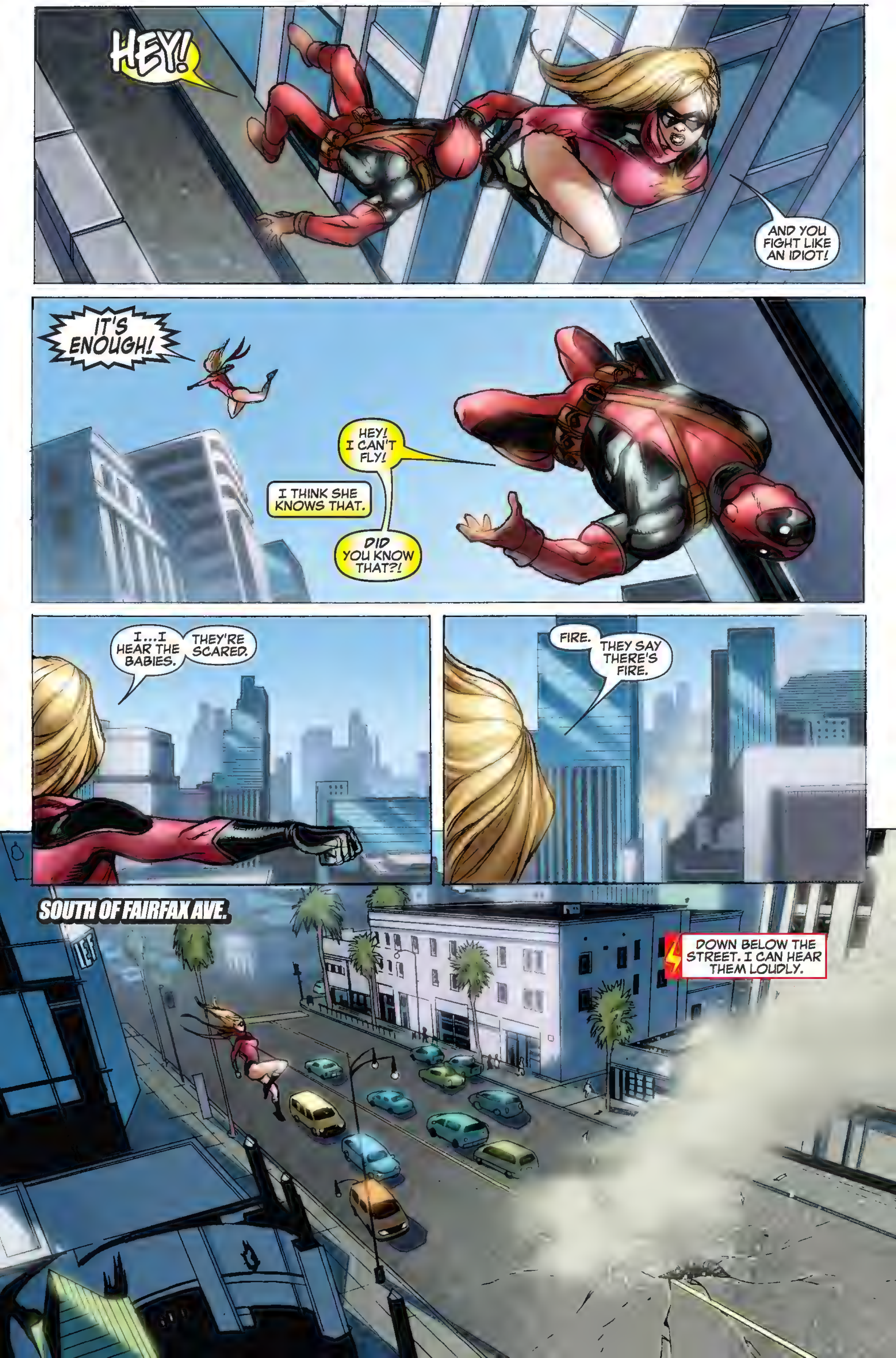

I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF DEADPOOL.
WELL, HE BROKE INTO H.A.M.M.E.R. HQ AND STOLE YOUR WEIRD JAR COLLECTION.
THE BABIES? HE STOLE THE BABIES?
WHAT DID I JUST SAY TO YOU?
WE HAVE OTHER PROBLEMS RELATED TO THOSE JARS.
I THINK CAROL DANVERS IS STILL ALIVE--
NOT LIKELY.
OH, IT'S LIKELY. AND I THINK WE MET HER ALREADY.
=SIGH= DEATH USED TO MEAN SOMETHING, KARLA.
EXPLAIN.

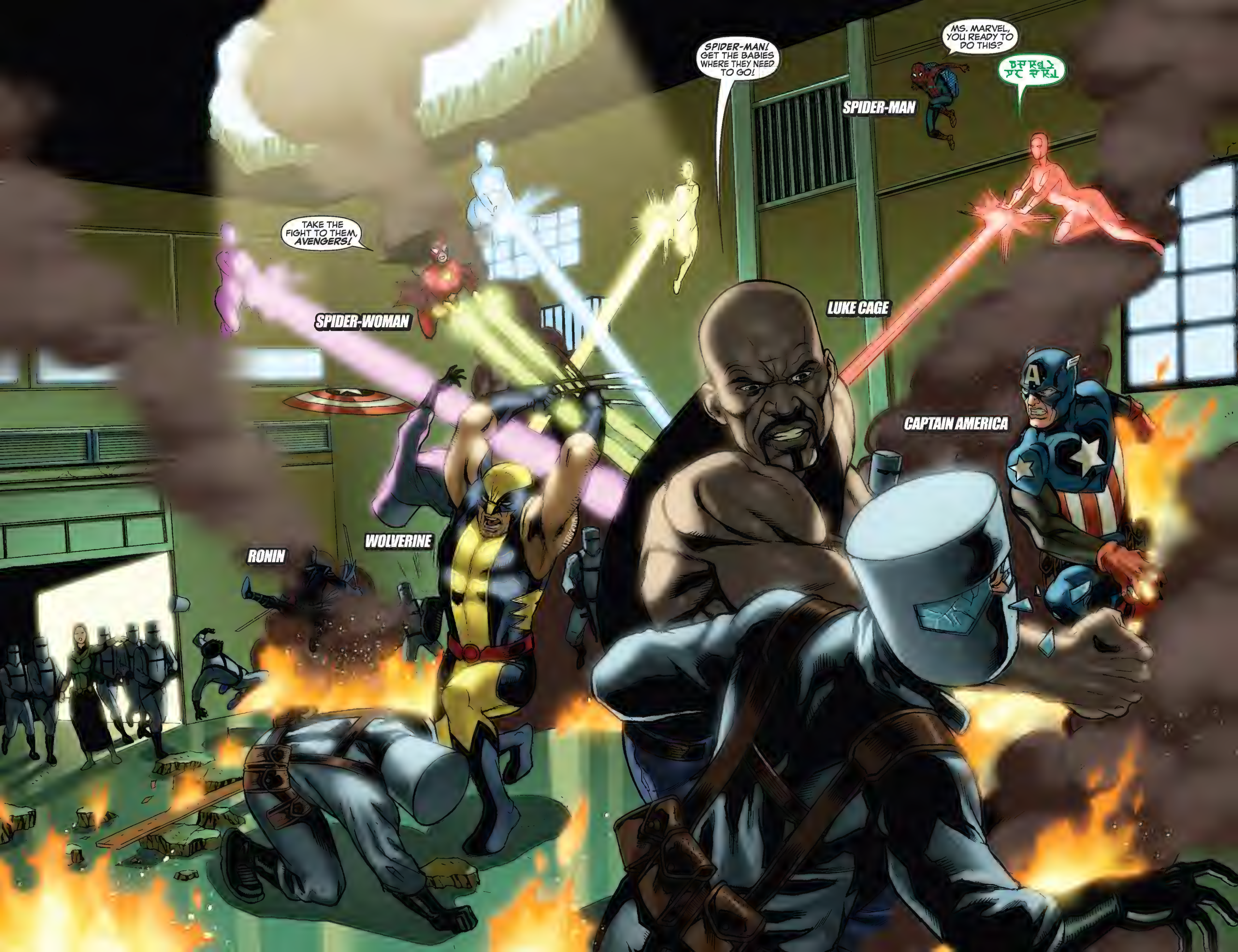

THREE HOURS LATER...
H.A.M.M.E.R. HEADQUARTERS, COLORADO.
DEADPOOL BROKE IN AND HE STOLE MY BABIES.
THE BABIES TOLD ME THEY NEEDED MS. MARVEL TO SAVE THEM.
BUT I WASN'T THE MS. MARVEL THEY WERE LOOKING FOR.
IT WAS DANVERS. OF COURSE.
THEY KNEW SHE WAS STILL ALIVE BEFORE I DID.
MS. MARVEL? I THINK WE'VE GOT SOMETHING.
CLEAR TELEPORTATION SIGNATURE RIGHT HERE.
TRIANGULATE IT.

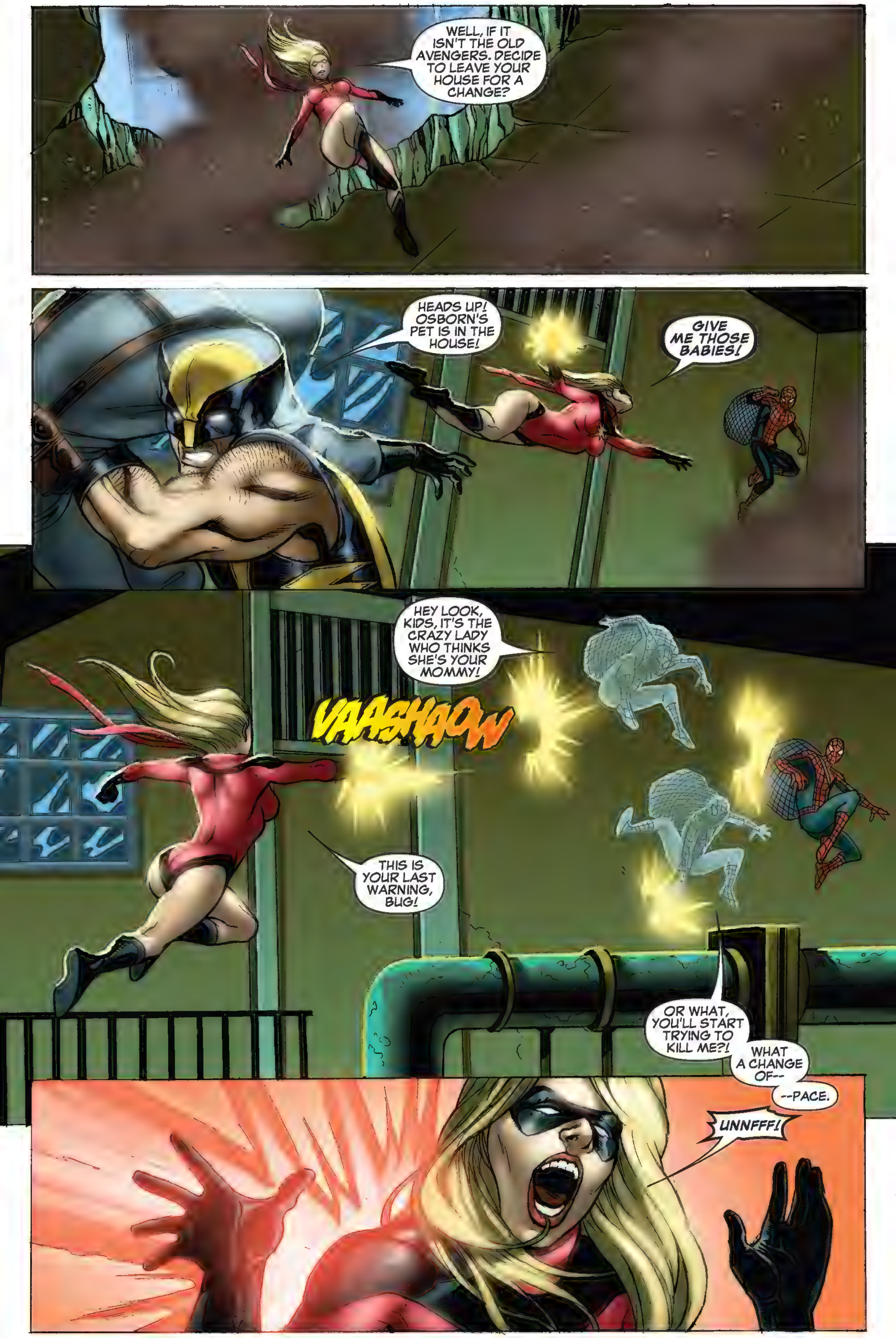

H.A.M.M.E.R. TECH PINPOINTED LOS ANGELES. RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF HOLLYWOOD.
I TOLD THE STOOGES TO PASS THE INFORMATION ALONG TO OSBORN...
BUT I'M **NOT** GOING TO WAIT FOR HIM.
NOT IF I CAN DO THIS BY MYSELF AND SAVE US **ALL** THE TROUBLE OF NORMAN OSBORN MUGGING FOR THE CAMERAS AND TELLING THE WORLD HOW GREAT HE IS ONCE AGAIN.
DEADPOOL!
WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?

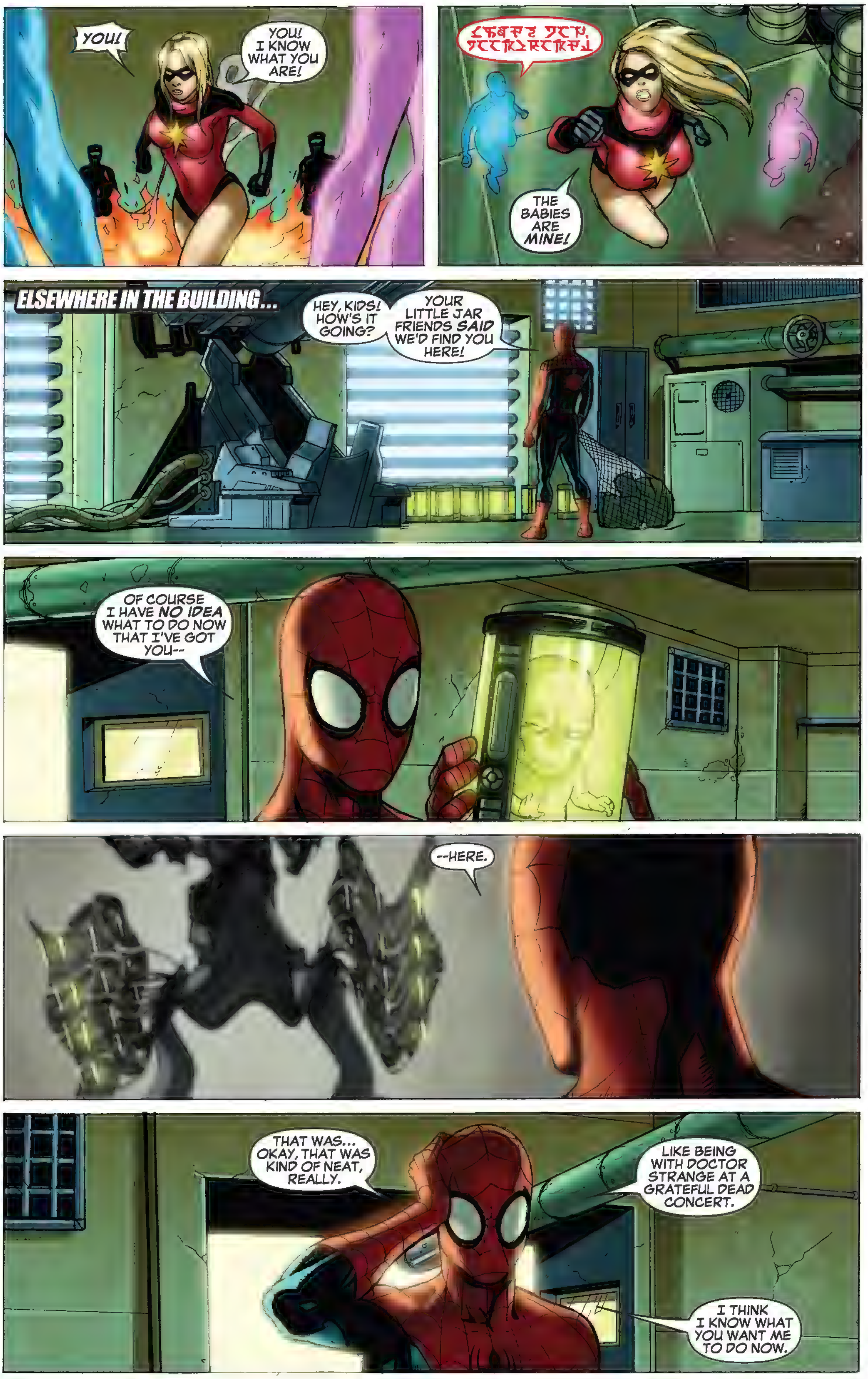

THIS IS WHERE THE TELEPORT TRIANGULATION LED...BUT THIS ISN'T AN A.I.M. FACILITY.
BANK
OF COURSE NOT. ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS IS A COUPLE MILES UP THE ROAD.
SLEEPY'S
THIS AIN'T AMATEUR HOUR, LADY.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
HEY, DUMBASS? SHE'S BULLET-PROOF.
WHAT?
NOT AMATEUR HOUR, HUH?
KRAK
COULD HAVE FOOLED ME.
OW. MY NECK.
OF COURSE YOU REALIZE... THIS MEANS WAR.

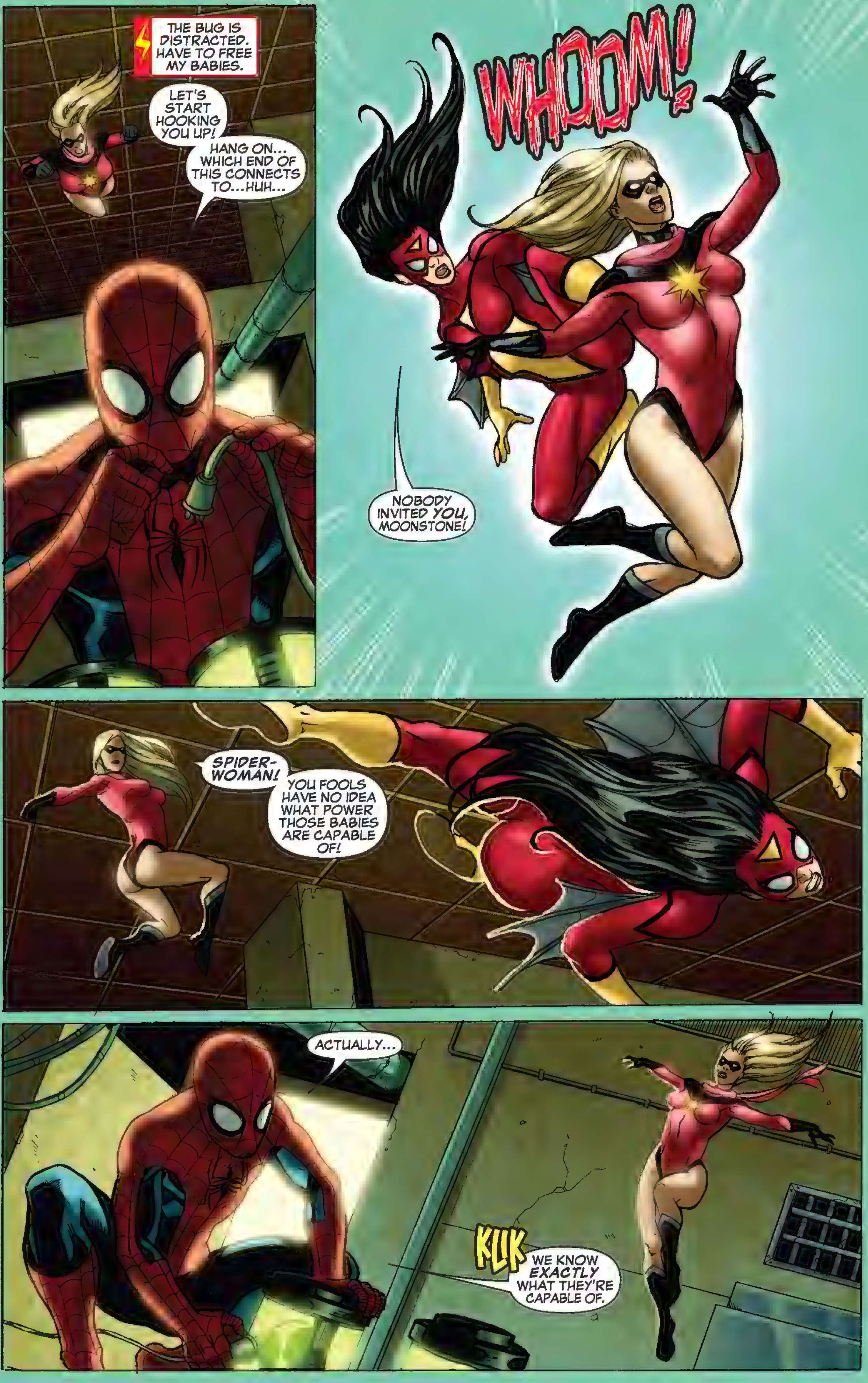

OKAY.
OKAY.
=HRNK= WOW, I CAN HEAR MY SHOULDER!
KRAK
THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN.
NO IT ISN'T.
HEY, BRAIN! DON'T BE A BUZZ KILL!
YOU SON OF A--
WHAP! GOT YOUR HAND!
AHHHHHH!
YOU FIGHT LIKE A PSYCHOLOGIST!

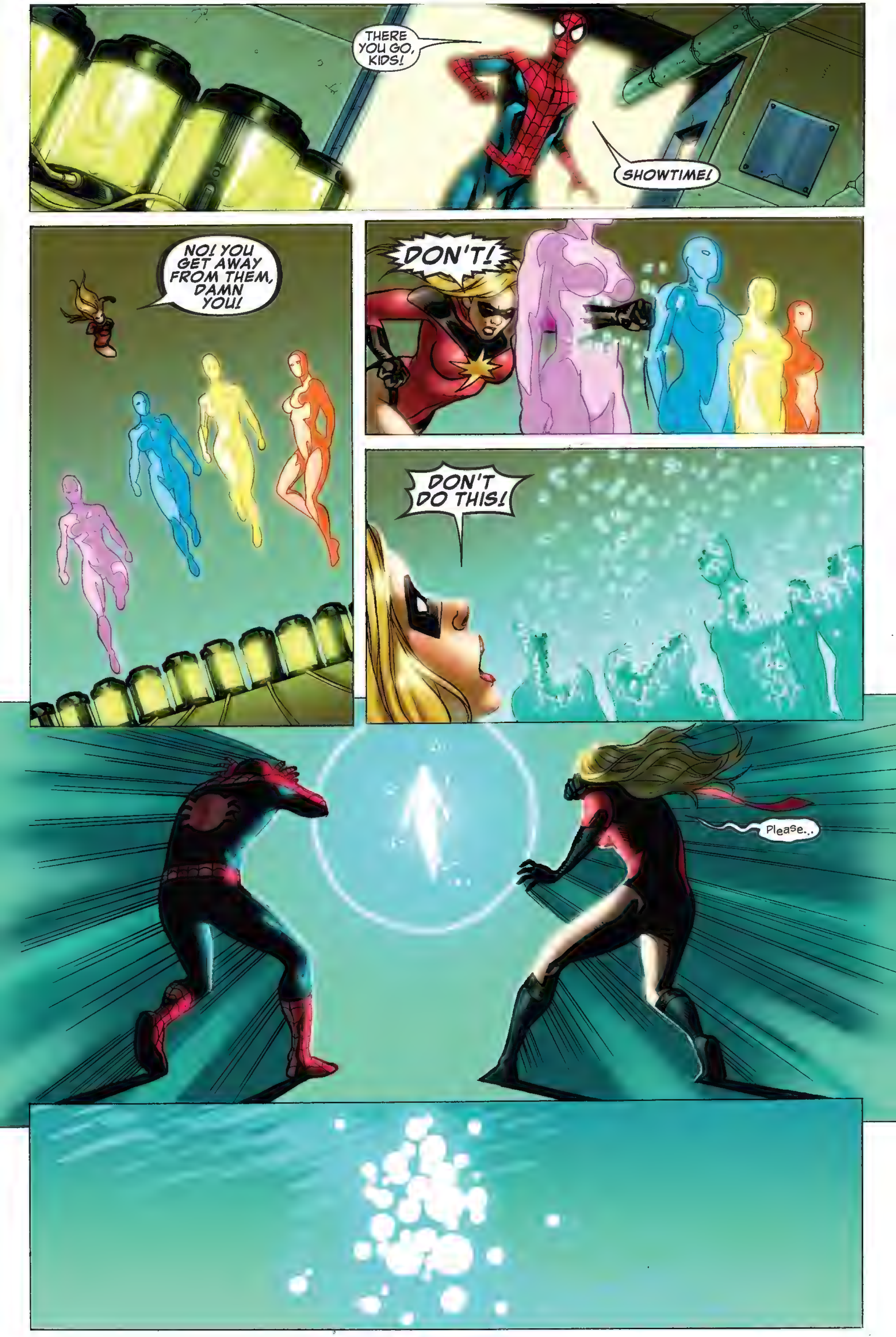

HEY!
AND YOU FIGHT LIKE AN IDIOT!
IT'S ENOUGH!
HEY! I CAN'T FLY!
I THINK SHE KNOWS THAT.
DID YOU KNOW THAT?!
I...I HEAR THE BABIES.
THEY'RE SCARED.
FIRE.
THEY SAY THERE'S FIRE.
SOUTH OF FAIRFAX AVE.
DOWN BELOW THE STREET. I CAN HEAR THEM LOUDLY.


SPIDER-MAN! GET THE BABIES WHERE THEY NEED TO GO!
MS. MARVEL, YOU READY TO DO THIS?
SPIDER-MAN
TAKE THE FIGHT TO THEM, AVENGERS!
SPIDER-WOMAN
LUKE CAGE
CAPTAIN AMERICA
WOLVERINE
RONIN

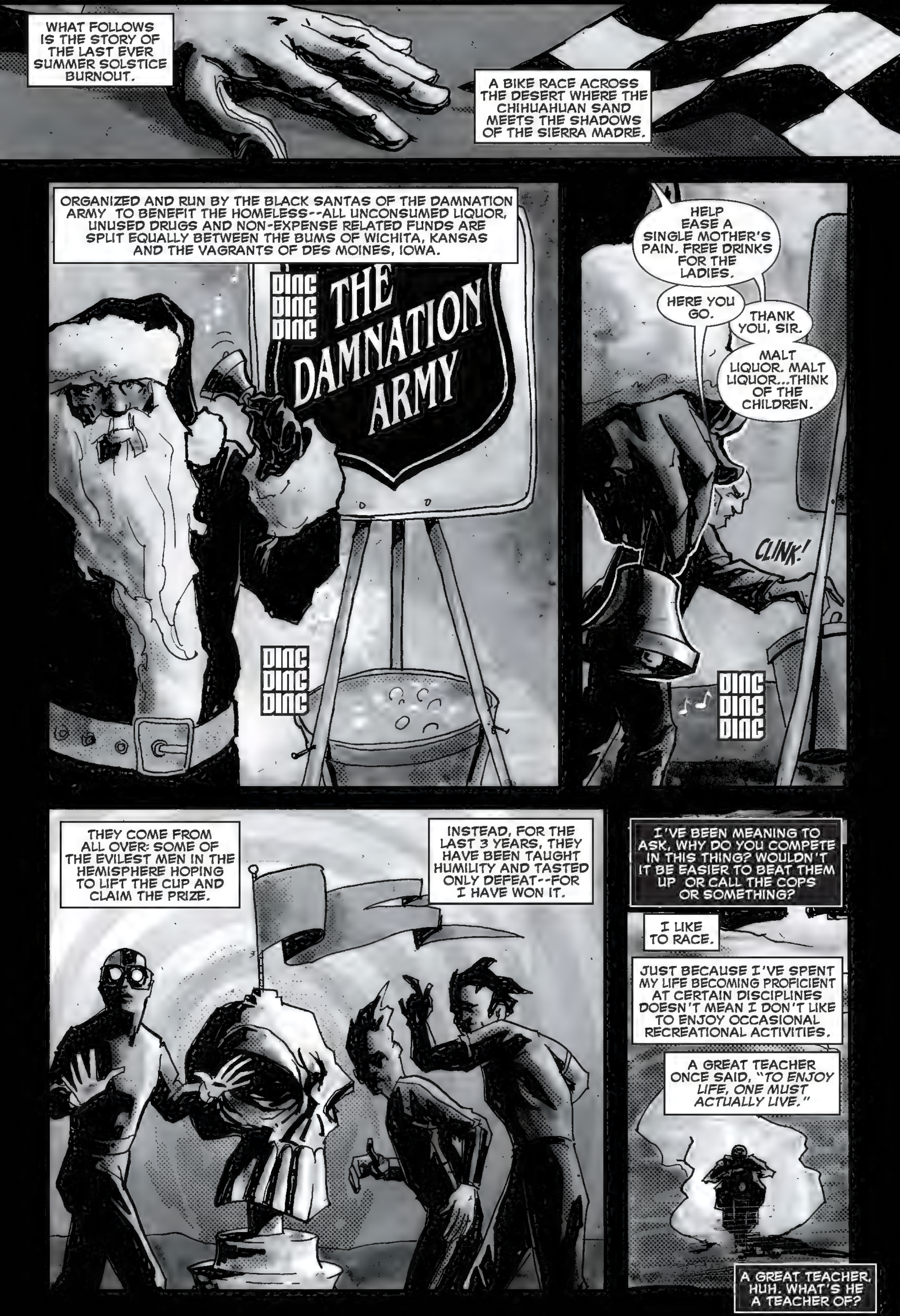

WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE OLD AVENGERS. DECIDE TO LEAVE YOUR HOUSE FOR A CHANGE?
HEADS UP! OSBORN'S PET IS IN THE HOUSE!
GIVE ME THOSE BABIES!
HEY LOOK, KIDS, IT'S THE CRAZY LADY WHO THINKS SHE'S YOUR MOMMY!
VAASHAOW
THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING, BUG!
OR WHAT, YOU'LL START TRYING TO KILL ME?!
WHAT A CHANGE OF--
--PACE.
UNNFFF!

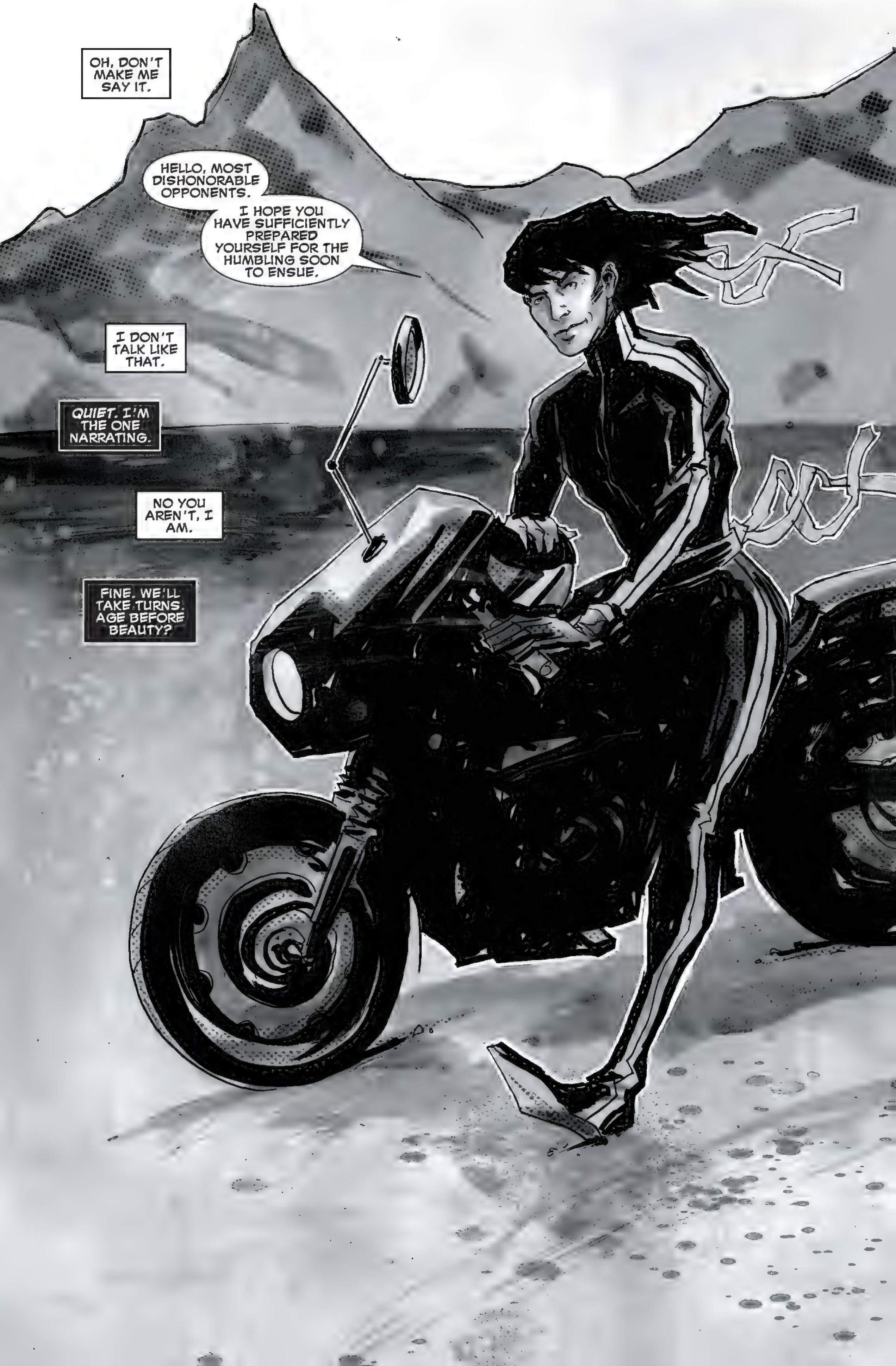

YOU!
YOU! I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE!
THE BABIES ARE *MINE!*
ELSEWHERE IN THE BUILDING...
HEY, KIDS! HOW'S IT GOING?
YOUR LITTLE JAR FRIENDS *SAID* WE'D FIND YOU HERE!
OF COURSE I HAVE *NO IDEA* WHAT TO DO NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOU--
--HERE.
THAT WAS... OKAY, THAT WAS KIND OF NEAT, REALLY.
LIKE BEING WITH DOCTOR STRANGE AT A GRATEFUL DEAD CONCERT.
I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO NOW.

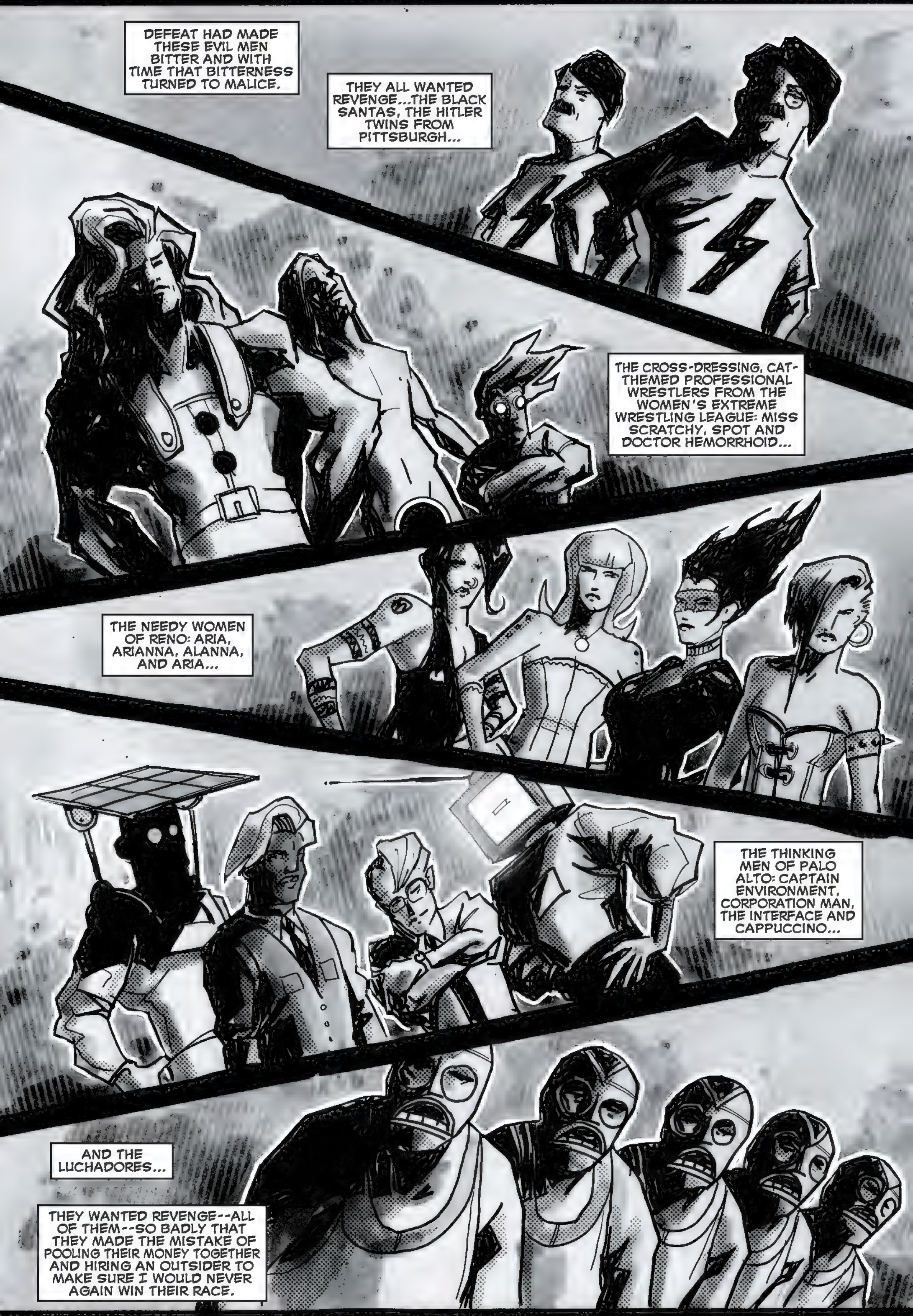

THE BUG IS DISTRACTED. HAVE TO FREE MY BABIES.
LET'S START HOOKING YOU UP!
HANG ON... WHICH END OF THIS CONNECTS TO...HUH...
WHOOM!
NOBODY INVITED *YOU*, MOONSTONE!
SPIDER-WOMAN!
YOU FOOLS HAVE NO IDEA WHAT POWER THOSE BABIES ARE CAPABLE OF!
ACTUALLY...
KLIK
WE KNOW *EXACTLY* WHAT THEY'RE CAPABLE OF.


THERE YOU GO, KIDS!
SHOWTIME!
NO! YOU GET AWAY FROM THEM, DAMN YOU!
DON'T!
DON'T DO THIS!
Please..

SHANG-CHI: MASTER OF KUNG FU (2009) #1

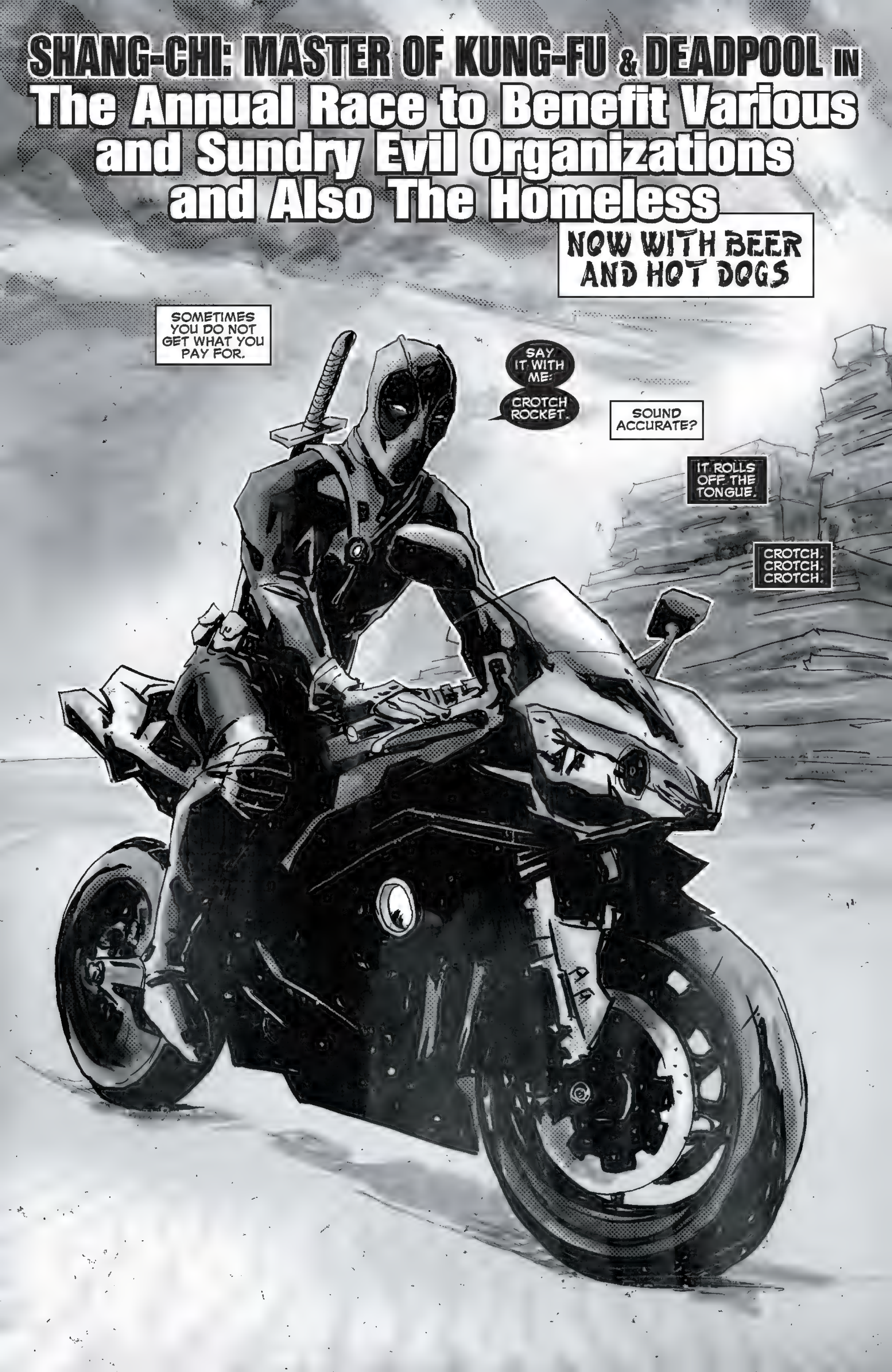

WHAT FOLLOWS IS THE STORY OF THE LAST EVER SUMMER SOLSTICE BURNOUT.
A BIKE RACE ACROSS THE DESERT WHERE THE CHIHUAHUAN SAND MEETS THE SHADOWS OF THE SIERRA MADRE.
ORGANIZED AND RUN BY THE BLACK SANTAS OF THE DAMNATION ARMY TO BENEFIT THE HOMELESS--ALL UNCONSUMED LIQUOR, UNUSED DRUGS AND NON-EXPENSE RELATED FUNDS ARE SPLIT EQUALLY BETWEEN THE BUMS OF WICHITA, KANSAS AND THE VAGRANTS OF DES MOINES, IOWA.
DING DING DING
THE DAMNATION ARMY
DING DING DING
HELP EASE A SINGLE MOTHER'S PAIN. FREE DRINKS FOR THE LADIES.
HERE YOU GO.
THANK YOU, SIR.
MALT LIQUOR. MALT LIQUOR...THINK OF THE CHILDREN.
CLINK!
DING DING DING
THEY COME FROM ALL OVER: SOME OF THE EVILEST MEN IN THE HEMISPHERE HOPING TO LIFT THE CUP AND CLAIM THE PRIZE.
INSTEAD, FOR THE LAST 3 YEARS, THEY HAVE BEEN TAUGHT HUMILITY AND TASTED ONLY DEFEAT--FOR I HAVE WON IT.
I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK, WHY DO YOU COMPETE IN THIS THING? WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER TO BEAT THEM UP OR CALL THE COPS OR SOMETHING?
I LIKE TO RACE.
JUST BECAUSE I'VE SPENT MY LIFE BECOMING PROFICIENT AT CERTAIN DISCIPLINES DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T LIKE TO ENJOY OCCASIONAL RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES.
A GREAT TEACHER ONCE SAID, *"TO ENJOY LIFE, ONE MUST ACTUALLY LIVE."*
A GREAT TEACHER, HUH. WHAT'S HE A TEACHER OF?

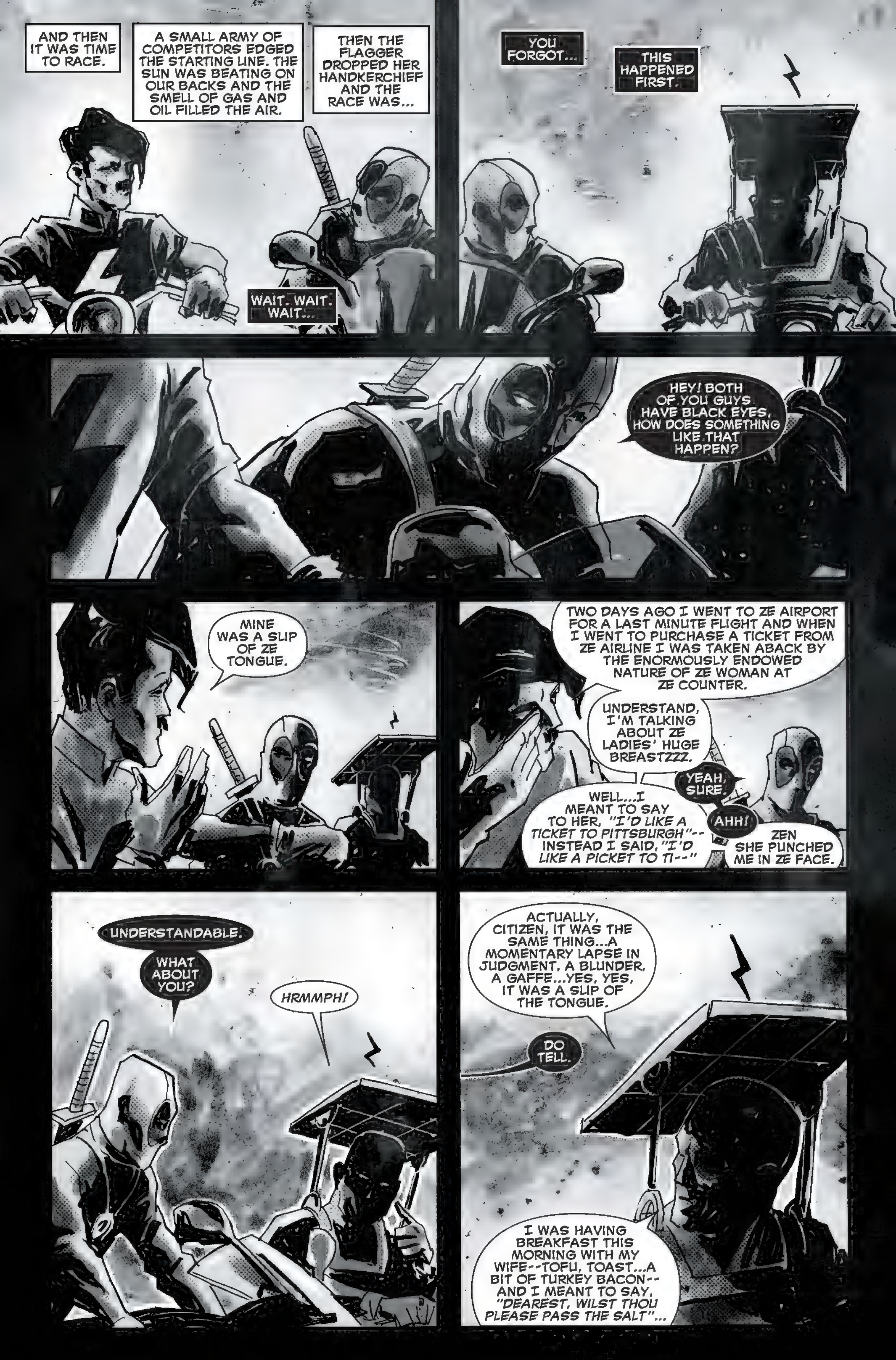

OH, DON'T MAKE ME SAY IT.
HELLO, MOST DISHONORABLE OPPONENTS.
I HOPE YOU HAVE SUFFICIENTLY PREPARED YOURSELF FOR THE HUMBLING SOON TO ENSUE.
I DON'T TALK LIKE THAT.
QUIET. I'M THE ONE NARRATING.
NO YOU AREN'T, I AM.
FINE. WE'LL TAKE TURNS. AGE BEFORE BEAUTY?

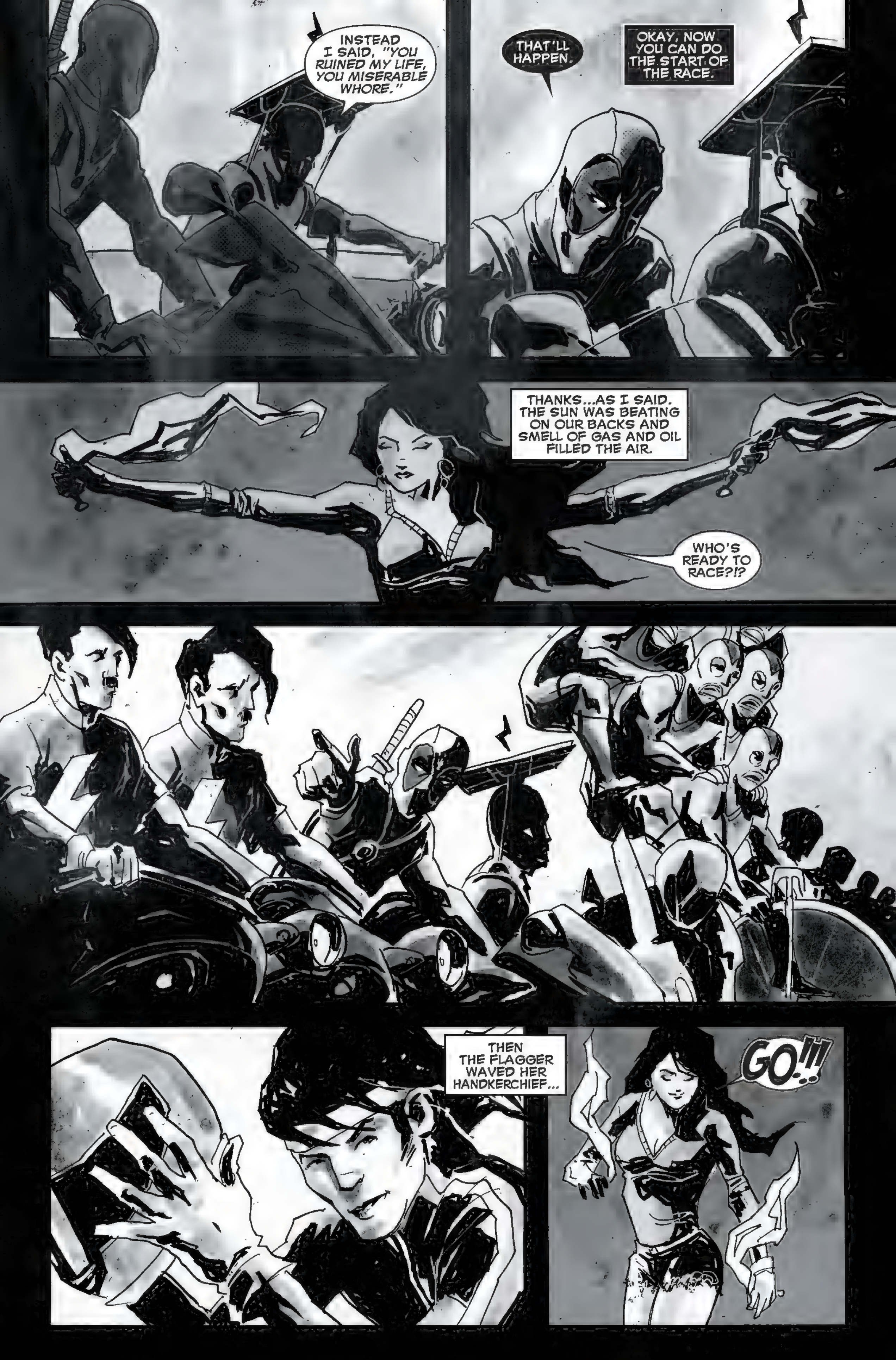

DEFEAT HAD MADE THESE EVIL MEN BITTER AND WITH TIME THAT BITTERNESS TURNED TO MALICE.
THEY ALL WANTED REVENGE...THE BLACK SANTAS, THE HITLER TWINS FROM PITTSBURGH...
THE CROSS-DRESSING, CAT-THEMED PROFESSIONAL WRESTLERS FROM THE WOMEN'S EXTREME WRESTLING LEAGUE: MISS SCRATCHY, SPOT AND DOCTOR HEMORRHOID...
THE NEEDY WOMEN OF RENO: ARIA, ARIANNA, ALANNA, AND ARIA...
THE THINKING MEN OF PALO ALTO: CAPTAIN ENVIRONMENT, CORPORATION MAN, THE INTERFACE AND CAPPUCCINO...
AND THE LUCHADORES...
THEY WANTED REVENGE--ALL OF THEM--SO BADLY THAT THEY MADE THE MISTAKE OF POOLING THEIR MONEY TOGETHER AND HIRING AN OUTSIDER TO MAKE SURE I WOULD NEVER AGAIN WIN THEIR RACE.

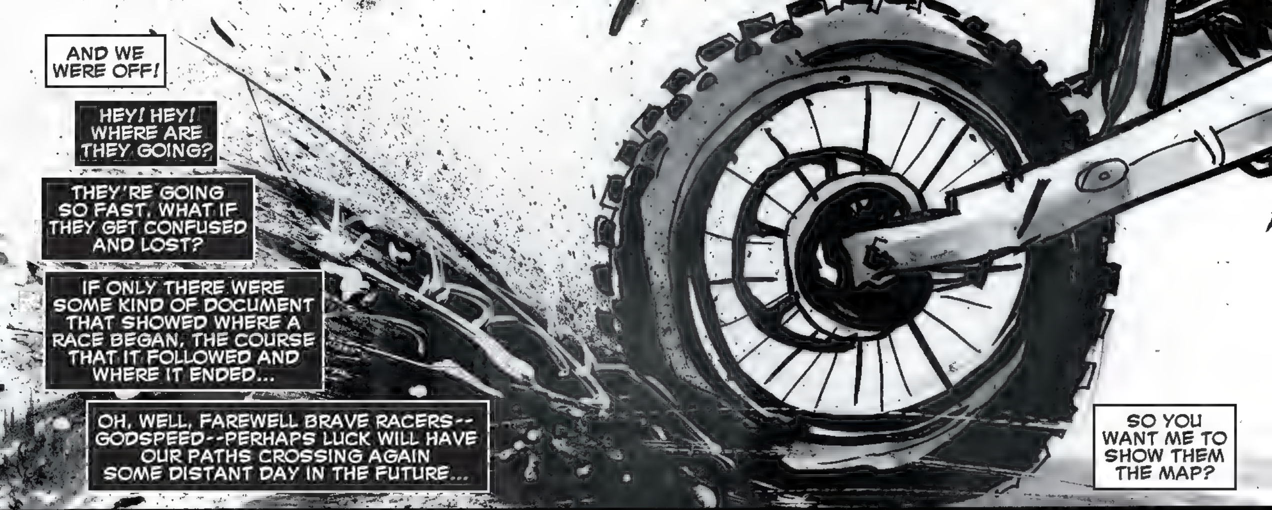
SHANG-CHI: MASTER OF KUNG-FU & DEADPOOL IN The Annual Race to Benefit Various and Sundry Evil Organizations and Also The Homeless

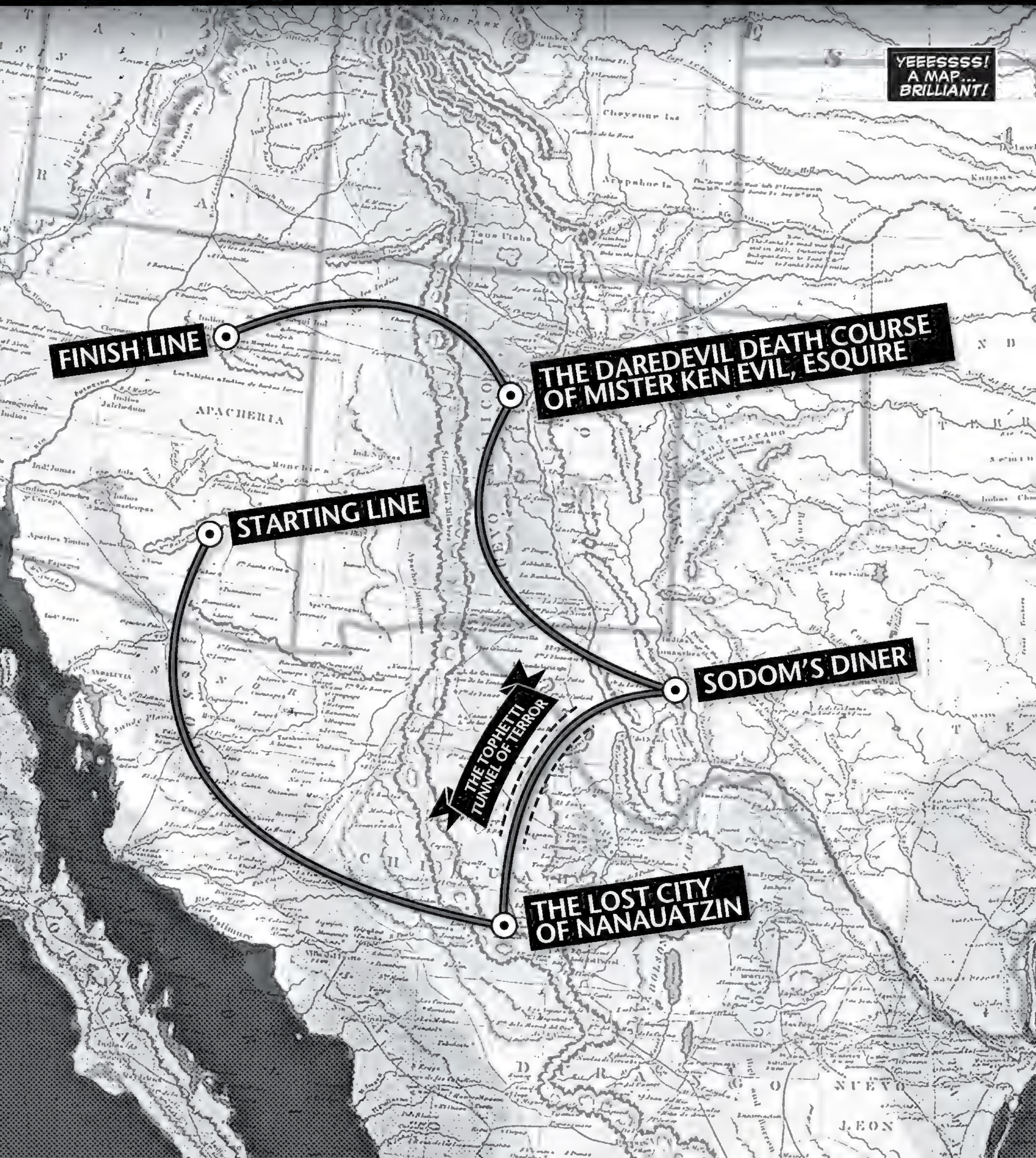
NOW WITH BEER AND HOT DOGS

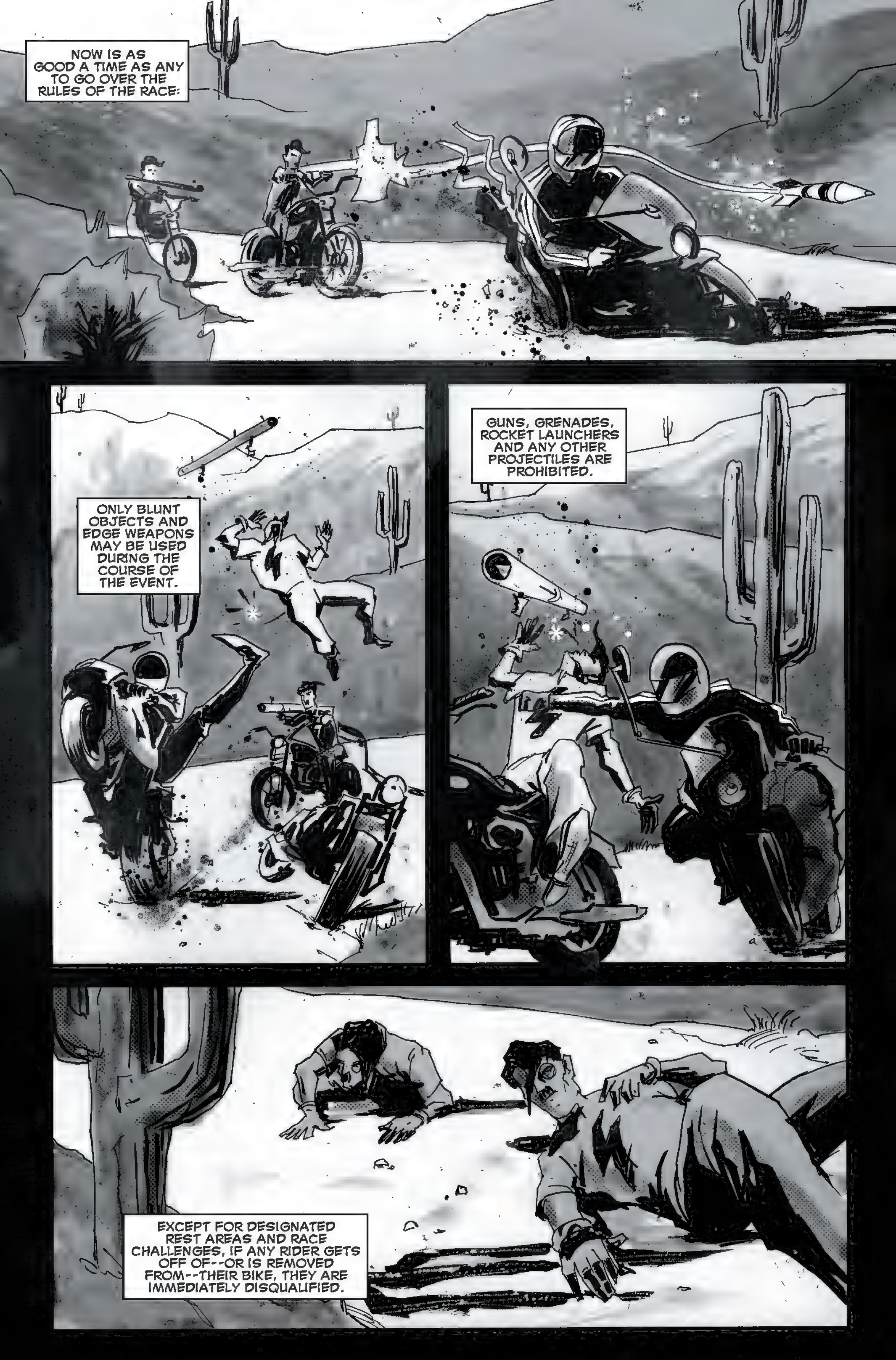

SOMETIMES YOU DO NOT GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR.
SAY IT WITH ME:
CROTCH ROCKET.
SOUND ACCURATE?
IT ROLLS OFF THE TONGUE.
CROTCH. CROTCH. CROTCH.

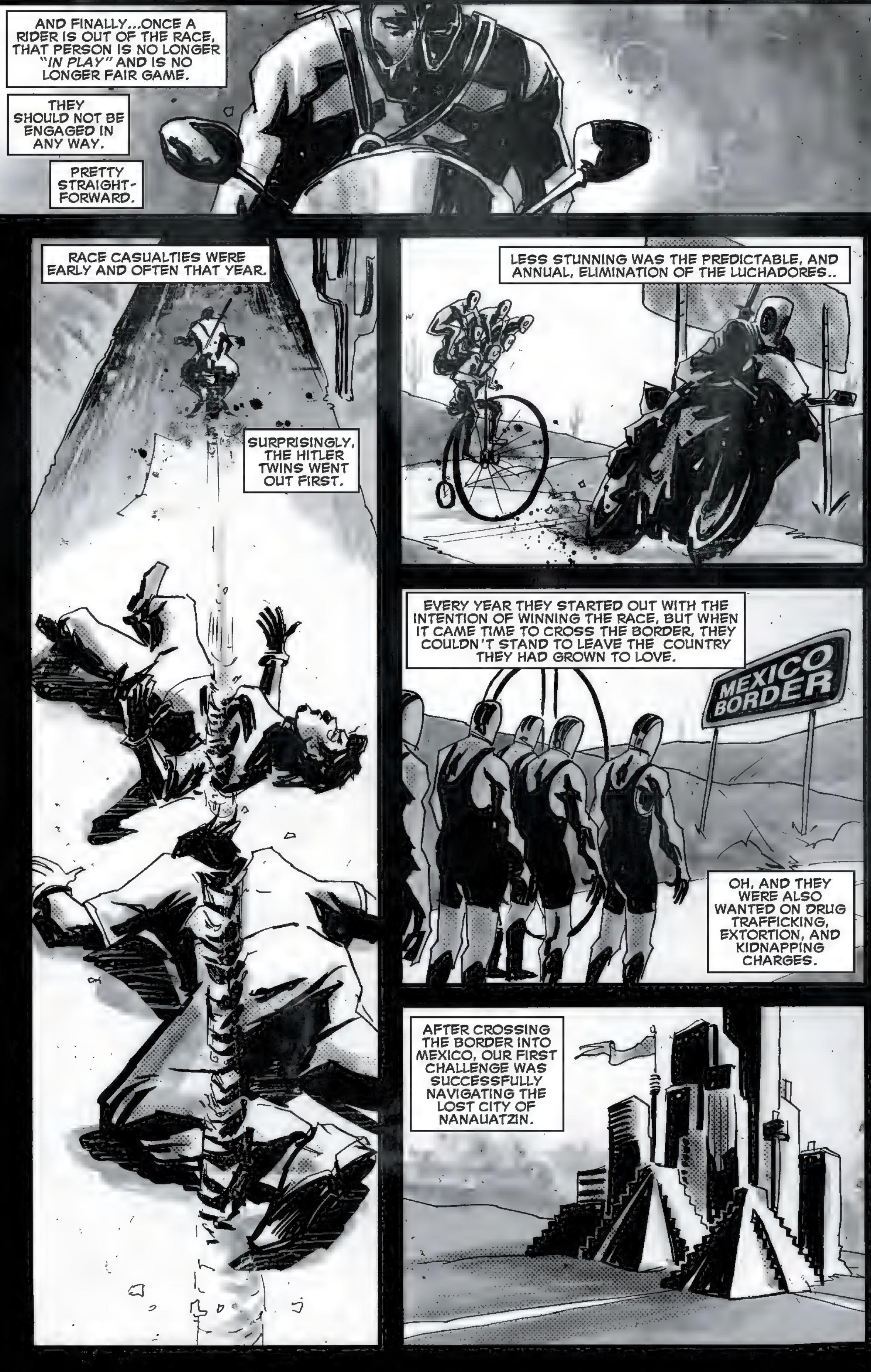

AND THEN IT WAS TIME TO RACE.
A SMALL ARMY OF COMPETITORS EDGED THE STARTING LINE. THE SUN WAS BEATING ON OUR BACKS AND THE SMELL OF GAS AND OIL FILLED THE AIR.
THEN THE FLAGGER DROPPED HER HANDKERCHIEF AND THE RACE WAS...
WAIT. WAIT. WAIT...
YOU FORGOT...
THIS HAPPENED FIRST.
HEY! BOTH OF YOU GUYS HAVE BLACK EYES. HOW DOES SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPEN?
MINE WAS A SLIP OF ZE TONGUE.
TWO DAYS AGO I WENT TO ZE AIRPORT FOR A LAST MINUTE FLIGHT AND WHEN I WENT TO PURCHASE A TICKET FROM ZE AIRLINE I WAS TAKEN ABACK BY THE ENORMOUSLY ENDOWED NATURE OF ZE WOMAN AT ZE COUNTER.
UNDERSTAND, I'M TALKING ABOUT ZE LADIES' HUGE BREASTZZZ.
YEAH, SURE.
WELL...I MEANT TO SAY TO HER, "I'D LIKE A TICKET TO PITTSBURGH"-- INSTEAD I SAID, "I'D LIKE A PICKET TO TI--"
AHH!
ZEN SHE PUNCHED ME IN ZE FACE.
UNDERSTANDABLE.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
HRMMPH!
ACTUALLY, CITIZEN, IT WAS THE SAME THING...A MOMENTARY LAPSE IN JUDGMENT. A BLUNDER. A GAFFE...YES, YES, IT WAS A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.
DO TELL.
I WAS HAVING BREAKFAST THIS MORNING WITH MY WIFE--TOFU, TOAST...A BIT OF TURKEY BACON-- AND I MEANT TO SAY, "DEAREST, WILST THOU PLEASE PASS THE SALT"...

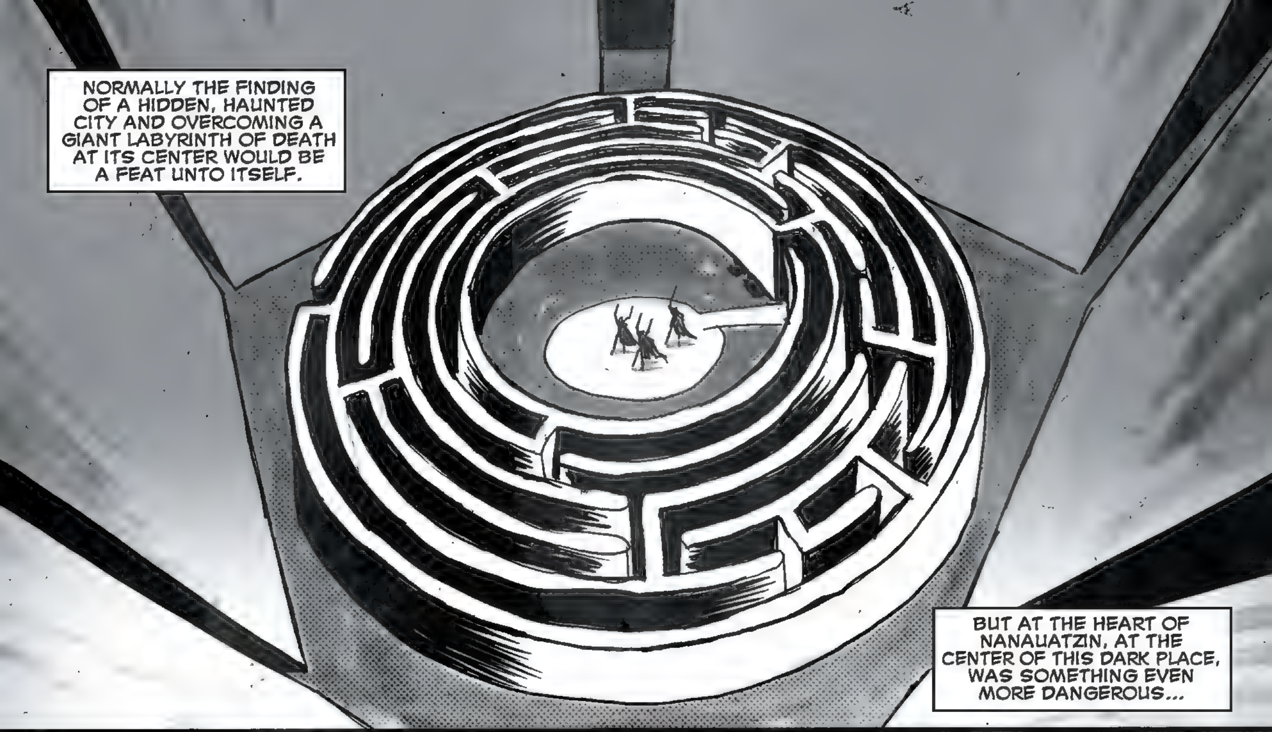

INSTEAD I SAID, "YOU RUINED MY LIFE, YOU MISERABLE WHORE."
THAT'LL HAPPEN.
OKAY, NOW YOU CAN DO THE START OF THE RACE.
THANKS...AS I SAID. THE SUN WAS BEATING ON OUR BACKS AND SMELL OF GAS AND OIL FILLED THE AIR.
WHO'S READY TO RACE?!?
THEN THE FLAGGER WAVED HER HANDKERCHIEF...
GO!!!

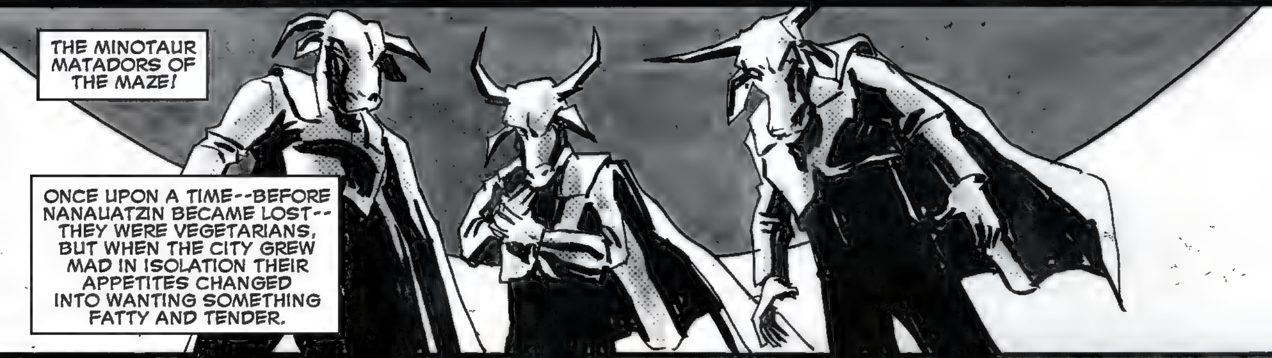

AND WE WERE OFF!
HEY! HEY! WHERE ARE THEY GOING?
THEY'RE GOING SO FAST, WHAT IF THEY GET CONFUSED AND LOST?
IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME KIND OF DOCUMENT THAT SHOWED WHERE A RACE BEGAN, THE COURSE THAT IT FOLLOWED AND WHERE IT ENDED...
OH, WELL, FAREWELL BRAVE RACERS--GODSPEED--PERHAPS LUCK WILL HAVE OUR PATHS CROSSING AGAIN SOME DISTANT DAY IN THE FUTURE...
SO YOU WANT ME TO SHOW THEM THE MAP?

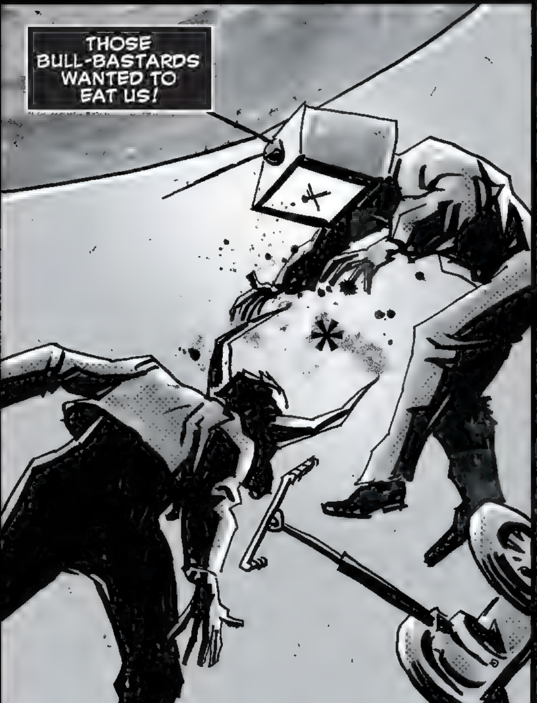

YEEESSSS! A MAP... BRILLIANT!
FINISH LINE
THE DAREDEVIL DEATH COURSE OF MISTER KEN EVIL, ESQUIRE
STARTING LINE
SODOM'S DINER
THE TOPHETTI TUNNEL OF TERROR
THE LOST CITY OF NANAUATZIN

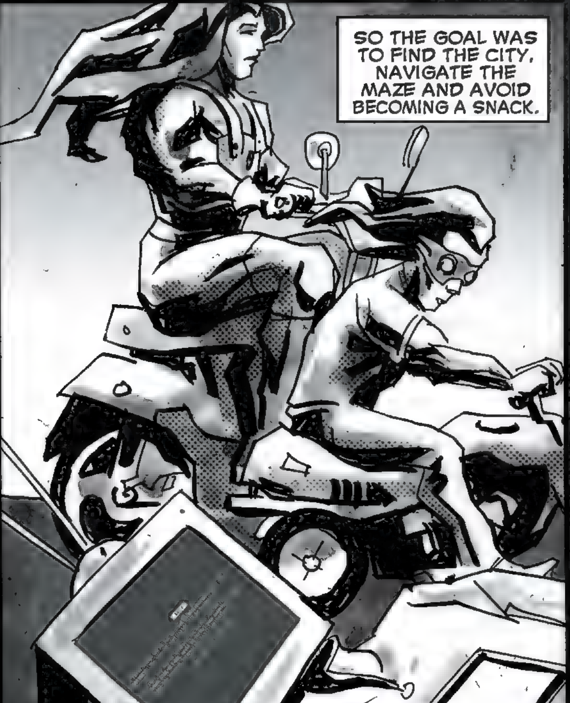

NOW IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO GO OVER THE RULES OF THE RACE:
ONLY BLUNT OBJECTS AND EDGE WEAPONS MAY BE USED DURING THE COURSE OF THE EVENT.
GUNS, GRENADES, ROCKET LAUNCHERS AND ANY OTHER PROJECTILES ARE PROHIBITED.
EXCEPT FOR DESIGNATED REST AREAS AND RACE CHALLENGES, IF ANY RIDER GETS OFF OF--OR IS REMOVED FROM--THEIR BIKE, THEY ARE IMMEDIATELY DISQUALIFIED.

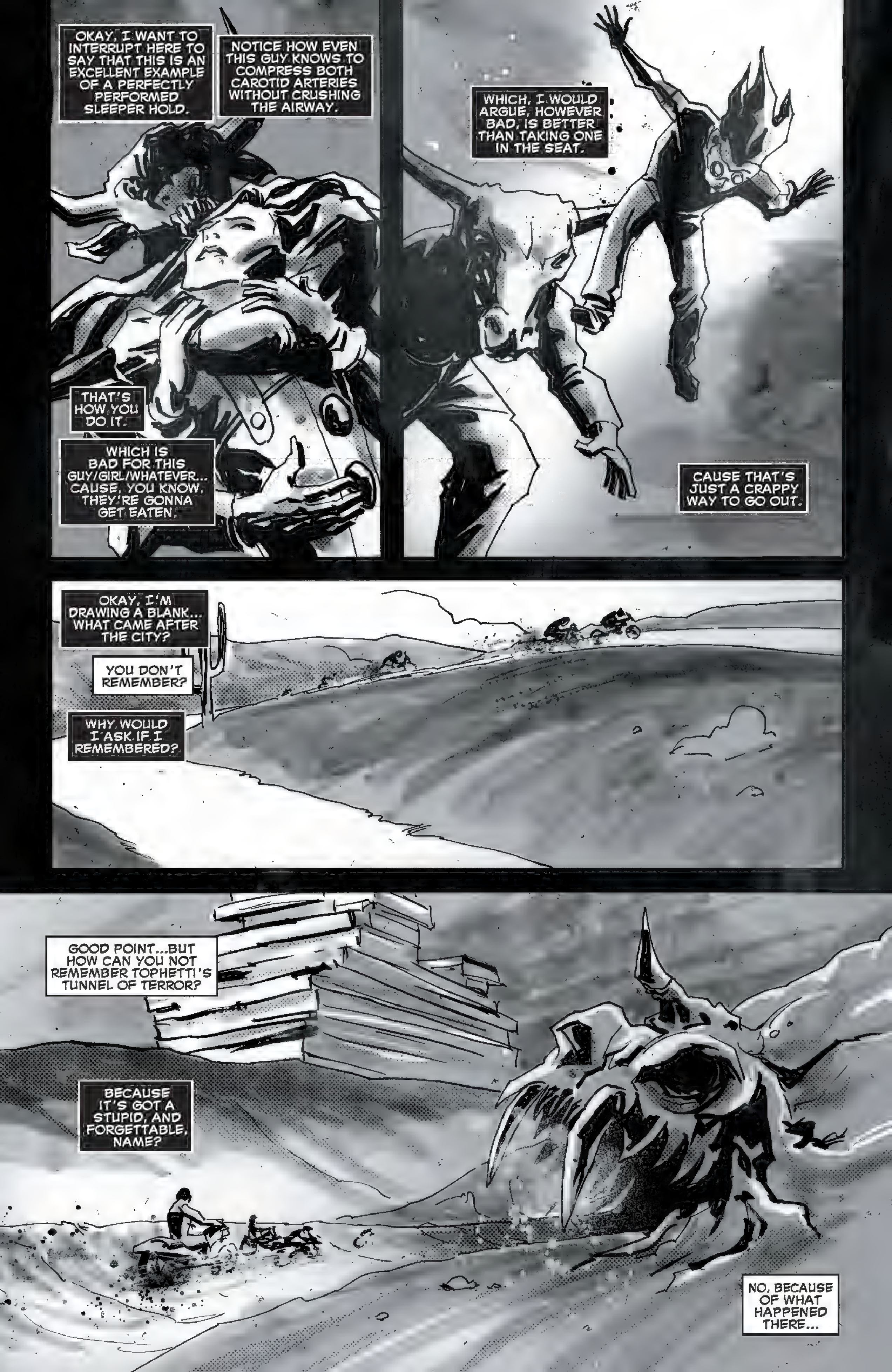

AND FINALLY...ONCE A RIDER IS OUT OF THE RACE, THAT PERSON IS NO LONGER *"IN PLAY"* AND IS NO LONGER FAIR GAME.
THEY SHOULD NOT BE ENGAGED IN ANY WAY.
PRETTY STRAIGHTFORWARD.
RACE CASUALTIES WERE EARLY AND OFTEN THAT YEAR.
SURPRISINGLY, THE HITLER TWINS WENT OUT FIRST.
LESS STUNNING WAS THE PREDICTABLE, AND ANNUAL, ELIMINATION OF THE LUCHADORES..
EVERY YEAR THEY STARTED OUT WITH THE INTENTION OF WINNING THE RACE, BUT WHEN IT CAME TIME TO CROSS THE BORDER, THEY COULDN'T STAND TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY THEY HAD GROWN TO LOVE.
MEXICO BORDER
OH, AND THEY WERE ALSO WANTED ON DRUG TRAFFICKING, EXTORTION, AND KIDNAPPING CHARGES.
AFTER CROSSING THE BORDER INTO MEXICO, OUR FIRST CHALLENGE WAS SUCCESSFULLY NAVIGATING THE LOST CITY OF NANAUATZIN.

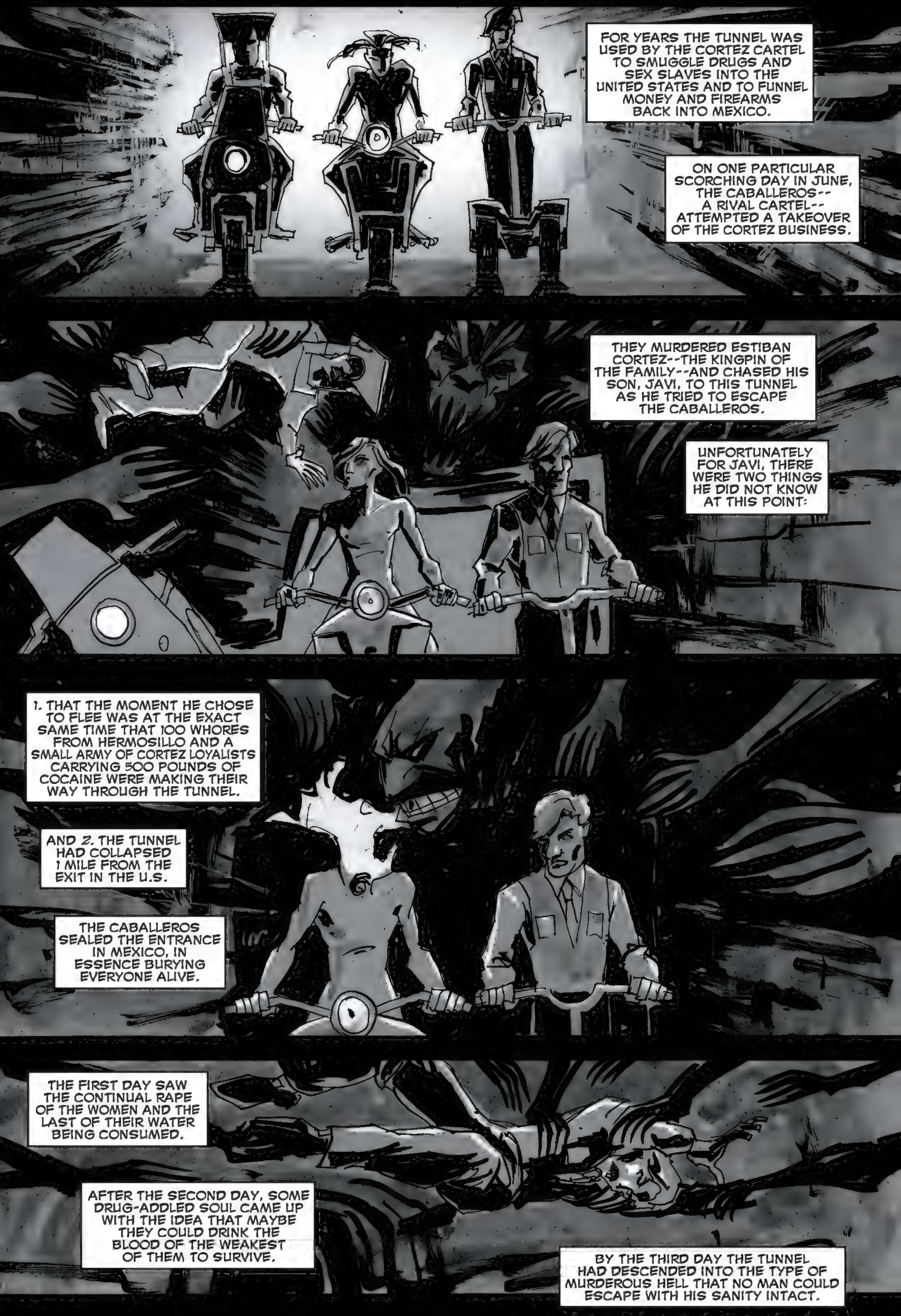

NORMALLY THE FINDING OF A HIDDEN, HAUNTED CITY AND OVERCOMING A GIANT LABYRINTH OF DEATH AT ITS CENTER WOULD BE A FEAT UNTO ITSELF.
BUT AT THE HEART OF NANAUATZIN, AT THE CENTER OF THIS DARK PLACE, WAS SOMETHING EVEN MORE DANGEROUS...

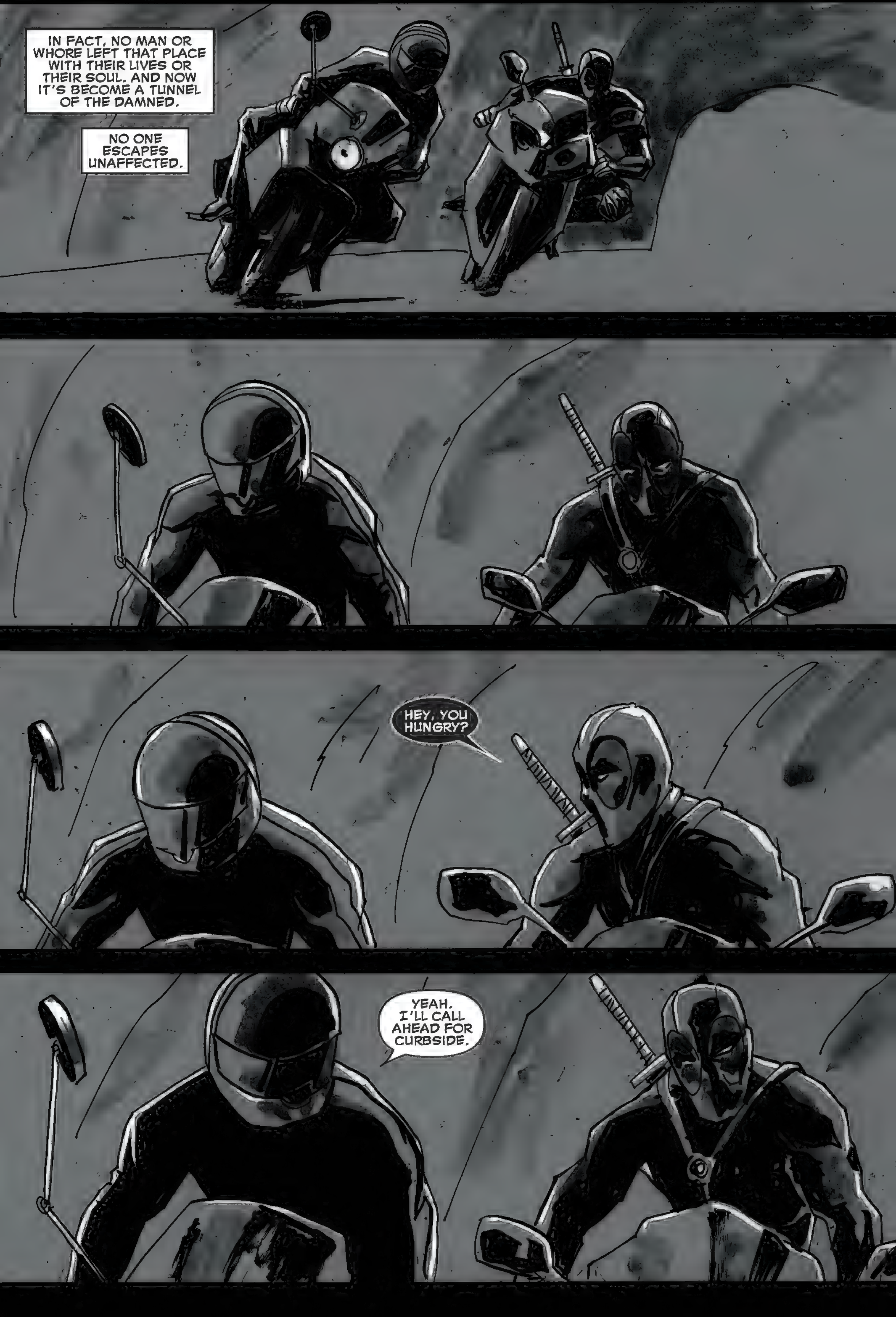

THE MINOTAUR MATADORS OF THE MAZE!
ONCE UPON A TIME--BEFORE NANAUATZIN BECAME LOST--THEY WERE VEGETARIANS, BUT WHEN THE CITY GREW MAD IN ISOLATION THEIR APPETITES CHANGED INTO WANTING SOMETHING FATTY AND TENDER.

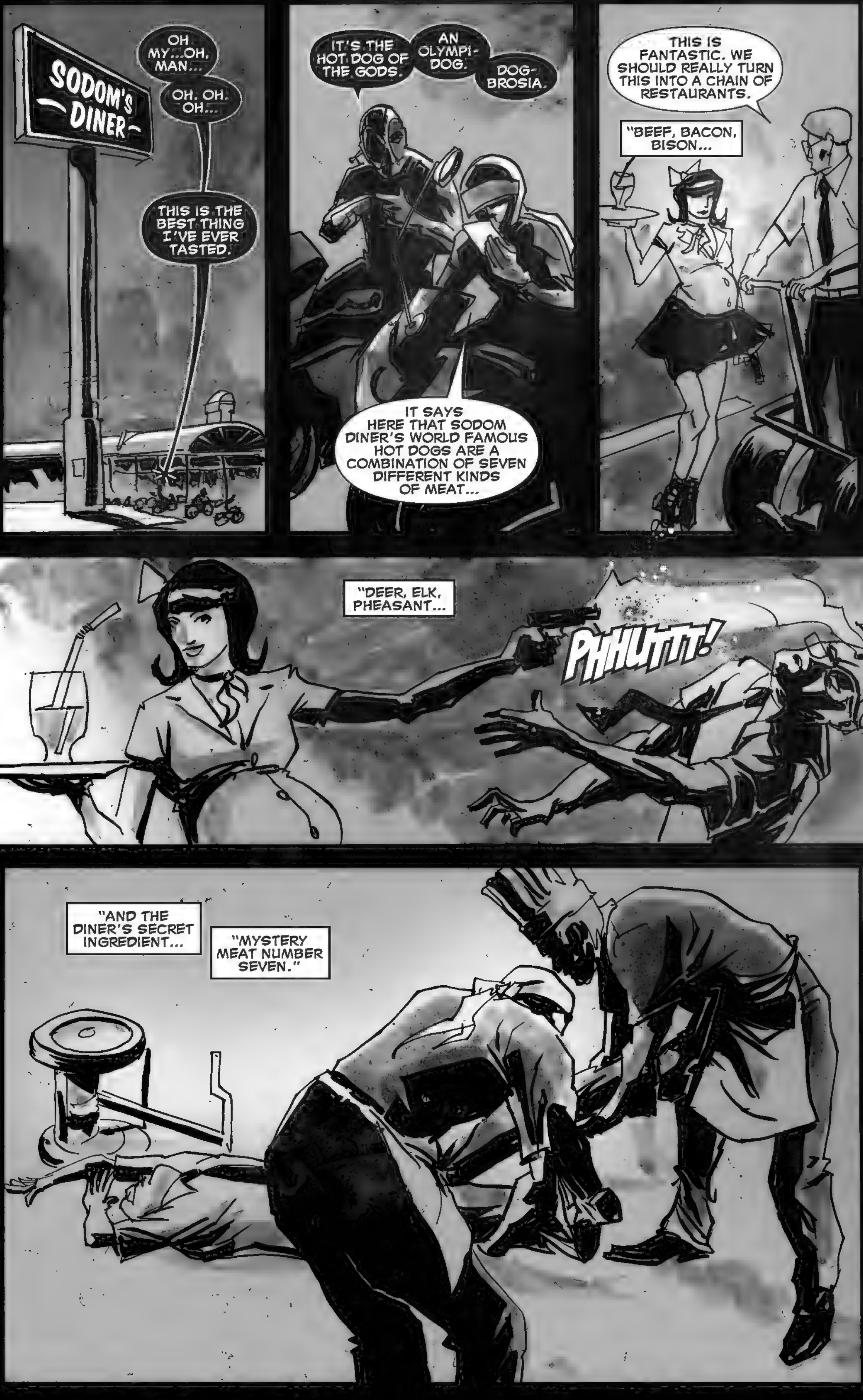

THOSE BULL-BASTARDS WANTED TO EAT US!

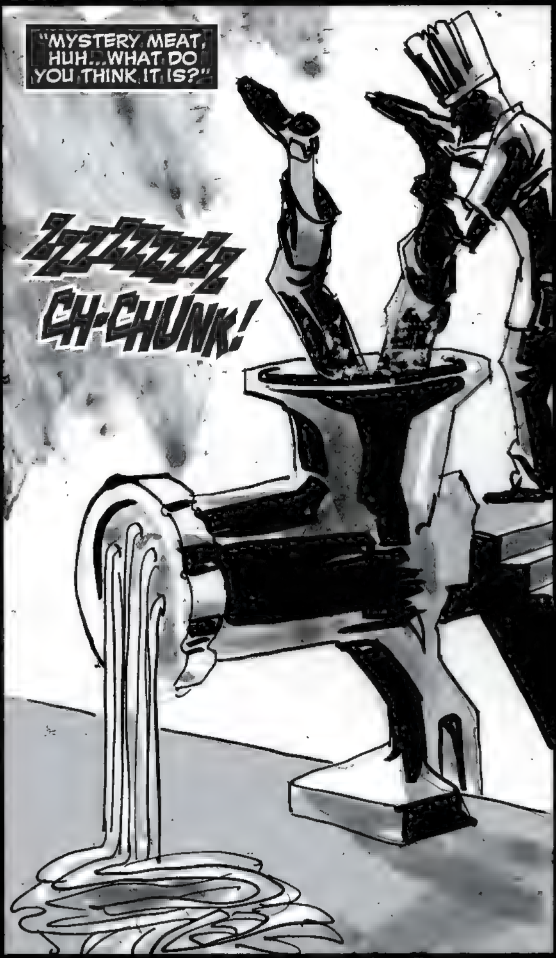

SO THE GOAL WAS TO FIND THE CITY, NAVIGATE THE MAZE AND AVOID BECOMING A SNACK.

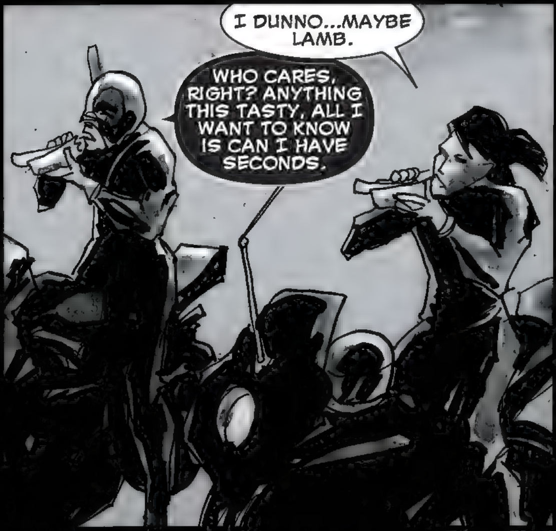

OKAY, I WANT TO INTERRUPT HERE TO SAY THAT THIS IS AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF A PERFECTLY PERFORMED SLEEPER HOLD.
NOTICE HOW EVEN THIS GUY KNOWS TO COMPRESS BOTH CAROTID ARTERIES WITHOUT CRUSHING THE AIRWAY.
THAT'S HOW YOU DO IT.
WHICH IS BAD FOR THIS GUY/GIRL/WHATEVER... CAUSE, YOU KNOW, THEY'RE GONNA GET EATEN.
WHICH, I WOULD ARGUE, HOWEVER BAD, IS BETTER THAN TAKING ONE IN THE SEAT.
CAUSE THAT'S JUST A CRAPPY WAY TO GO OUT.
OKAY, I'M DRAWING A BLANK... WHAT CAME AFTER THE CITY?
YOU DON'T REMEMBER?
WHY WOULD I ASK IF I REMEMBERED?
GOOD POINT...BUT HOW CAN YOU NOT REMEMBER TOPHETTI'S TUNNEL OF TERROR?
BECAUSE IT'S GOT A STUPID, AND FORGETTABLE, NAME?
NO, BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED THERE...

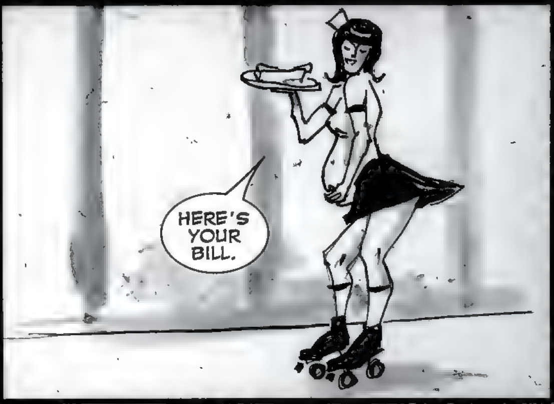

FOR YEARS THE TUNNEL WAS USED BY THE CORTEZ CARTEL TO SMUGGLE DRUGS AND SEX SLAVES INTO THE UNITED STATES AND TO FUNNEL MONEY AND FIREARMS BACK INTO MEXICO.
ON ONE PARTICULAR SCORCHING DAY IN JUNE, THE CABALLEROS--A RIVAL CARTEL--ATTEMPTED A TAKEOVER OF THE CORTEZ BUSINESS.
THEY MURDERED ESTIBAN CORTEZ--THE KINGPIN OF THE FAMILY--AND CHASED HIS SON, JAVI, TO THIS TUNNEL AS HE TRIED TO ESCAPE THE CABALLEROS.
UNFORTUNATELY FOR JAVI, THERE WERE TWO THINGS HE DID NOT KNOW AT THIS POINT:
1. THAT THE MOMENT HE CHOSE TO FLEE WAS AT THE EXACT SAME TIME THAT 100 WHORES FROM HERMOSILLO AND A SMALL ARMY OF CORTEZ LOYALISTS CARRYING 500 POUNDS OF COCAINE WERE MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE TUNNEL.
AND 2. THE TUNNEL HAD COLLAPSED 1 MILE FROM THE EXIT IN THE U.S.
THE CABALLEROS SEALED THE ENTRANCE IN MEXICO, IN ESSENCE BURYING EVERYONE ALIVE.
THE FIRST DAY SAW THE CONTINUAL RAPE OF THE WOMEN AND THE LAST OF THEIR WATER BEING CONSUMED.
AFTER THE SECOND DAY, SOME DRUG-ADDLED SOUL CAME UP WITH THE IDEA THAT MAYBE THEY COULD DRINK THE BLOOD OF THE WEAKEST OF THEM TO SURVIVE.
BY THE THIRD DAY THE TUNNEL HAD DESCENDED INTO THE TYPE OF MURDEROUS HELL THAT NO MAN COULD ESCAPE WITH HIS SANITY INTACT.

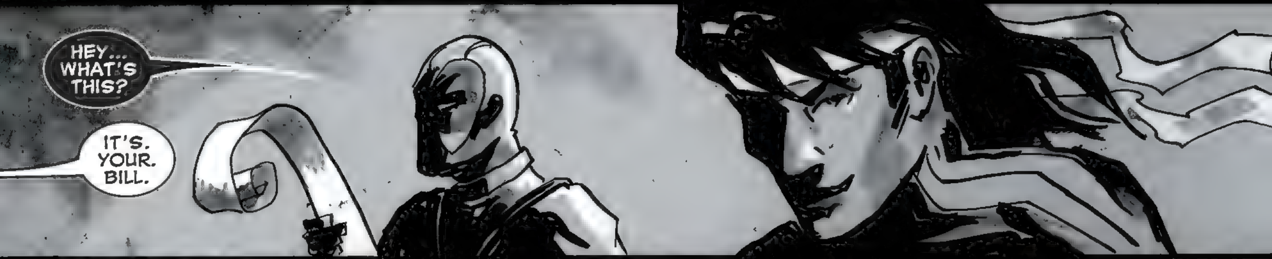

IN FACT, NO MAN OR WHORE LEFT THAT PLACE WITH THEIR LIVES OR THEIR SOUL. AND NOW IT'S BECOME A TUNNEL OF THE DAMNED.
NO ONE ESCAPES UNAFFECTED.
HEY, YOU HUNGRY?
YEAH. I'LL CALL AHEAD FOR CURBSIDE.

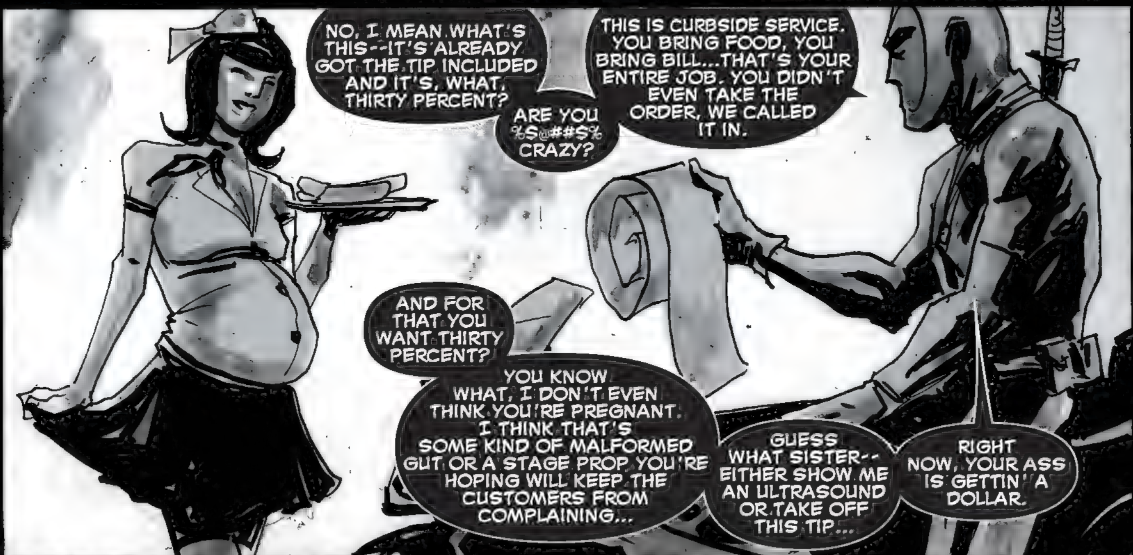

SODOM'S DINER
OH MY...OH, MAN...
OH. OH. OH...
THIS IS THE BEST THING I'VE EVER TASTED.
IT'S THE HOT DOG OF THE GODS.
AN OLYMPI-DOG.
DOG-BROSIA.
IT SAYS HERE THAT SODOM DINER'S WORLD FAMOUS HOT DOGS ARE A COMBINATION OF SEVEN DIFFERENT KINDS OF MEAT...
THIS IS FANTASTIC. WE SHOULD REALLY TURN THIS INTO A CHAIN OF RESTAURANTS.
"BEEF, BACON, BISON...
"DEER, ELK, PHEASANT...
PHHUTTT!
"AND THE DINER'S SECRET INGREDIENT...
"MYSTERY MEAT NUMBER SEVEN."

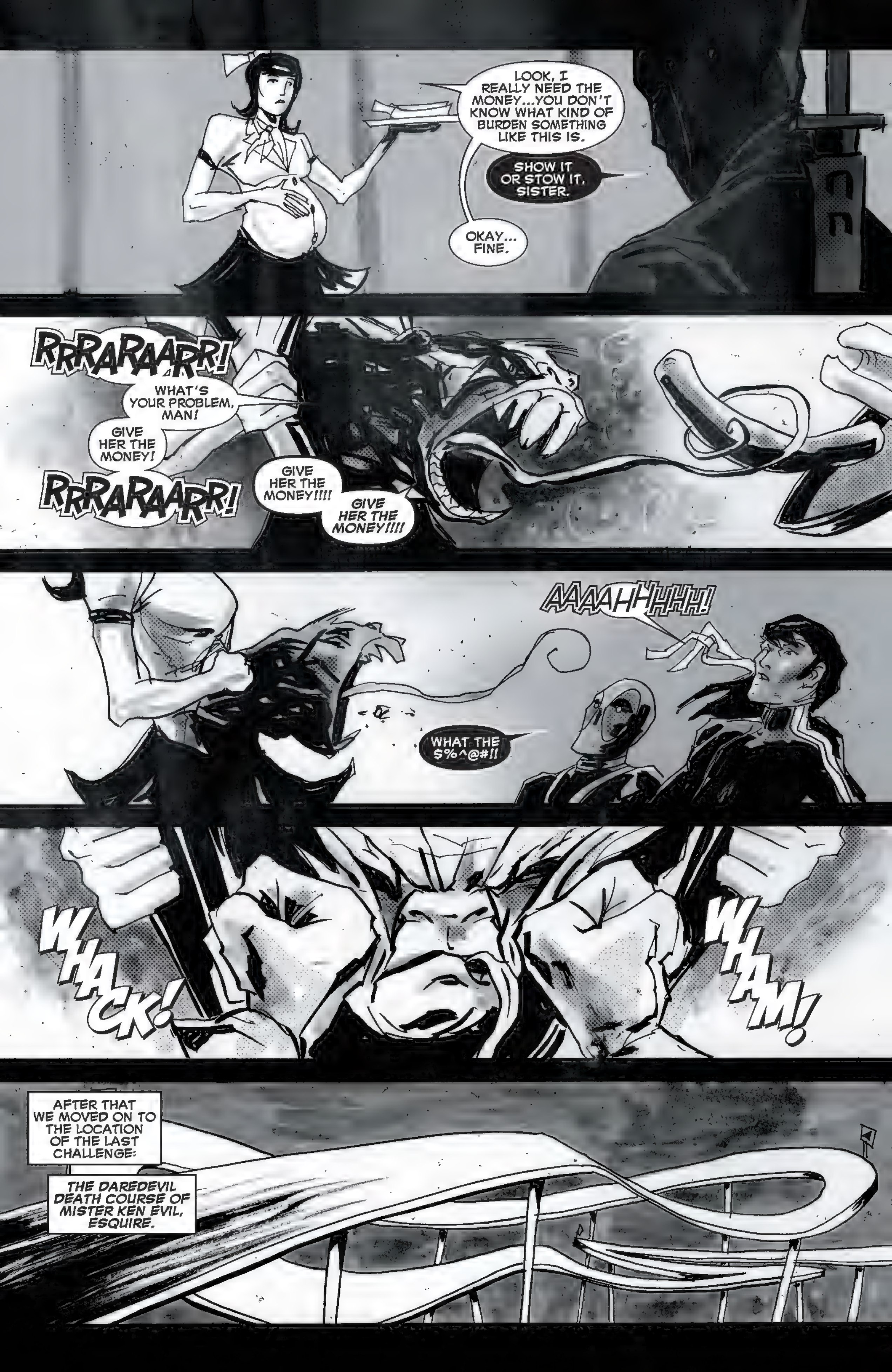

"MYSTERY MEAT, HUH...WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS?"
ZZZZZZZZZ
CH-CHUNK!

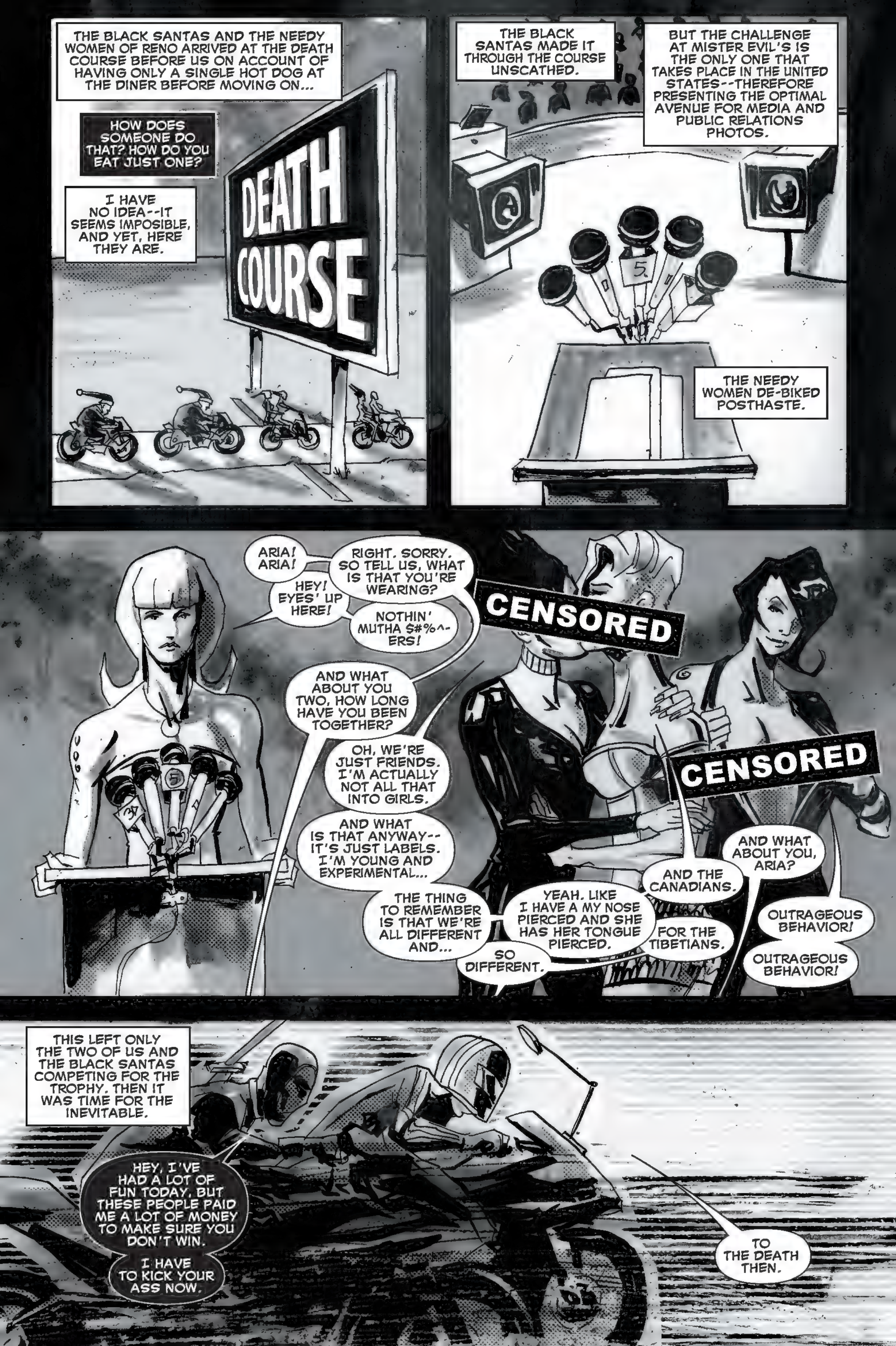

I DUNNO...MAYBE LAMB.
WHO CARES, RIGHT? ANYTHING THIS TASTY, ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS CAN I HAVE SECONDS.


HERE'S YOUR BILL.

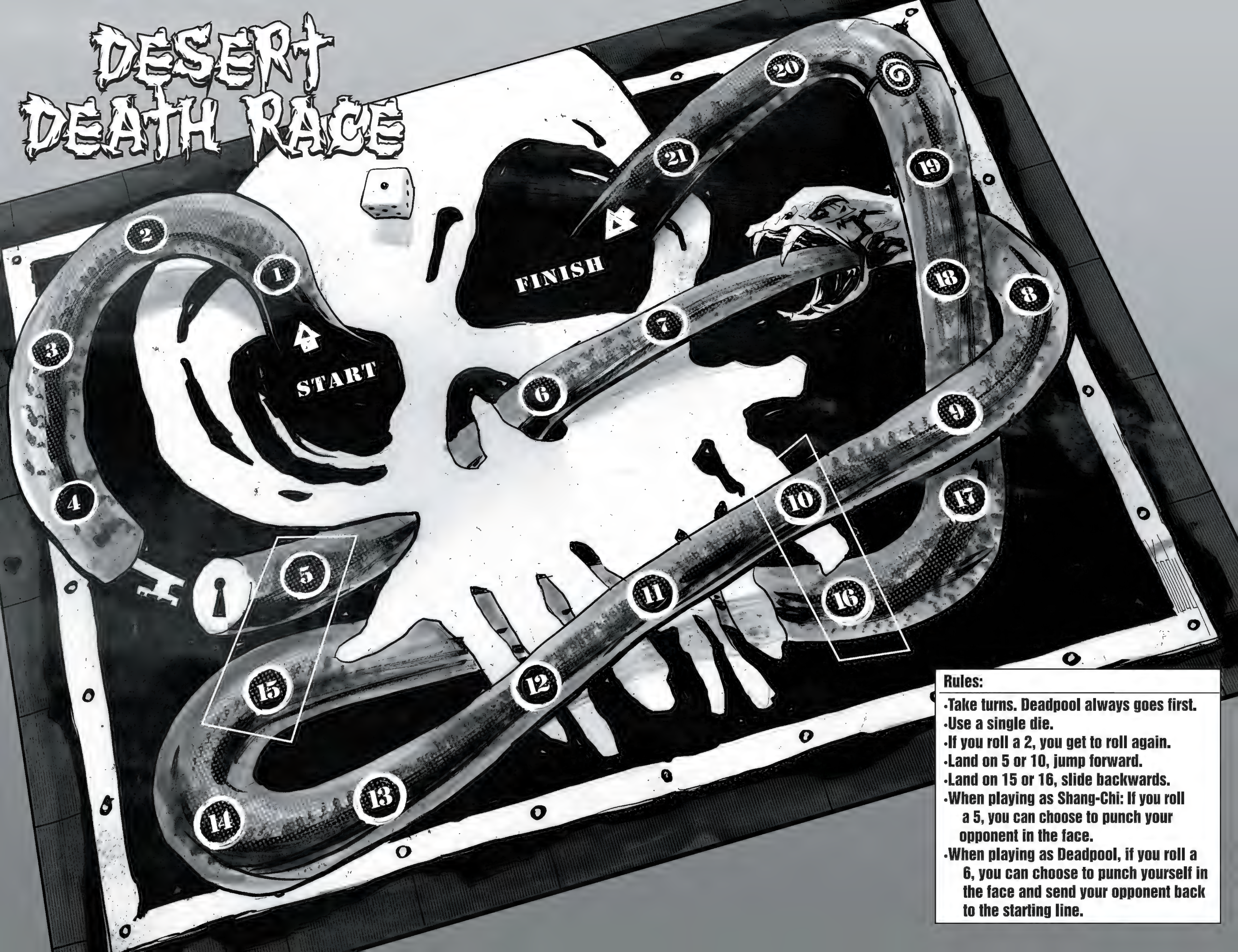

HEY... WHAT'S THIS?
IT'S. YOUR. BILL.


NO, I MEAN WHAT'S THIS--IT'S ALREADY GOT THE TIP INCLUDED AND IT'S, WHAT, THIRTY PERCENT?
ARE YOU %$@##$% CRAZY?
THIS IS CURBSIDE SERVICE. YOU BRING FOOD, YOU BRING BILL...THAT'S YOUR ENTIRE JOB. YOU DIDN'T EVEN TAKE THE ORDER, WE CALLED IT IN.
AND FOR THAT YOU WANT THIRTY PERCENT?
YOU KNOW WHAT, I DON'T EVEN THINK YOU'RE PREGNANT. I THINK THAT'S SOME KIND OF MALFORMED GUT OR A STAGE PROP YOU'RE HOPING WILL KEEP THE CUSTOMERS FROM COMPLAINING...
GUESS WHAT SISTER--EITHER SHOW ME AN ULTRASOUND OR TAKE OFF THIS TIP...
RIGHT NOW, YOUR ASS IS GETTIN' A DOLLAR.


LOOK, I REALLY NEED THE MONEY...YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF BURDEN SOMETHING LIKE THIS IS.
SHOW IT OR STOW IT, SISTER.
OKAY... FINE.
RRRARAARR!
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, MAN!
GIVE HER THE MONEY!
RRRARAARR!
GIVE HER THE MONEY!!!!
GIVE HER THE MONEY!!!!
AAAAHHHHH!
WHAT THE $%^@#!!
WHACK!
WHAM!
AFTER THAT WE MOVED ON TO THE LOCATION OF THE LAST CHALLENGE:
THE DAREDEVIL DEATH COURSE OF MISTER KEN EVIL, ESQUIRE.

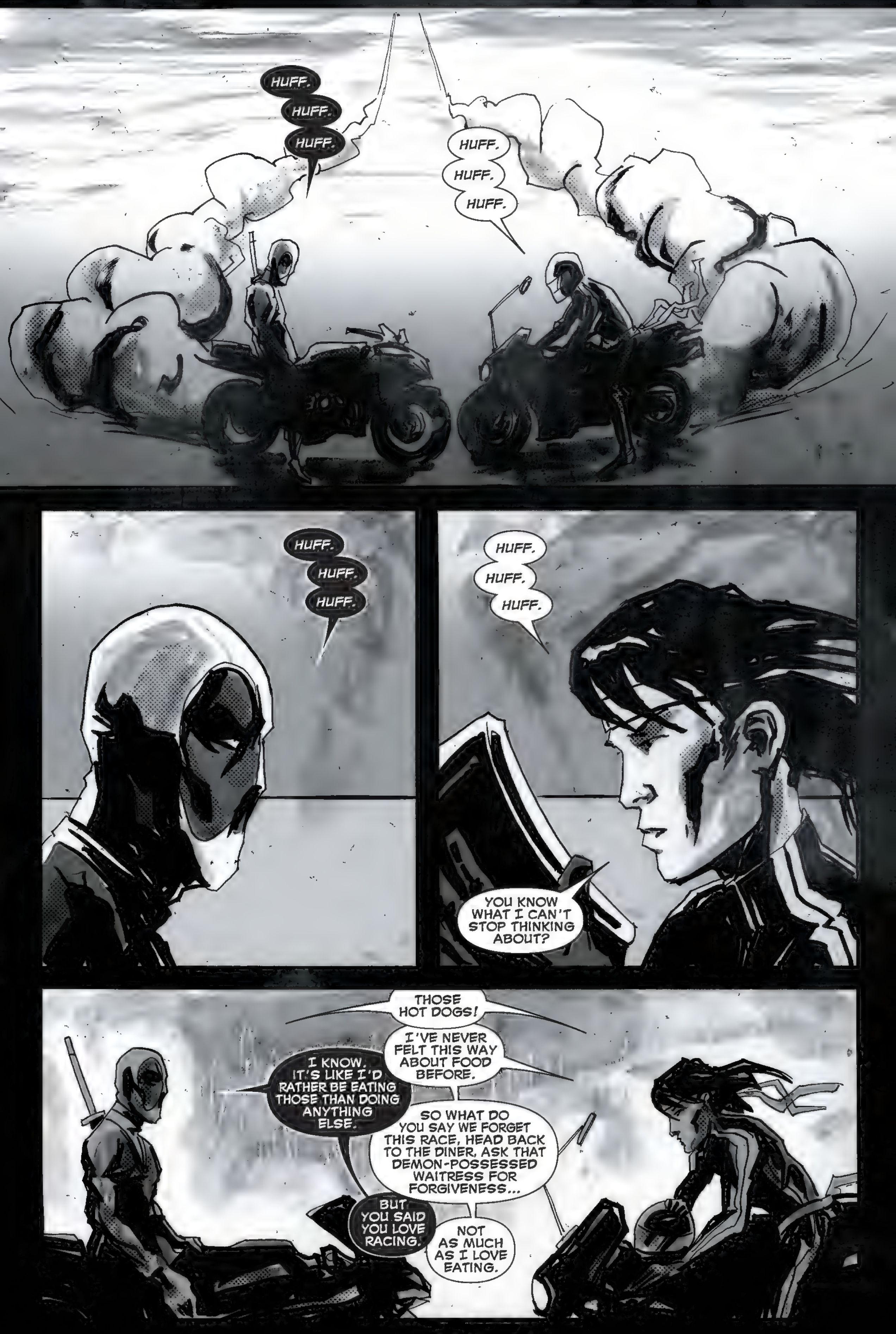

THE BLACK SANTAS AND THE NEEDY WOMEN OF RENO ARRIVED AT THE DEATH COURSE BEFORE US ON ACCOUNT OF HAVING ONLY A SINGLE HOT DOG AT THE DINER BEFORE MOVING ON...
HOW DOES SOMEONE DO THAT? HOW DO YOU EAT JUST ONE?
I HAVE NO IDEA--IT SEEMS IMPOSIBLE, AND YET, HERE THEY ARE.
DEATH COURSE
THE BLACK SANTAS MADE IT THROUGH THE COURSE UNSCATHED.
BUT THE CHALLENGE AT MISTER EVIL'S IS THE ONLY ONE THAT TAKES PLACE IN THE UNITED STATES--THEREFORE PRESENTING THE OPTIMAL AVENUE FOR MEDIA AND PUBLIC RELATIONS PHOTOS.
THE NEEDY WOMEN DE-BIKED POSTHASTE.
ARIA! ARIA!
RIGHT. SORRY. SO TELL US, WHAT IS THAT YOU'RE WEARING?
HEY! EYES' UP HERE!
NOTHIN' MUTHA $#%^-ERS!
CENSORED
AND WHAT ABOUT YOU TWO, HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN TOGETHER?
OH, WE'RE JUST FRIENDS. I'M ACTUALLY NOT ALL THAT INTO GIRLS.
AND WHAT IS THAT ANYWAY--IT'S JUST LABELS. I'M YOUNG AND EXPERIMENTAL...
CENSORED
THE THING TO REMEMBER IS THAT WE'RE ALL DIFFERENT AND...
YEAH. LIKE I HAVE A MY NOSE PIERCED AND SHE HAS HER TONGUE PIERCED.
SO DIFFERENT.
AND THE CANADIANS.
FOR THE TIBETIANS.
AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, ARIA?
OUTRAGEOUS BEHAVIOR!
OUTRAGEOUS BEHAVIOR!
THIS LEFT ONLY THE TWO OF US AND THE BLACK SANTAS COMPETING FOR THE TROPHY. THEN IT WAS TIME FOR THE INEVITABLE.
HEY, I'VE HAD A LOT OF FUN TODAY, BUT THESE PEOPLE PAID ME A LOT OF MONEY TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T WIN.
I HAVE TO KICK YOUR ASS NOW.
TO THE DEATH THEN.

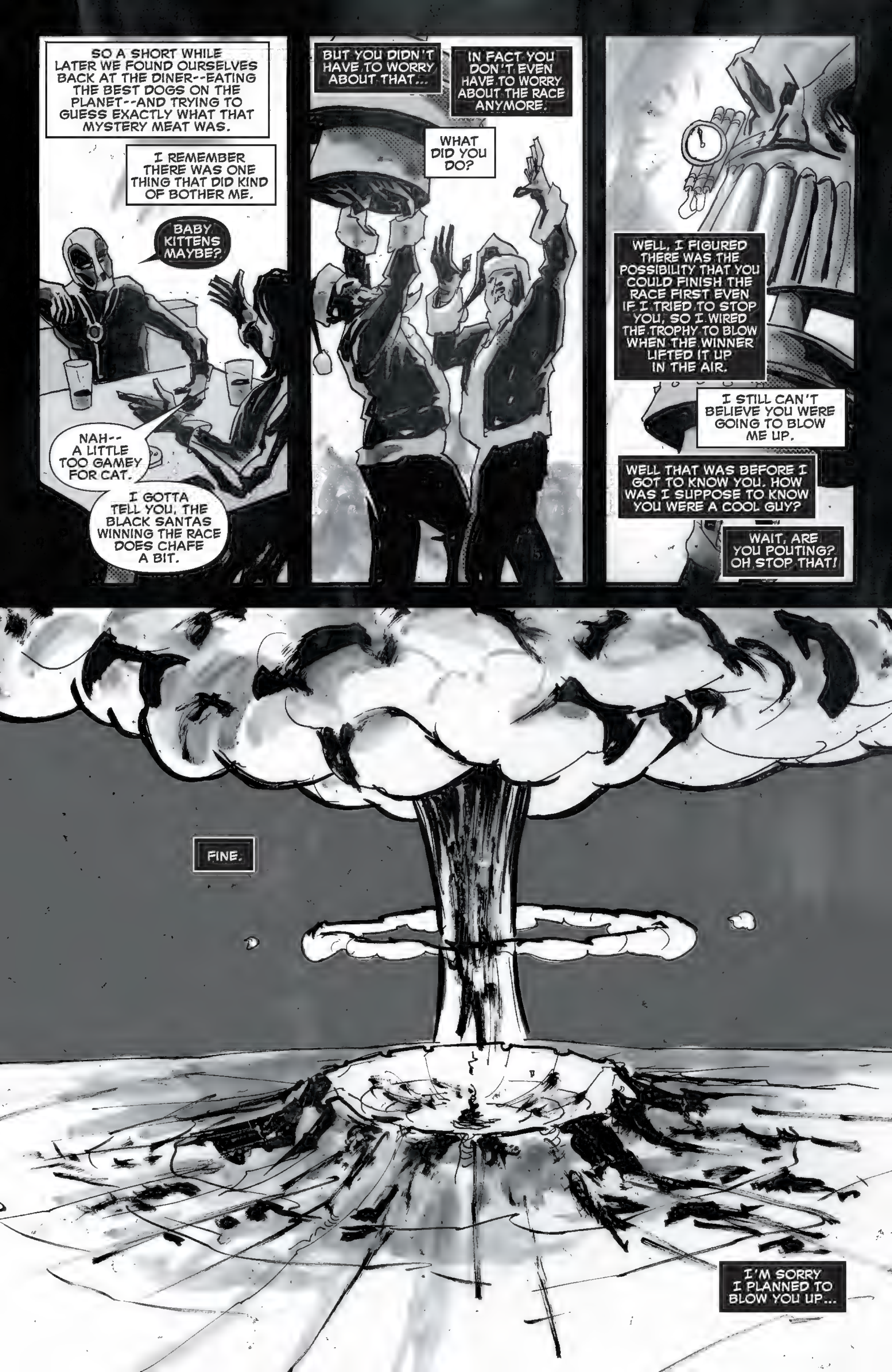
DESERT DEATH RACE

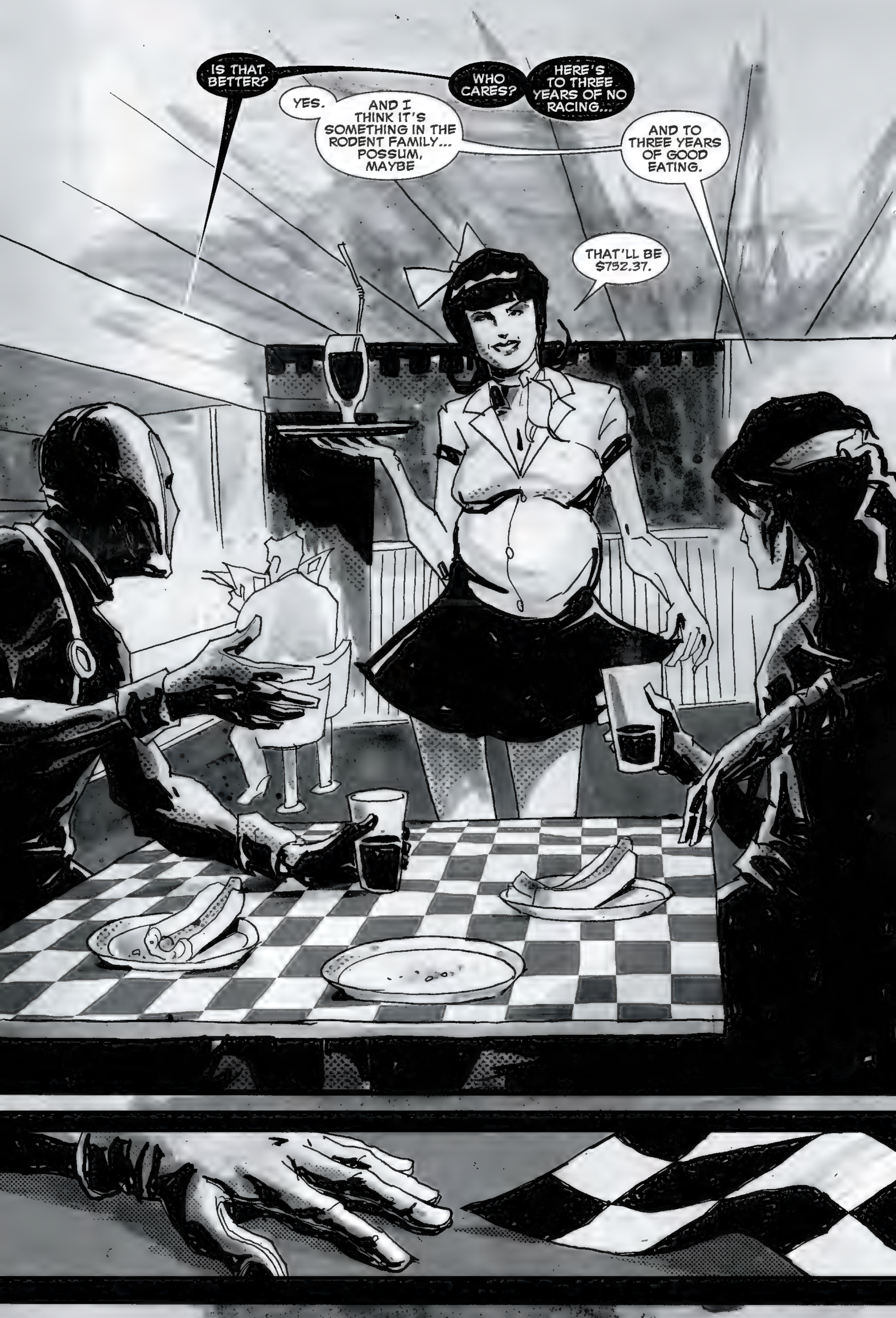

START
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
FINISH

Rules:

- Take turns. Deadpool always goes first.
- Use a single die.
- If you roll a 2, you get to roll again.
- Land on 5 or 10, jump forward.
- Land on 15 or 16, slide backwards.
- When playing as Shang-Chi: If you roll a 5, you can choose to punch your opponent in the face.
- When playing as Deadpool, if you roll a 6, you can choose to punch yourself in the face and send your opponent back to the starting line.


HUFF. HUFF. HUFF.
HUFF. HUFF. HUFF.
HUFF. HUFF. HUFF.
HUFF. HUFF. HUFF.
YOU KNOW WHAT I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT?
THOSE HOT DOGS!
I'VE NEVER FELT THIS WAY ABOUT FOOD BEFORE.
I KNOW. IT'S LIKE I'D RATHER BE EATING THOSE THAN DOING ANYTHING ELSE.
SO WHAT DO YOU SAY WE FORGET THIS RACE, HEAD BACK TO THE DINER, ASK THAT DEMON-POSSESSED WAITRESS FOR FORGIVENESS...
BUT YOU SAID YOU LOVE RACING.
NOT AS MUCH AS I LOVE EATING.


SO A SHORT WHILE LATER WE FOUND OURSELVES BACK AT THE DINER--EATING THE BEST DOGS ON THE PLANET--AND TRYING TO GUESS EXACTLY WHAT THAT MYSTERY MEAT WAS.
I REMEMBER THERE WAS ONE THING THAT DID KIND OF BOTHER ME.
BABY KITTENS MAYBE?
NAH-- A LITTLE TOO GAMEY FOR CAT.
I GOTTA TELL YOU, THE BLACK SANTAS WINNING THE RACE DOES CHAFE A BIT.
BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT...
IN FACT YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE RACE ANYMORE.
WHAT DID YOU DO?
WELL, I FIGURED THERE WAS THE POSSIBILITY THAT YOU COULD FINISH THE RACE FIRST EVEN IF I TRIED TO STOP YOU, SO I WIRED THE TROPHY TO BLOW WHEN THE WINNER LIFTED IT UP IN THE AIR.
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WERE GOING TO BLOW ME UP.
WELL THAT WAS BEFORE I GOT TO KNOW YOU. HOW WAS I SUPPOSE TO KNOW YOU WERE A COOL GUY?
WAIT, ARE YOU POUTING? OH STOP THAT!
FINE.
I'M SORRY I PLANNED TO BLOW YOU UP...


IS THAT BETTER?
YES.
AND I THINK IT'S SOMETHING IN THE RODENT FAMILY... POSSUM, MAYBE
WHO CARES?
HERE'S TO THREE YEARS OF NO RACING...
AND TO THREE YEARS OF GOOD EATING.
THAT'LL BE $752.37.

HULK (2008) #14

95
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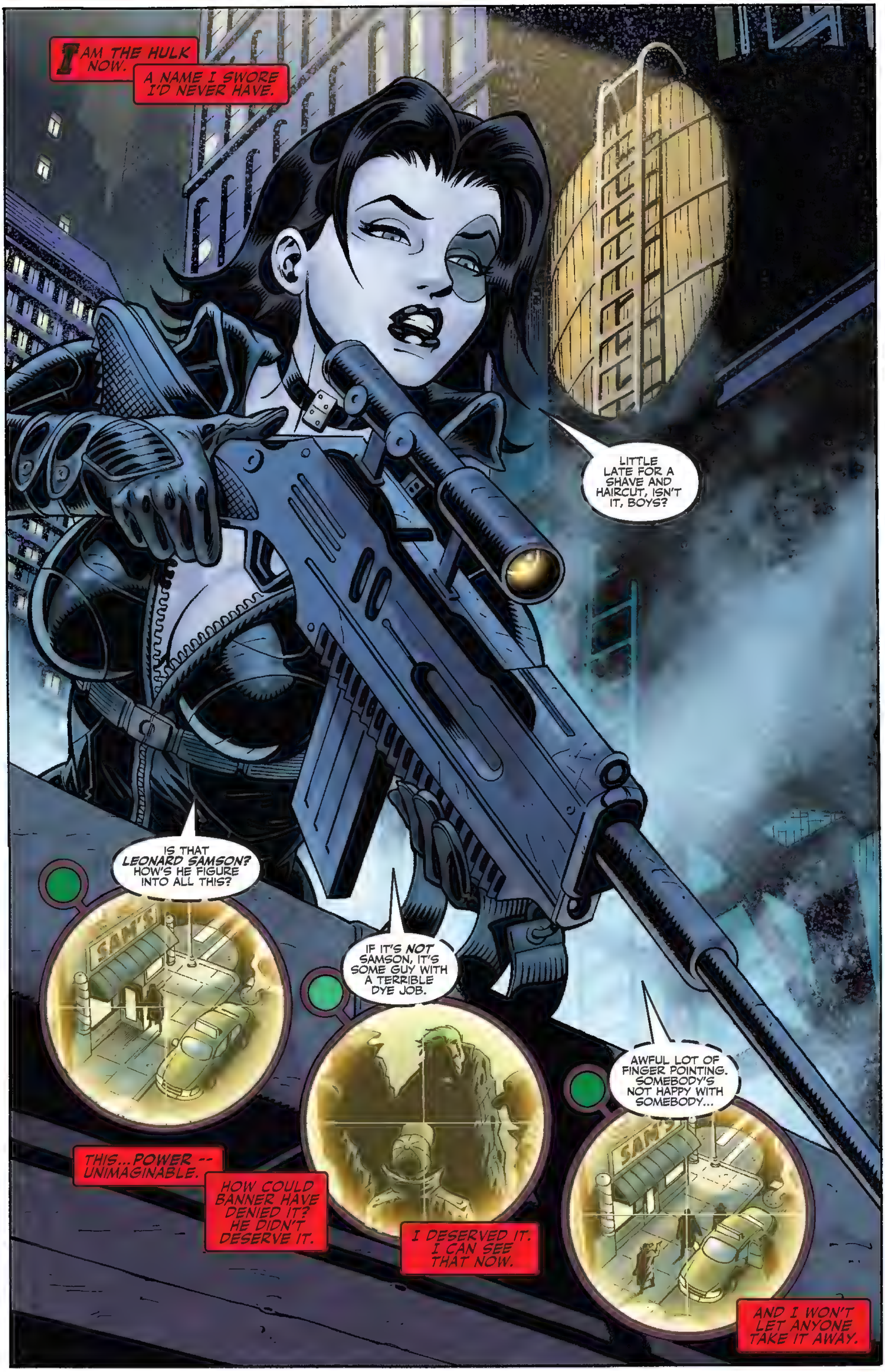
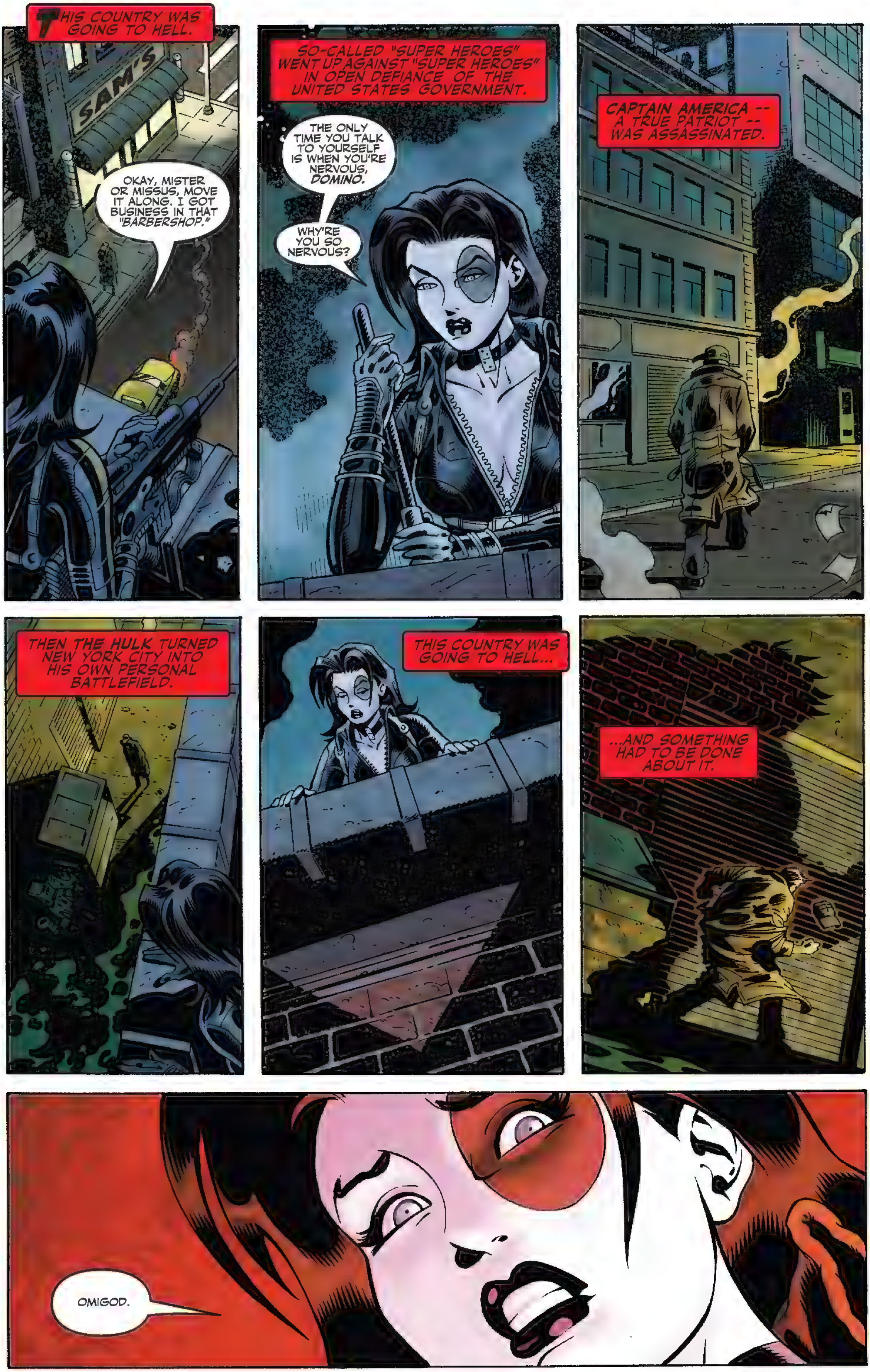
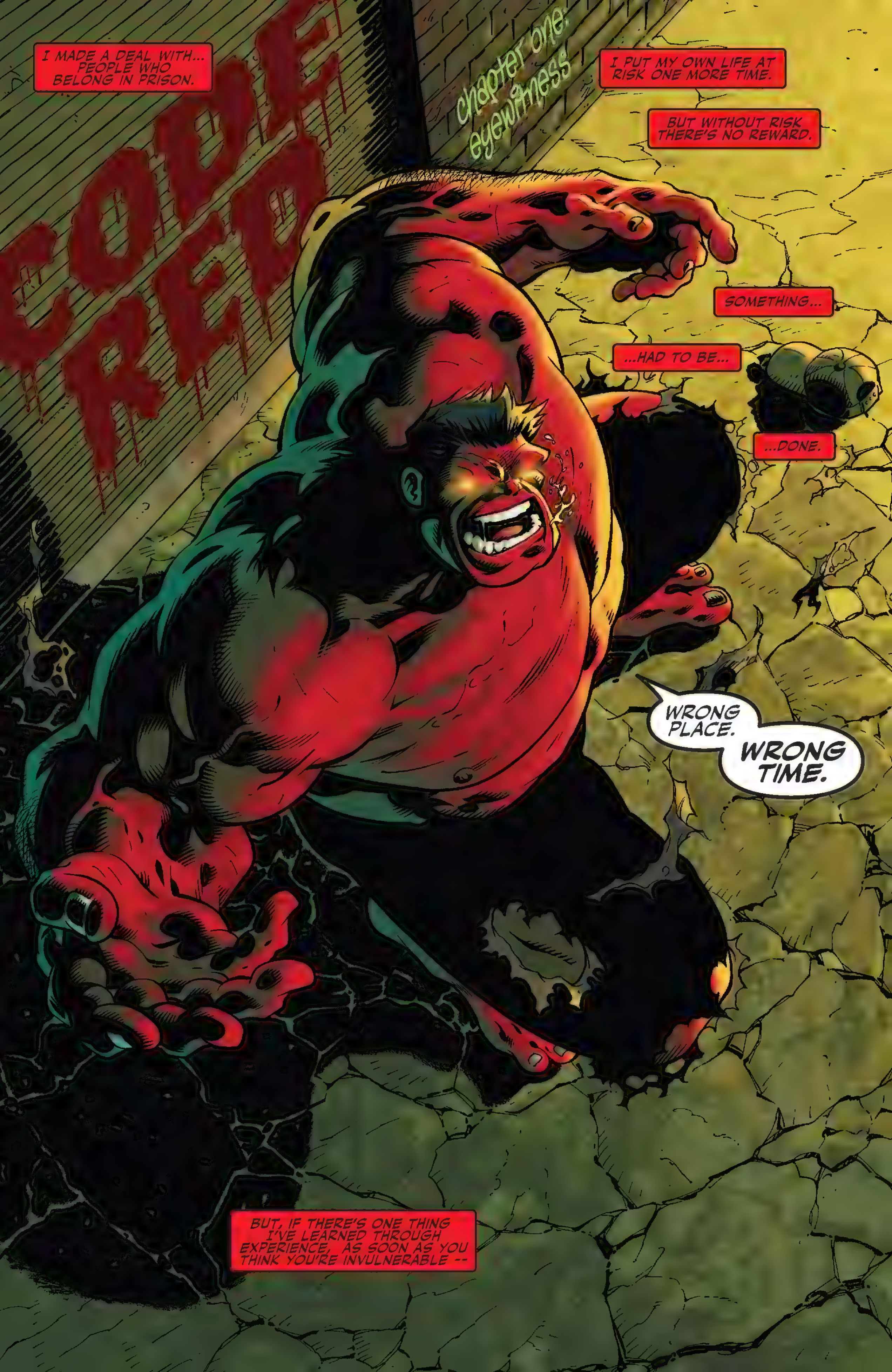
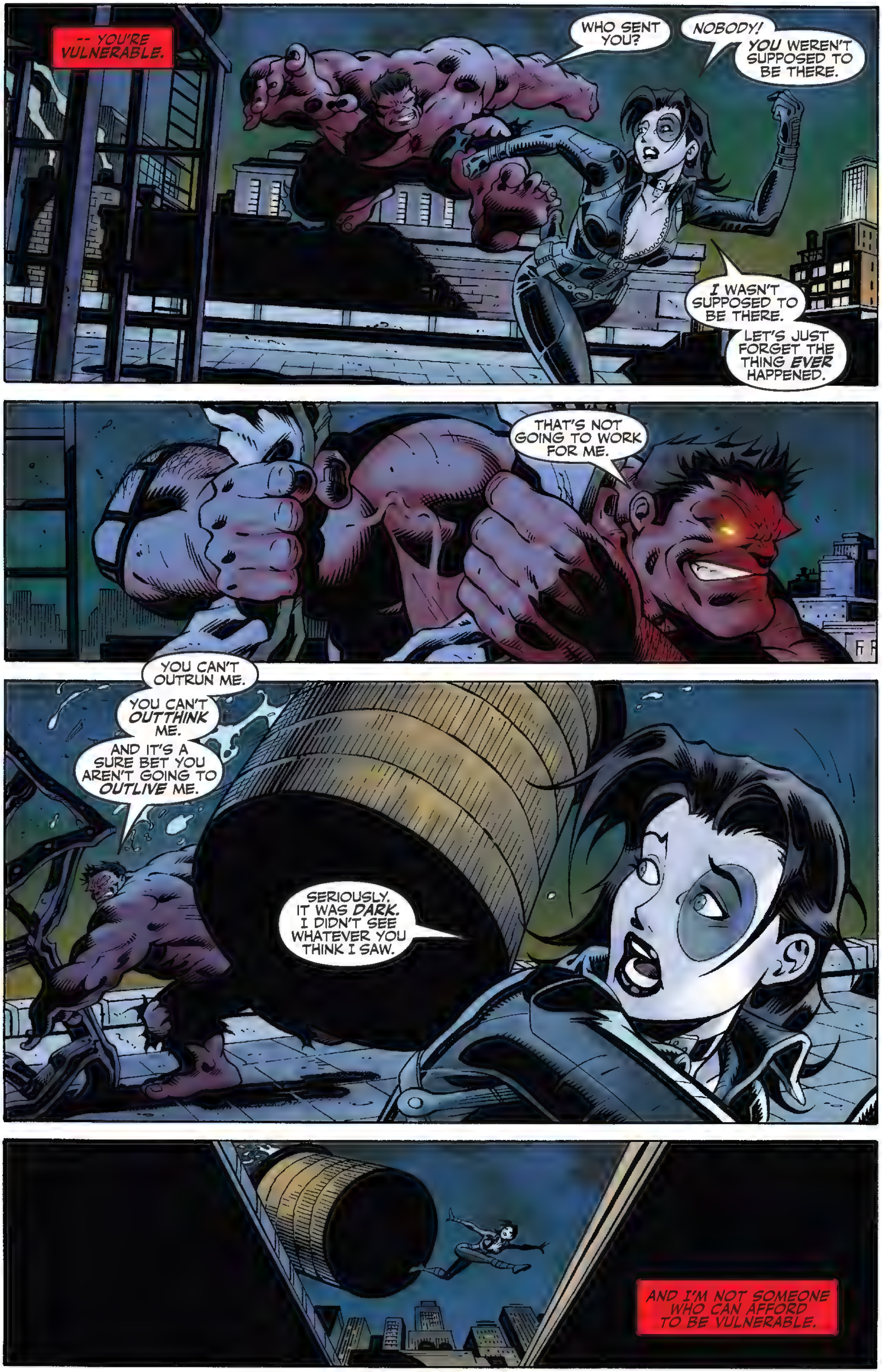
O FEET
ONLY
T
OBJECTS IN MIRROR MAY BE CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR
EdEx

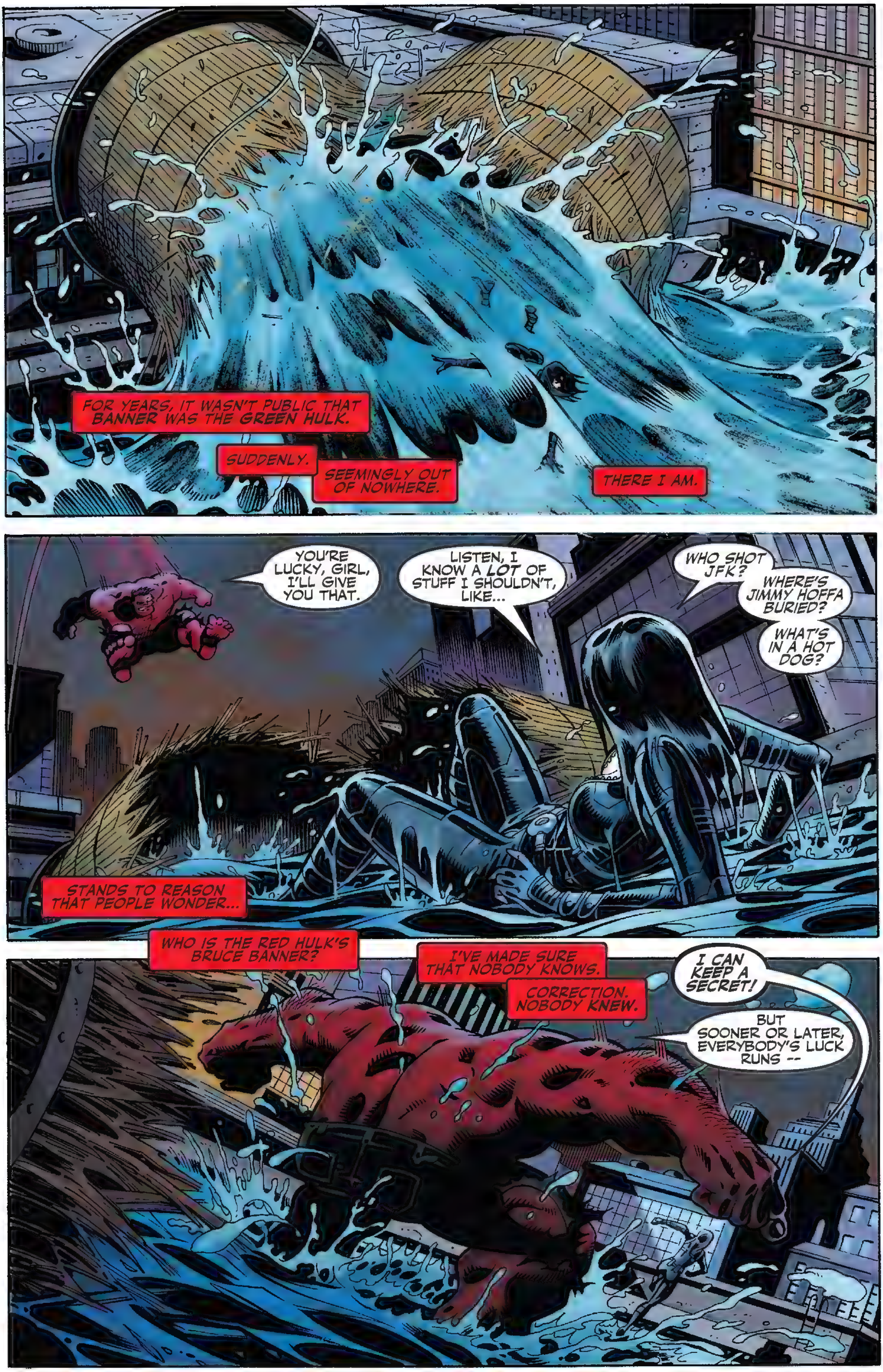
Hulk #14 variant by Ed McGuinness, Dexter Vines & Chris Sotomayor

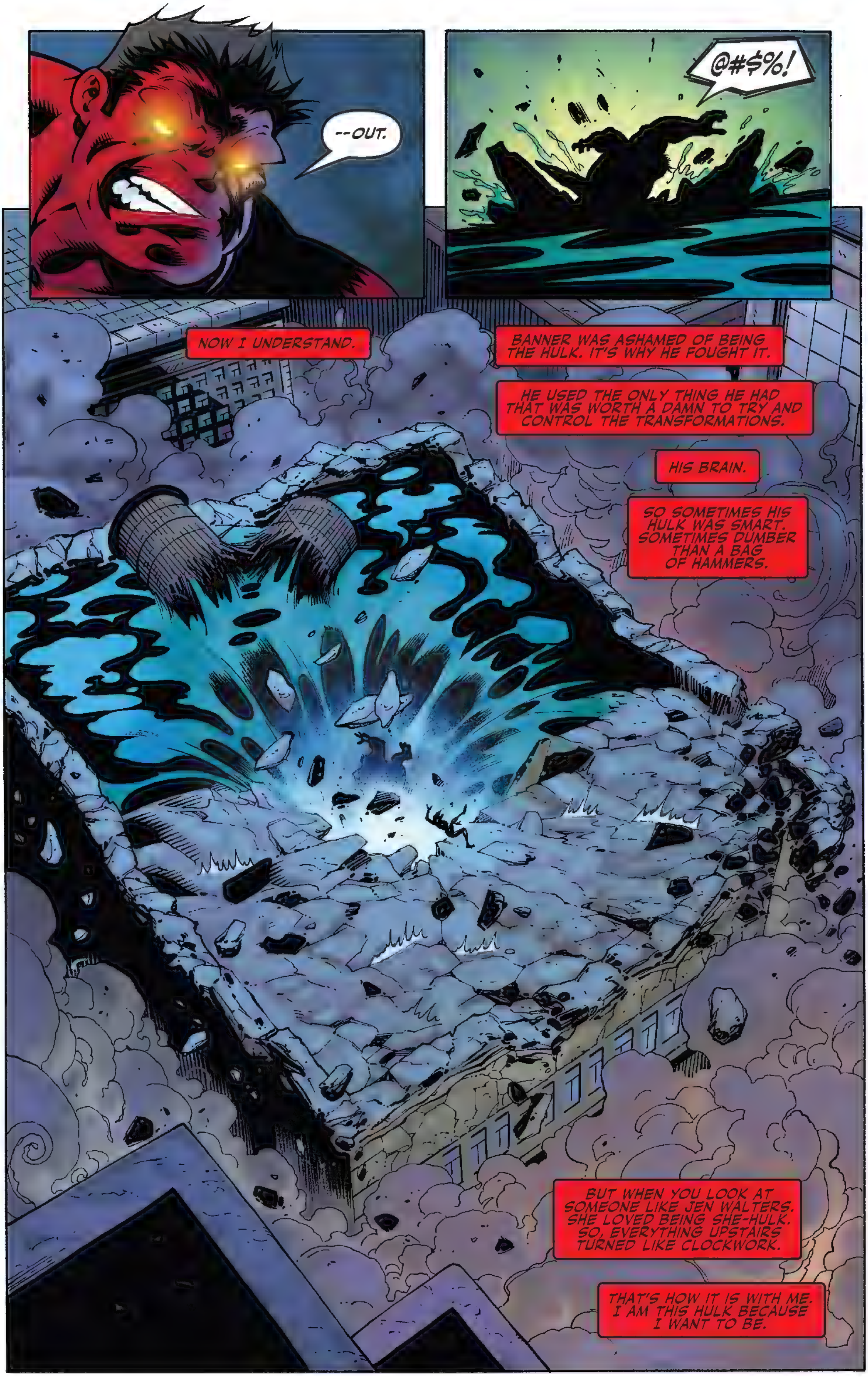

I AM THE HULK NOW.
A NAME I SWORE I'D NEVER HAVE.
LITTLE LATE FOR A SHAVE AND HAIRCUT, ISN'T IT, BOYS?
IS THAT *LEONARD SAMSON?* HOW'S HE FIGURE INTO ALL THIS?
SAM'S
IF IT'S *NOT* SAMSON, IT'S SOME GUY WITH A TERRIBLE DYE JOB.
AWFUL LOT OF FINGER POINTING. SOMEBODY'S NOT HAPPY WITH SOMEBODY...
SAM'S
THIS... POWER -- UNIMAGINABLE.
HOW COULD BANNER HAVE DENIED IT? HE DIDN'T DESERVE IT.
I DESERVED IT. I CAN SEE THAT NOW.
AND I WON'T LET ANYONE TAKE IT AWAY.

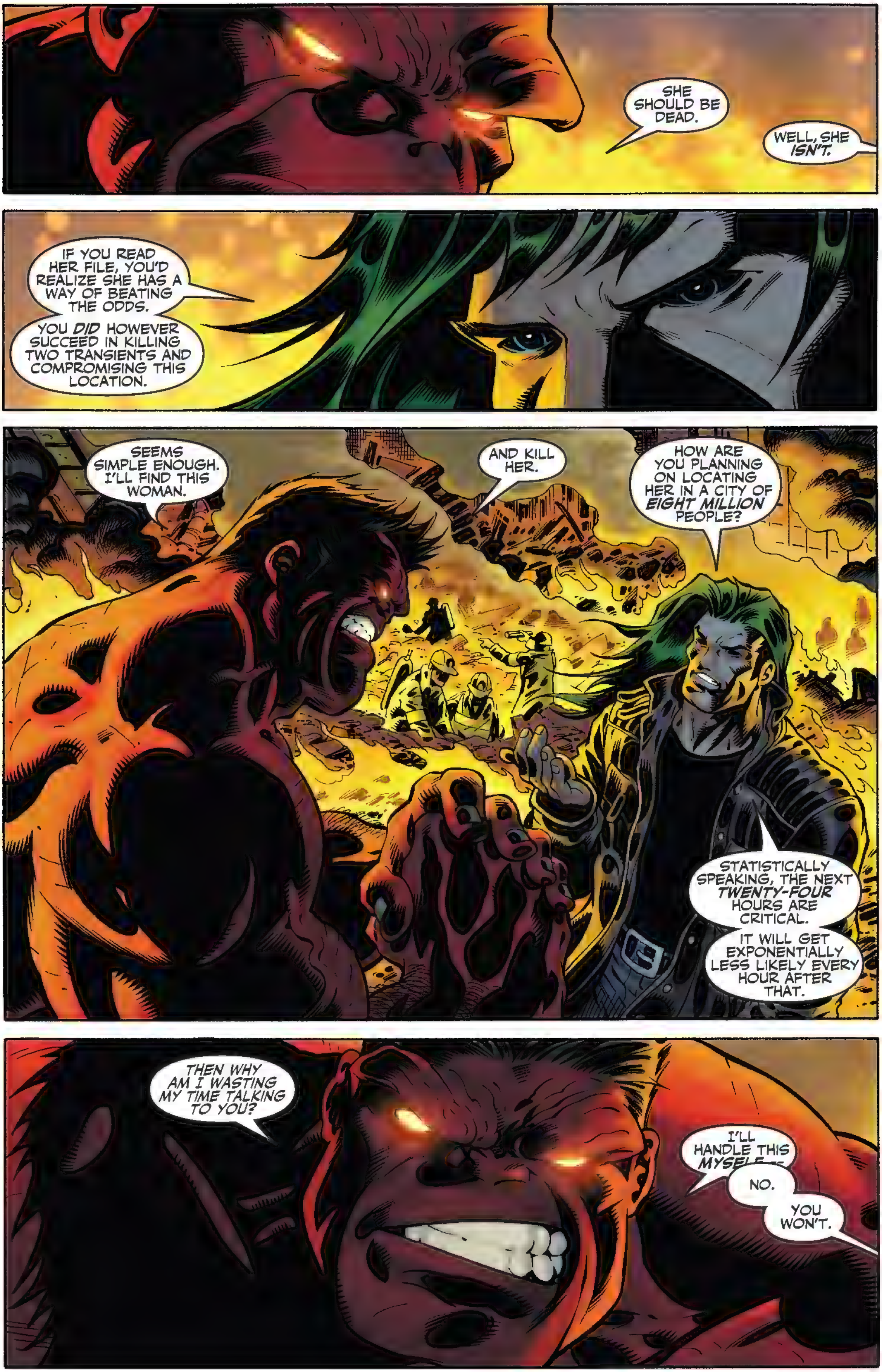

THIS COUNTRY WAS GOING TO HELL.
SAM'S
OKAY, MISTER OR MISSUS, MOVE IT ALONG. I GOT BUSINESS IN THAT "BARBERSHOP."
SO-CALLED "SUPER HEROES" WENT UP AGAINST "SUPER HEROES" IN OPEN DEFIANCE OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.
THE ONLY TIME YOU TALK TO YOURSELF IS WHEN YOU'RE NERVOUS, DOMINO.
WHY'RE YOU SO NERVOUS?
CAPTAIN AMERICA -- A TRUE PATRIOT -- WAS ASSASSINATED.
THEN THE HULK TURNED NEW YORK CITY INTO HIS OWN PERSONAL BATTLEFIELD.
THIS COUNTRY WAS GOING TO HELL...
...AND SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE ABOUT IT.
OMIGOD.

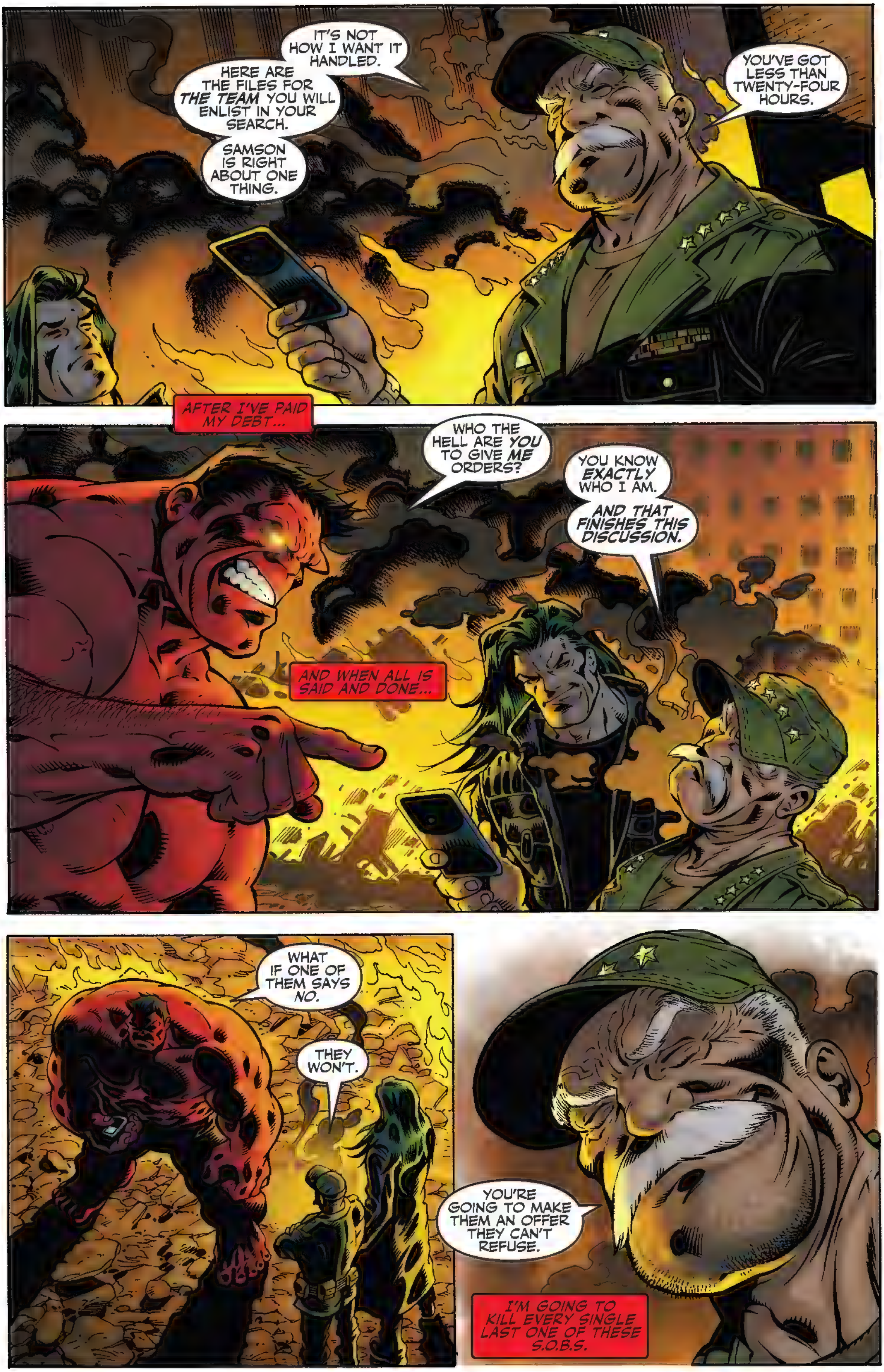

CODE RED
chapter one: eyewitness
I MADE A DEAL WITH... PEOPLE WHO BELONG IN PRISON.
I PUT MY OWN LIFE AT RISK ONE MORE TIME.
BUT WITHOUT RISK THERE'S NO REWARD.
SOMETHING...
...HAD TO BE...
...DONE.
WRONG PLACE.
WRONG TIME.
BUT, IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNED THROUGH EXPERIENCE, AS SOON AS YOU THINK YOU'RE INVULNERABLE --

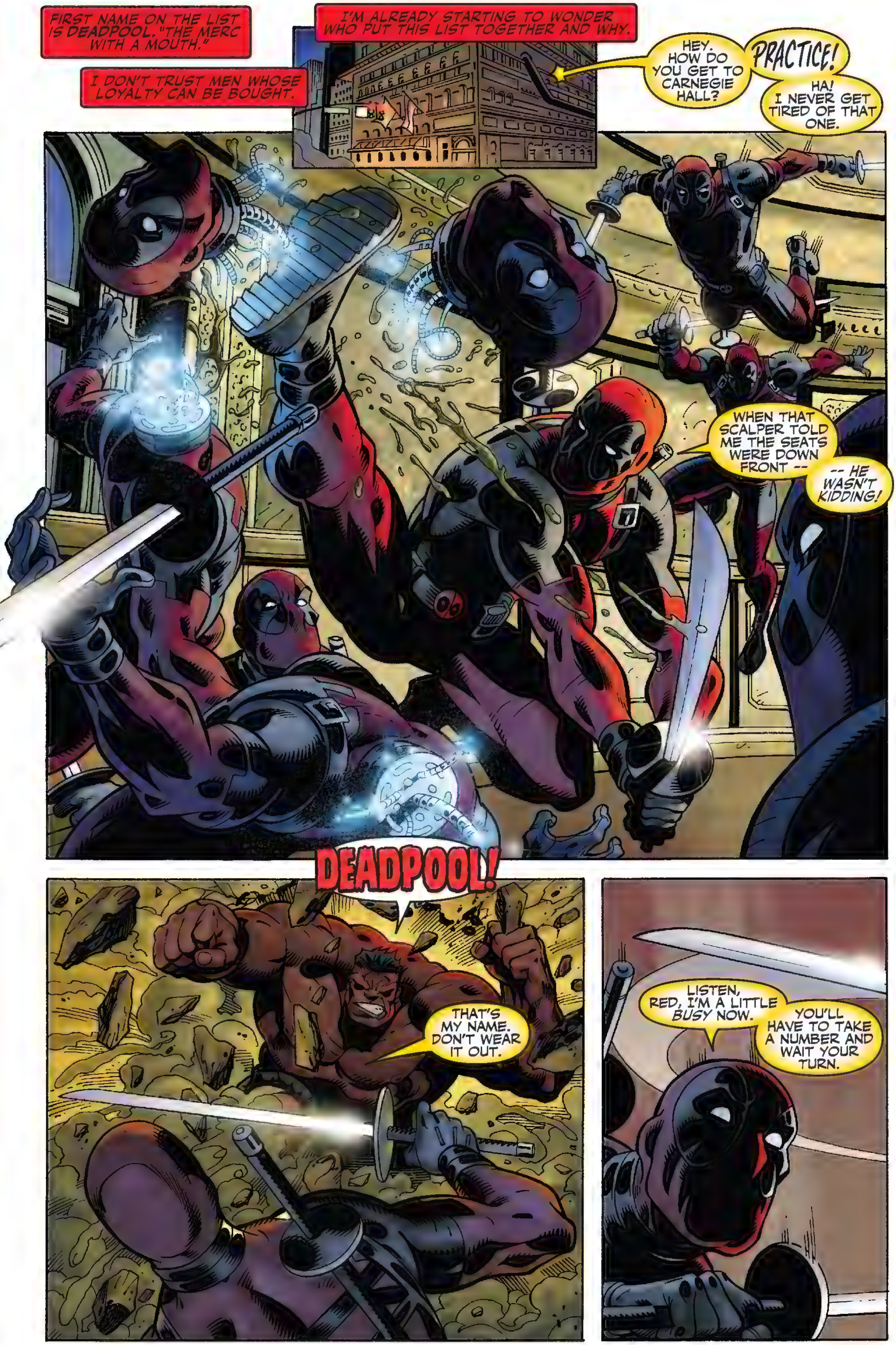

-- YOU'RE VULNERABLE.
WHO SENT YOU?
NOBODY! YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE THERE.
I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE THERE.
LET'S JUST FORGET THE THING EVER HAPPENED.
THAT'S NOT GOING TO WORK FOR ME.
YOU CAN'T OUTRUN ME.
YOU CAN'T OUTTHINK ME.
AND IT'S A SURE BET YOU AREN'T GOING TO OUTLIVE ME.
SERIOUSLY. IT WAS DARK. I DIDN'T SEE WHATEVER YOU THINK I SAW.
AND I'M NOT SOMEONE WHO CAN AFFORD TO BE VULNERABLE.

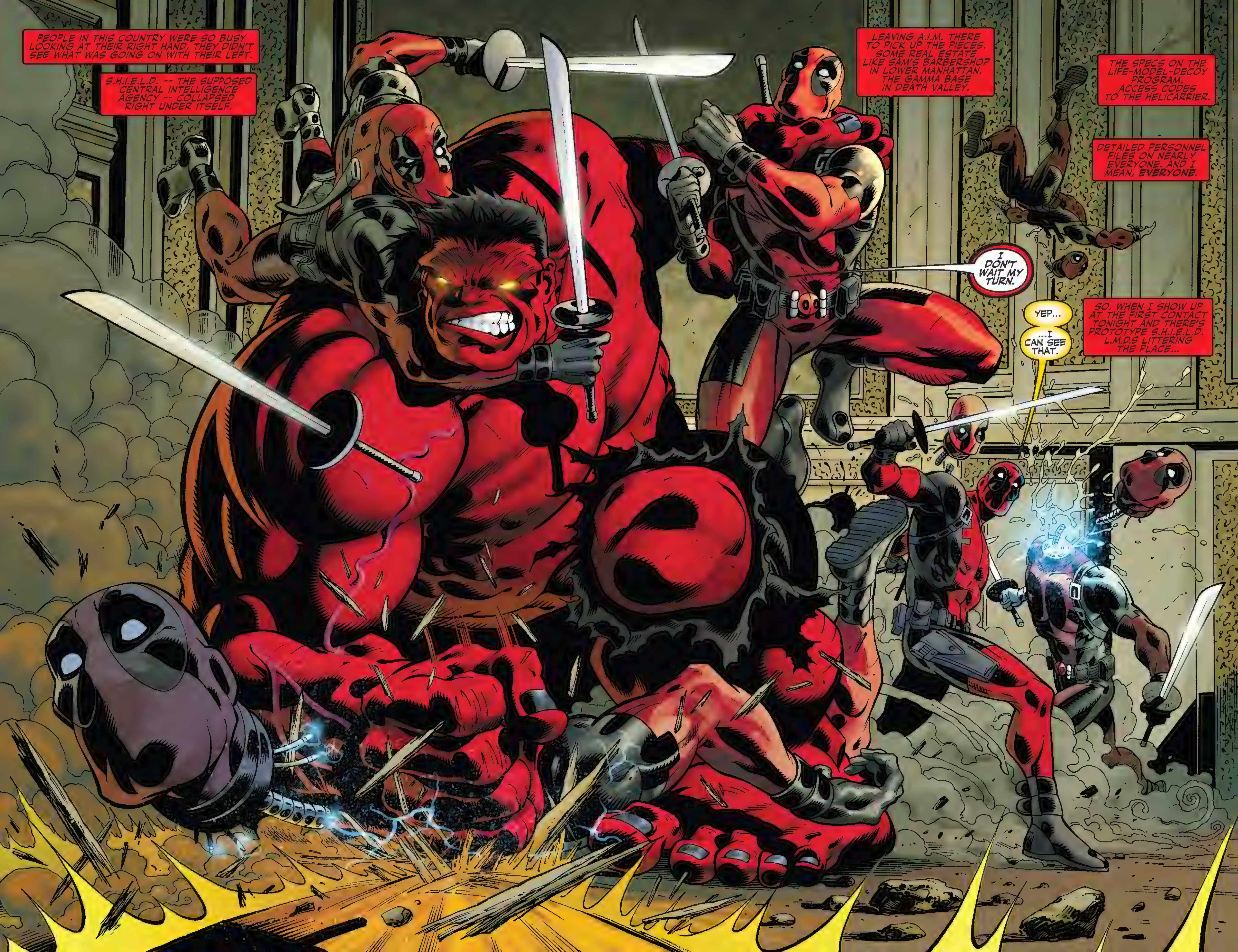

FOR YEARS, IT WASN'T PUBLIC THAT BANNER WAS THE GREEN HULK.
SUDDENLY.
SEEMINGLY OUT OF NOWHERE.
THERE I AM.
YOU'RE LUCKY, GIRL, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.
LISTEN, I KNOW A LOT OF STUFF I SHOULDN'T, LIKE...
WHO SHOT JFK?
WHERE'S JIMMY HOFFA BURIED?
WHAT'S IN A HOT DOG?
STANDS TO REASON THAT PEOPLE WONDER...
WHO IS THE RED HULK'S BRUCE BANNER?
I'VE MADE SURE THAT NOBODY KNOWS.
CORRECTION. NOBODY KNEW.
I CAN KEEP A SECRET!
BUT SOONER OR LATER, EVERYBODY'S LUCK RUNS --

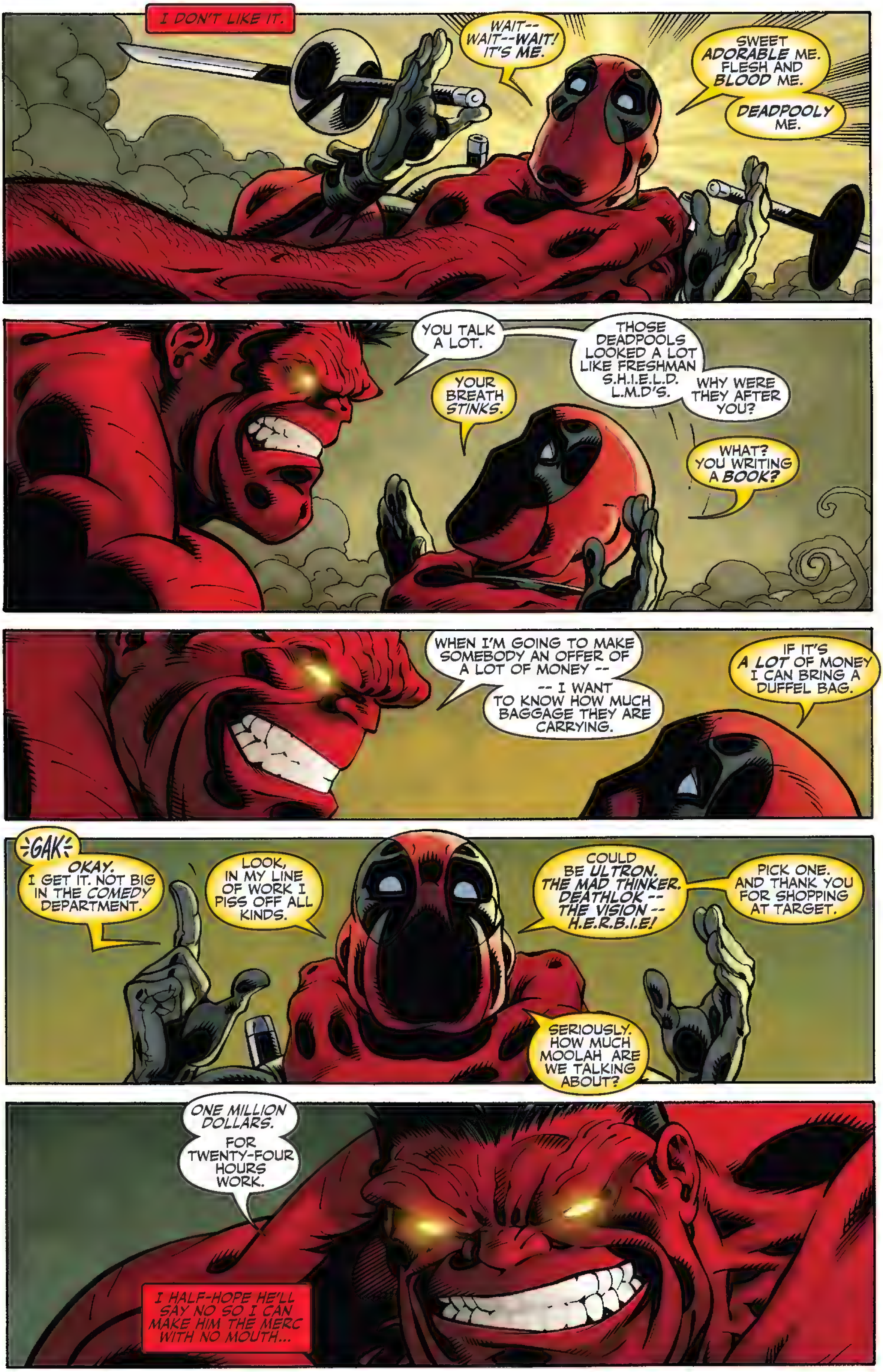

--OUT.
@#$%!
NOW I UNDERSTAND.
BANNER WAS ASHAMED OF BEING THE HULK. IT'S WHY HE FOUGHT IT.
HE USED THE ONLY THING HE HAD THAT WAS WORTH A DAMN TO TRY AND CONTROL THE TRANSFORMATIONS.
HIS BRAIN.
SO SOMETIMES HIS HULK WAS SMART. SOMETIMES DUMBER THAN A BAG OF HAMMERS.
BUT WHEN YOU LOOK AT SOMEONE LIKE JEN WALTERS. SHE LOVED BEING SHE-HULK. SO, EVERYTHING UPSTAIRS TURNED LIKE CLOCKWORK.
THAT'S HOW IT IS WITH ME. I AM THIS HULK BECAUSE I WANT TO BE.

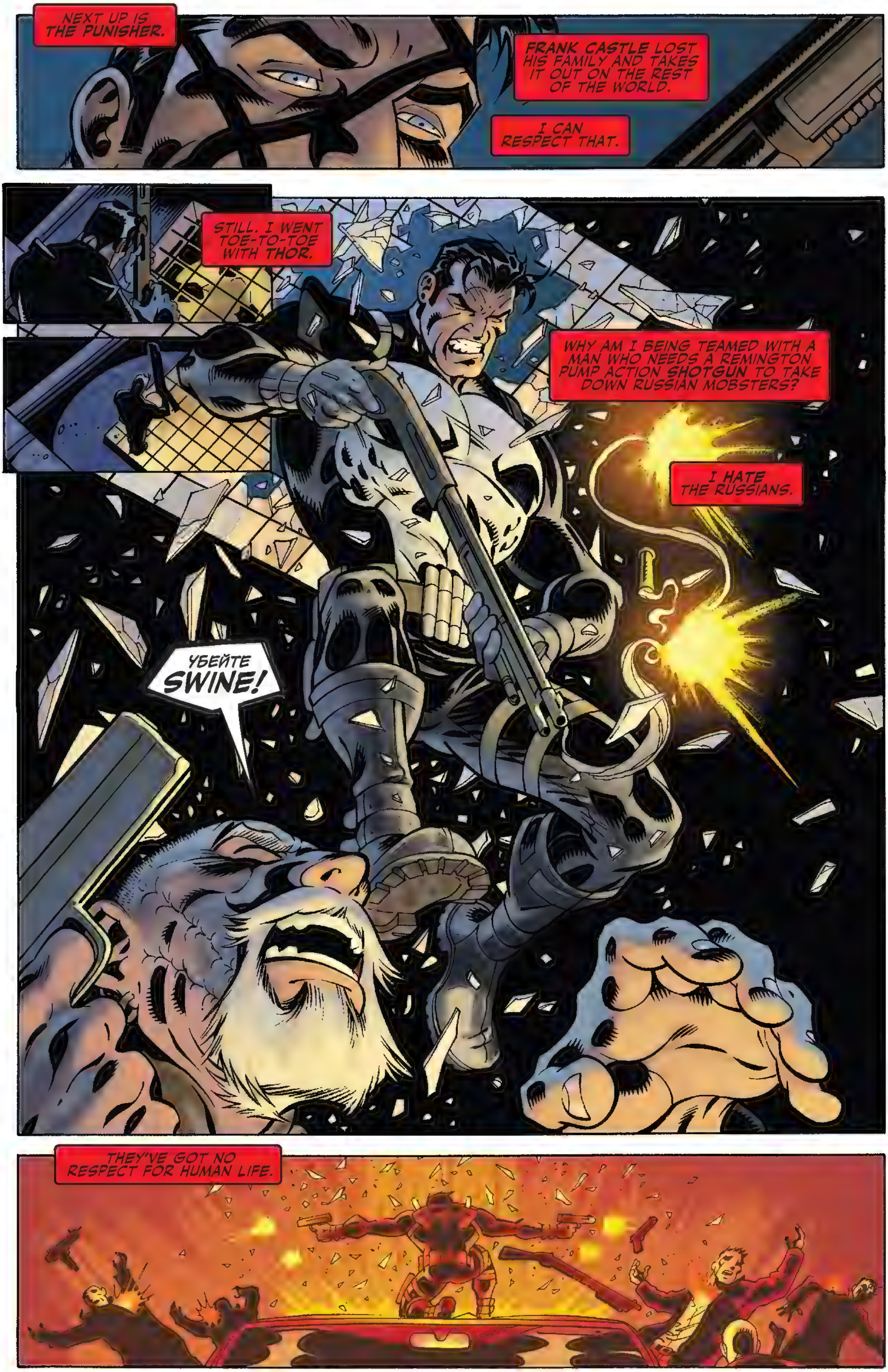

SHE SHOULD BE DEAD.
WELL, SHE *ISN'T.*
IF YOU READ HER FILE, YOU'D REALIZE SHE HAS A WAY OF BEATING THE ODDS.
YOU *DID* HOWEVER SUCCEED IN KILLING TWO TRANSIENTS AND COMPROMISING THIS LOCATION.
SEEMS SIMPLE ENOUGH. I'LL FIND THIS WOMAN.
AND KILL HER.
HOW ARE YOU PLANNING ON LOCATING HER IN A CITY OF *EIGHT MILLION* PEOPLE?
STATISTICALLY SPEAKING, THE NEXT *TWENTY-FOUR* HOURS ARE CRITICAL.
IT WILL GET EXPONENTIALLY LESS LIKELY EVERY HOUR AFTER THAT.
THEN WHY AM I WASTING MY TIME TALKING TO YOU?
I'LL HANDLE THIS *MYSELF--*
NO.
YOU WON'T.

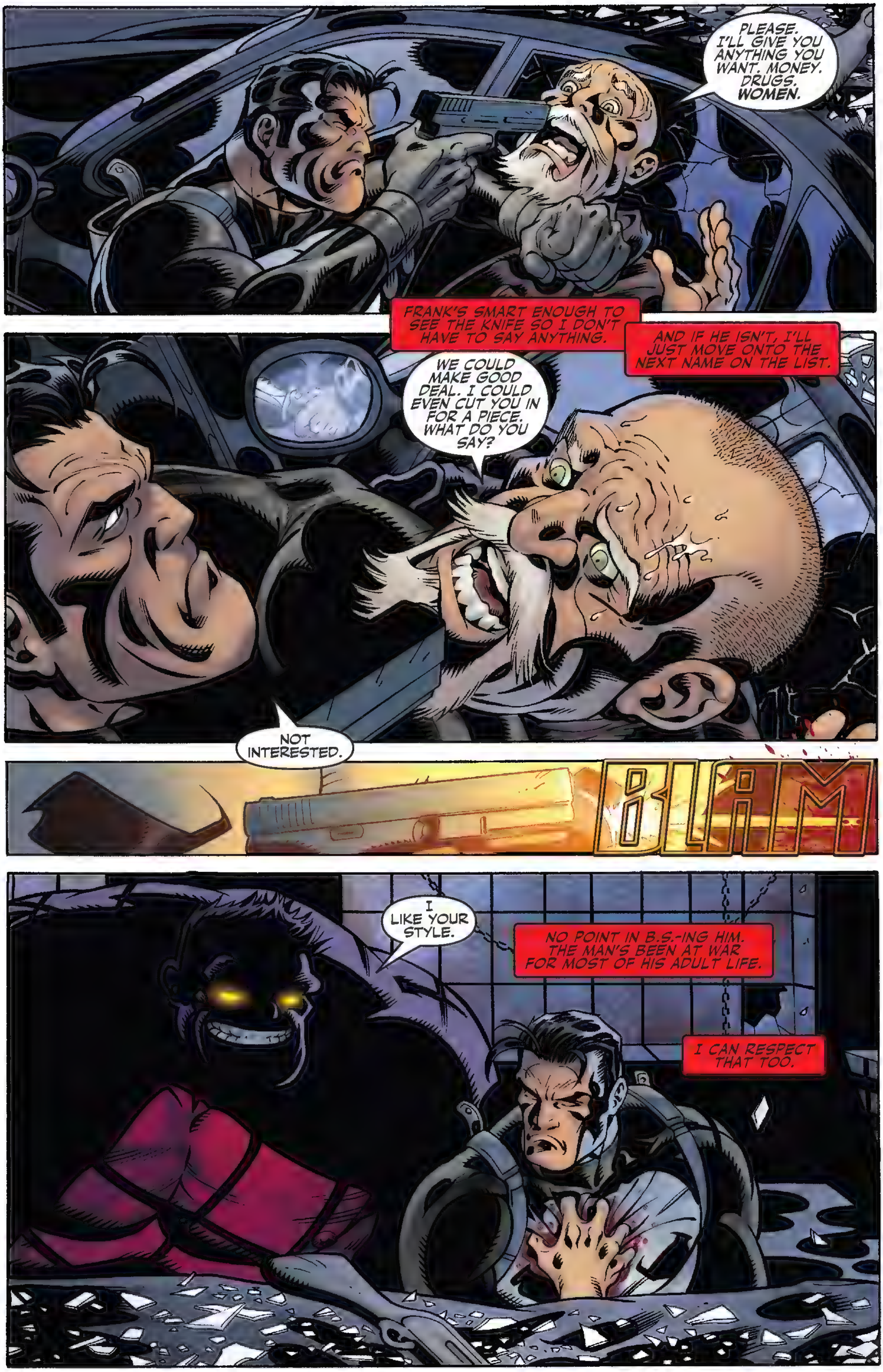

HERE ARE THE FILES FOR *THE TEAM* YOU WILL ENLIST IN YOUR SEARCH.
SAMSON IS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING.
IT'S NOT HOW I WANT IT HANDLED.
YOU'VE GOT LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.
AFTER I'VE PAID MY DEBT...
WHO THE HELL ARE *YOU* TO GIVE *ME* ORDERS?
YOU KNOW *EXACTLY* WHO I AM.
AND THAT FINISHES THIS DISCUSSION.
AND WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE...
WHAT IF ONE OF THEM SAYS *NO.*
THEY WON'T.
YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE THEM AN OFFER THEY CAN'T REFUSE.
I'M GOING TO KILL EVERY SINGLE LAST ONE OF THESE S.O.B.S.

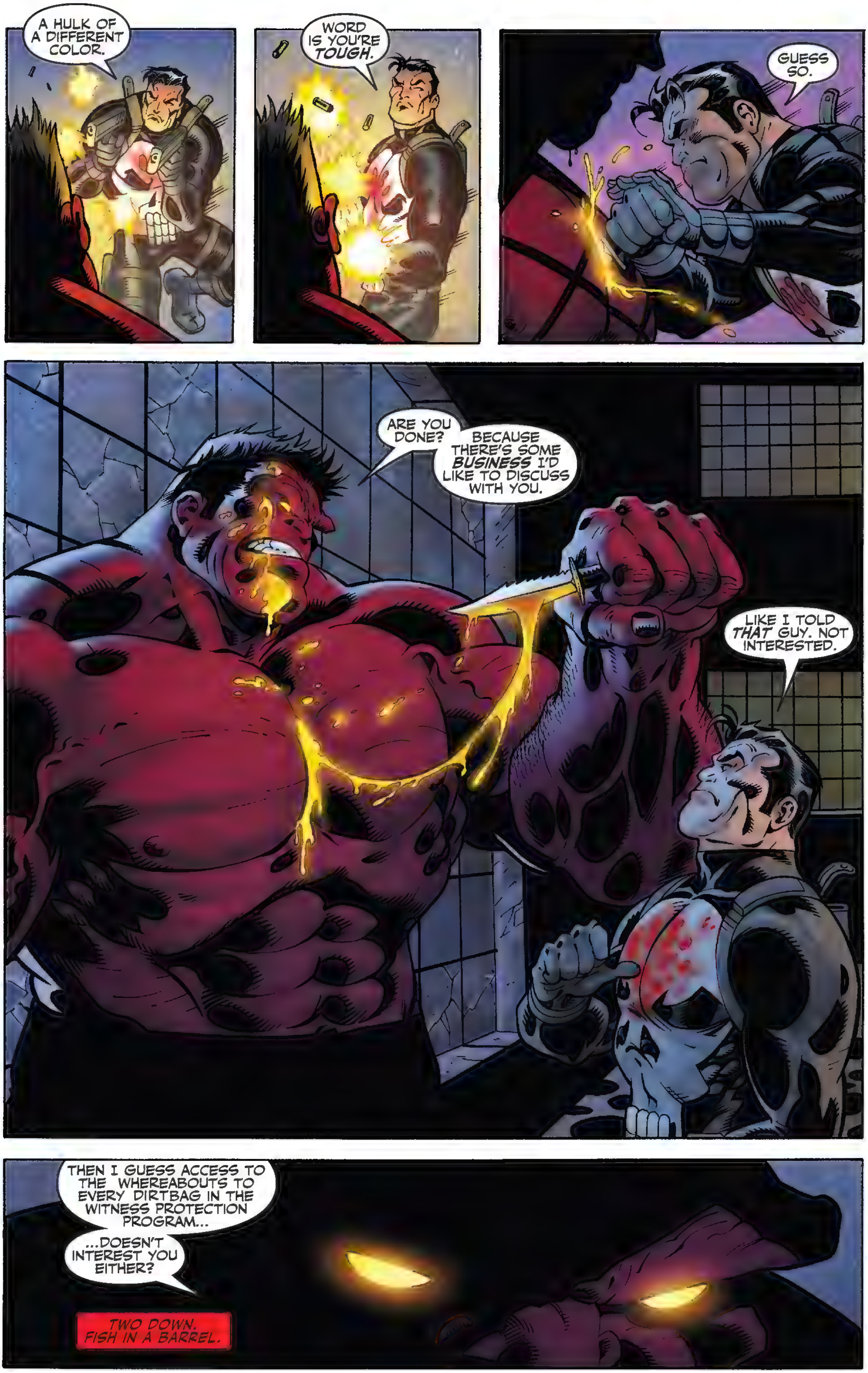

FIRST NAME ON THE LIST IS DEADPOOL. "THE MERC WITH A MOUTH."
I DON'T TRUST MEN WHOSE LOYALTY CAN BE BOUGHT.
I'M ALREADY STARTING TO WONDER WHO PUT THIS LIST TOGETHER AND WHY.
HEY. HOW DO YOU GET TO CARNEGIE HALL?
PRACTICE!
HA! I NEVER GET TIRED OF THAT ONE.
WHEN THAT SCALPER TOLD ME THE SEATS WERE DOWN FRONT --
-- HE WASN'T KIDDING!
DEADPOOL!
THAT'S MY NAME. DON'T WEAR IT OUT.
LISTEN, RED, I'M A LITTLE BUSY NOW.
YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A NUMBER AND WAIT YOUR TURN.

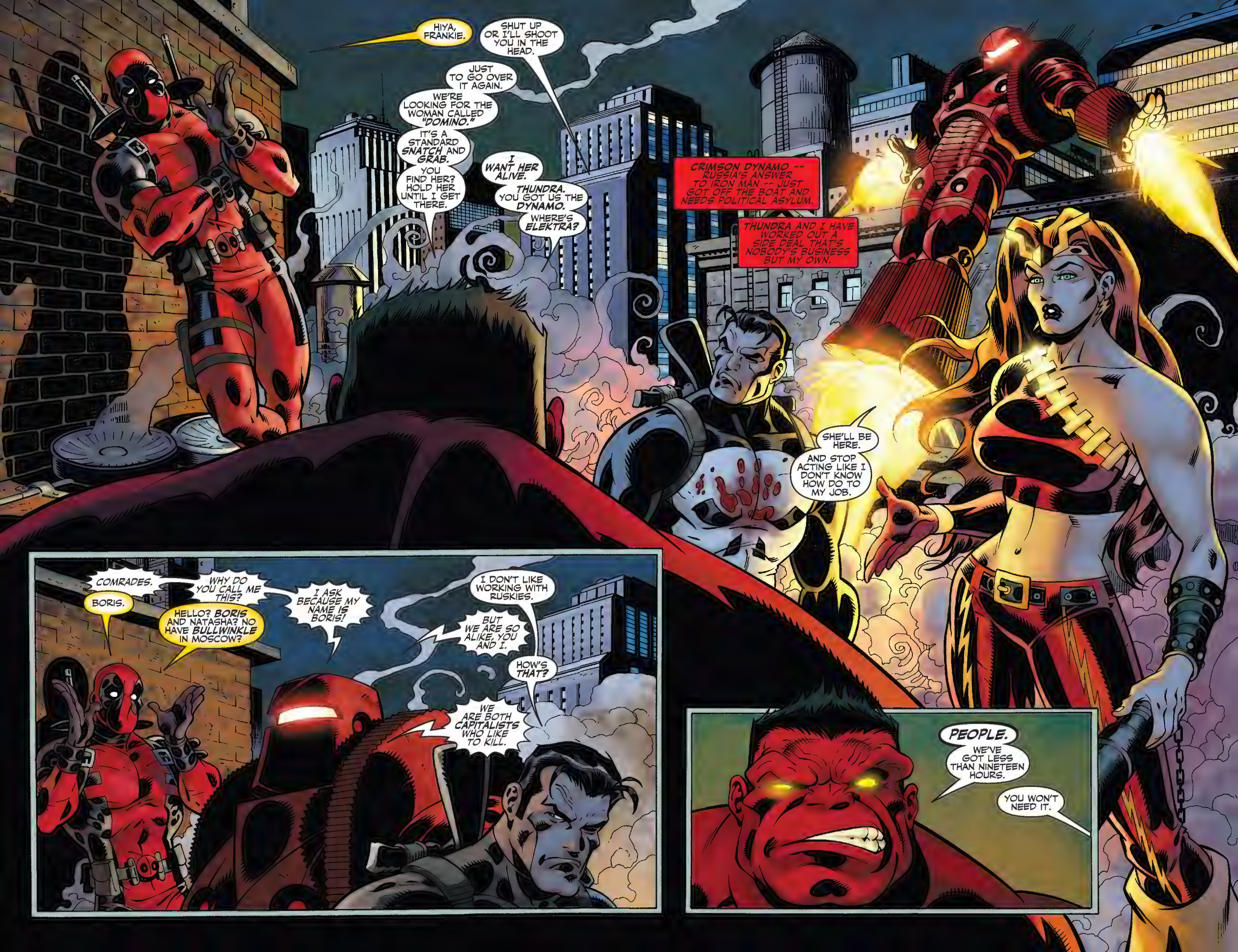

PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY WERE SO BUSY LOOKING AT THEIR RIGHT HAND, THEY DIDN'T SEE WHAT WAS GOING ON WITH THEIR LEFT.
S.H.I.E.L.D. -- THE SUPPOSED CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY -- COLLAPSED RIGHT UNDER ITSELF.
LEAVING A.I.M. THERE TO PICK UP THE PIECES. SOME REAL ESTATE LIKE SAM'S BARBERSHOP IN LOWER MANHATTAN. THE GAMMA BASE IN DEATH VALLEY.
THE SPECS ON THE LIFE-MODEL-DECOY PROGRAM. ACCESS CODES TO THE HELICARRIER.
DETAILED PERSONNEL FILES ON NEARLY EVERYONE. AND I MEAN, EVERYONE.
I DON'T WAIT MY TURN.
YEP...
...I CAN SEE THAT.
SO, WHEN I SHOW UP AT THE FIRST CONTACT TONIGHT AND THERE'S PROTOTYPE S.H.I.E.L.D. L.M.D.S LITTERING THE PLACE...

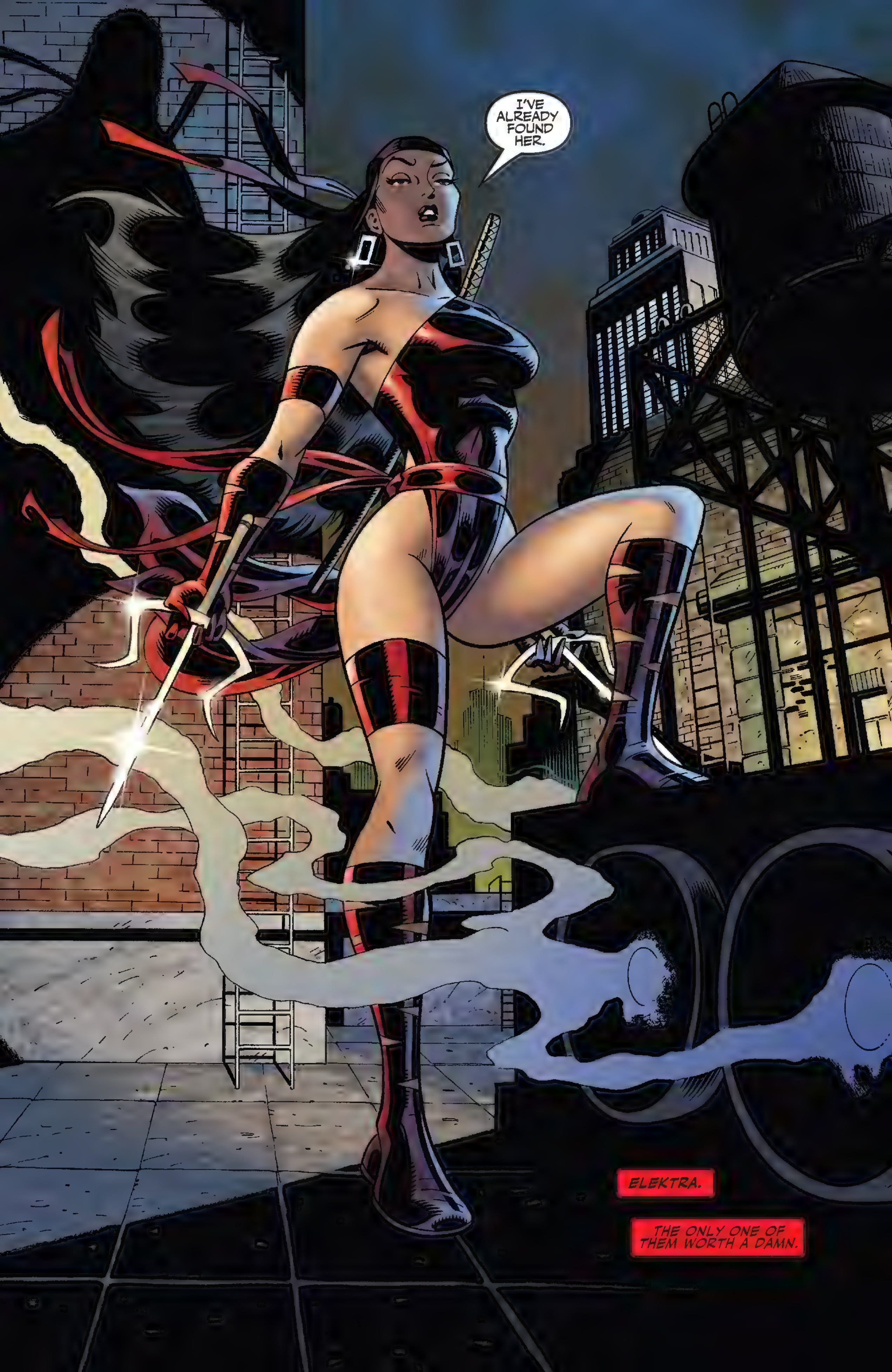

I DON'T LIKE IT.
WAIT-- WAIT--WAIT! IT'S ME.
SWEET ADORABLE ME. FLESH AND BLOOD ME.
DEADPOOLY ME.
YOU TALK A LOT.
THOSE DEADPOOLS LOOKED A LOT LIKE FRESHMAN S.H.I.E.L.D. L.M.D'S.
WHY WERE THEY AFTER YOU?
YOUR BREATH STINKS.
WHAT? YOU WRITING A BOOK?
WHEN I'M GOING TO MAKE SOMEBODY AN OFFER OF A LOT OF MONEY --
-- I WANT TO KNOW HOW MUCH BAGGAGE THEY ARE CARRYING.
IF IT'S A LOT OF MONEY I CAN BRING A DUFFEL BAG.
GAK
OKAY. I GET IT. NOT BIG IN THE COMEDY DEPARTMENT.
LOOK, IN MY LINE OF WORK I PISS OFF ALL KINDS.
COULD BE ULTRON, THE MAD THINKER, DEATHLOK -- THE VISION -- H.E.R.B.I.E!
PICK ONE. AND THANK YOU FOR SHOPPING AT TARGET.
SERIOUSLY. HOW MUCH MOOLAH ARE WE TALKING ABOUT?
ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS WORK.
I HALF-HOPE HE'LL SAY NO SO I CAN MAKE HIM THE MERC WITH NO MOUTH...

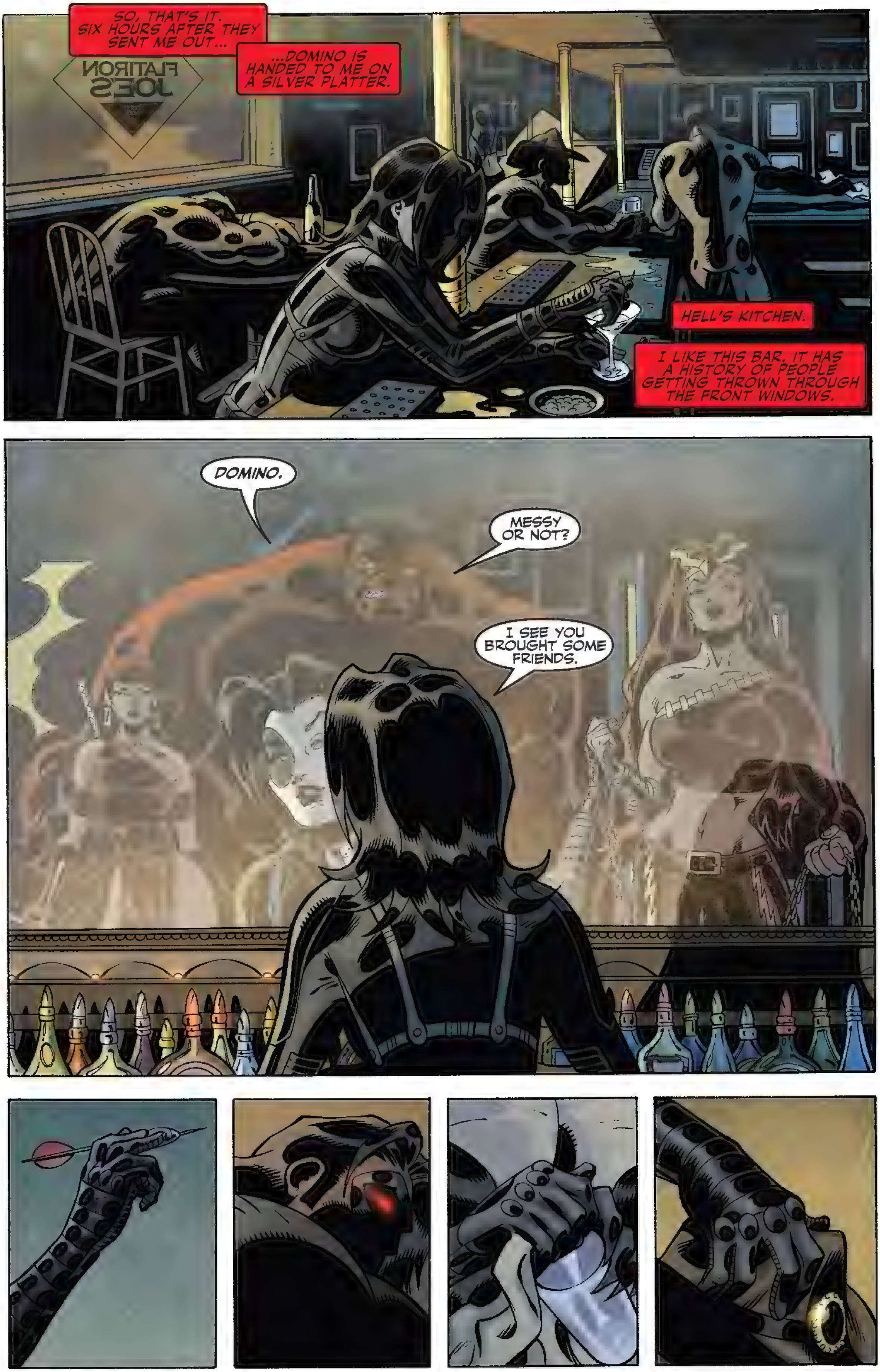

NEXT UP IS THE PUNISHER.
FRANK CASTLE LOST HIS FAMILY AND TAKES IT OUT ON THE REST OF THE WORLD.
I CAN RESPECT THAT.
STILL. I WENT TOE-TO-TOE WITH THOR.
WHY AM I BEING TEAMED WITH A MAN WHO NEEDS A REMINGTON PUMP ACTION SHOTGUN TO TAKE DOWN RUSSIAN MOBSTERS?
I HATE THE RUSSIANS.
УБЕЙТЕ SWINE!
THEY'VE GOT NO RESPECT FOR HUMAN LIFE.

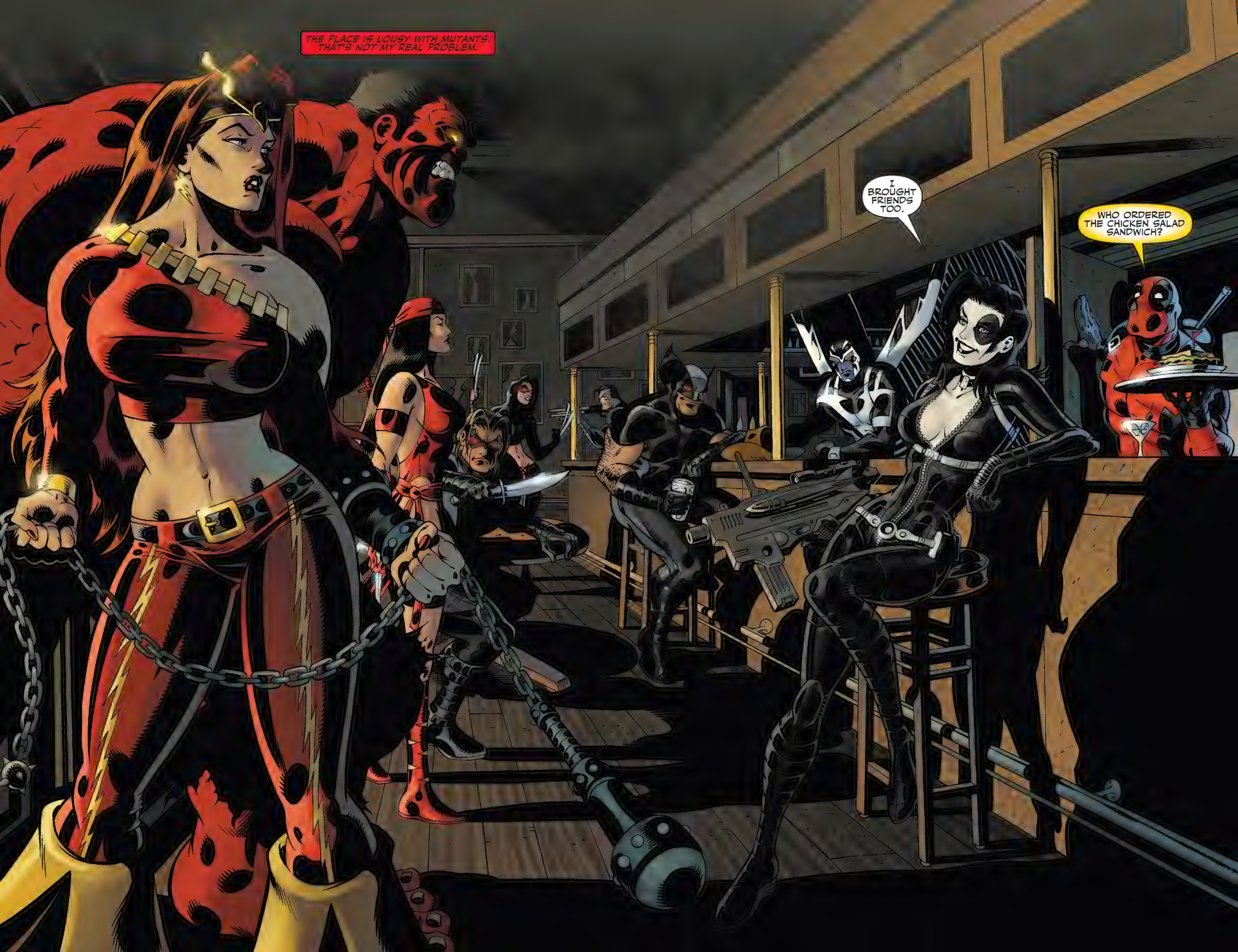

PLEASE. I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT. MONEY. DRUGS. WOMEN.
FRANK'S SMART ENOUGH TO SEE THE KNIFE SO I DON'T HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING.
AND IF HE ISN'T, I'LL JUST MOVE ONTO THE NEXT NAME ON THE LIST.
WE COULD MAKE GOOD DEAL. I COULD EVEN CUT YOU IN FOR A PIECE. WHAT DO YOU SAY?
NOT INTERESTED.
BLAM
I LIKE YOUR STYLE.
NO POINT IN B.S.-ING HIM. THE MAN'S BEEN AT WAR FOR MOST OF HIS ADULT LIFE.
I CAN RESPECT THAT TOO.

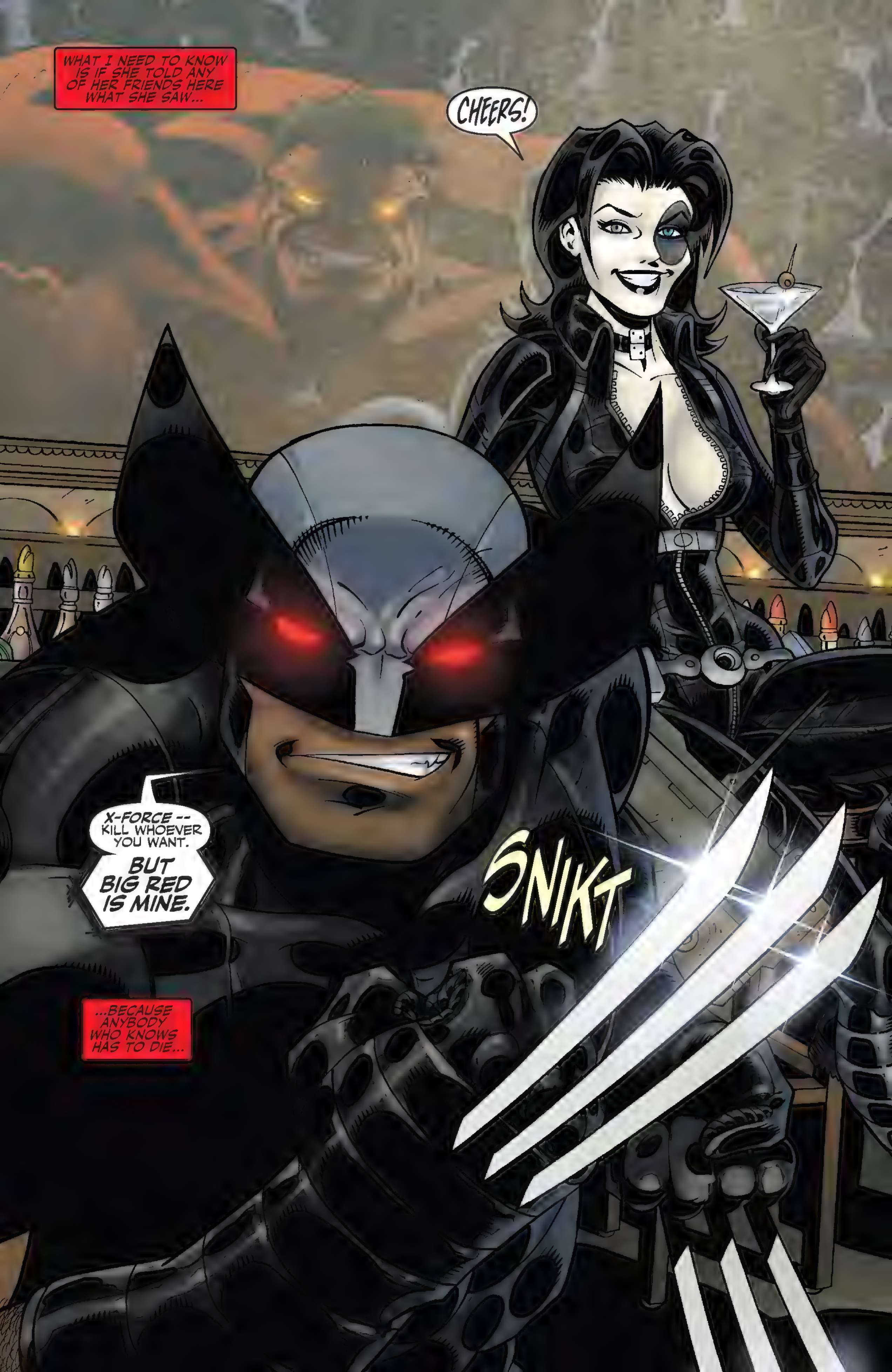

A HULK OF A DIFFERENT COLOR.
WORD IS YOU'RE *TOUGH.*
GUESS SO.
ARE YOU DONE?
BECAUSE THERE'S SOME *BUSINESS* I'D LIKE TO DISCUSS WITH YOU.
LIKE I TOLD *THAT* GUY. NOT INTERESTED.
THEN I GUESS ACCESS TO THE WHEREABOUTS TO EVERY DIRTBAG IN THE WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM...
...DOESN'T INTEREST YOU EITHER?
TWO DOWN. FISH IN A BARREL.

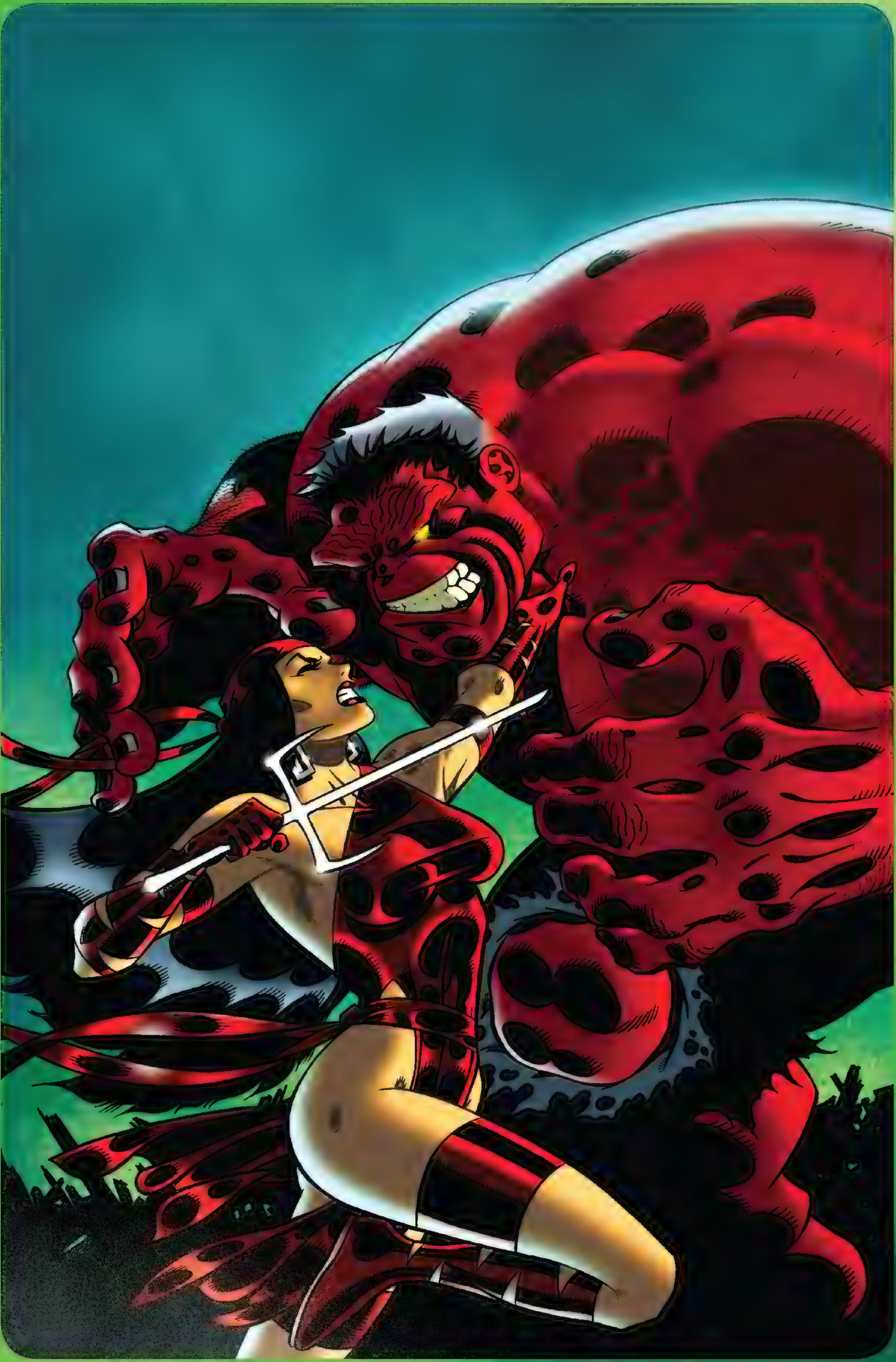

HIYA, FRANKIE.
SHUT UP OR I'LL SHOOT YOU IN THE HEAD.
JUST TO GO OVER IT AGAIN.
WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE WOMAN CALLED *"DOMINO."*
IT'S A STANDARD ***SNATCH*** AND ***GRAB.***
YOU FIND HER? HOLD HER UNTIL I GET THERE.
I WANT HER ALIVE.
THUNDRA. YOU GOT US THE ***DYNAMO.***
WHERE'S ***ELEKTRA?***
CRIMSON DYNAMO -- RUSSIA'S ANSWER TO IRON MAN -- JUST GOT OFF THE BOAT AND NEEDS POLITICAL ASYLUM.
THUNDRA AND I HAVE WORKED OUT A SIDE DEAL THAT'S NOBODY'S BUSINESS BUT MY OWN.
SHE'LL BE HERE.
AND STOP ACTING LIKE I DON'T KNOW HOW DO TO MY JOB.
COMRADES.
BORIS.
WHY DO YOU CALL ME THIS?
HELLO? ***BORIS*** AND NATASHA? NO HAVE ***BULLWINKLE*** IN MOSCOW?
I ASK BECAUSE MY NAME ***IS*** *BORIS!*
I DON'T LIKE WORKING WITH RUSKIES.
BUT WE ARE SO ALIKE, YOU AND I.
HOW'S ***THAT?***
WE ARE BOTH ***CAPITALISTS*** WHO LIKE TO KILL.
PEOPLE.
WE'VE GOT LESS THAN NINETEEN HOURS.
YOU WON'T NEED IT.


I'VE ALREADY FOUND HER.
ELEKTRA.
THE ONLY ONE OF THEM WORTH A DAMN.

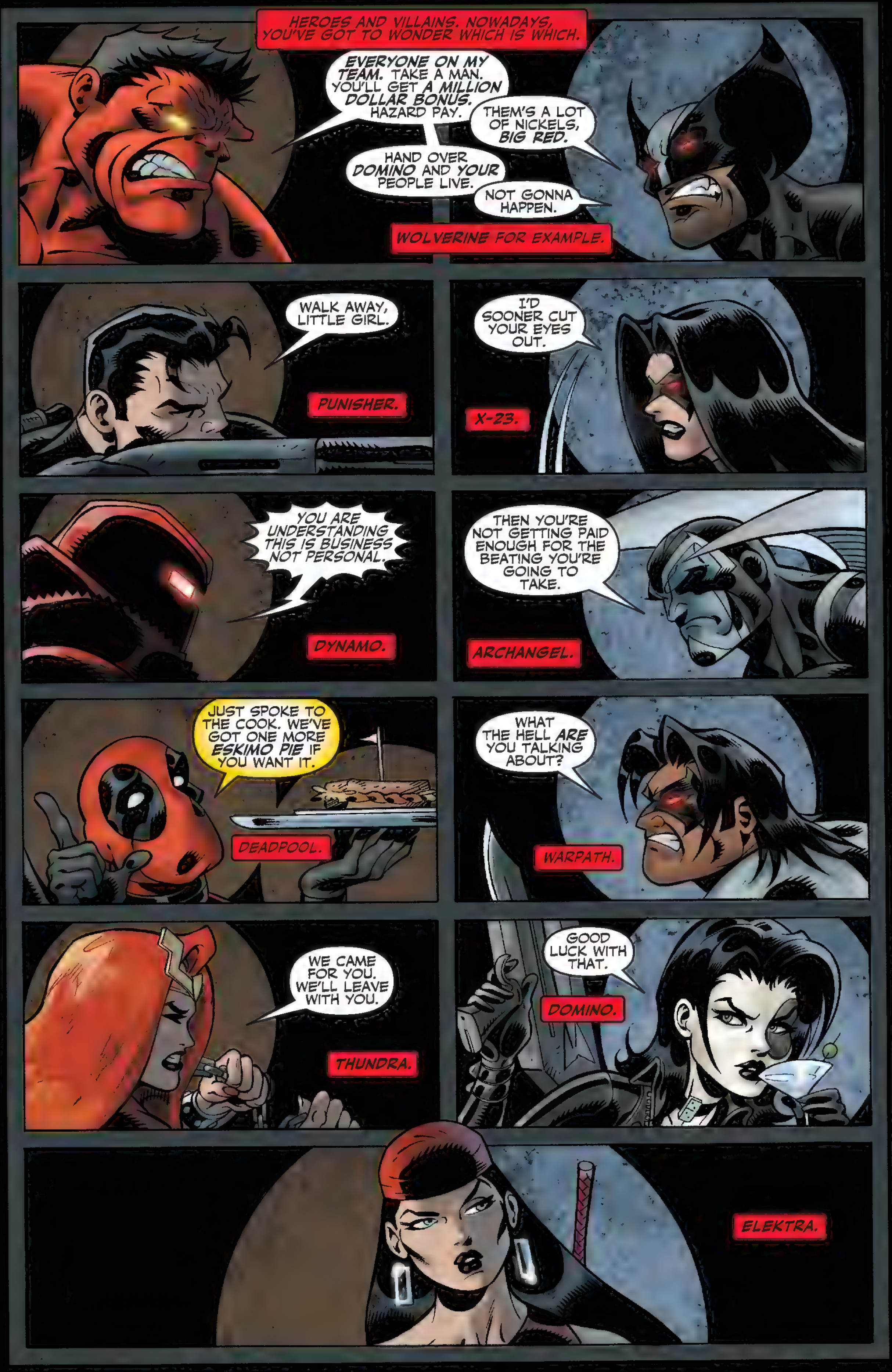

SO, THAT'S IT. SIX HOURS AFTER THEY SENT ME OUT...
FLATIRON JOE'S
...DOMINO IS HANDED TO ME ON A SILVER PLATTER.
HELL'S KITCHEN.
I LIKE THIS BAR. IT HAS A HISTORY OF PEOPLE GETTING THROWN THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOWS.
DOMINO.
MESSY OR NOT?
I SEE YOU BROUGHT SOME FRIENDS.

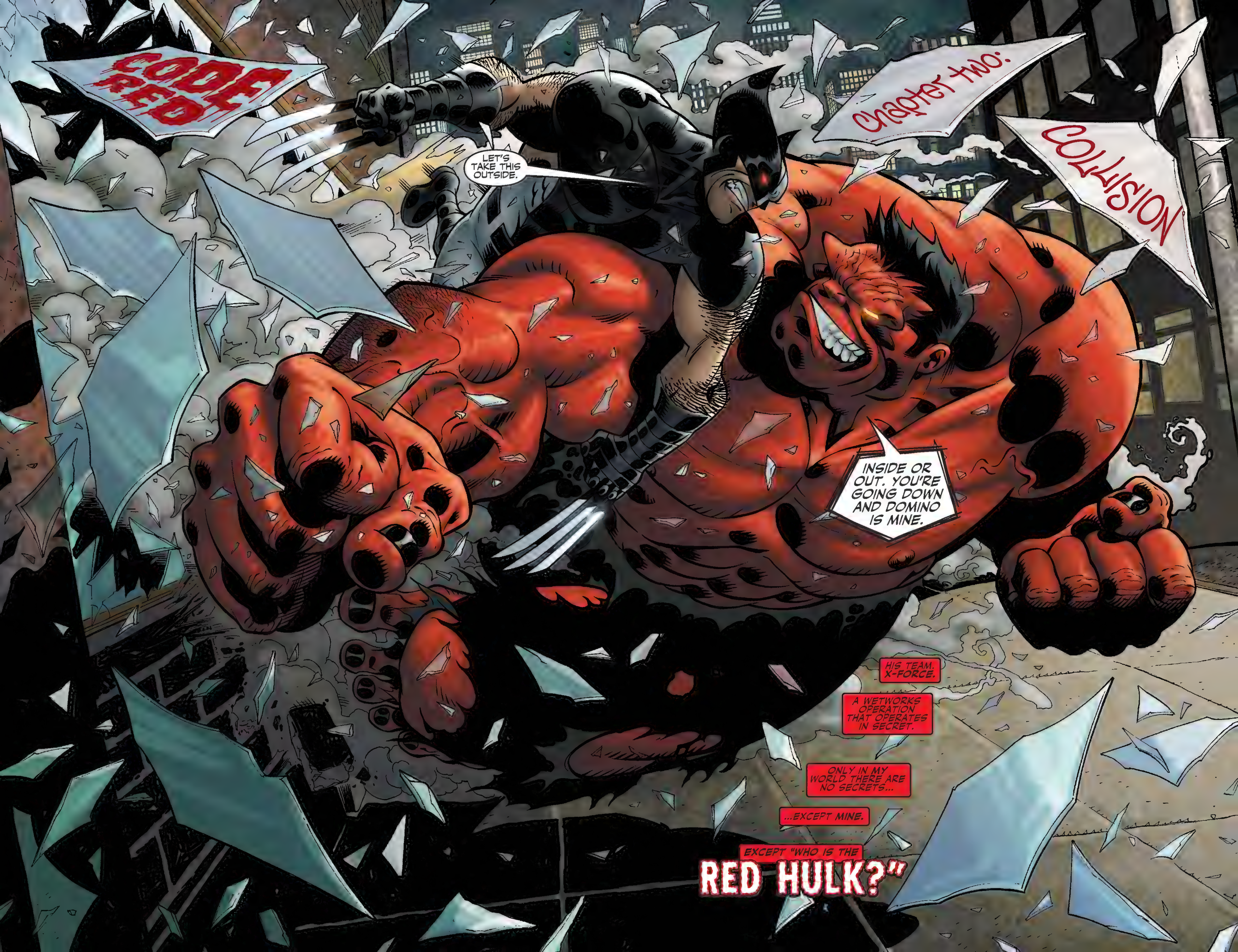

THE PLACE IS LOUSY WITH MUTANTS. THAT'S NOT MY REAL PROBLEM.
I BROUGHT FRIENDS TOO.
WHO ORDERED THE CHICKEN SALAD SANDWICH?

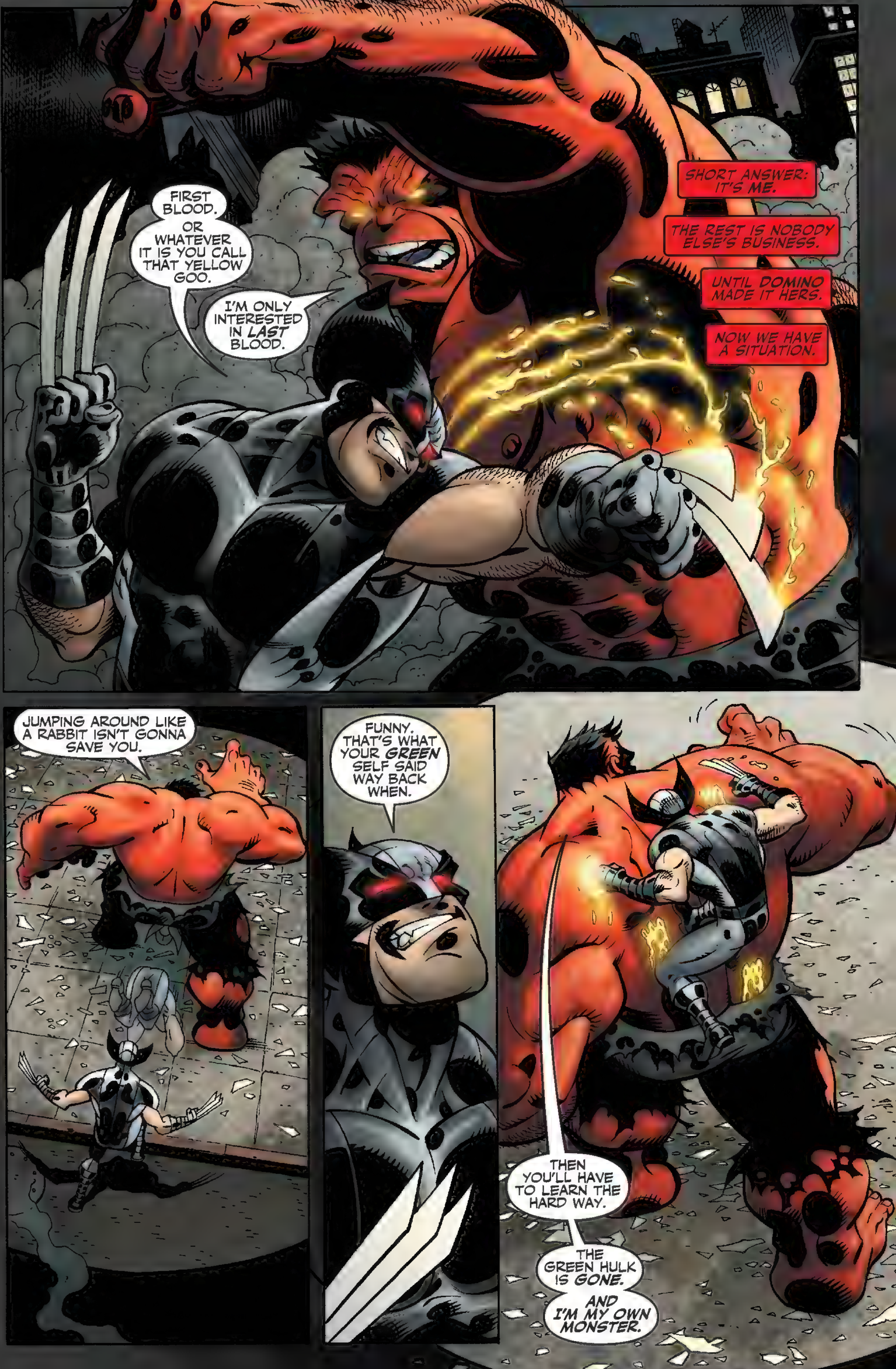

WHAT I NEED TO KNOW IS IF SHE TOLD ANY OF HER FRIENDS HERE WHAT SHE SAW...
CHEERS!
X-FORCE -- KILL WHOEVER YOU WANT.
BUT BIG RED IS MINE.
SNIKT
...BECAUSE ANYBODY WHO KNOWS HAS TO DIE...

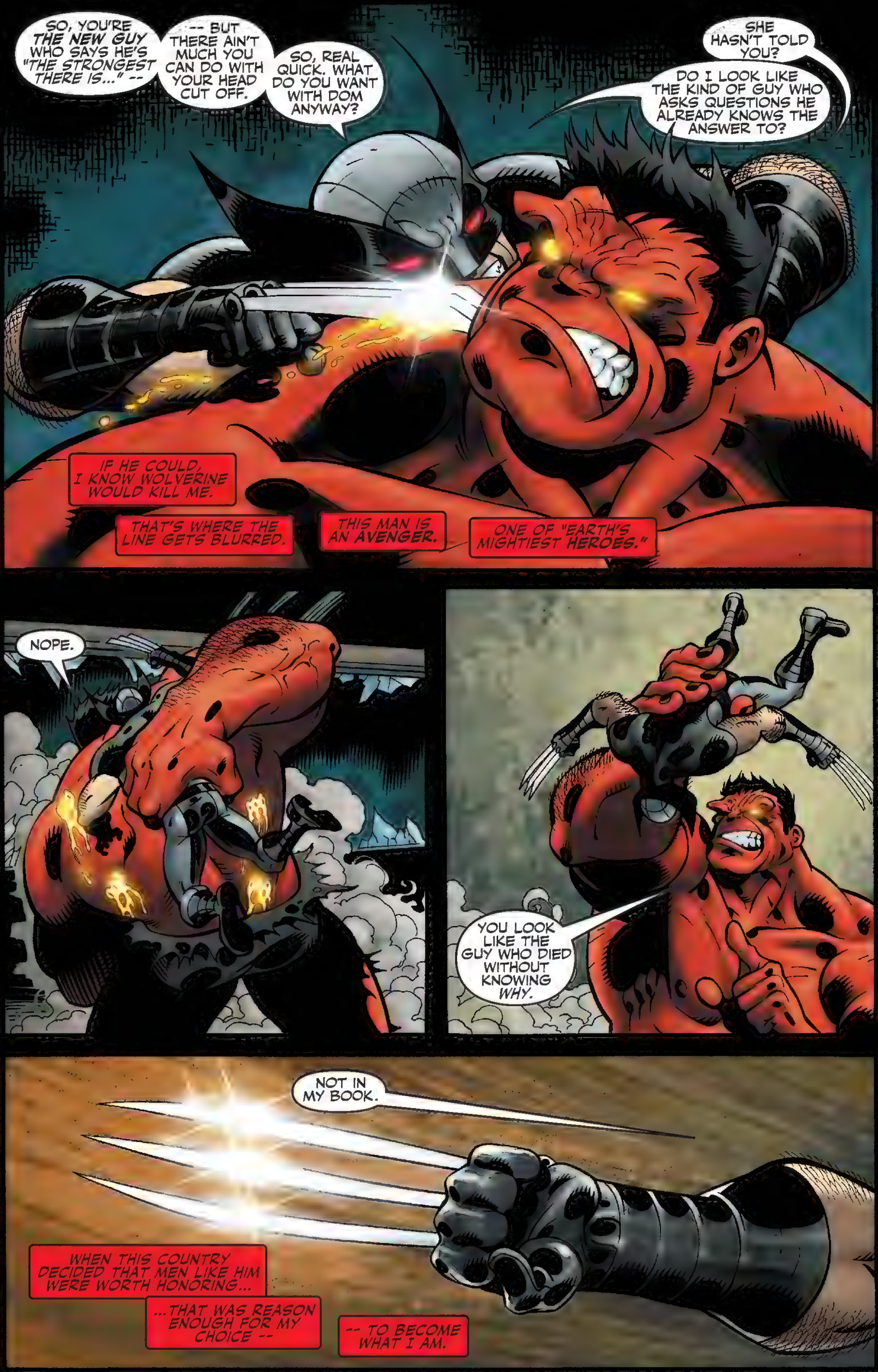


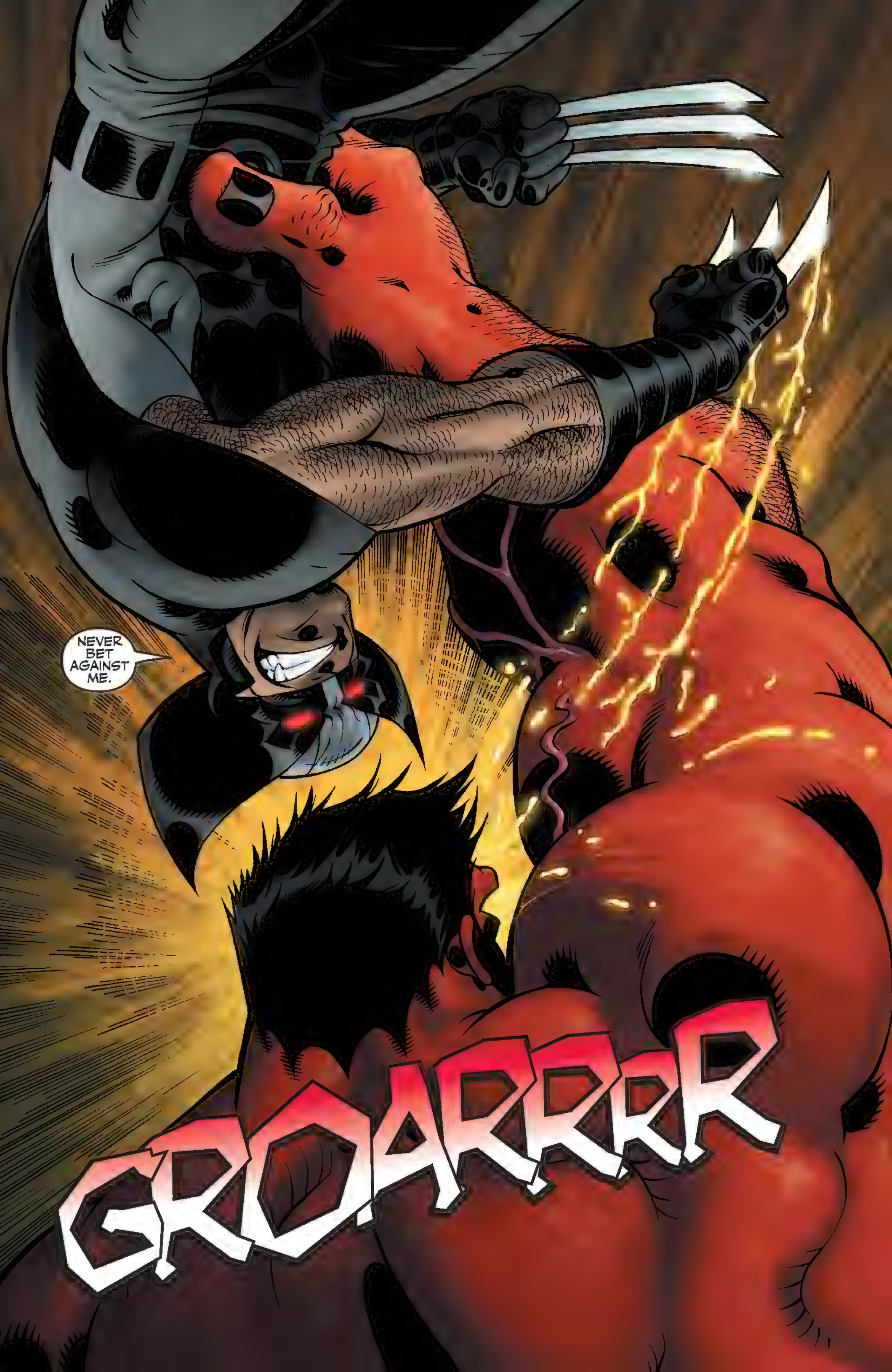
HULK (2008) #15

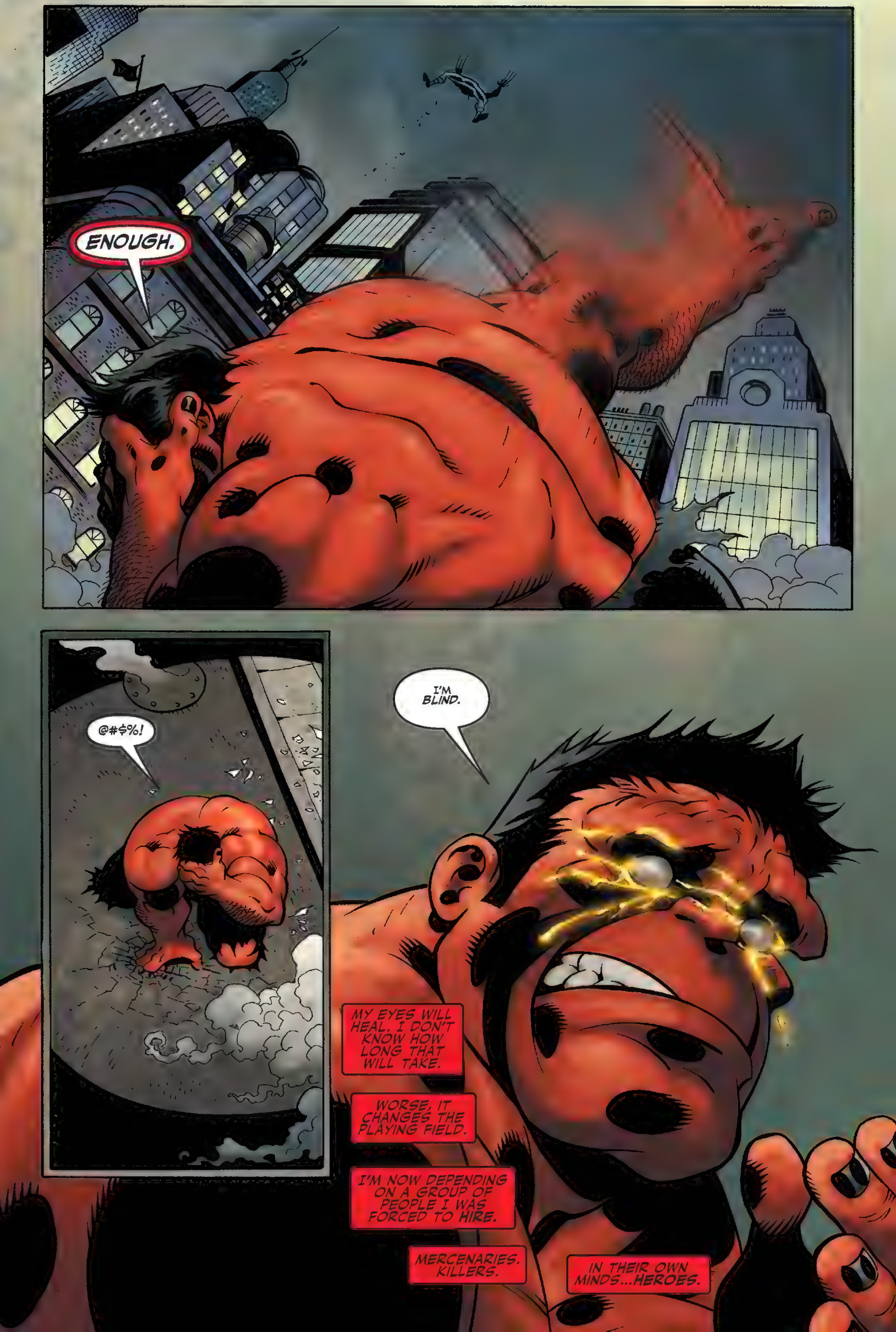

HEROES AND VILLAINS. NOWADAYS, YOU'VE GOT TO WONDER WHICH IS WHICH.
EVERYONE ON MY TEAM. TAKE A MAN. YOU'LL GET A MILLION DOLLAR BONUS. HAZARD PAY.
HAND OVER DOMINO AND YOUR PEOPLE LIVE.
THEM'S A LOT OF NICKELS, BIG RED.
NOT GONNA HAPPEN.
WOLVERINE FOR EXAMPLE.
WALK AWAY, LITTLE GIRL.
PUNISHER.
I'D SOONER CUT YOUR EYES OUT.
X-23.
YOU ARE UNDERSTANDING THIS IS BUSINESS NOT PERSONAL.
DYNAMO.
THEN YOU'RE NOT GETTING PAID ENOUGH FOR THE BEATING YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE.
ARCHANGEL.
JUST SPOKE TO THE COOK. WE'VE GOT ONE MORE ESKIMO PIE IF YOU WANT IT.
DEADPOOL.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WARPATH.
WE CAME FOR YOU. WE'LL LEAVE WITH YOU.
THUNDRA.
GOOD LUCK WITH THAT.
DOMINO.
ELEKTRA.

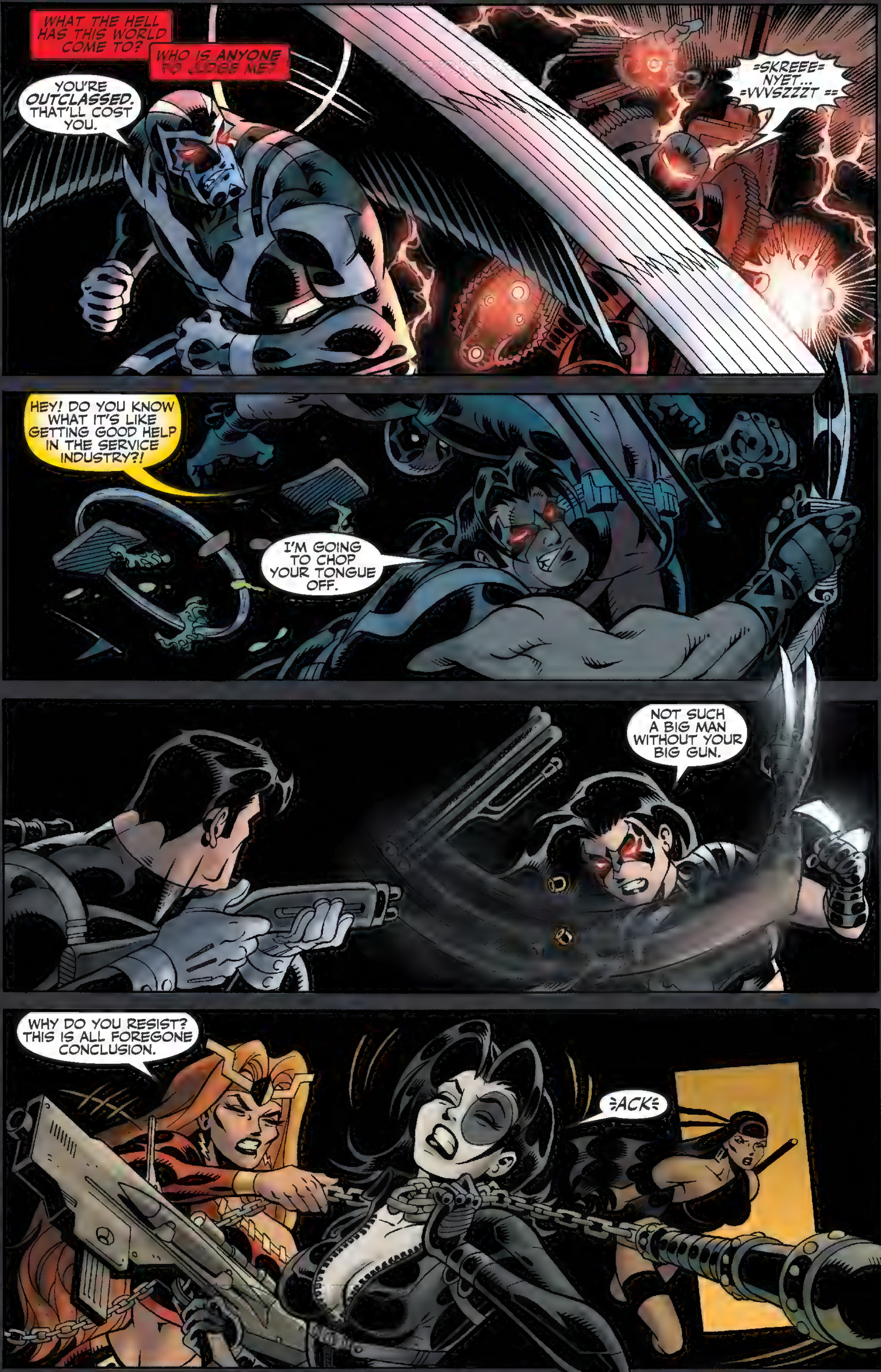

CODE RED
Chapter two:
COLLISION
LET'S TAKE THIS OUTSIDE.
INSIDE OR OUT. YOU'RE GOING DOWN AND DOMINO IS MINE.
HIS TEAM. X-FORCE.
A WETWORKS OPERATION THAT OPERATES IN SECRET.
ONLY IN MY WORLD THERE ARE NO SECRETS...
...EXCEPT MINE.
EXCEPT "WHO IS THE
RED HULK?"

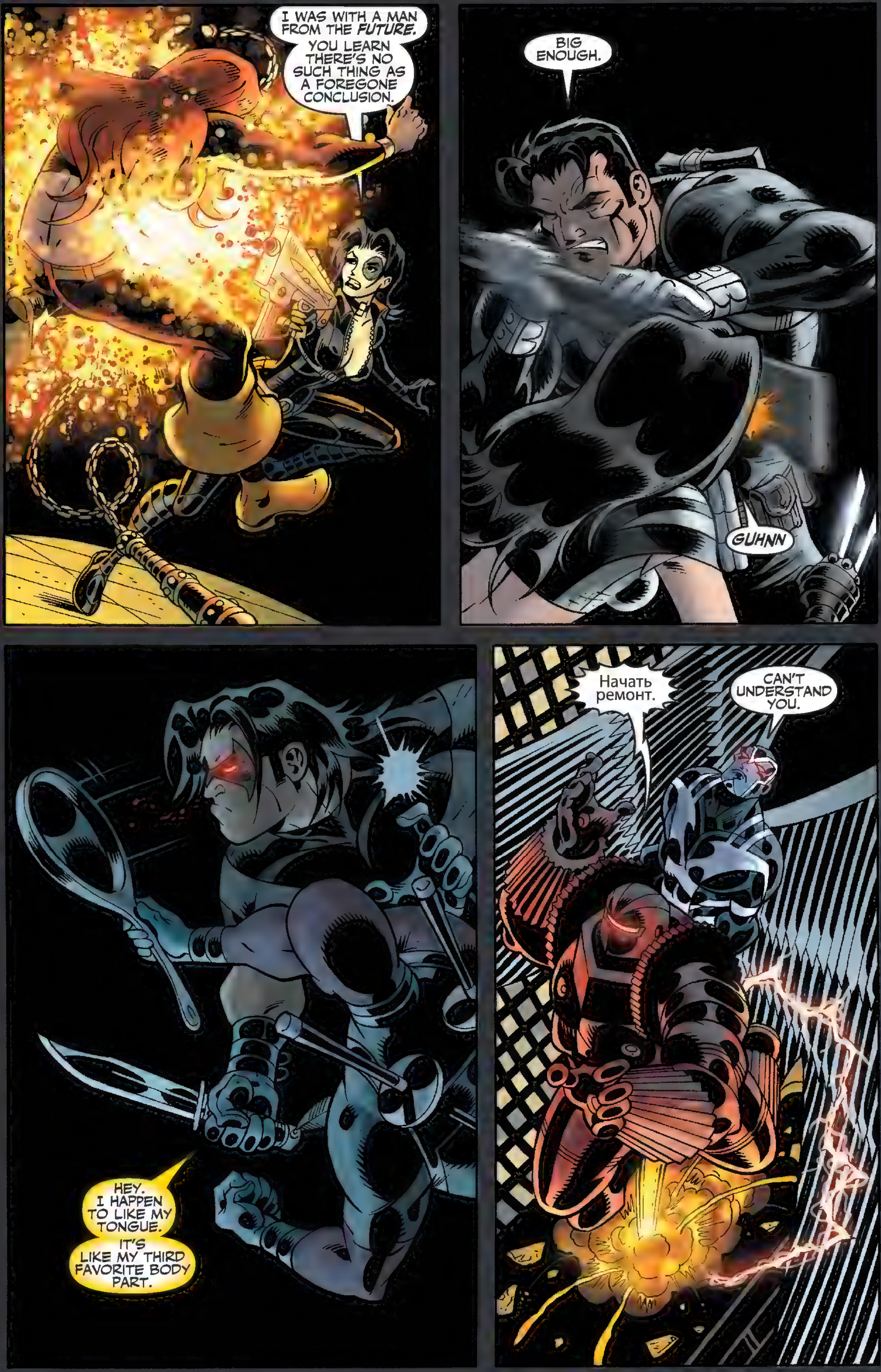

FIRST BLOOD. OR WHATEVER IT IS YOU CALL THAT YELLOW GOO.
I'M ONLY INTERESTED IN *LAST* BLOOD.
SHORT ANSWER: IT'S ME.
THE REST IS NOBODY ELSE'S BUSINESS.
UNTIL DOMINO MADE IT HERS.
NOW WE HAVE A SITUATION.
JUMPING AROUND LIKE A RABBIT ISN'T GONNA SAVE YOU.
FUNNY. THAT'S WHAT YOUR *GREEN* SELF SAID WAY BACK WHEN.
THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN THE HARD WAY.
THE GREEN HULK IS *GONE*.
AND I'M MY OWN MONSTER.

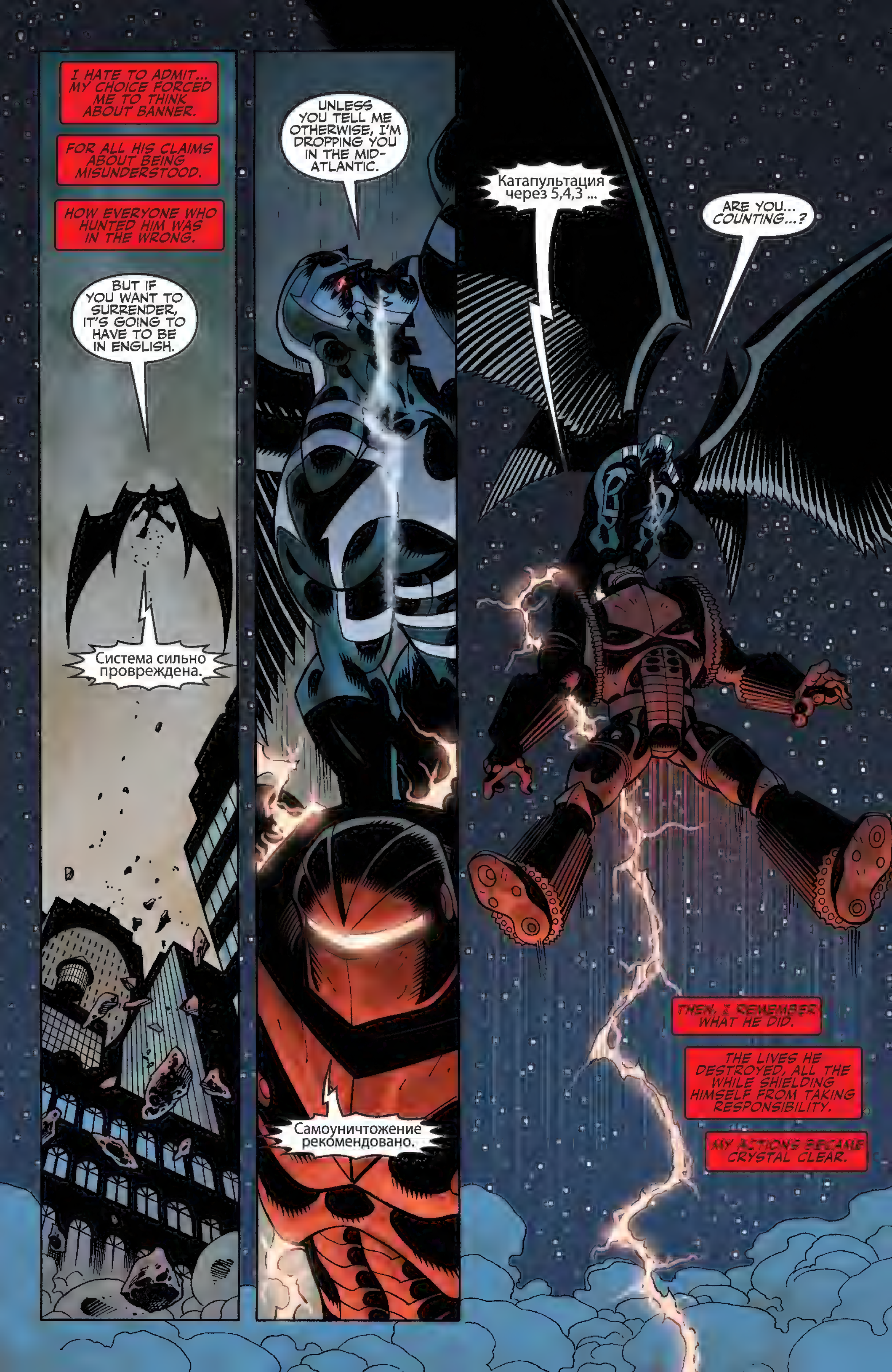

SO, YOU'RE THE NEW GUY WHO SAYS HE'S "THE STRONGEST THERE IS..." --
-- BUT THERE AIN'T MUCH YOU CAN DO WITH YOUR HEAD CUT OFF.
SO, REAL QUICK. WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH DOM ANYWAY?
SHE HASN'T TOLD YOU?
DO I LOOK LIKE THE KIND OF GUY WHO ASKS QUESTIONS HE ALREADY KNOWS THE ANSWER TO?
IF HE COULD, I KNOW WOLVERINE WOULD KILL ME.
THAT'S WHERE THE LINE GETS BLURRED.
THIS MAN IS AN AVENGER.
ONE OF "EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES."
NOPE.
YOU LOOK LIKE THE GUY WHO DIED WITHOUT KNOWING WHY.
NOT IN MY BOOK.
WHEN THIS COUNTRY DECIDED THAT MEN LIKE HIM WERE WORTH HONORING...
...THAT WAS REASON ENOUGH FOR MY CHOICE --
-- TO BECOME WHAT I AM.

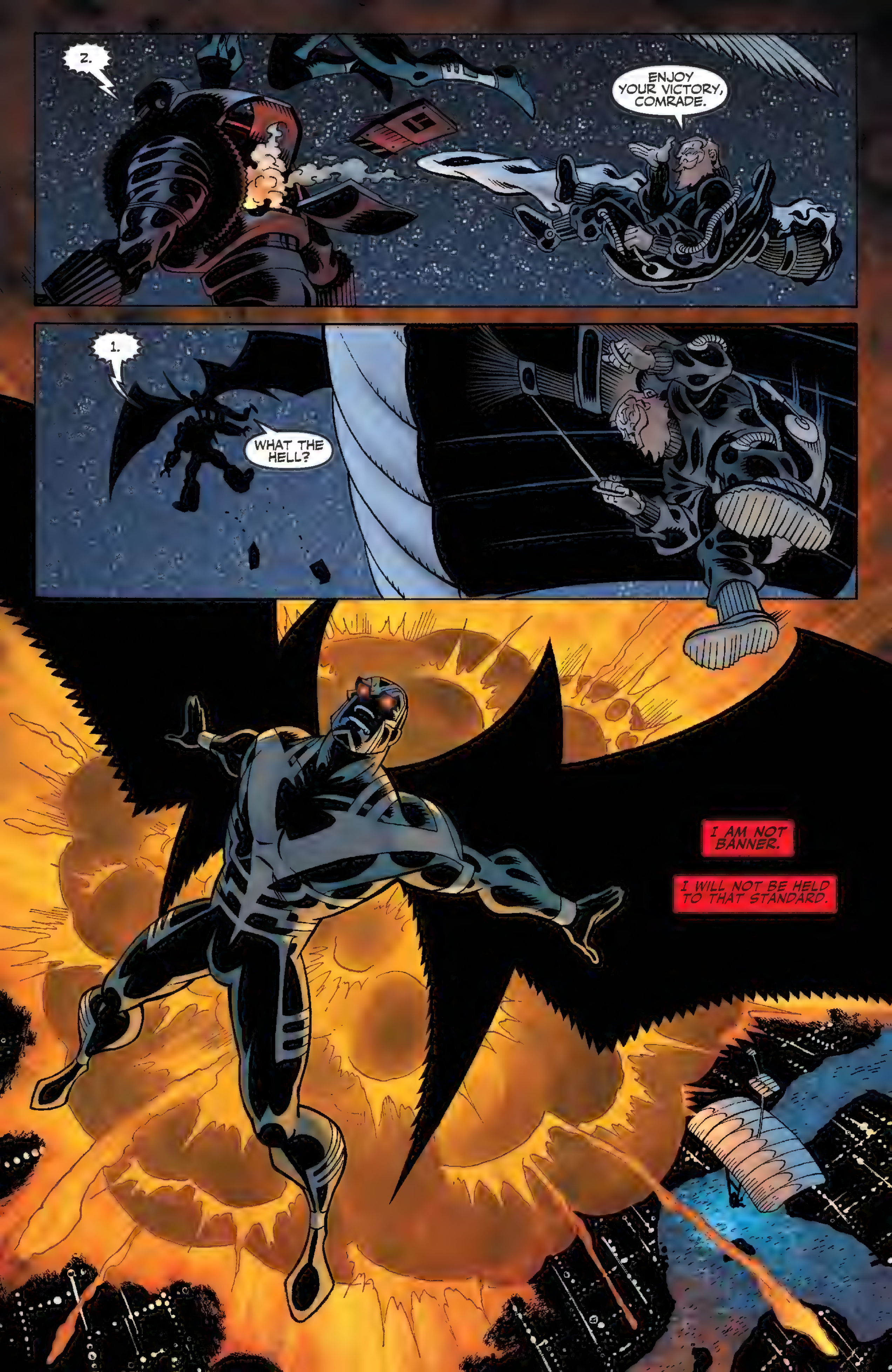

NEVER BET AGAINST ME.
GROARRRR

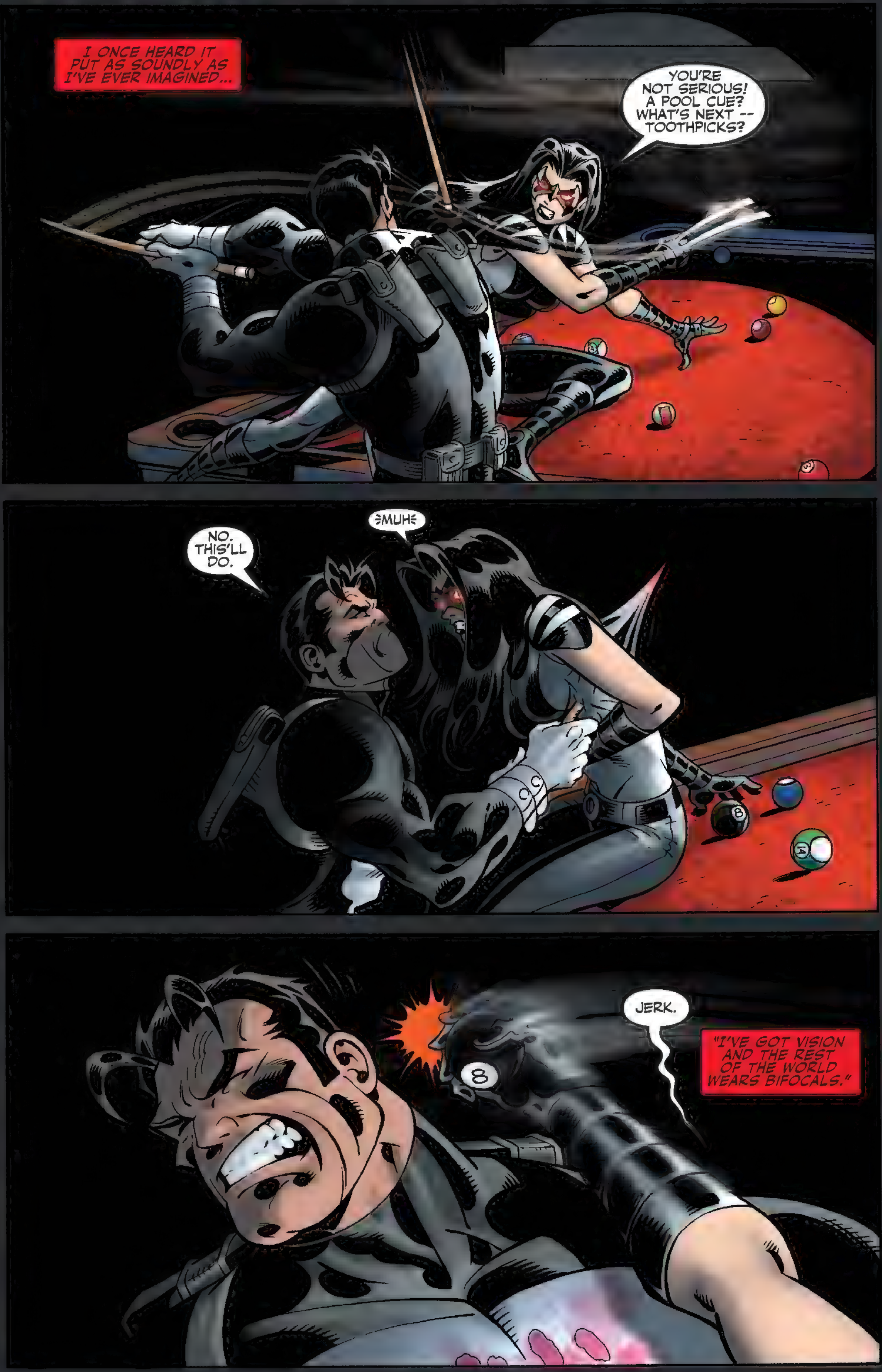

ENOUGH.
@#$%!
I'M BLIND.
MY EYES WILL HEAL. I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG THAT WILL TAKE.
WORSE, IT CHANGES THE PLAYING FIELD.
I'M NOW DEPENDING ON A GROUP OF PEOPLE I WAS FORCED TO HIRE.
MERCENARIES. KILLERS.
IN THEIR OWN MINDS...HEROES.

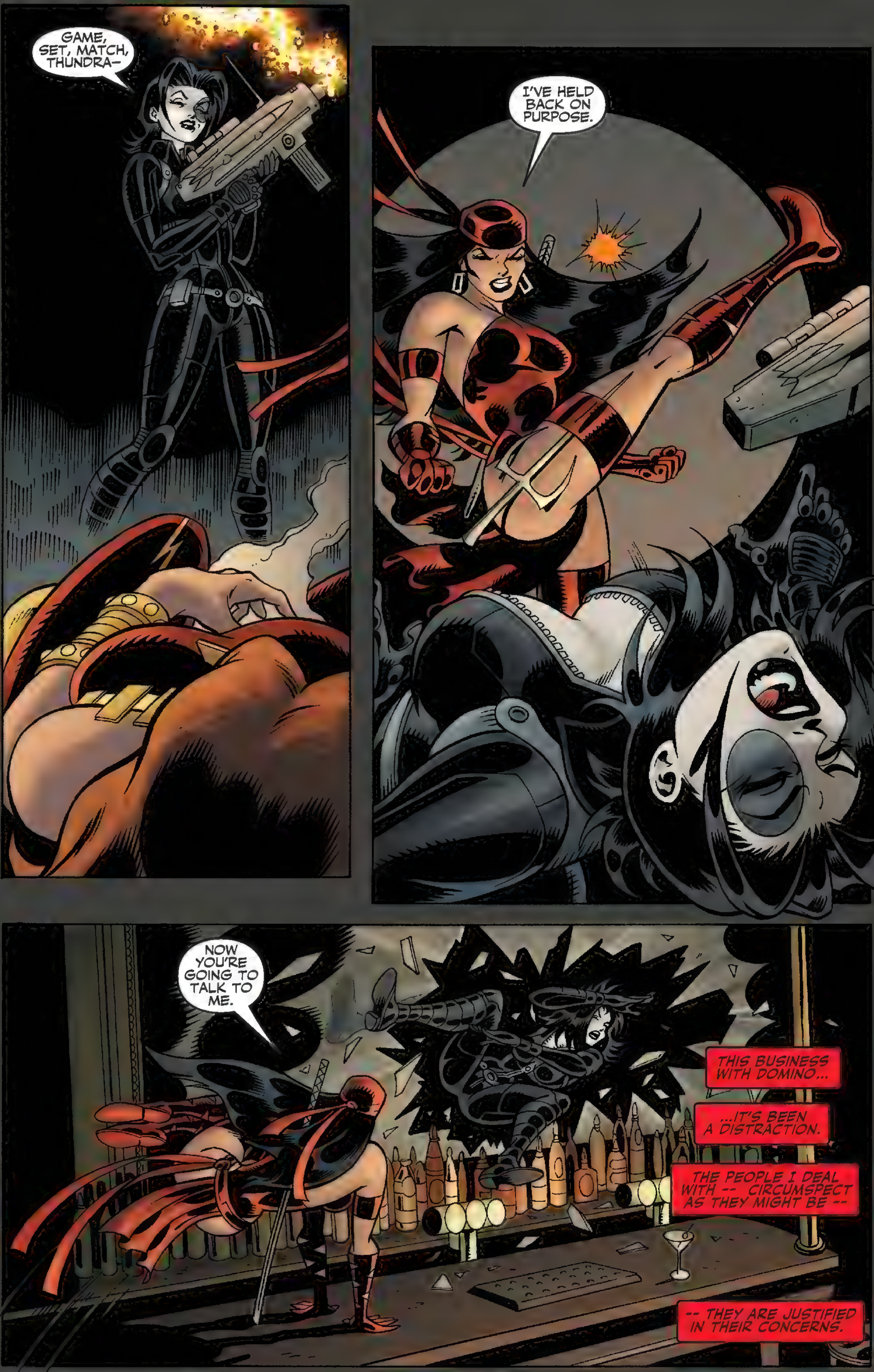

WHAT THE HELL HAS THIS WORLD COME TO?
WHO IS ANYONE TO JUDGE ME?
YOU'RE OUTCLASSED. THAT'LL COST YOU.
=SKREEE= NYET... =VVVSZZZT ==
HEY! DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE GETTING GOOD HELP IN THE SERVICE INDUSTRY?!
I'M GOING TO CHOP YOUR TONGUE OFF.
NOT SUCH A BIG MAN WITHOUT YOUR BIG GUN.
WHY DO YOU RESIST? THIS IS ALL FOREGONE CONCLUSION.
=ACK=

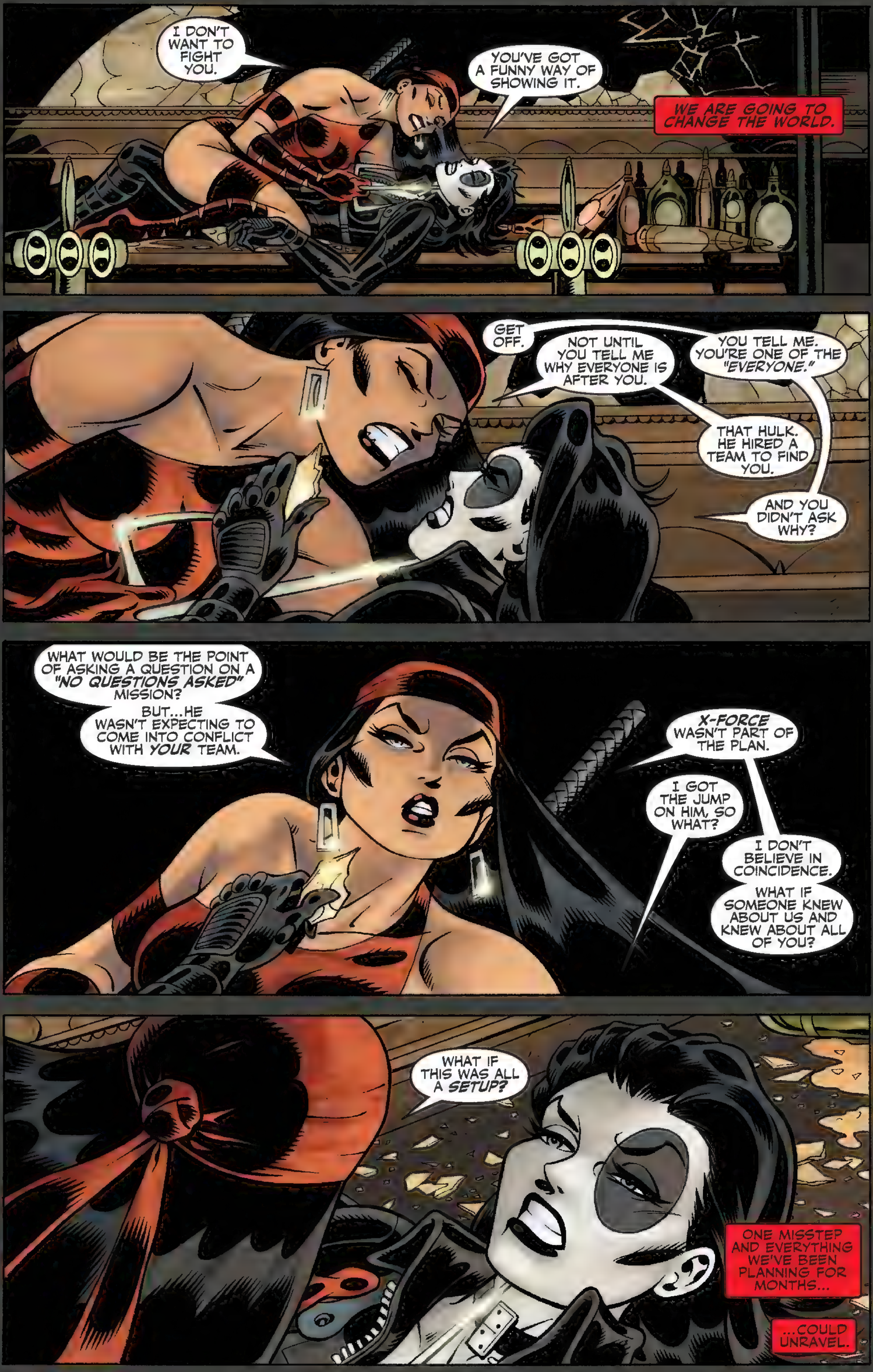

I WAS WITH A MAN FROM THE *FUTURE*.
YOU LEARN THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.
BIG ENOUGH.
GUHNN
HEY. I HAPPEN TO LIKE MY TONGUE.
IT'S LIKE MY THIRD FAVORITE BODY PART.
Начать ремонт.
CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU.

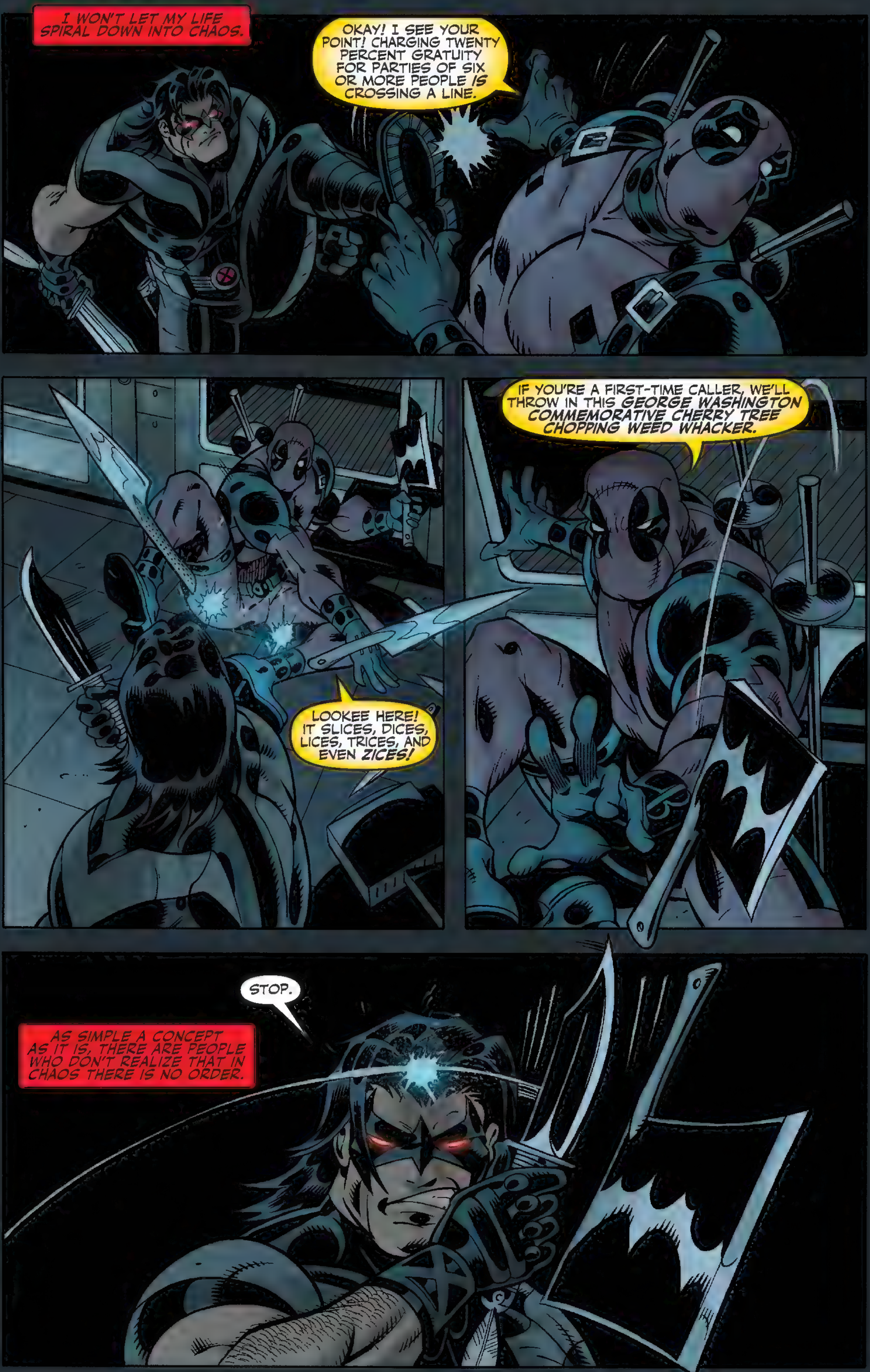

I HATE TO ADMIT... MY CHOICE FORCED ME TO THINK ABOUT BANNER.
FOR ALL HIS CLAIMS ABOUT BEING MISUNDERSTOOD.
HOW EVERYONE WHO HUNTED HIM WAS IN THE WRONG.
BUT IF YOU WANT TO SURRENDER, IT'S GOING TO HAVE TO BE IN ENGLISH.
Система сильно провреждена.
UNLESS YOU TELL ME OTHERWISE, I'M DROPPING YOU IN THE MID-ATLANTIC.
Самоуничтожение рекомендовано.
Катапультация через 5,4,3 ...
ARE YOU... COUNTING...?
THEN, I REMEMBER WHAT HE DID.
THE LIVES HE DESTROYED, ALL THE WHILE SHIELDING HIMSELF FROM TAKING RESPONSIBILITY.
MY ACTIONS BECAME CRYSTAL CLEAR.

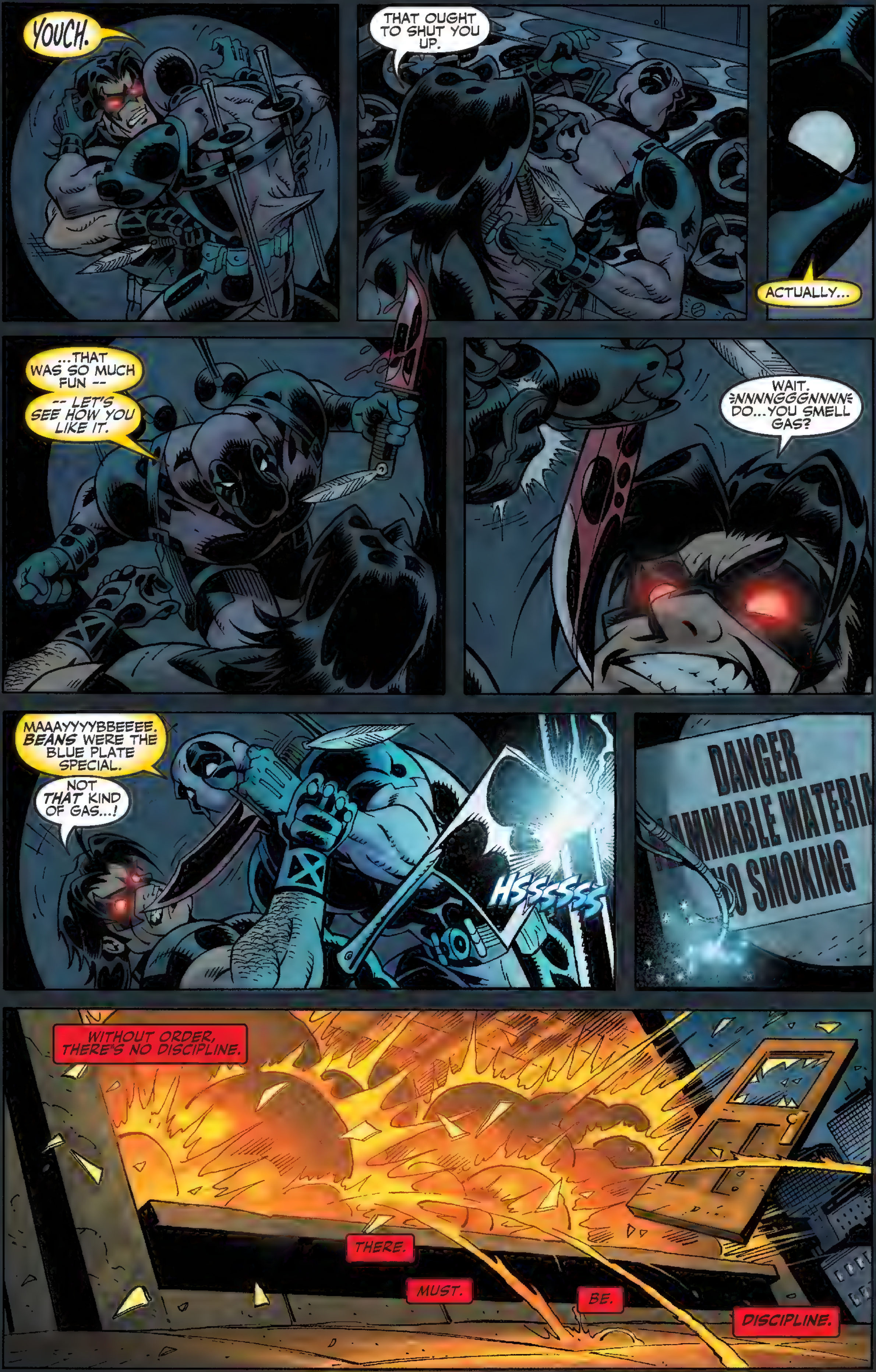

2.
ENJOY YOUR VICTORY, COMRADE.
1.
WHAT THE HELL?
I AM NOT BANNER.
I WILL NOT BE HELD TO THAT STANDARD.

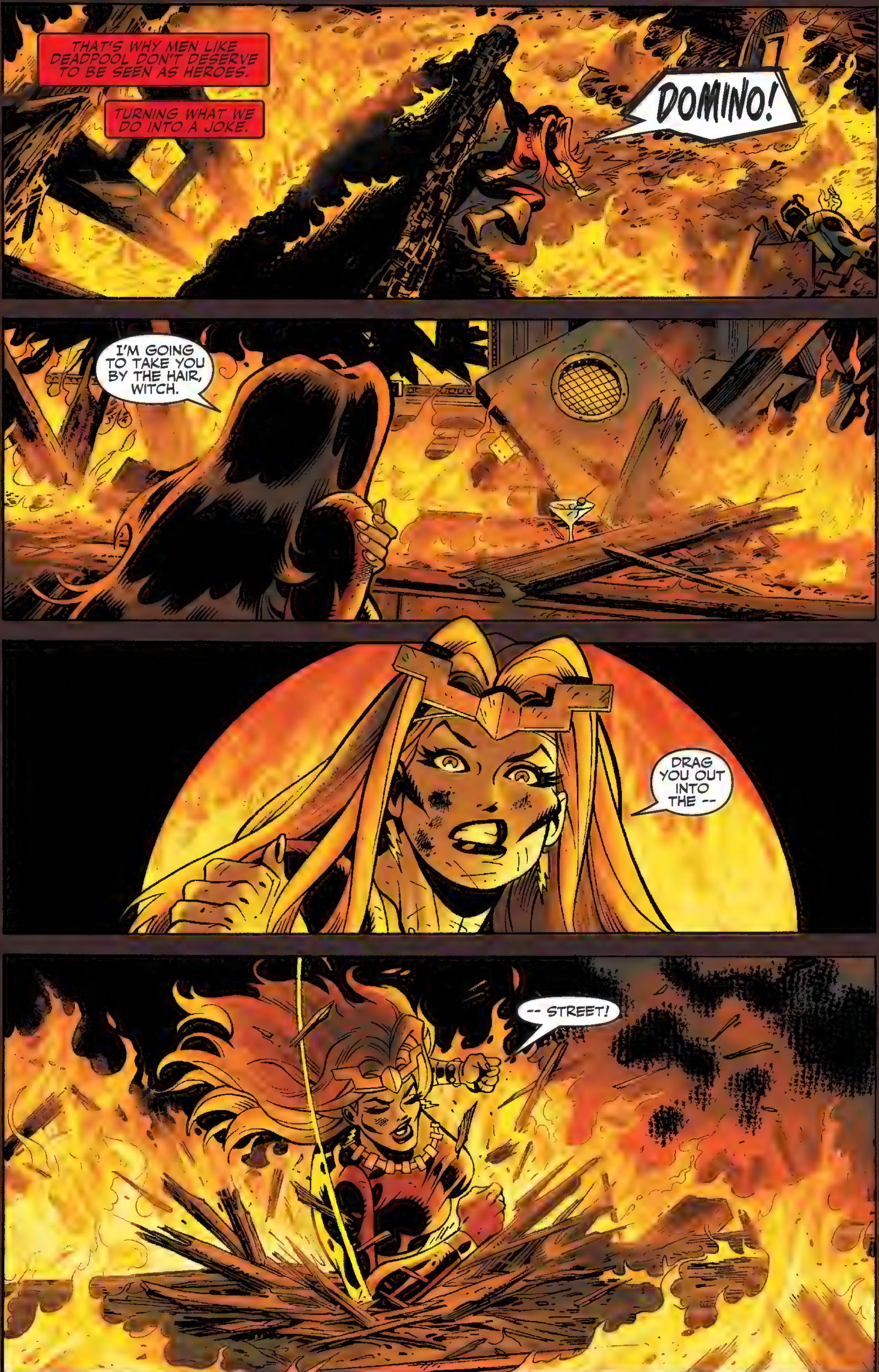

I ONCE HEARD IT PUT AS SOUNDLY AS I'VE EVER IMAGINED...
YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS! A POOL CUE? WHAT'S NEXT -- TOOTHPICKS?
NO. THIS'LL DO.
MUH
JERK.
"I'VE GOT VISION AND THE REST OF THE WORLD WEARS BIFOCALS."

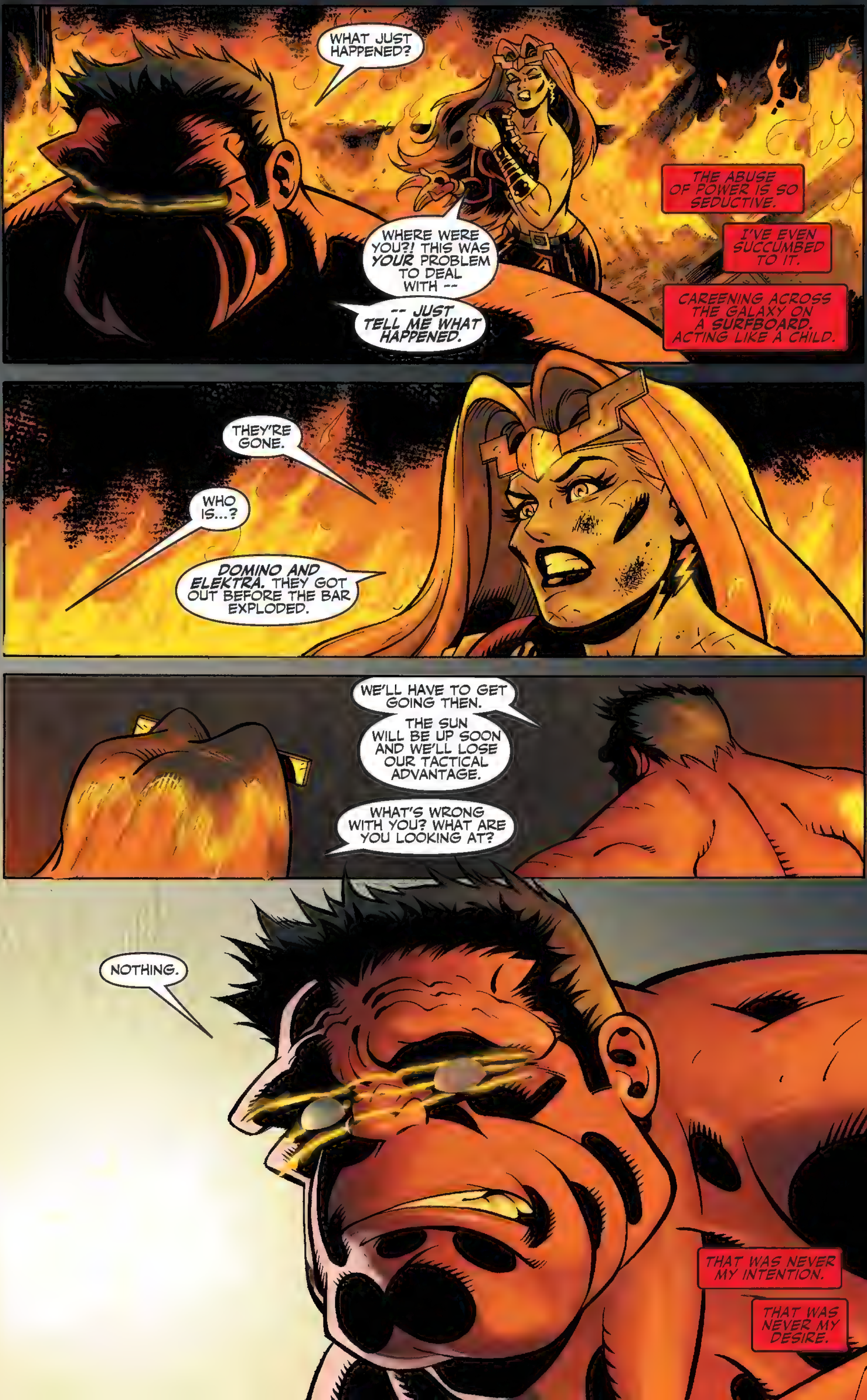

GAME, SET, MATCH, THUNDRA–
I'VE HELD BACK ON PURPOSE.
NOW YOU'RE GOING TO TALK TO ME.
THIS BUSINESS WITH DOMINO...
...IT'S BEEN A DISTRACTION.
THE PEOPLE I DEAL WITH -- CIRCUMSPECT AS THEY MIGHT BE --
-- THEY ARE JUSTIFIED IN THEIR CONCERNS.

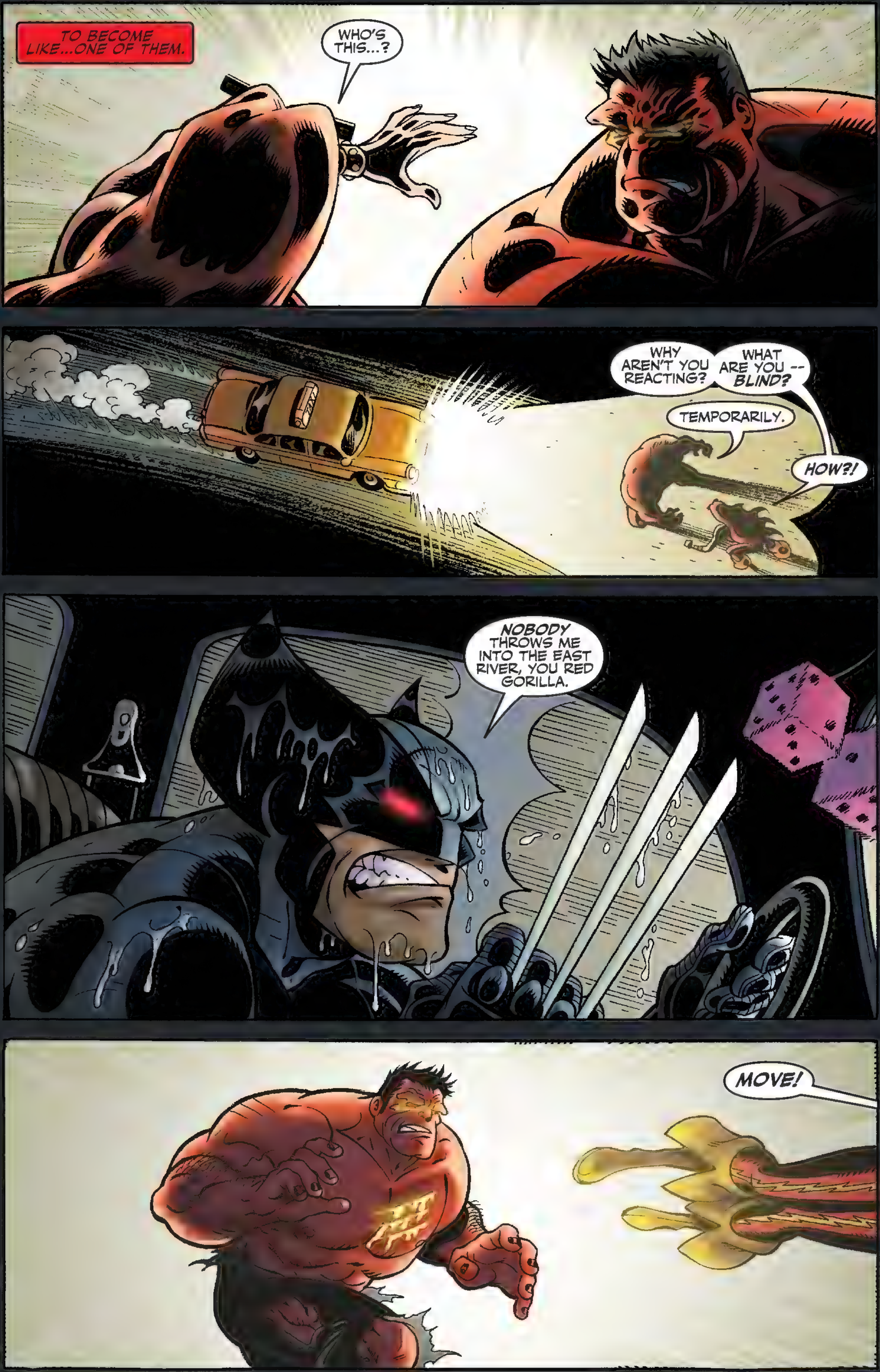

I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT YOU.
YOU'VE GOT A FUNNY WAY OF SHOWING IT.
WE ARE GOING TO CHANGE THE WORLD.
GET OFF.
NOT UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHY EVERYONE IS AFTER YOU.
YOU TELL ME. YOU'RE ONE OF THE "EVERYONE."
THAT HULK. HE HIRED A TEAM TO FIND YOU.
AND YOU DIDN'T ASK WHY?
WHAT WOULD BE THE POINT OF ASKING A QUESTION ON A "NO QUESTIONS ASKED" MISSION?
BUT...HE WASN'T EXPECTING TO COME INTO CONFLICT WITH YOUR TEAM.
X-FORCE WASN'T PART OF THE PLAN.
I GOT THE JUMP ON HIM, SO WHAT?
I DON'T BELIEVE IN COINCIDENCE.
WHAT IF SOMEONE KNEW ABOUT US AND KNEW ABOUT ALL OF YOU?
WHAT IF THIS WAS ALL A SETUP?
ONE MISSTEP AND EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN PLANNING FOR MONTHS...
...COULD UNRAVEL.

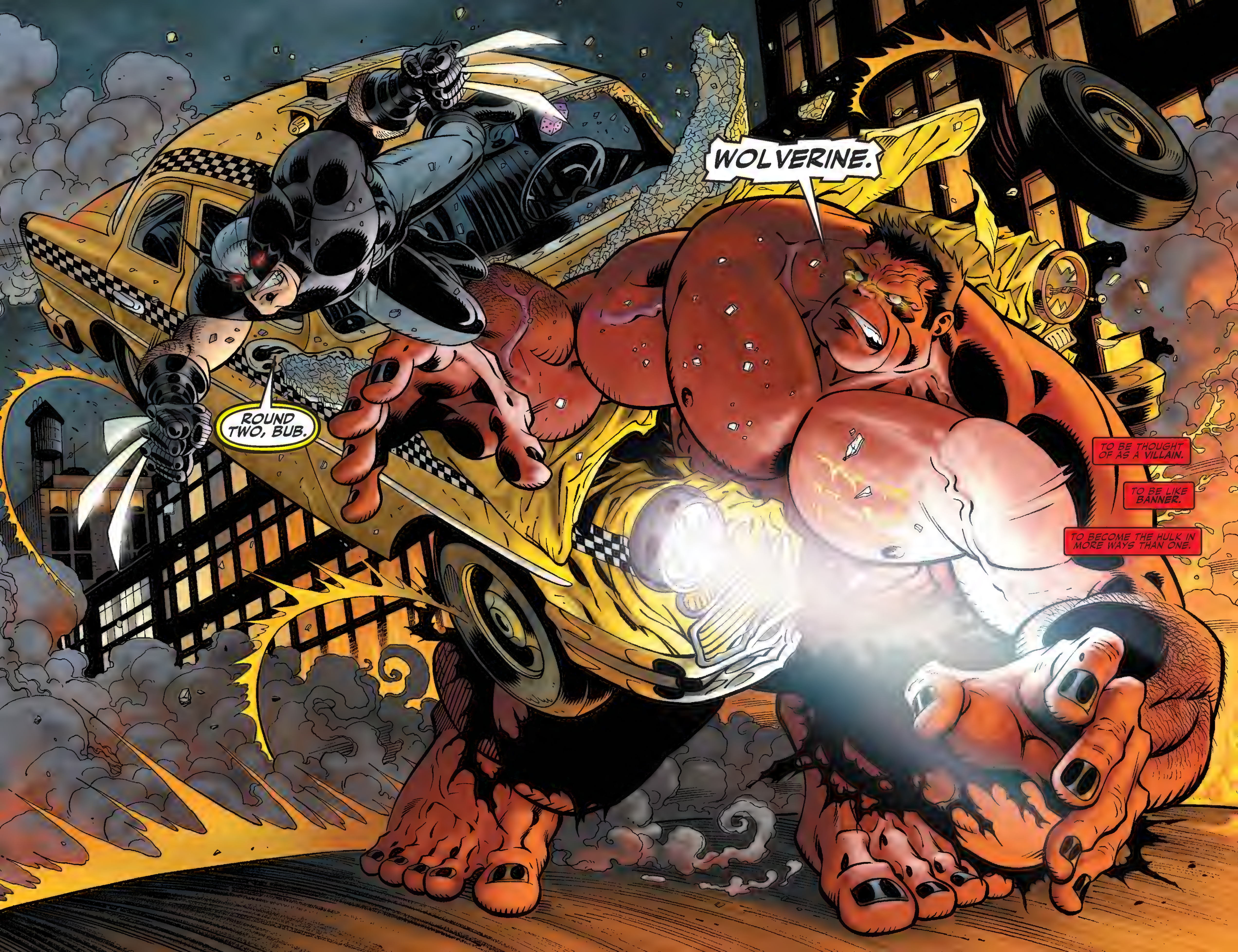

I WON'T LET MY LIFE SPIRAL DOWN INTO CHAOS.
OKAY! I SEE YOUR POINT! CHARGING TWENTY PERCENT GRATUITY FOR PARTIES OF SIX OR MORE PEOPLE *IS* CROSSING A LINE.
LOOKEE HERE! IT SLICES, DICES, LICES, TRICES, AND EVEN *ZICES!*
IF YOU'RE A FIRST-TIME CALLER, WE'LL THROW IN THIS *GEORGE WASHINGTON COMMEMORATIVE CHERRY TREE CHOPPING WEED WHACKER.*
STOP.
AS SIMPLE A CONCEPT AS IT IS, THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO DON'T REALIZE THAT IN CHAOS THERE IS NO ORDER.

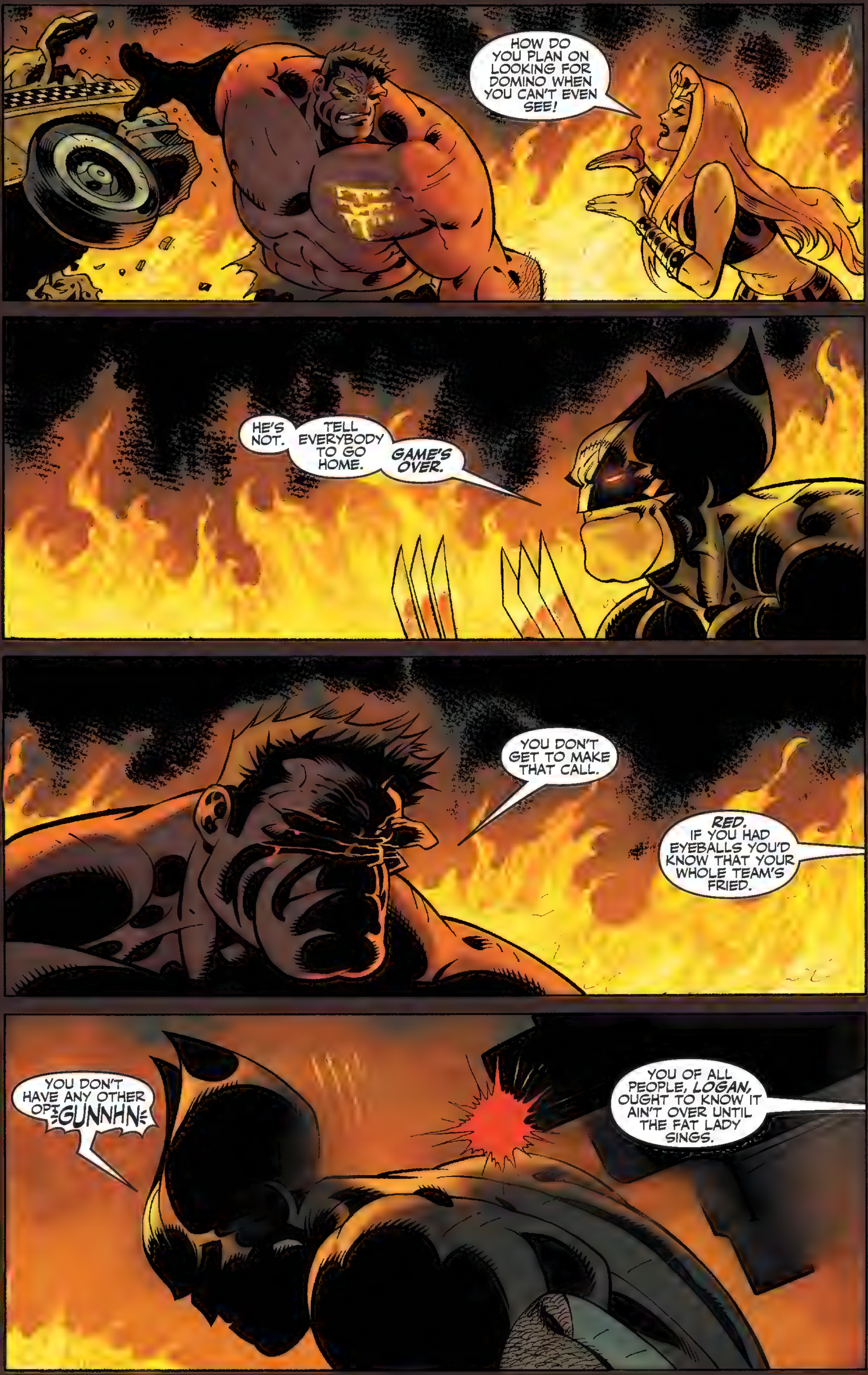

YOUCH.
THAT OUGHT TO SHUT YOU UP.
ACTUALLY...
...THAT WAS SO MUCH FUN --
-- LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT.
WAIT. NNNNGGGNNNN DO...YOU SMELL GAS?
MAAAYYYYBBEEEE. BEANS WERE THE BLUE PLATE SPECIAL.
NOT THAT KIND OF GAS...!
HSSSSSS
DANGER
MMABLE MATERI
O SMOKING
WITHOUT ORDER, THERE'S NO DISCIPLINE.
THERE.
MUST.
BE.
DISCIPLINE.

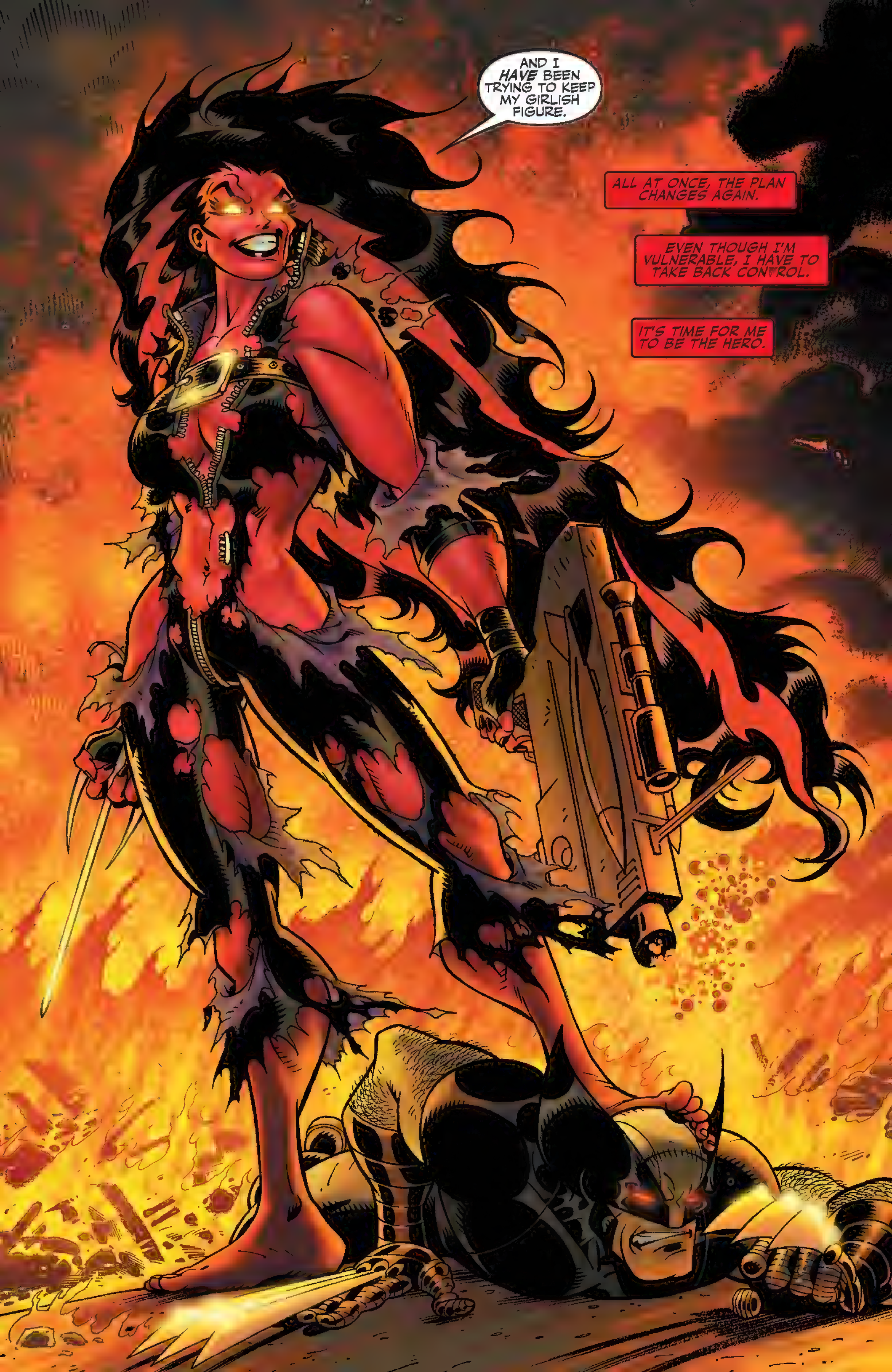

THAT'S WHY MEN LIKE DEADPOOL DON'T DESERVE TO BE SEEN AS HEROES.
TURNING WHAT WE DO INTO A JOKE.
DOMINO!
I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU BY THE HAIR, WITCH.
DRAG YOU OUT INTO THE --
-- STREET!


WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
WHERE WERE YOU?! THIS WAS *YOUR* PROBLEM TO DEAL WITH --
-- JUST TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED.
THE ABUSE OF POWER IS SO SEDUCTIVE.
I'VE EVEN SUCCUMBED TO IT.
CAREENING ACROSS THE GALAXY ON A SURFBOARD. ACTING LIKE A CHILD.
THEY'RE GONE.
WHO IS...?
DOMINO AND ELEKTRA. THEY GOT OUT BEFORE THE BAR EXPLODED.
WE'LL HAVE TO GET GOING THEN.
THE SUN WILL BE UP SOON AND WE'LL LOSE OUR TACTICAL ADVANTAGE.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?
NOTHING.
THAT WAS NEVER MY INTENTION.
THAT WAS NEVER MY DESIRE.

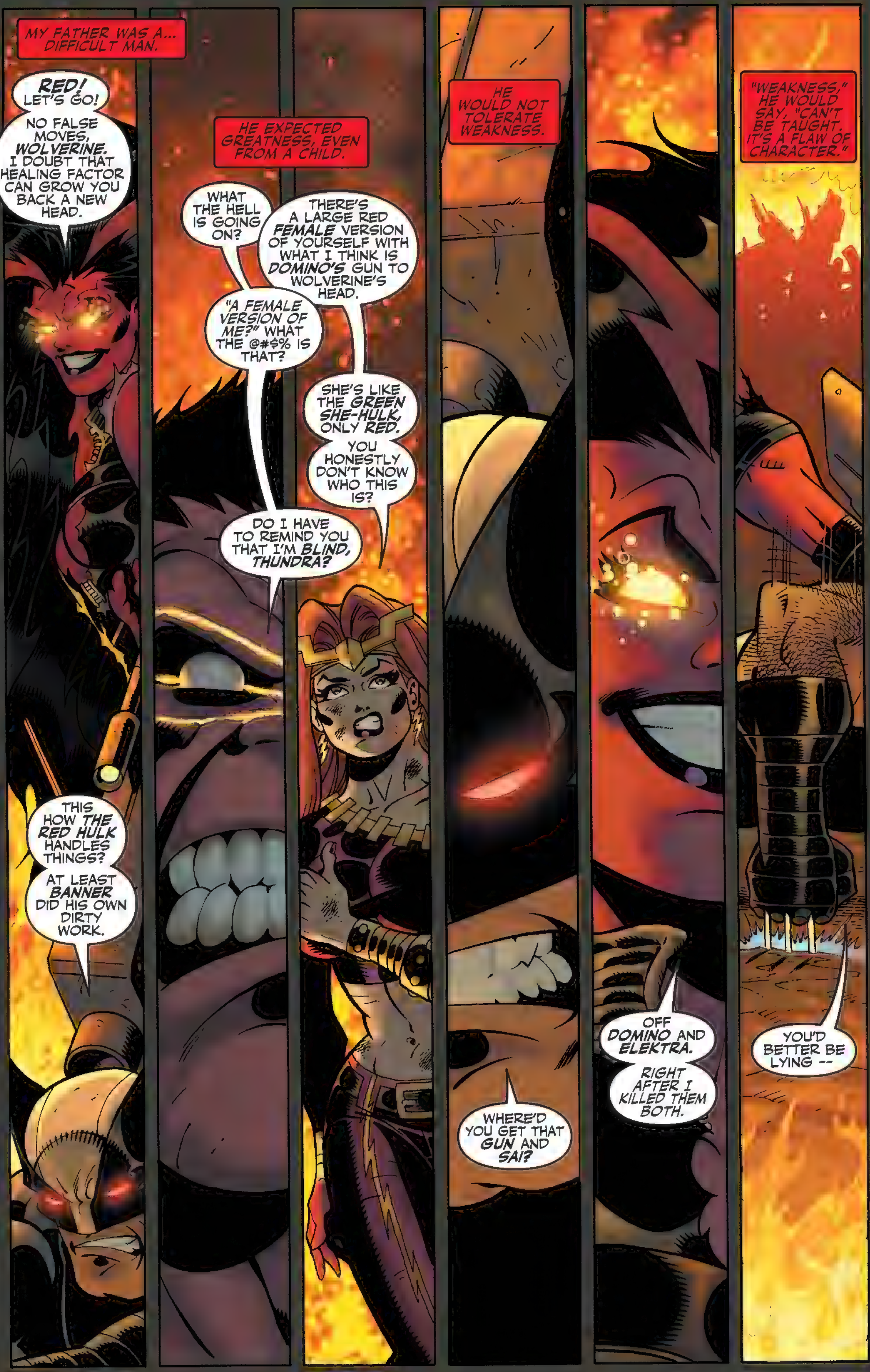

TO BECOME LIKE...ONE OF THEM.
WHO'S THIS...?
WHY AREN'T YOU REACTING?
WHAT ARE YOU -- *BLIND?*
TEMPORARILY.
HOW?!
NOBODY THROWS ME INTO THE EAST RIVER, YOU RED GORILLA.
MOVE!

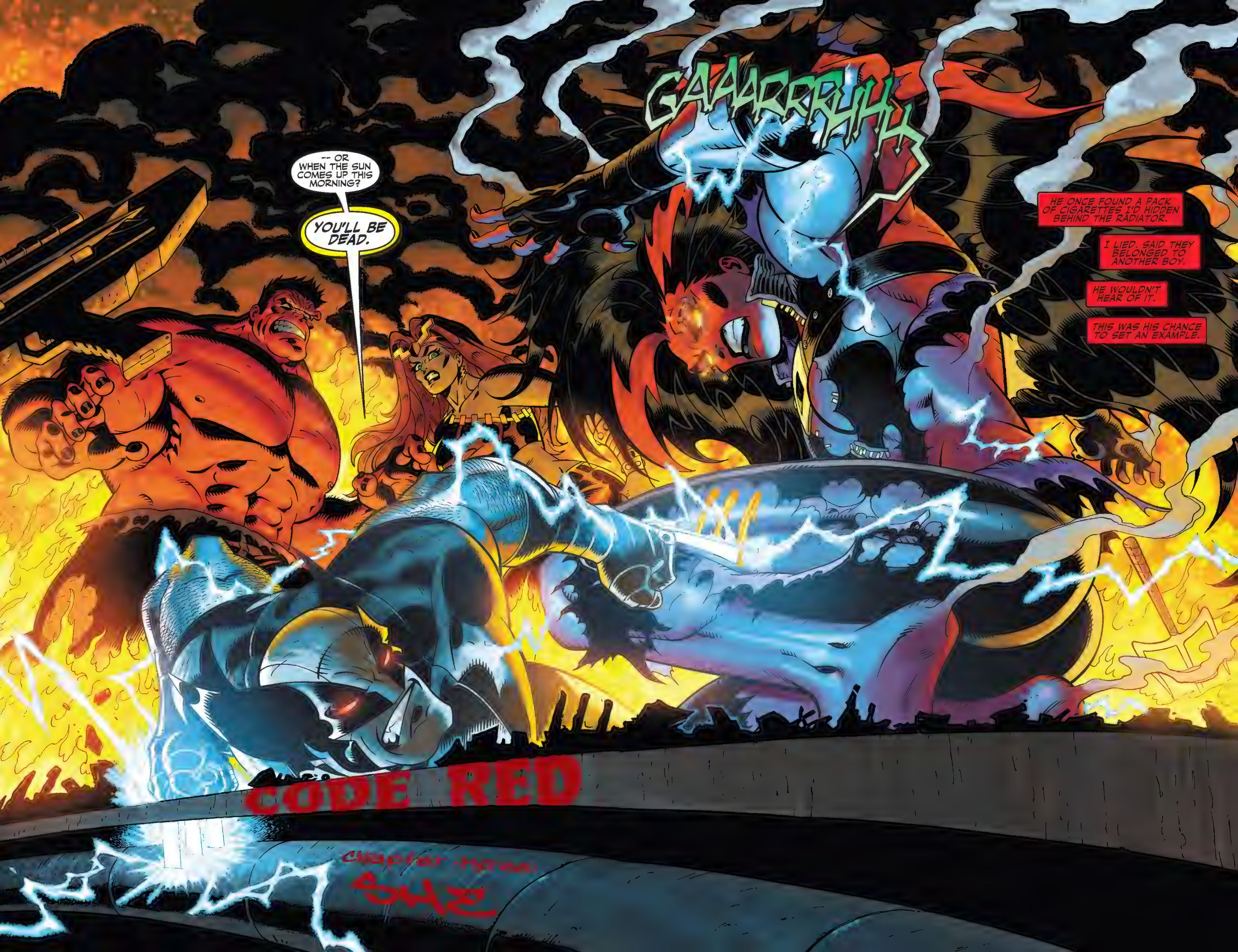

WOLVERINE.
ROUND TWO, BUB.
TO BE THOUGHT OF AS A VILLAIN.
TO BE LIKE BANNER.
TO BECOME THE HULK IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

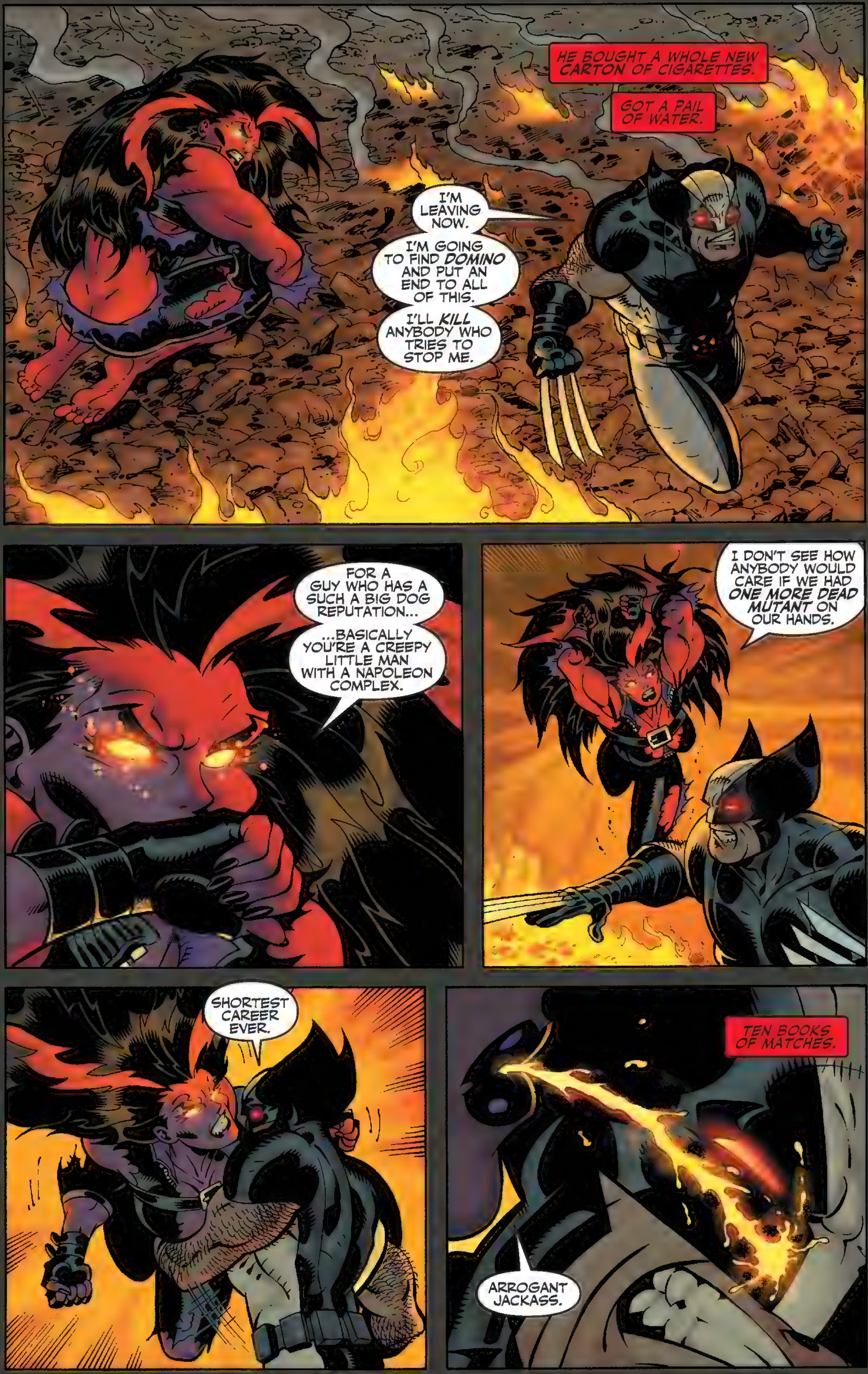

HOW DO YOU PLAN ON LOOKING FOR DOMINO WHEN YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE!
HE'S NOT.
TELL EVERYBODY TO GO HOME.
GAME'S OVER.
YOU DON'T GET TO MAKE THAT CALL.
RED. IF YOU HAD EYEBALLS YOU'D KNOW THAT YOUR WHOLE TEAM'S FRIED.
YOU DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER OP-
GUNNHN
YOU OF ALL PEOPLE, *LOGAN,* OUGHT TO KNOW IT AIN'T OVER UNTIL THE FAT LADY SINGS.

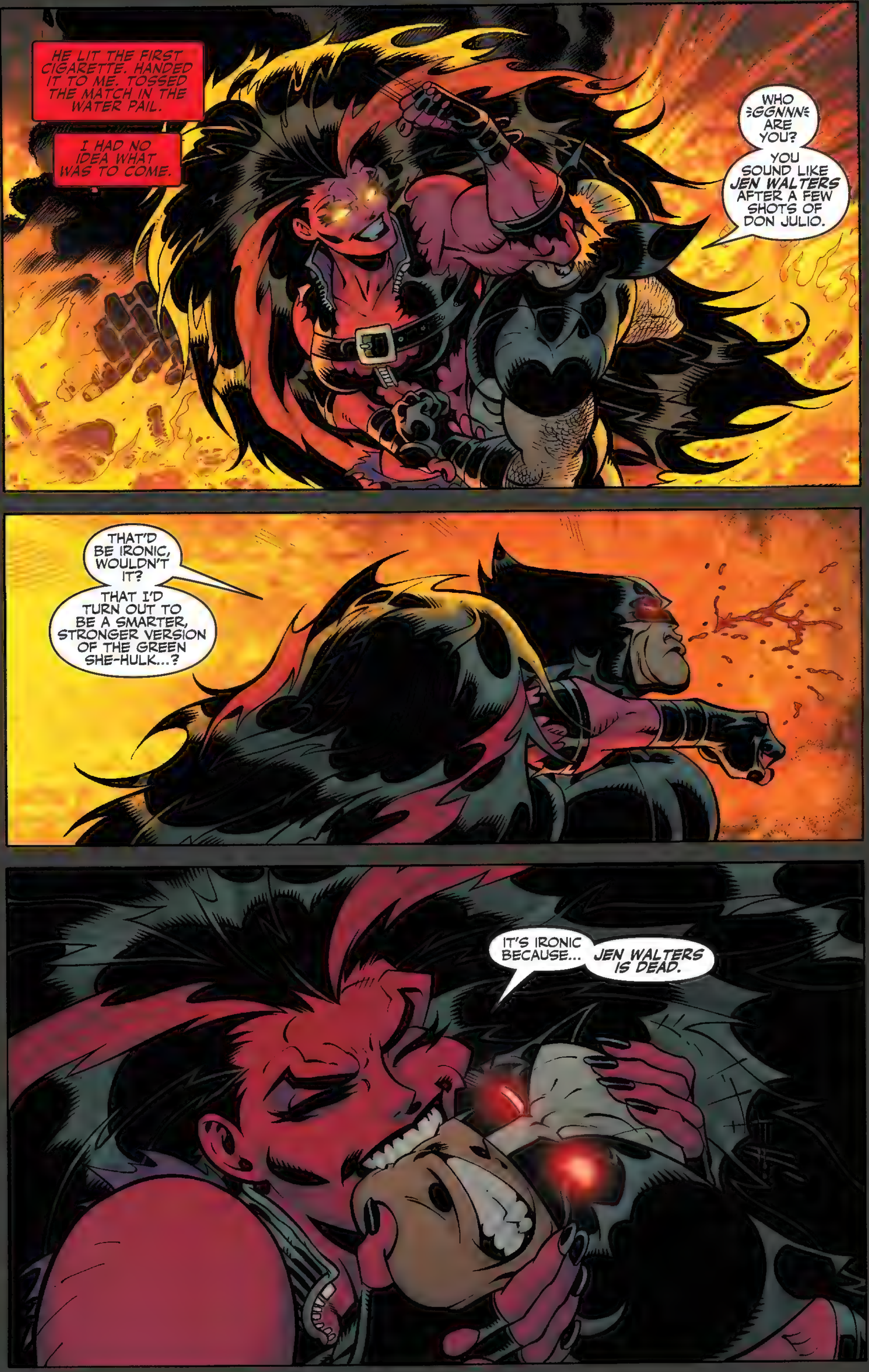

AND I *HAVE* BEEN TRYING TO KEEP MY GIRLISH FIGURE.
ALL AT ONCE, THE PLAN CHANGES AGAIN.
EVEN THOUGH I'M VULNERABLE, I HAVE TO TAKE BACK CONTROL.
IT'S TIME FOR ME TO BE THE HERO.

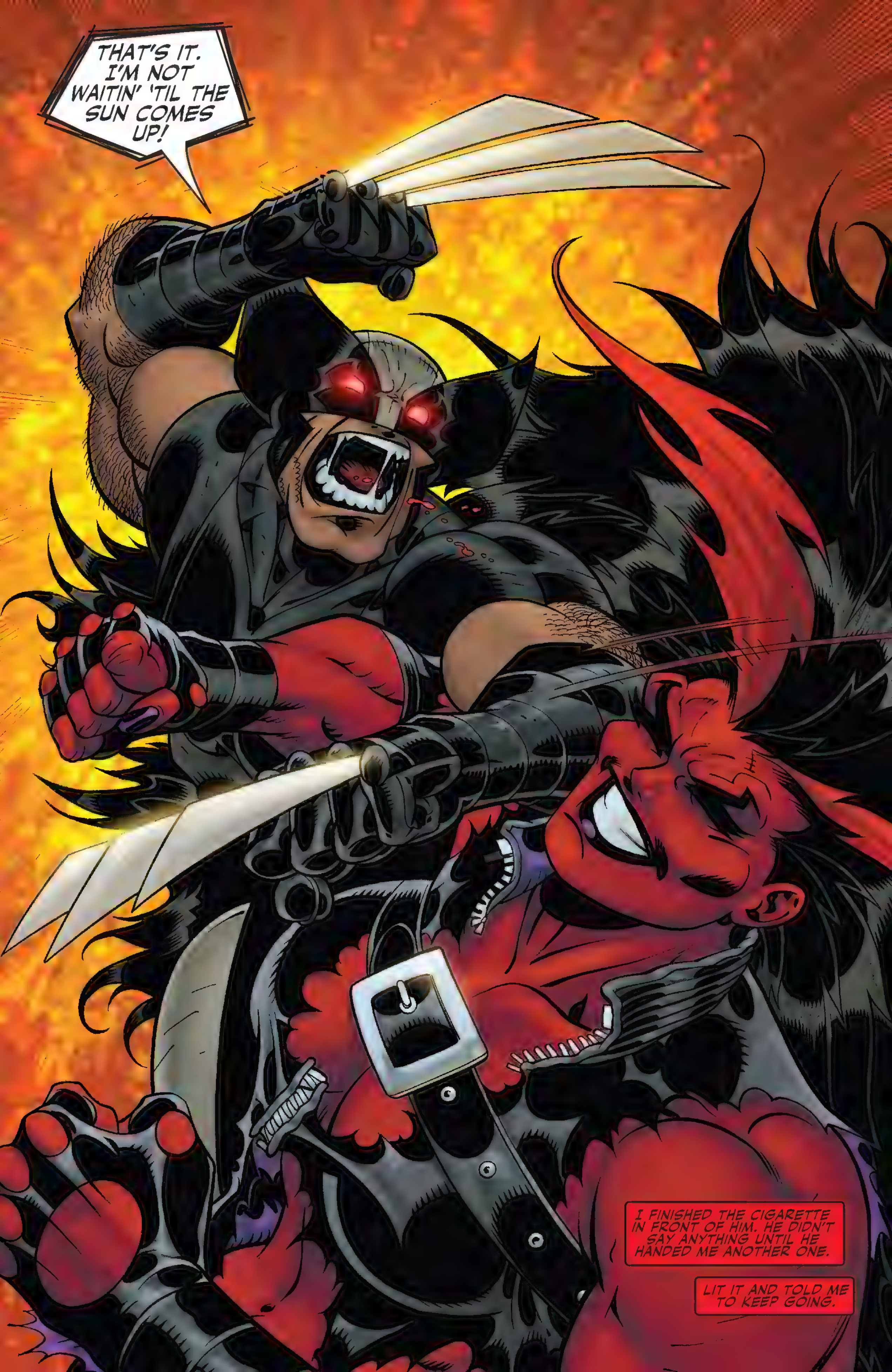
HULK (2008) #16

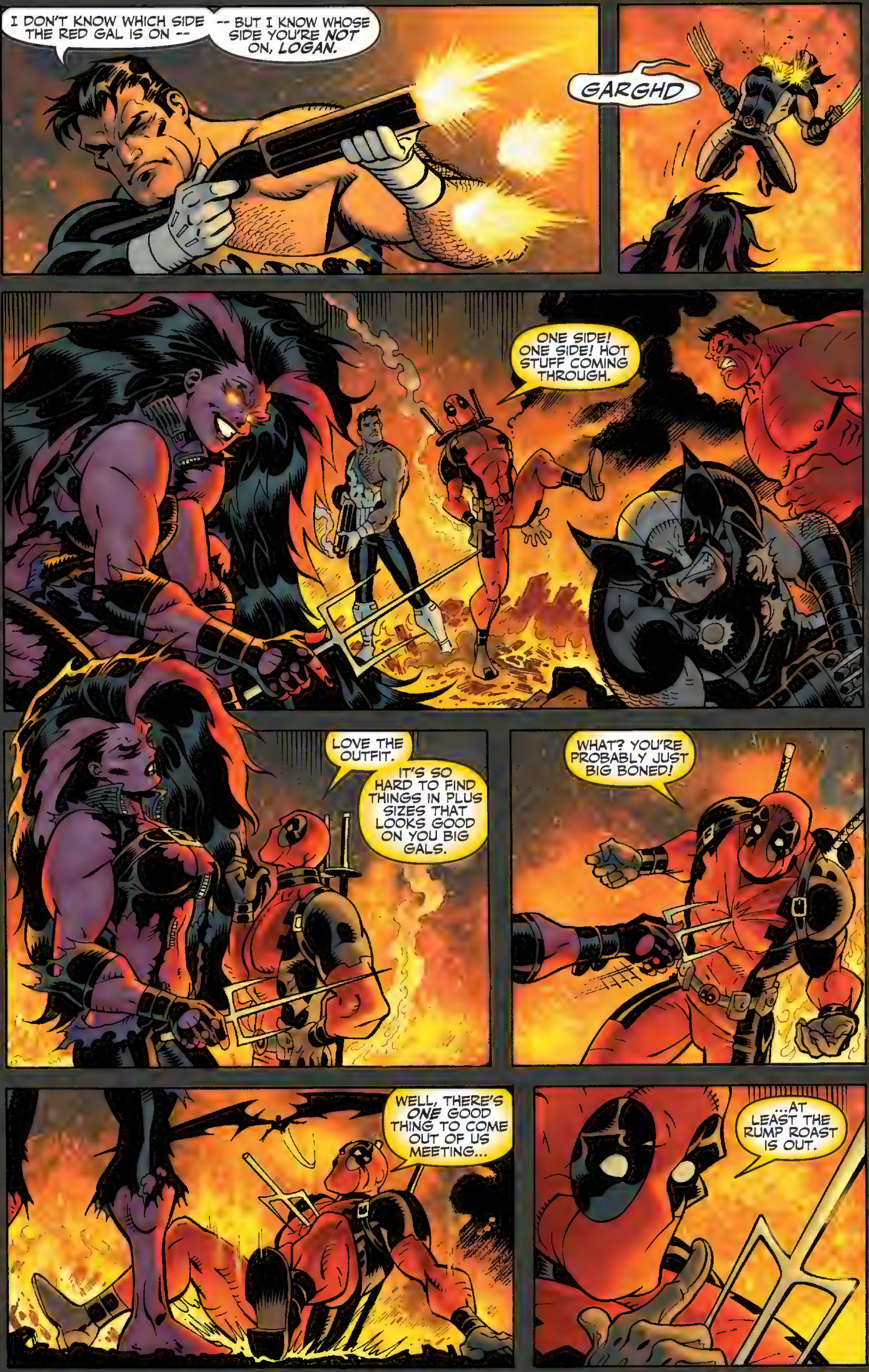

MY FATHER WAS A... DIFFICULT MAN.
RED! LET'S GO!
NO FALSE MOVES, WOLVERINE. I DOUBT THAT HEALING FACTOR CAN GROW YOU BACK A NEW HEAD.
THIS HOW THE RED HULK HANDLES THINGS?
AT LEAST BANNER DID HIS OWN DIRTY WORK.
HE EXPECTED GREATNESS, EVEN FROM A CHILD.
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?
THERE'S A LARGE RED FEMALE VERSION OF YOURSELF WITH WHAT I THINK IS DOMINO'S GUN TO WOLVERINE'S HEAD.
"A FEMALE VERSION OF ME?" WHAT THE @#$% IS THAT?
SHE'S LIKE THE GREEN SHE-HULK, ONLY RED.
YOU HONESTLY DON'T KNOW WHO THIS IS?
DO I HAVE TO REMIND YOU THAT I'M BLIND, THUNDRA?
HE WOULD NOT TOLERATE WEAKNESS.
WHERE'D YOU GET THAT GUN AND SAI?
OFF DOMINO AND ELEKTRA.
RIGHT AFTER I KILLED THEM BOTH.
"WEAKNESS," HE WOULD SAY, "CAN'T BE TAUGHT. IT'S A FLAW OF CHARACTER."
YOU'D BETTER BE LYING --

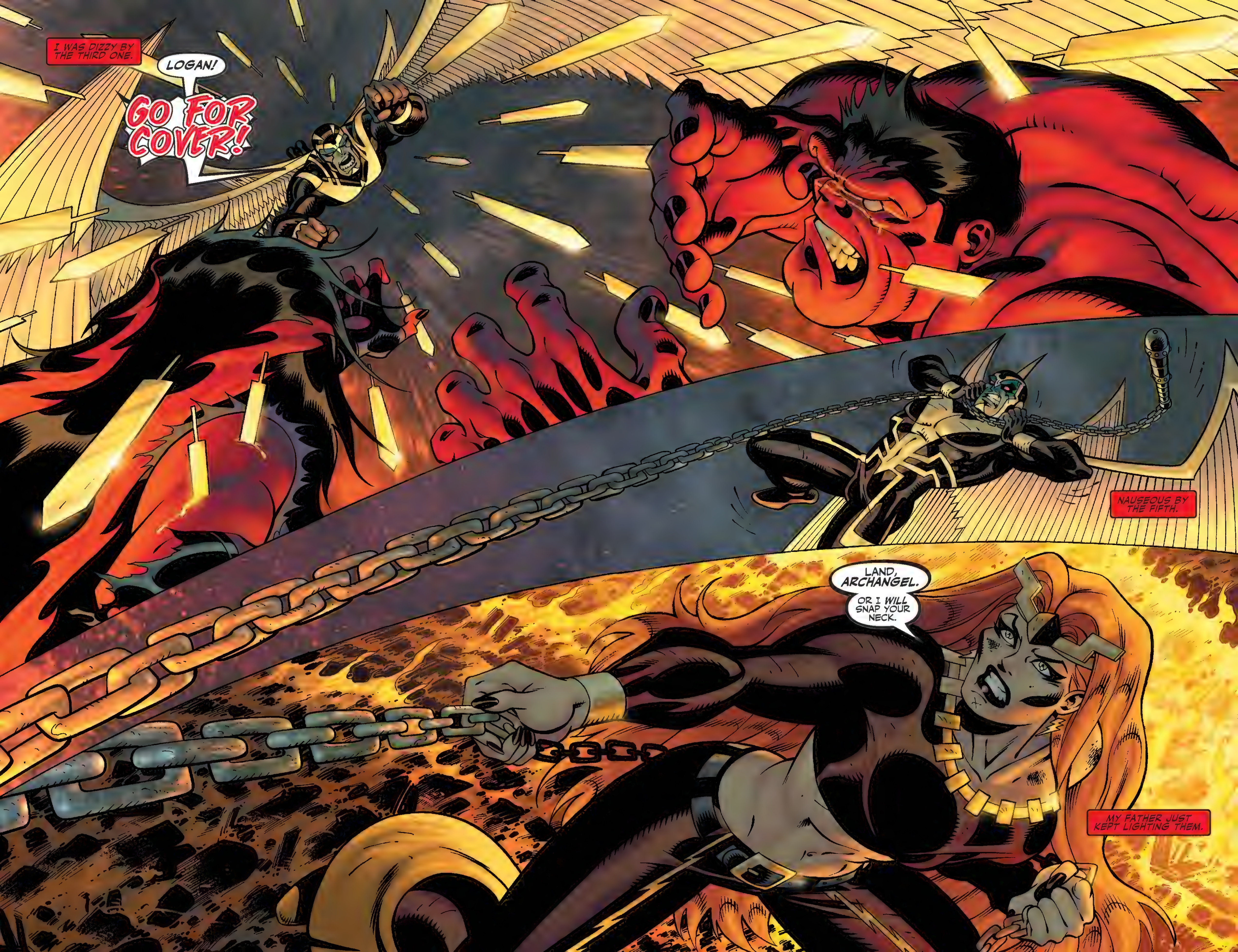

-- OR WHEN THE SUN COMES UP THIS MORNING?
YOU'LL BE DEAD.
GAAARRRHHH
HE ONCE FOUND A PACK OF CIGARETTES I'D HIDDEN BEHIND THE RADIATOR.
I LIED. SAID THEY BELONGED TO ANOTHER BOY.
HE WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT.
THIS WAS HIS CHANCE TO SET AN EXAMPLE.
CODE RED
Chapter three:
SHAZ

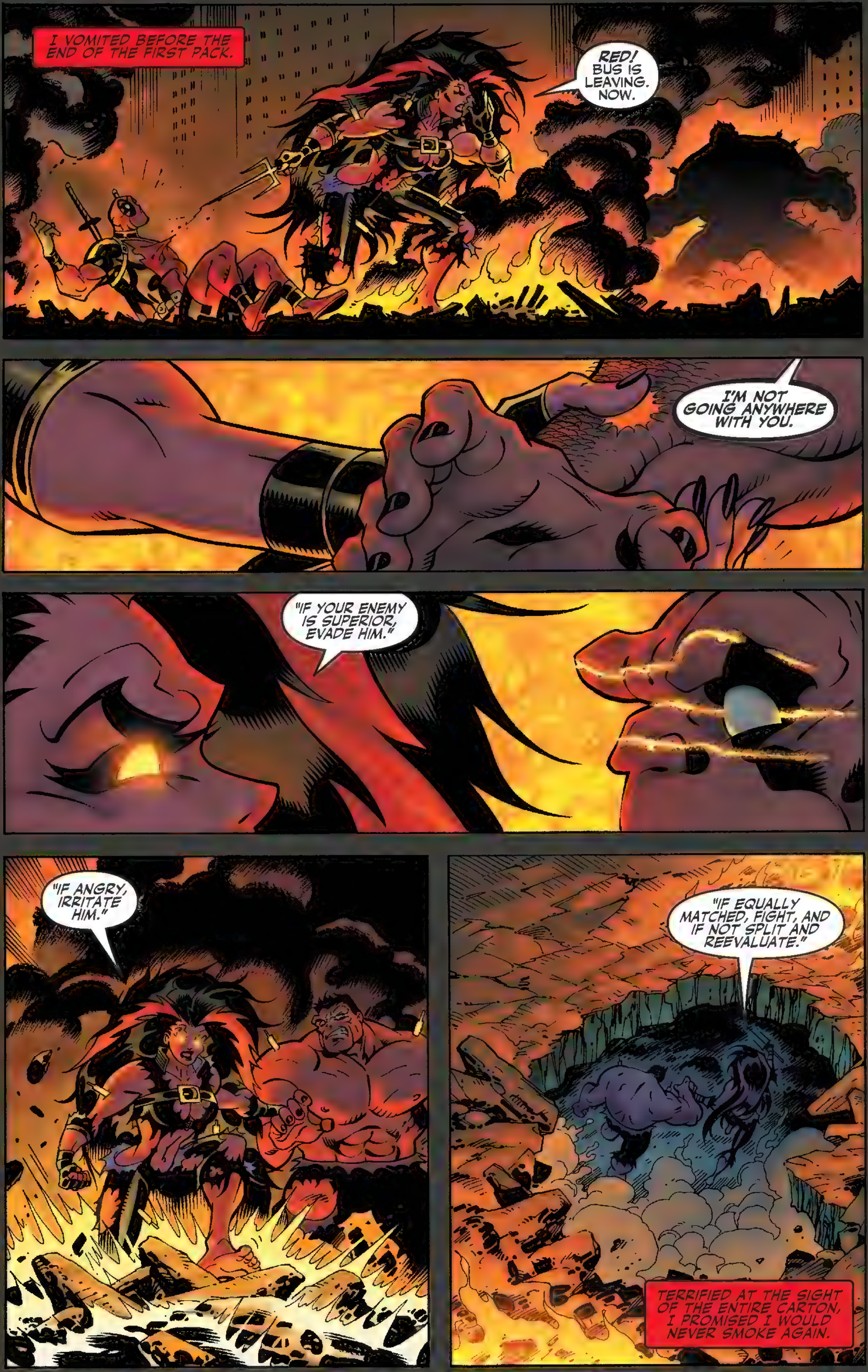

HE BOUGHT A WHOLE NEW CARTON OF CIGARETTES.
GOT A PAIL OF WATER.
I'M LEAVING NOW.
I'M GOING TO FIND *DOMINO* AND PUT AN END TO ALL OF THIS.
I'LL *KILL* ANYBODY WHO TRIES TO STOP ME.
FOR A GUY WHO HAS A SUCH A BIG DOG REPUTATION...
...BASICALLY YOU'RE A CREEPY LITTLE MAN WITH A NAPOLEON COMPLEX.
I DON'T SEE HOW ANYBODY WOULD CARE IF WE HAD *ONE MORE DEAD MUTANT* ON OUR HANDS.
SHORTEST CAREER EVER.
TEN BOOKS OF MATCHES.
ARROGANT JACKASS.

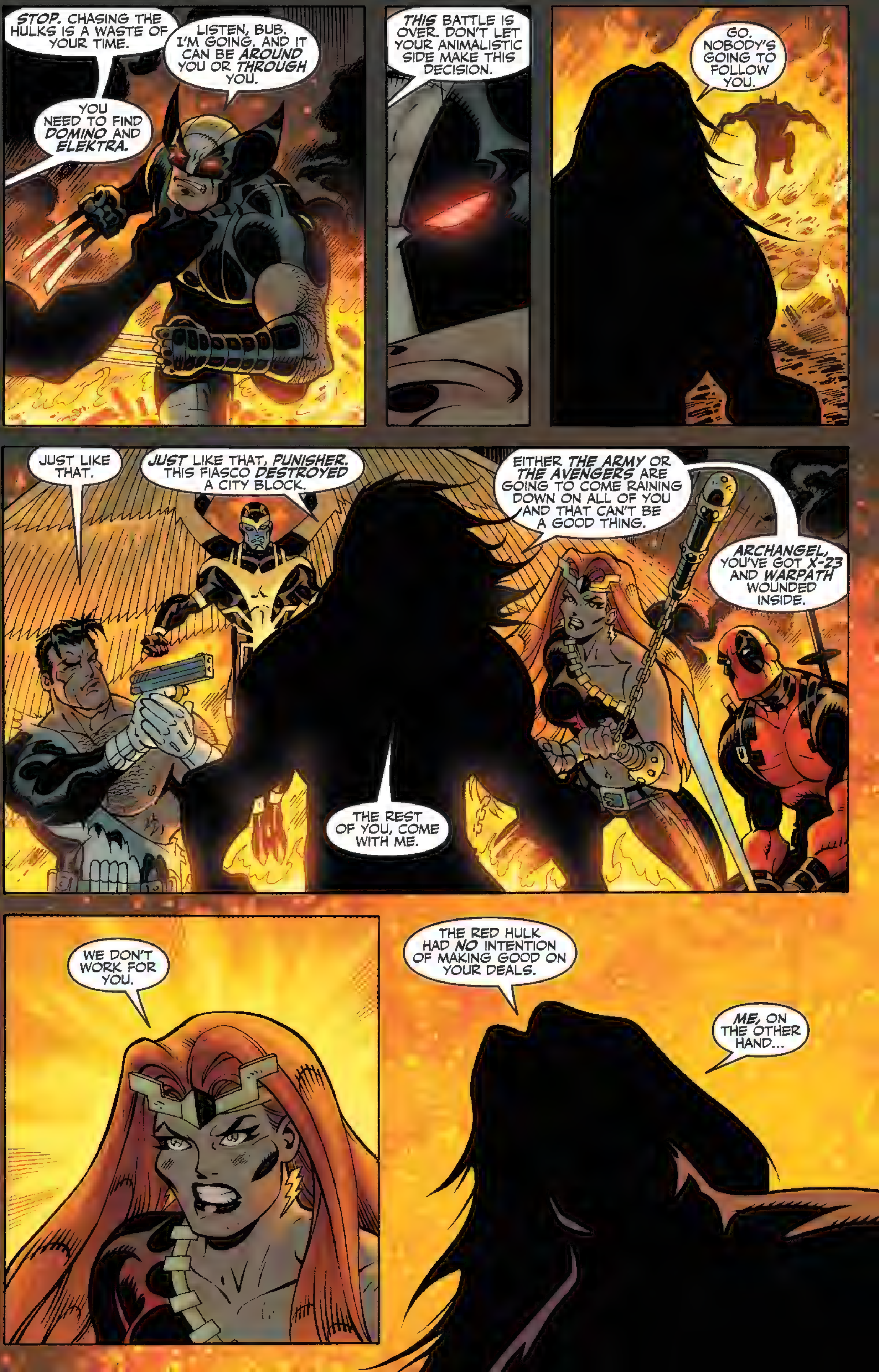

HE LIT THE FIRST CIGARETTE. HANDED IT TO ME. TOSSED THE MATCH IN THE WATER PAIL.
I HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS TO COME.
WHO GGNNN ARE YOU?
YOU SOUND LIKE JEN WALTERS AFTER A FEW SHOTS OF DON JULIO.
THAT'D BE IRONIC, WOULDN'T IT?
THAT I'D TURN OUT TO BE A SMARTER, STRONGER VERSION OF THE GREEN SHE-HULK...?
IT'S IRONIC BECAUSE... JEN WALTERS IS DEAD.

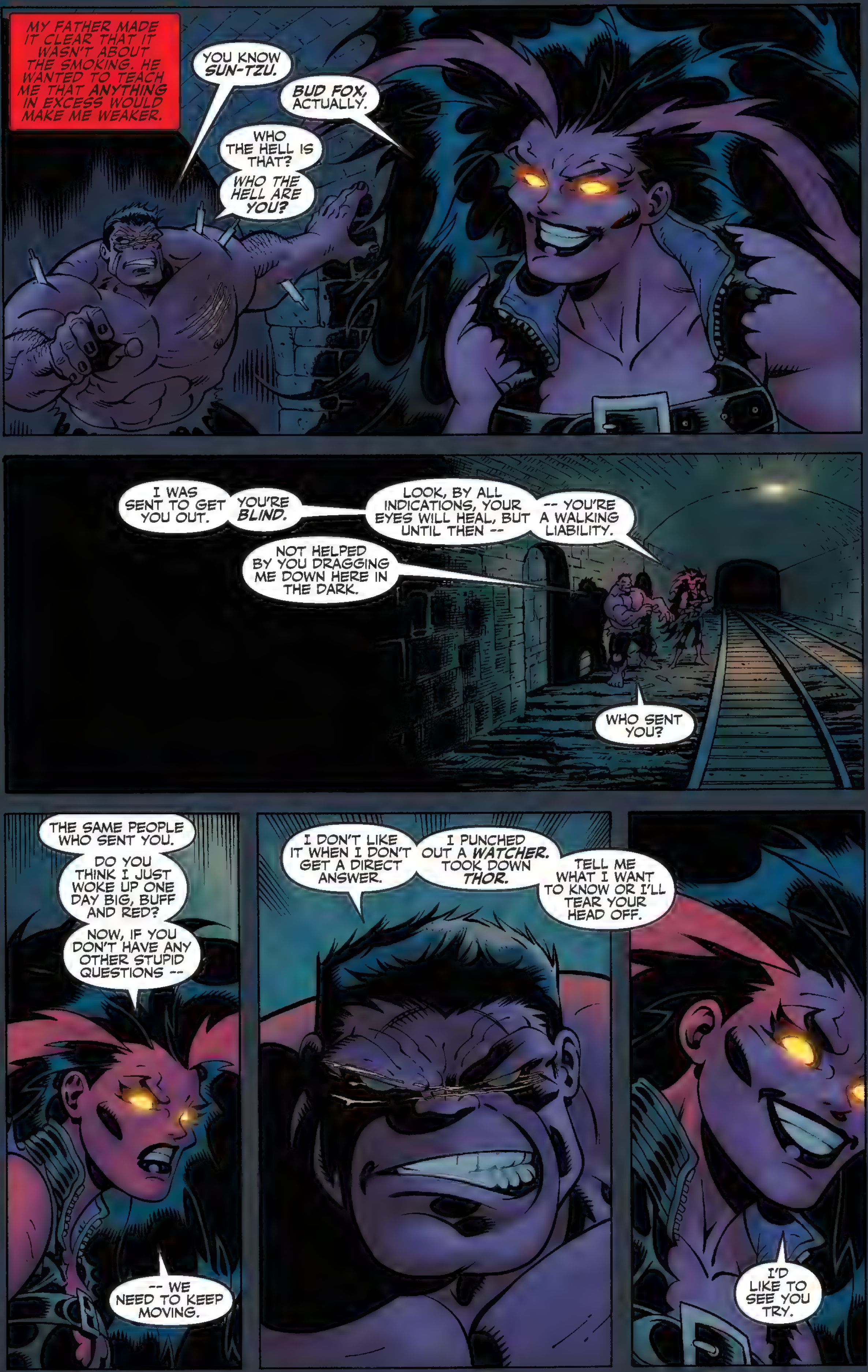

THAT'S IT. I'M NOT WAITIN' 'TIL THE SUN COMES UP!
I FINISHED THE CIGARETTE IN FRONT OF HIM. HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING UNTIL HE HANDED ME ANOTHER ONE.
LIT IT AND TOLD ME TO KEEP GOING.

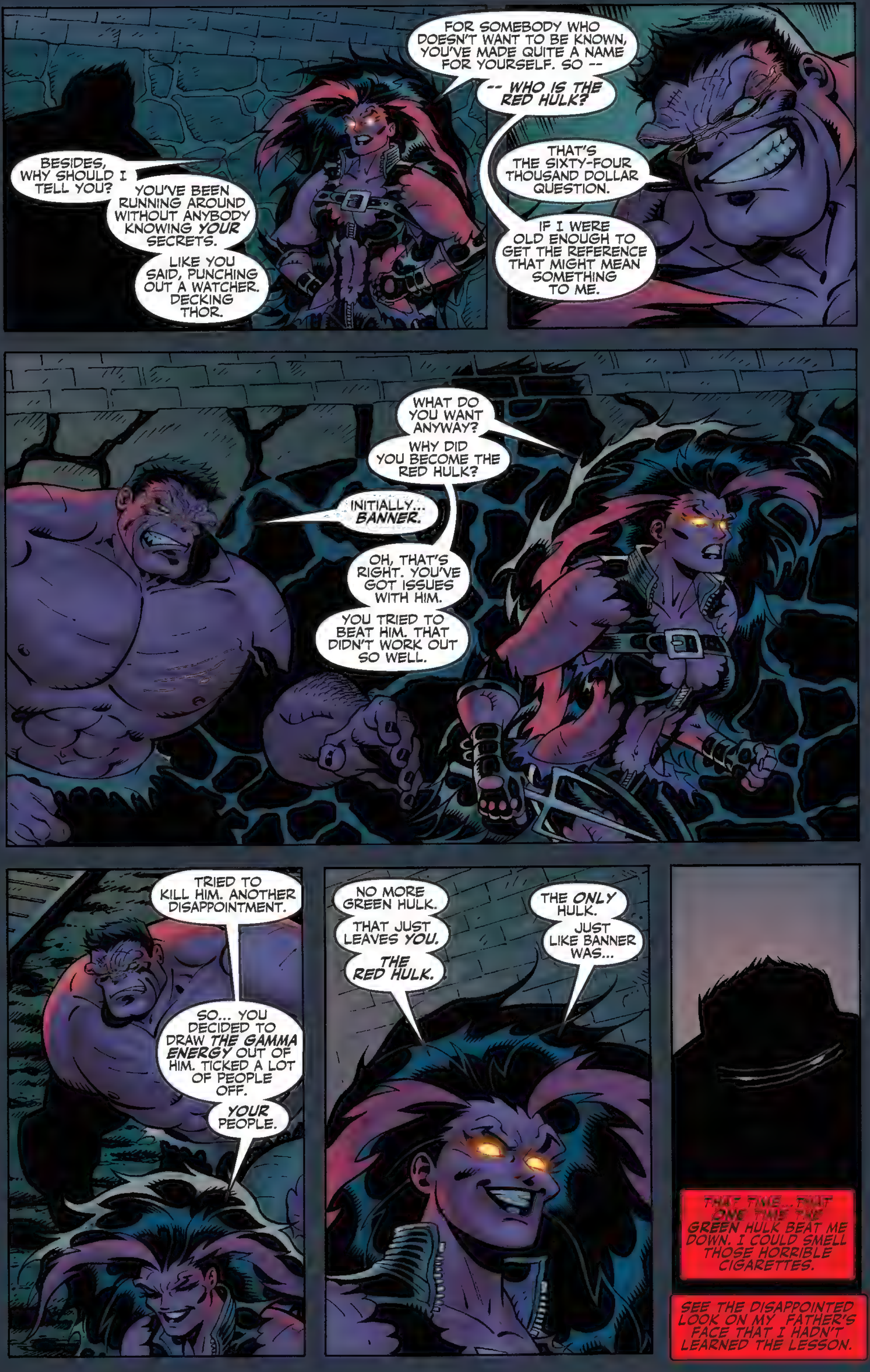

I DON'T KNOW WHICH SIDE THE RED GAL IS ON --
-- BUT I KNOW WHOSE SIDE YOU'RE *NOT* ON, *LOGAN.*
GARGHD
ONE SIDE! ONE SIDE! HOT STUFF COMING THROUGH.
LOVE THE OUTFIT.
IT'S SO HARD TO FIND THINGS IN PLUS SIZES THAT LOOKS GOOD ON YOU BIG GALS.
WHAT? YOU'RE PROBABLY JUST BIG BONED!
WELL, THERE'S *ONE* GOOD THING TO COME OUT OF US MEETING...
...AT LEAST THE RUMP ROAST IS OUT.

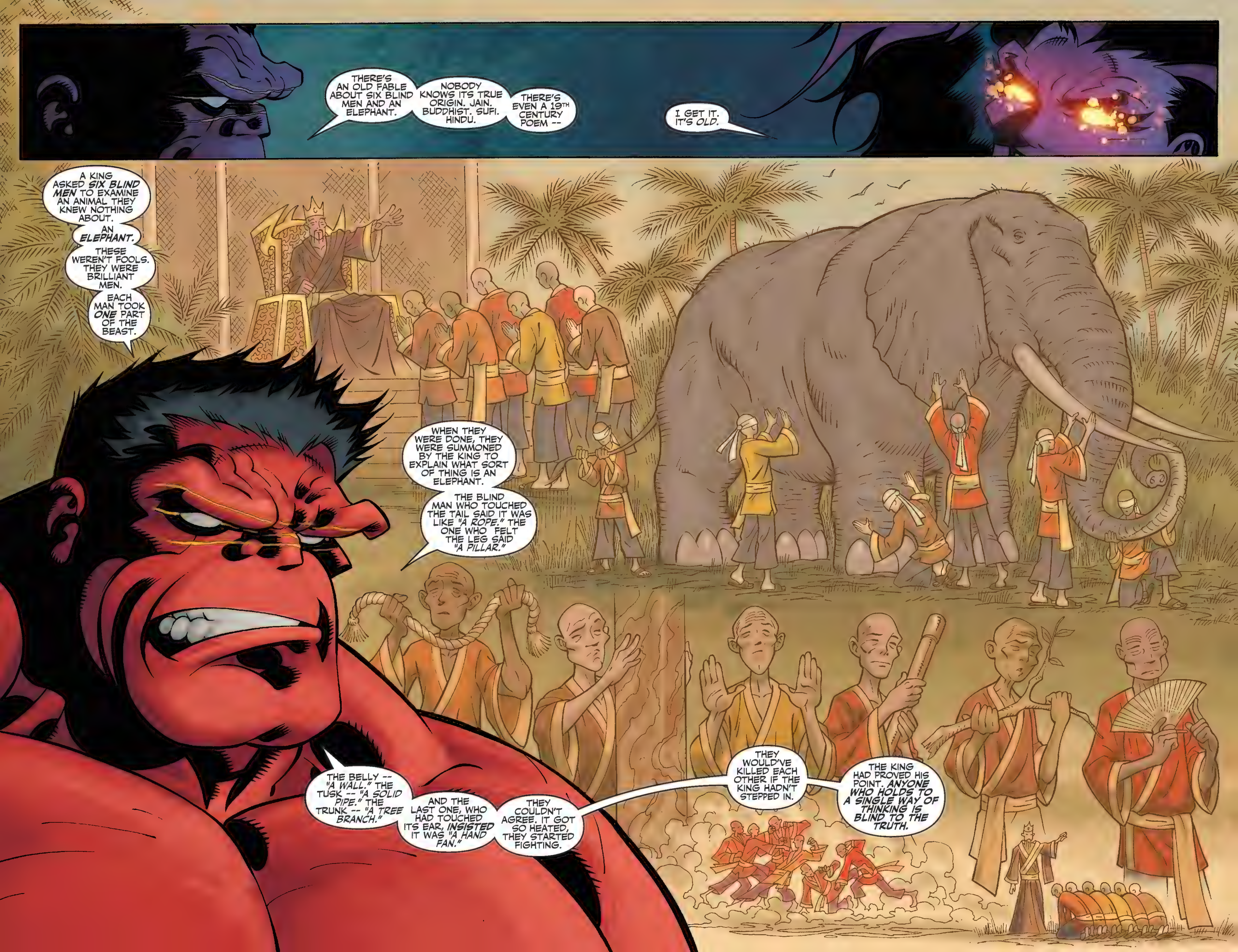

I WAS DIZZY BY THE THIRD ONE.
LOGAN!
GO FOR COVER!
NAUSEOUS BY THE FIFTH.
LAND, ARCHANGEL.
OR I WILL SNAP YOUR NECK.
MY FATHER JUST KEPT LIGHTING THEM.

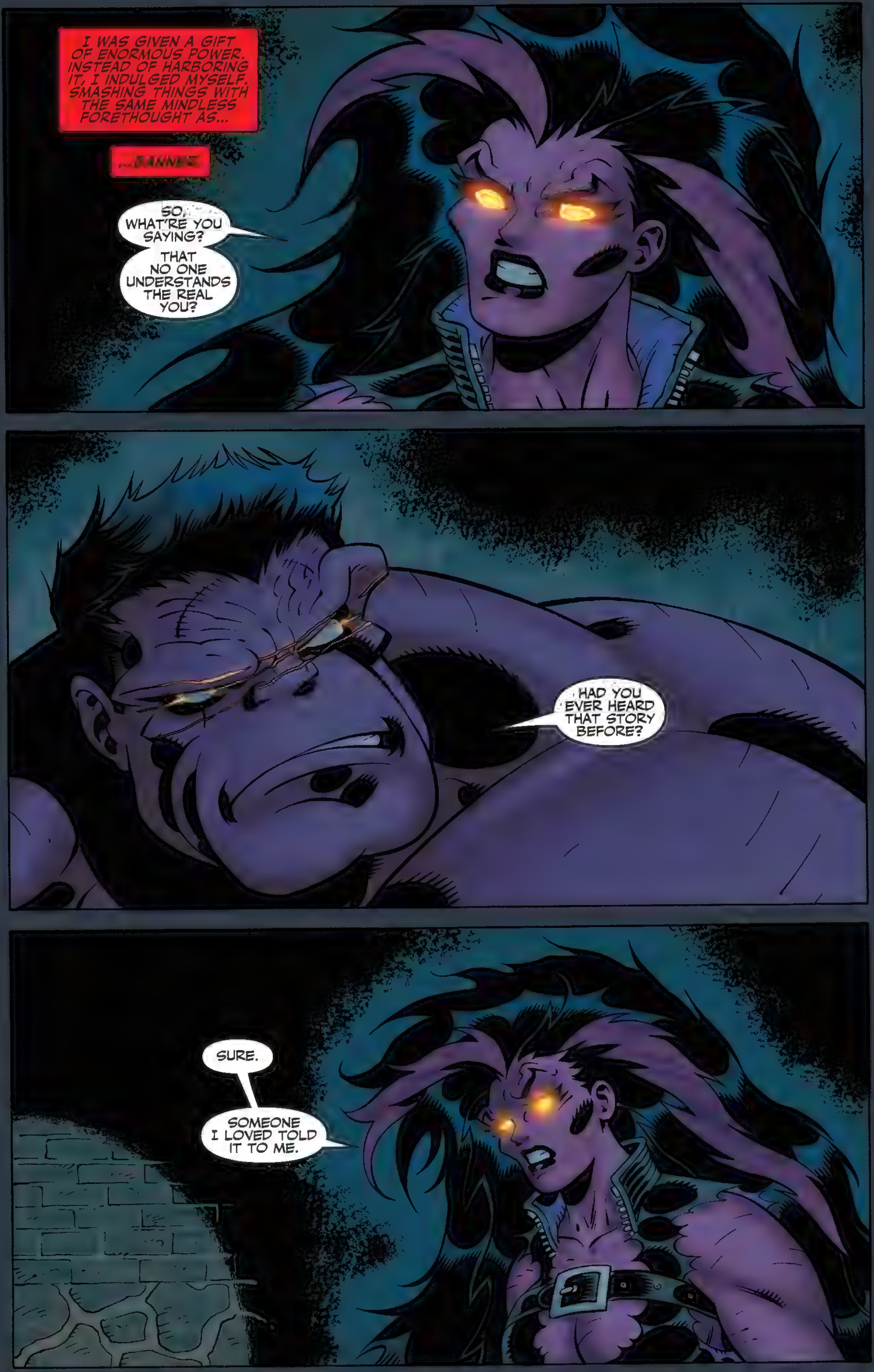

I VOMITED BEFORE THE END OF THE FIRST PACK.
RED! BUS IS LEAVING. NOW.
I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITH YOU.
"IF YOUR ENEMY IS SUPERIOR, EVADE HIM."
"IF ANGRY, IRRITATE HIM."
"IF EQUALLY MATCHED, FIGHT, AND IF NOT SPLIT AND REEVALUATE."
TERRIFIED AT THE SIGHT OF THE ENTIRE CARTON, I PROMISED I WOULD NEVER SMOKE AGAIN.

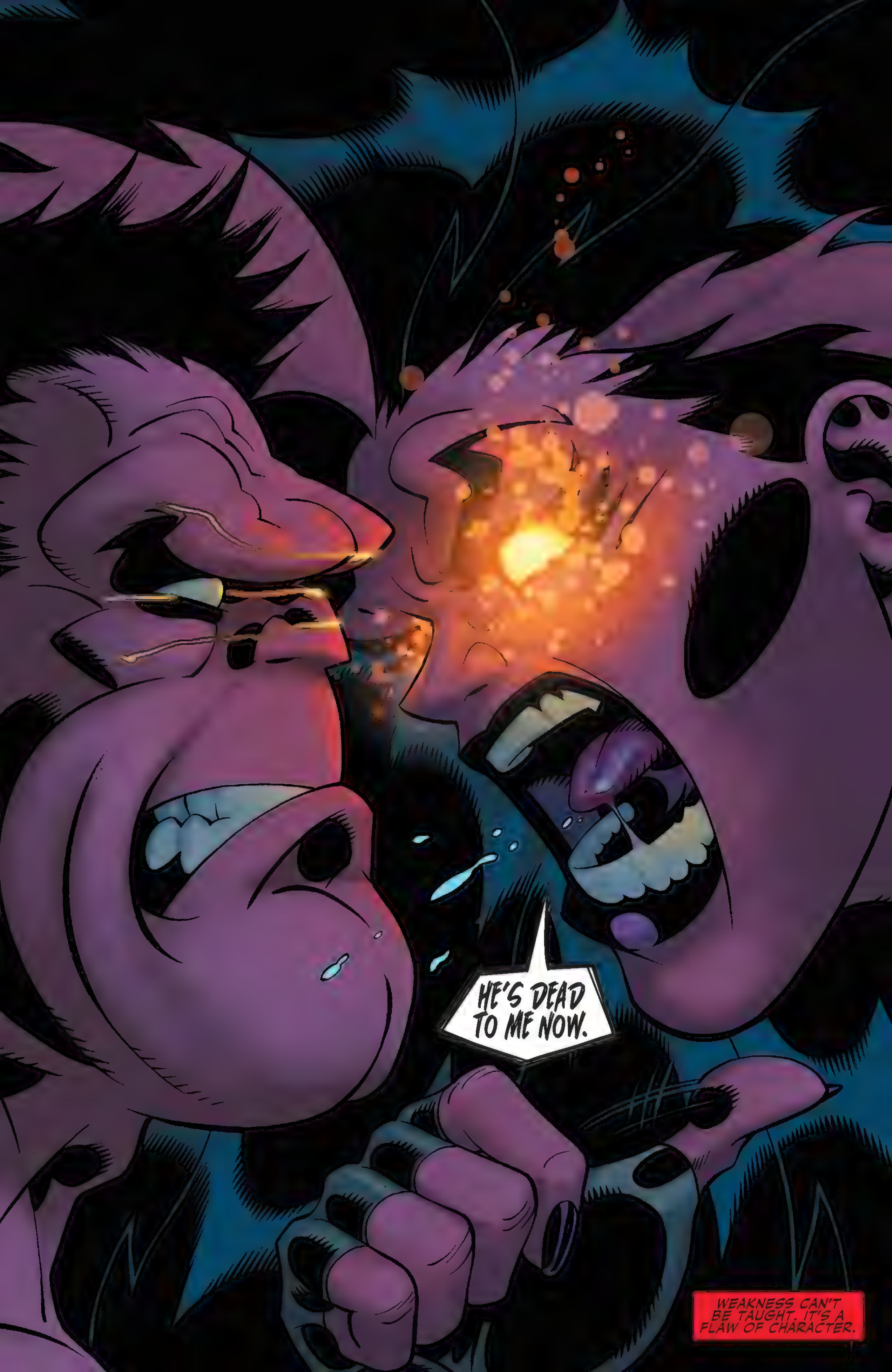

STOP. CHASING THE HULKS IS A WASTE OF YOUR TIME.
YOU NEED TO FIND DOMINO AND ELEKTRA.
LISTEN, BUB. I'M GOING. AND IT CAN BE AROUND YOU OR THROUGH YOU.
THIS BATTLE IS OVER. DON'T LET YOUR ANIMALISTIC SIDE MAKE THIS DECISION.
GO. NOBODY'S GOING TO FOLLOW YOU.
JUST LIKE THAT.
JUST LIKE THAT, PUNISHER. THIS FIASCO DESTROYED A CITY BLOCK.
EITHER THE ARMY OR THE AVENGERS ARE GOING TO COME RAINING DOWN ON ALL OF YOU AND THAT CAN'T BE A GOOD THING.
ARCHANGEL, YOU'VE GOT X-23 AND WARPATH WOUNDED INSIDE.
THE REST OF YOU, COME WITH ME.
WE DON'T WORK FOR YOU.
THE RED HULK HAD NO INTENTION OF MAKING GOOD ON YOUR DEALS.
ME, ON THE OTHER HAND...

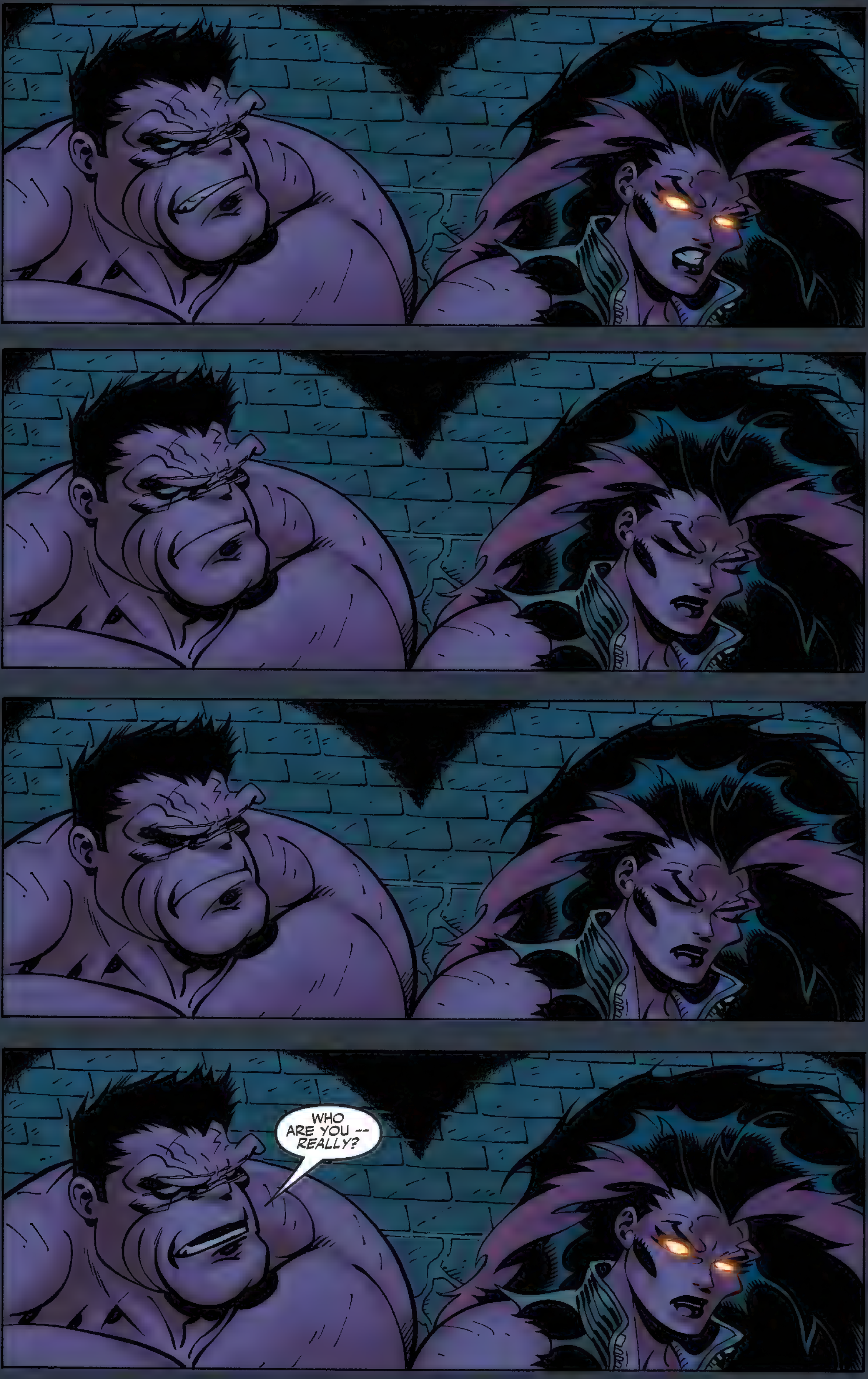

MY FATHER MADE IT CLEAR THAT IT WASN'T ABOUT THE SMOKING. HE WANTED TO TEACH ME THAT ANYTHING IN EXCESS WOULD MAKE ME WEAKER.
YOU KNOW *SUN-TZU.*
BUD FOX, ACTUALLY.
WHO THE HELL IS THAT?
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
I WAS SENT TO GET YOU OUT.
YOU'RE *BLIND.*
LOOK, BY ALL INDICATIONS, YOUR EYES WILL HEAL, BUT UNTIL THEN --
-- YOU'RE A WALKING LIABILITY.
NOT HELPED BY YOU DRAGGING ME DOWN HERE IN THE DARK.
WHO SENT YOU?
THE SAME PEOPLE WHO SENT YOU.
DO YOU THINK I JUST WOKE UP ONE DAY BIG, BUFF AND RED?
NOW, IF YOU DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER STUPID QUESTIONS --
-- WE NEED TO KEEP MOVING.
I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN I DON'T GET A DIRECT ANSWER.
I PUNCHED OUT A *WATCHER.* TOOK DOWN *THOR.*
TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW OR I'LL TEAR YOUR HEAD OFF.
I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY.

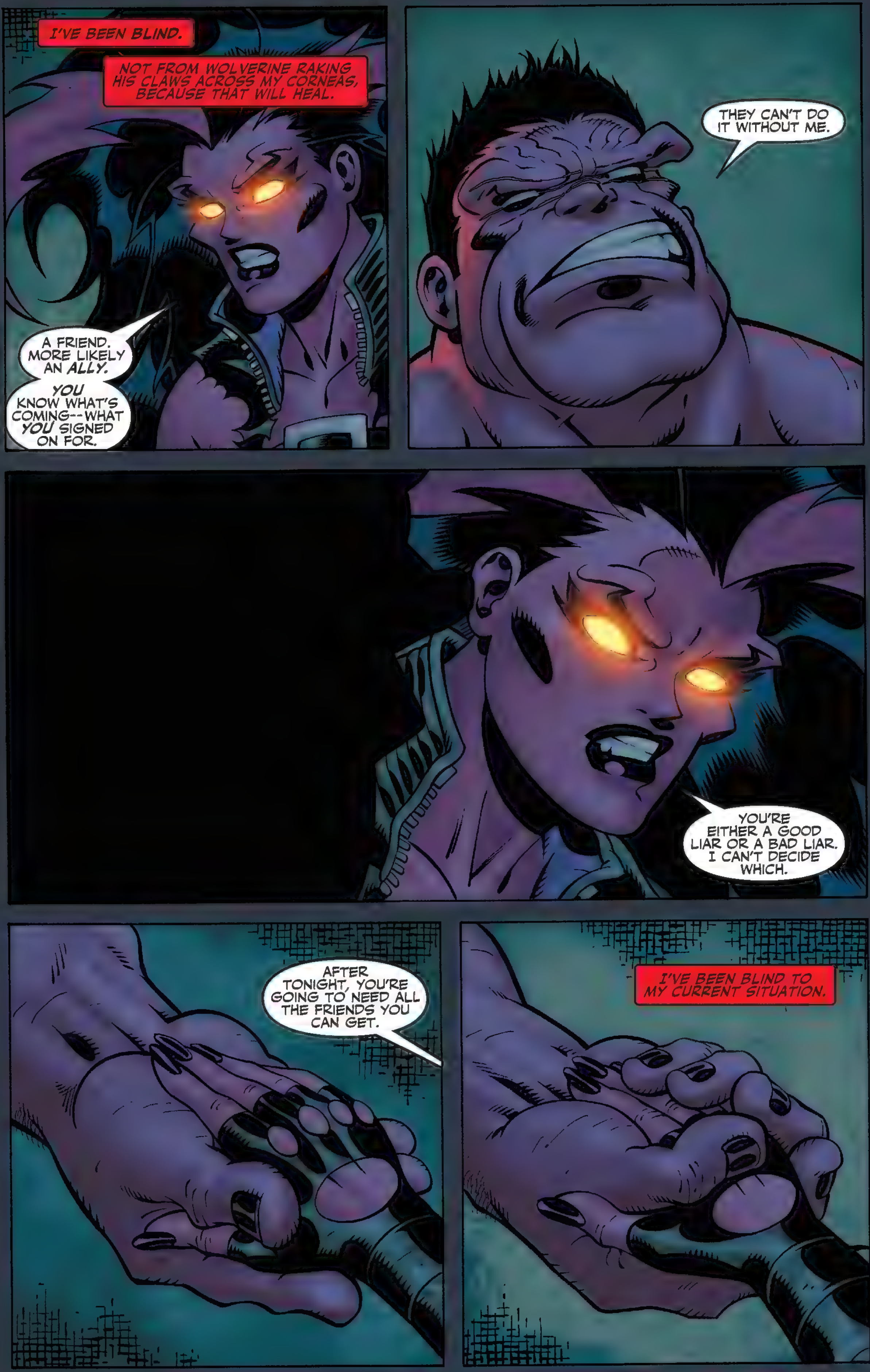

FOR SOMEBODY WHO DOESN'T WANT TO BE KNOWN, YOU'VE MADE QUITE A NAME FOR YOURSELF. SO --
-- *WHO IS THE RED HULK?*
THAT'S THE SIXTY-FOUR THOUSAND DOLLAR QUESTION.
IF I WERE OLD ENOUGH TO GET THE REFERENCE THAT MIGHT MEAN SOMETHING TO ME.
BESIDES, WHY SHOULD I TELL YOU?
YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING AROUND WITHOUT ANYBODY KNOWING *YOUR* SECRETS.
LIKE YOU SAID, PUNCHING OUT A WATCHER. DECKING THOR.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ANYWAY?
WHY DID YOU BECOME THE RED HULK?
INITIALLY... *BANNER.*
OH, THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'VE GOT ISSUES WITH HIM.
YOU TRIED TO BEAT HIM. THAT DIDN'T WORK OUT SO WELL.
TRIED TO KILL HIM. ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT.
SO... YOU DECIDED TO DRAW *THE GAMMA ENERGY* OUT OF HIM. TICKED A LOT OF PEOPLE OFF.
YOUR PEOPLE.
NO MORE GREEN HULK.
THAT JUST LEAVES *YOU.*
THE RED HULK.
THE *ONLY* HULK.
JUST LIKE BANNER WAS...
THAT TIME... THAT ONE TIME THE GREEN HULK BEAT ME DOWN. I COULD SMELL THOSE HORRIBLE CIGARETTES.
SEE THE DISAPPOINTED LOOK ON MY FATHER'S FACE THAT I HADN'T LEARNED THE LESSON.

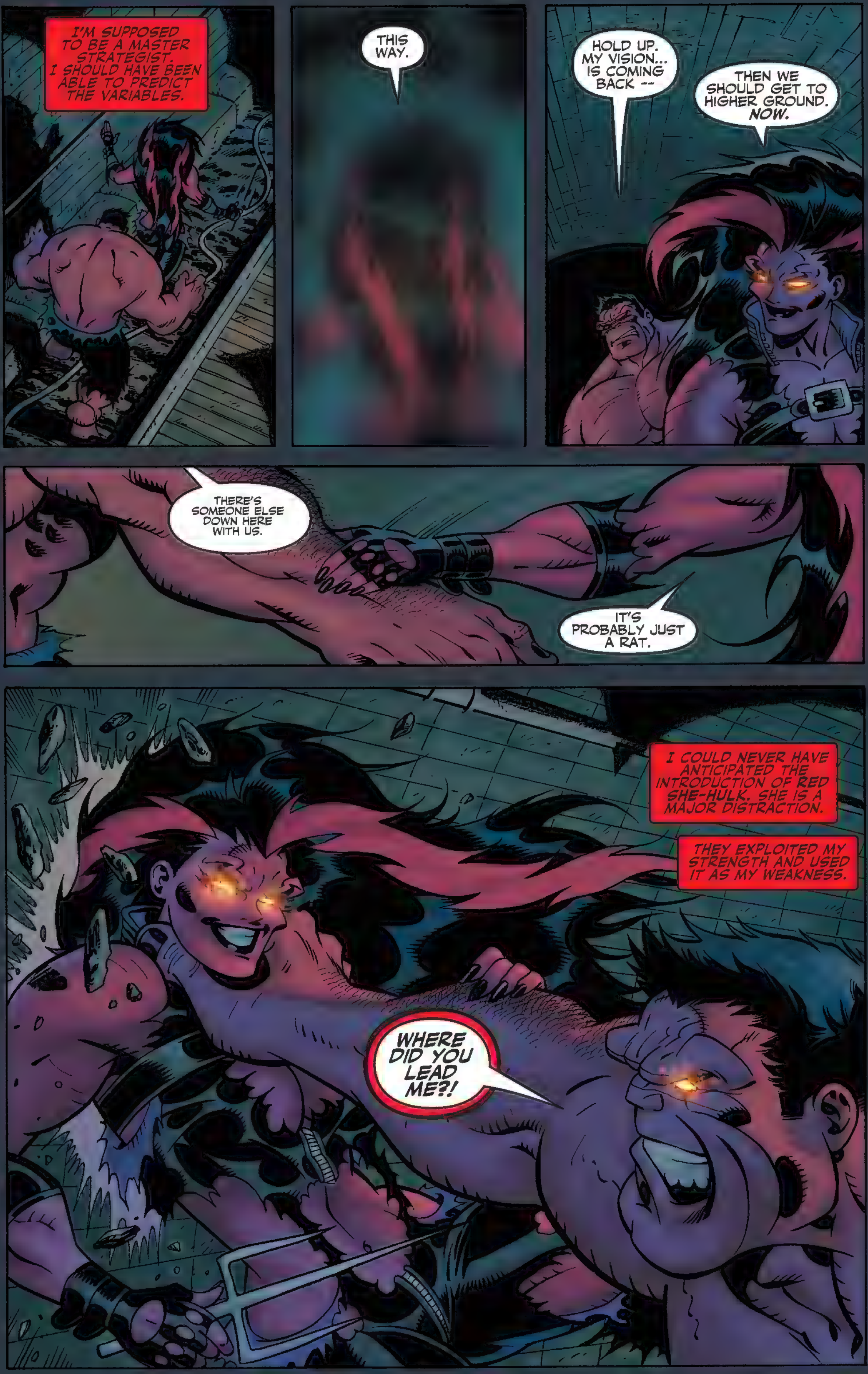

THERE'S AN OLD FABLE ABOUT SIX BLIND MEN AND AN ELEPHANT.
NOBODY KNOWS ITS TRUE ORIGIN. JAIN. BUDDHIST. SUFI. HINDU.
THERE'S EVEN A 19TH CENTURY POEM --
I GET IT. IT'S *OLD*.
A KING ASKED ***SIX BLIND MEN*** TO EXAMINE AN ANIMAL THEY KNEW NOTHING ABOUT.
AN ***ELEPHANT.***
THESE WEREN'T FOOLS. THEY WERE BRILLIANT MEN.
EACH MAN TOOK ***ONE*** PART OF THE BEAST.
WHEN THEY WERE DONE, THEY WERE SUMMONED BY THE KING TO EXPLAIN WHAT SORT OF THING IS AN ELEPHANT.
THE BLIND MAN WHO TOUCHED THE TAIL SAID IT WAS LIKE *"A ROPE."* THE ONE WHO FELT THE LEG SAID *"A PILLAR."*
THE BELLY -- *"A WALL."* THE TUSK -- *"A SOLID PIPE."* THE TRUNK -- *"A TREE BRANCH."*
AND THE LAST ONE, WHO HAD TOUCHED ITS EAR, ***INSISTED*** IT WAS *"A HAND FAN."*
THEY COULDN'T AGREE. IT GOT SO HEATED, THEY STARTED FIGHTING.
THEY WOULD'VE KILLED EACH OTHER IF THE KING HADN'T STEPPED IN.
THE KING HAD PROVED HIS POINT. ***ANYONE WHO HOLDS TO A SINGLE WAY OF THINKING IS BLIND TO THE TRUTH.***

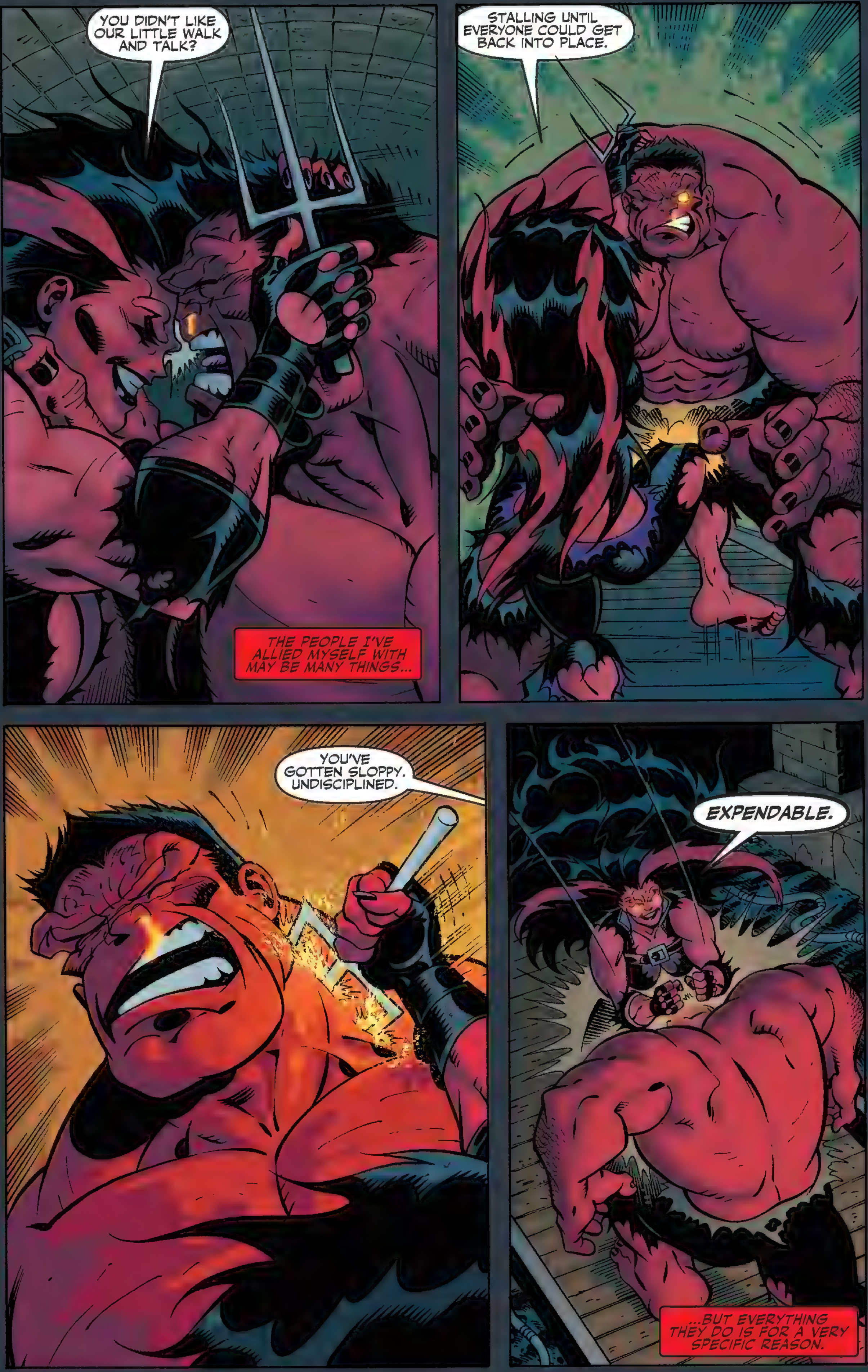

I WAS GIVEN A GIFT OF ENORMOUS POWER. INSTEAD OF HARBORING IT, I INDULGED MYSELF. SMASHING THINGS WITH THE SAME MINDLESS FORETHOUGHT AS...
...BANNER.
SO, WHAT'RE YOU SAYING?
THAT NO ONE UNDERSTANDS THE REAL YOU?
HAD YOU EVER HEARD THAT STORY BEFORE?
SURE.
SOMEONE I LOVED TOLD IT TO ME.

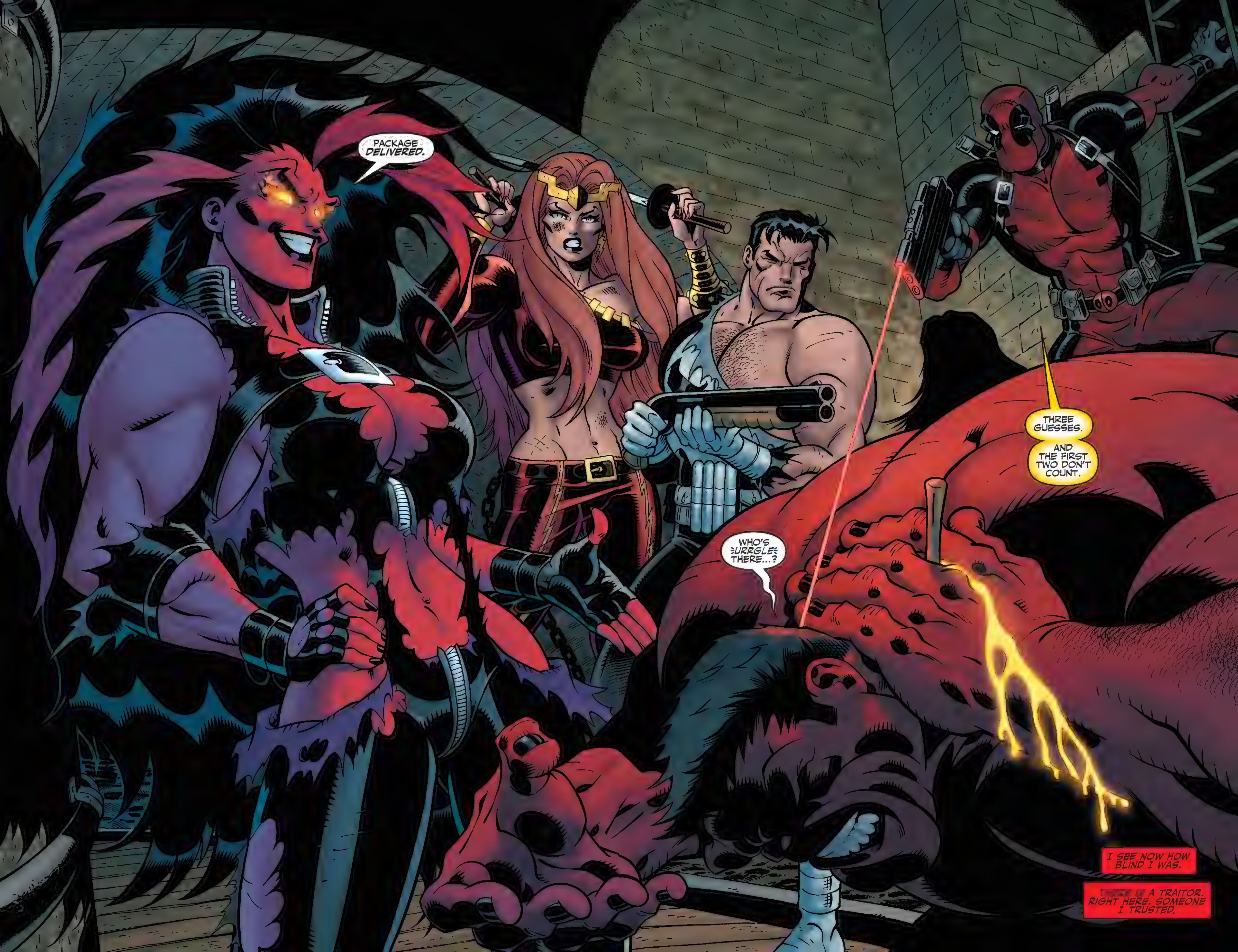

HE'S DEAD TO ME NOW.
WEAKNESS CAN'T BE TAUGHT. IT'S A FLAW OF CHARACTER.

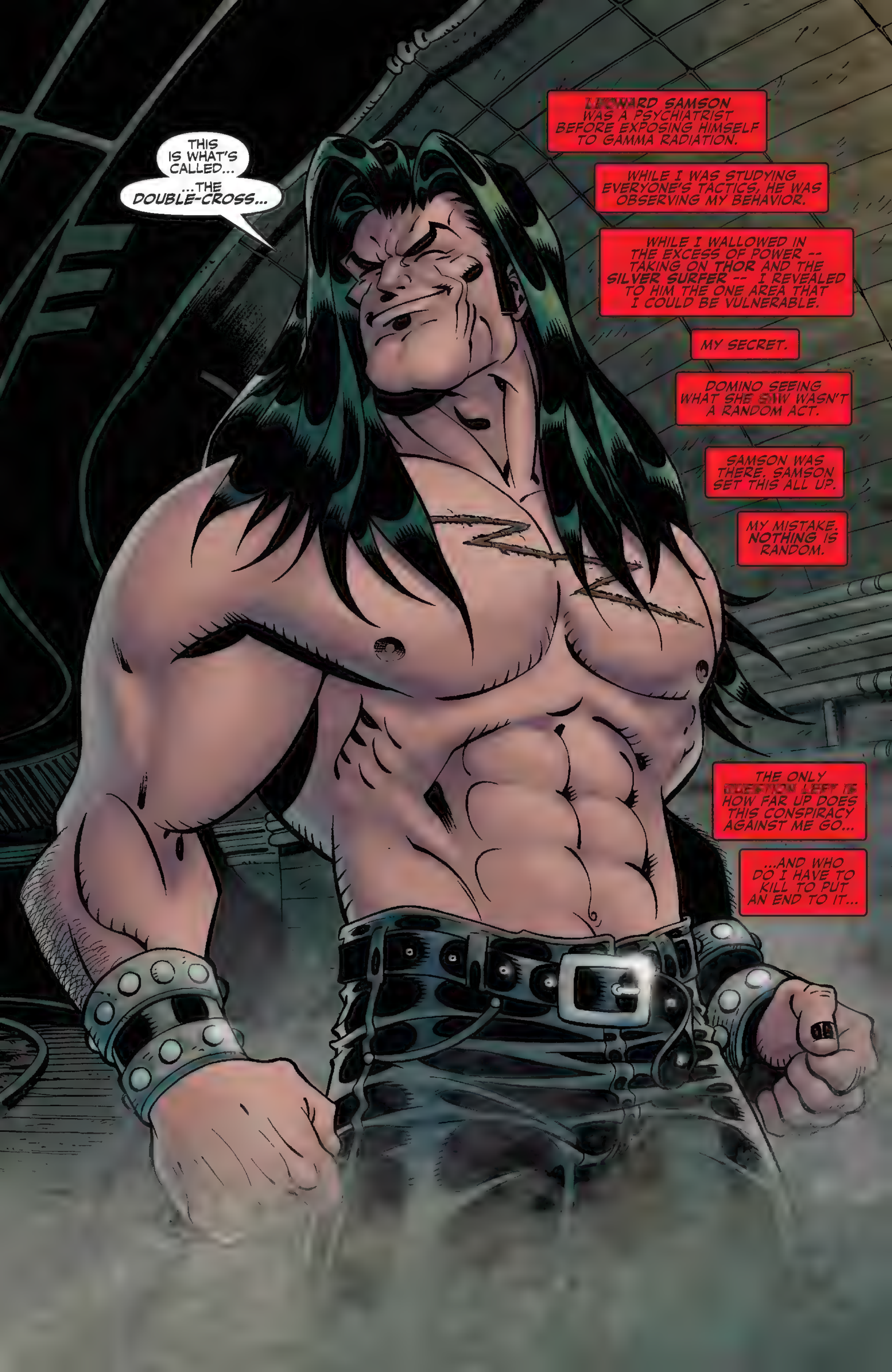

WHO ARE YOU -- REALLY?

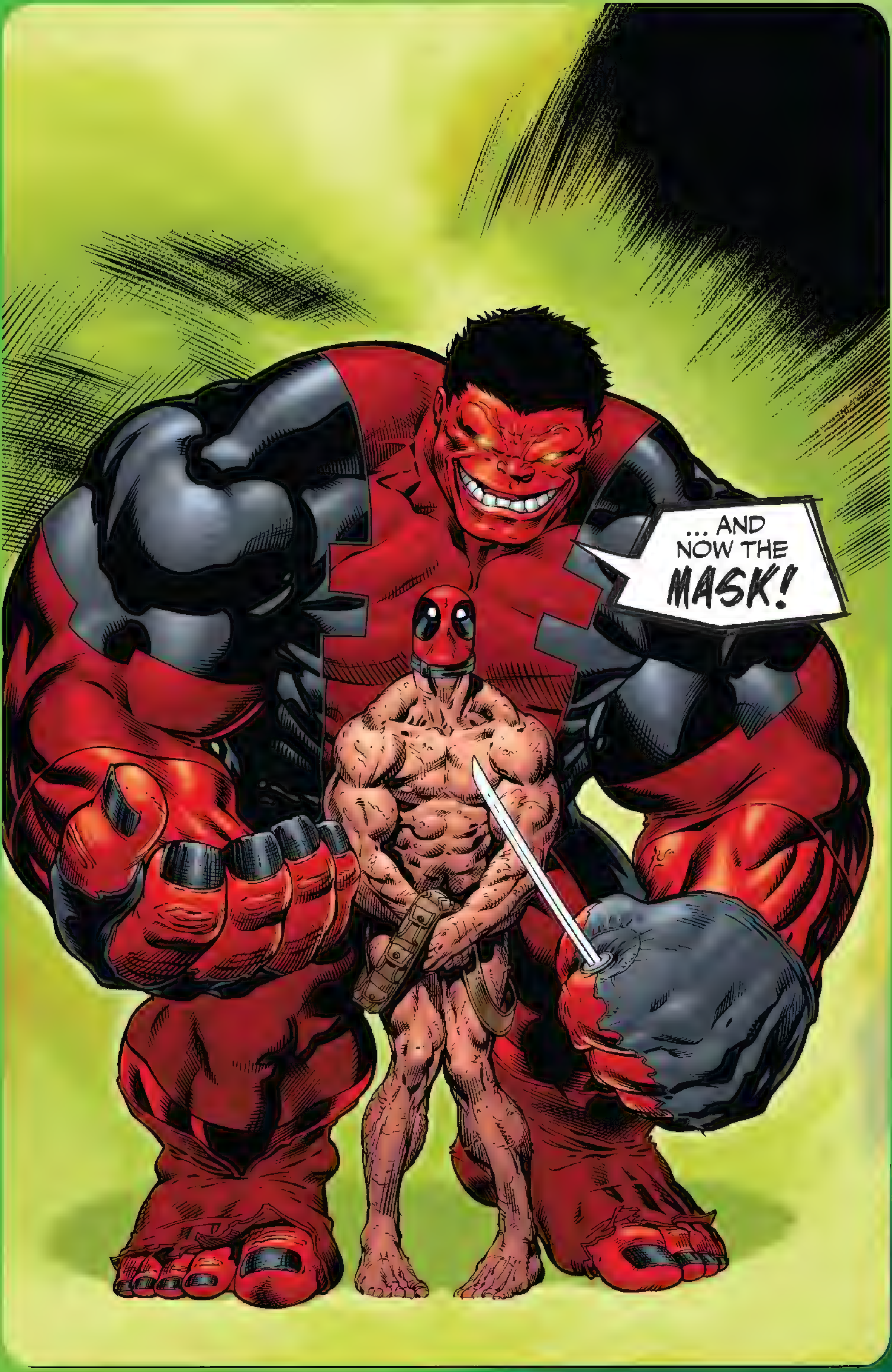

I'VE BEEN BLIND.
NOT FROM WOLVERINE RAKING HIS CLAWS ACROSS MY CORNEAS, BECAUSE THAT WILL HEAL.
A FRIEND. MORE LIKELY AN ALLY.
YOU KNOW WHAT'S COMING--WHAT YOU SIGNED ON FOR.
THEY CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT ME.
YOU'RE EITHER A GOOD LIAR OR A BAD LIAR. I CAN'T DECIDE WHICH.
AFTER TONIGHT, YOU'RE GOING TO NEED ALL THE FRIENDS YOU CAN GET.
I'VE BEEN BLIND TO MY CURRENT SITUATION.


I'M SUPPOSED TO BE A MASTER STRATEGIST. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PREDICT THE VARIABLES.
THIS WAY.
HOLD UP. MY VISION... IS COMING BACK --
THEN WE SHOULD GET TO HIGHER GROUND. *NOW.*
THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE DOWN HERE WITH US.
IT'S PROBABLY JUST A RAT.
I COULD NEVER HAVE ANTICIPATED THE INTRODUCTION OF RED SHE-HULK. SHE IS A MAJOR DISTRACTION.
THEY EXPLOITED MY STRENGTH AND USED IT AS MY WEAKNESS.
WHERE DID YOU LEAD ME?!


YOU DIDN'T LIKE OUR LITTLE WALK AND TALK?
THE PEOPLE I'VE ALLIED MYSELF WITH MAY BE MANY THINGS...
STALLING UNTIL EVERYONE COULD GET BACK INTO PLACE.
YOU'VE GOTTEN SLOPPY. UNDISCIPLINED.
EXPENDABLE.
...BUT EVERYTHING THEY DO IS FOR A VERY SPECIFIC REASON.

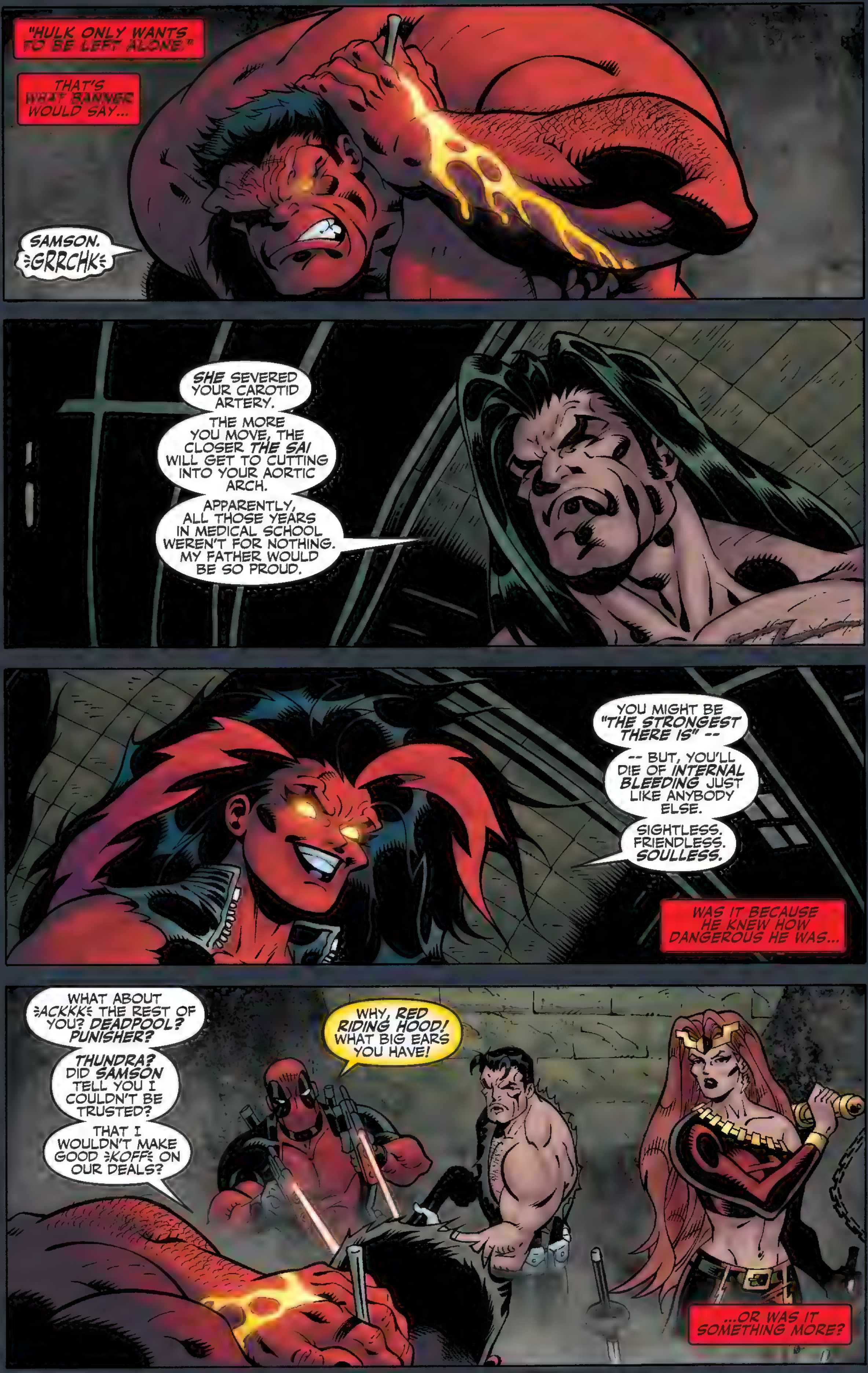

PACKAGE DELIVERED.
THREE GUESSES.
AND THE FIRST TWO DON'T COUNT.
WHO'S =URRGLE= THERE...?
I SEE NOW HOW BLIND I WAS.
THERE IS A TRAITOR. RIGHT HERE. SOMEONE I TRUSTED.

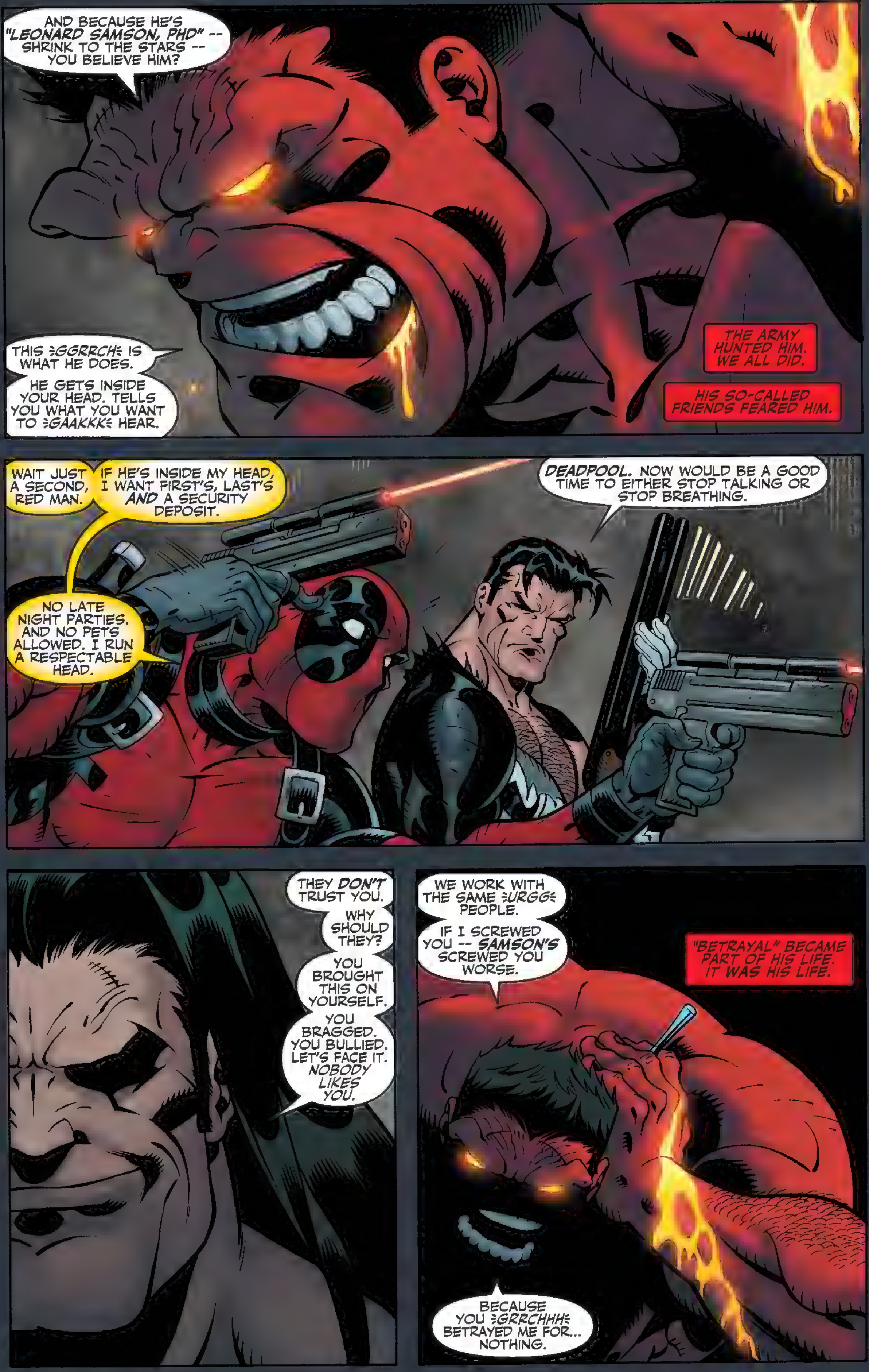

THIS IS WHAT'S CALLED... ...THE DOUBLE-CROSS...
LEONARD SAMSON WAS A PSYCHIATRIST BEFORE EXPOSING HIMSELF TO GAMMA RADIATION.
WHILE I WAS STUDYING EVERYONE'S TACTICS, HE WAS OBSERVING MY BEHAVIOR.
WHILE I WALLOWED IN THE EXCESS OF POWER -- TAKING ON THOR AND THE SILVER SURFER -- I REVEALED TO HIM THE ONE AREA THAT I COULD BE VULNERABLE.
MY SECRET.
DOMINO SEEING WHAT SHE SAW WASN'T A RANDOM ACT.
SAMSON WAS THERE. SAMSON SET THIS ALL UP.
MY MISTAKE. NOTHING IS RANDOM.
THE ONLY QUESTION LEFT IS HOW FAR UP DOES THIS CONSPIRACY AGAINST ME GO...
...AND WHO DO I HAVE TO KILL TO PUT AN END TO IT...

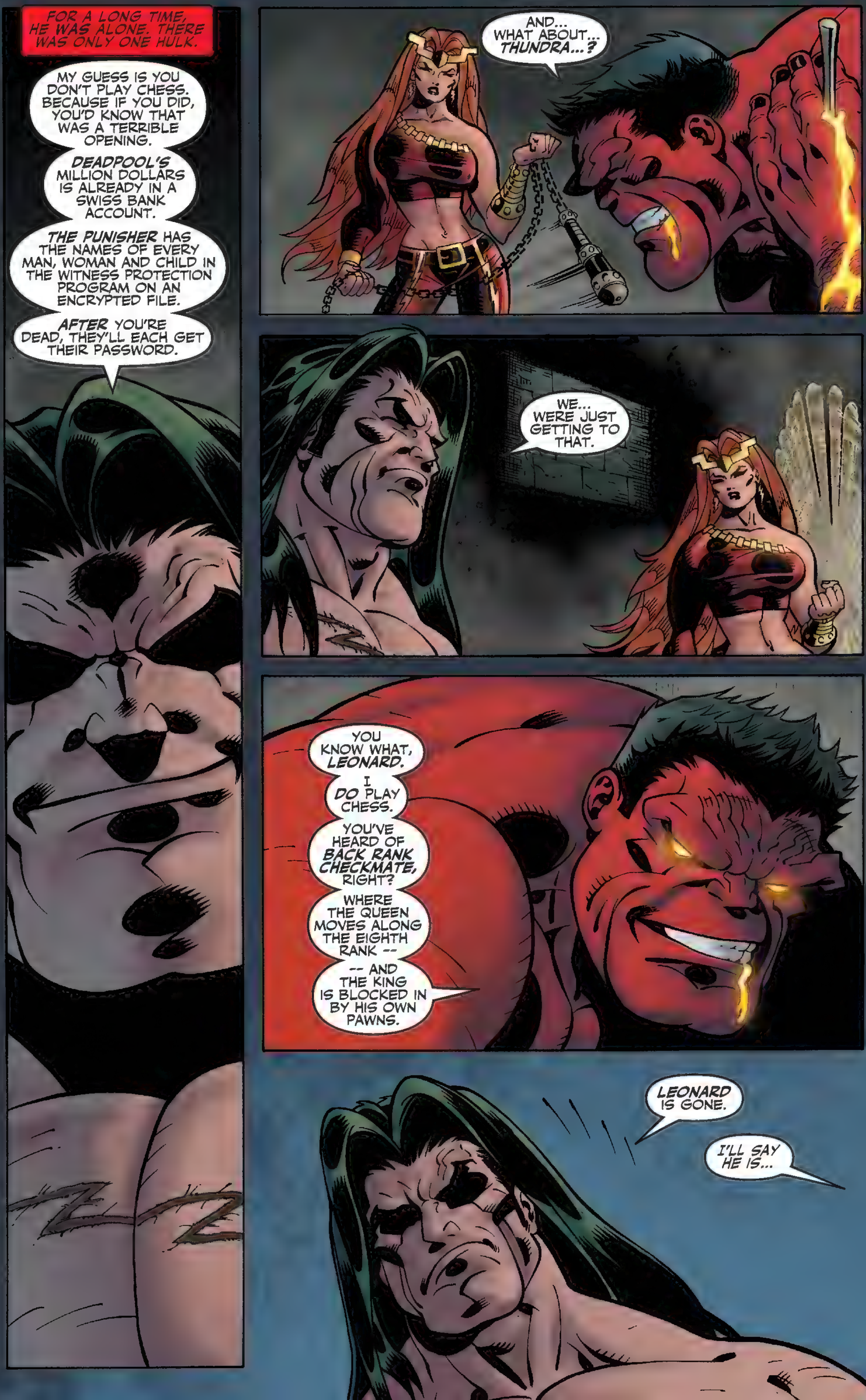

... AND NOW THE MASK!

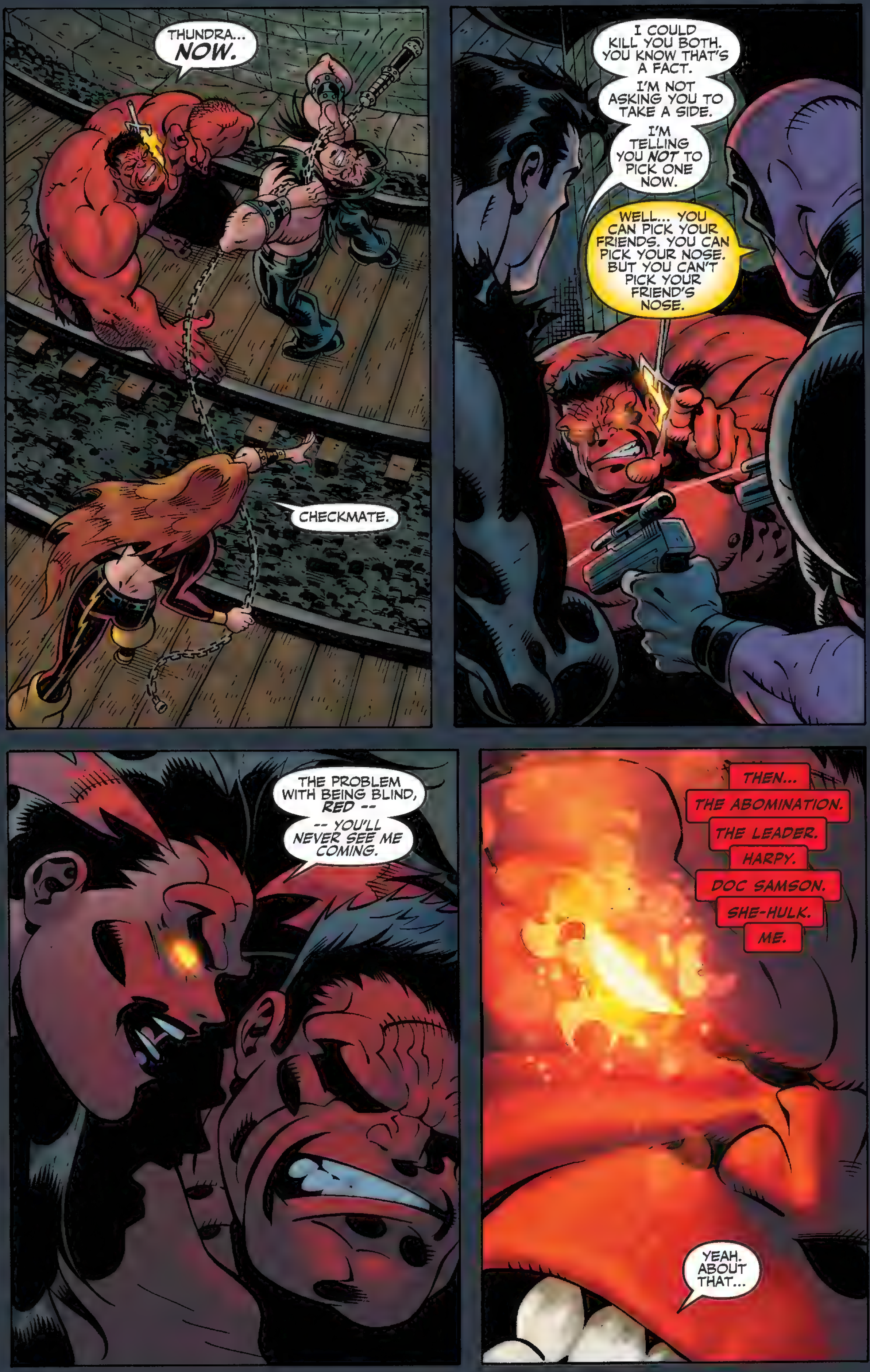
Hulk #16 variant by Ed McGuinness, Mark Farmer & Dave Stewart

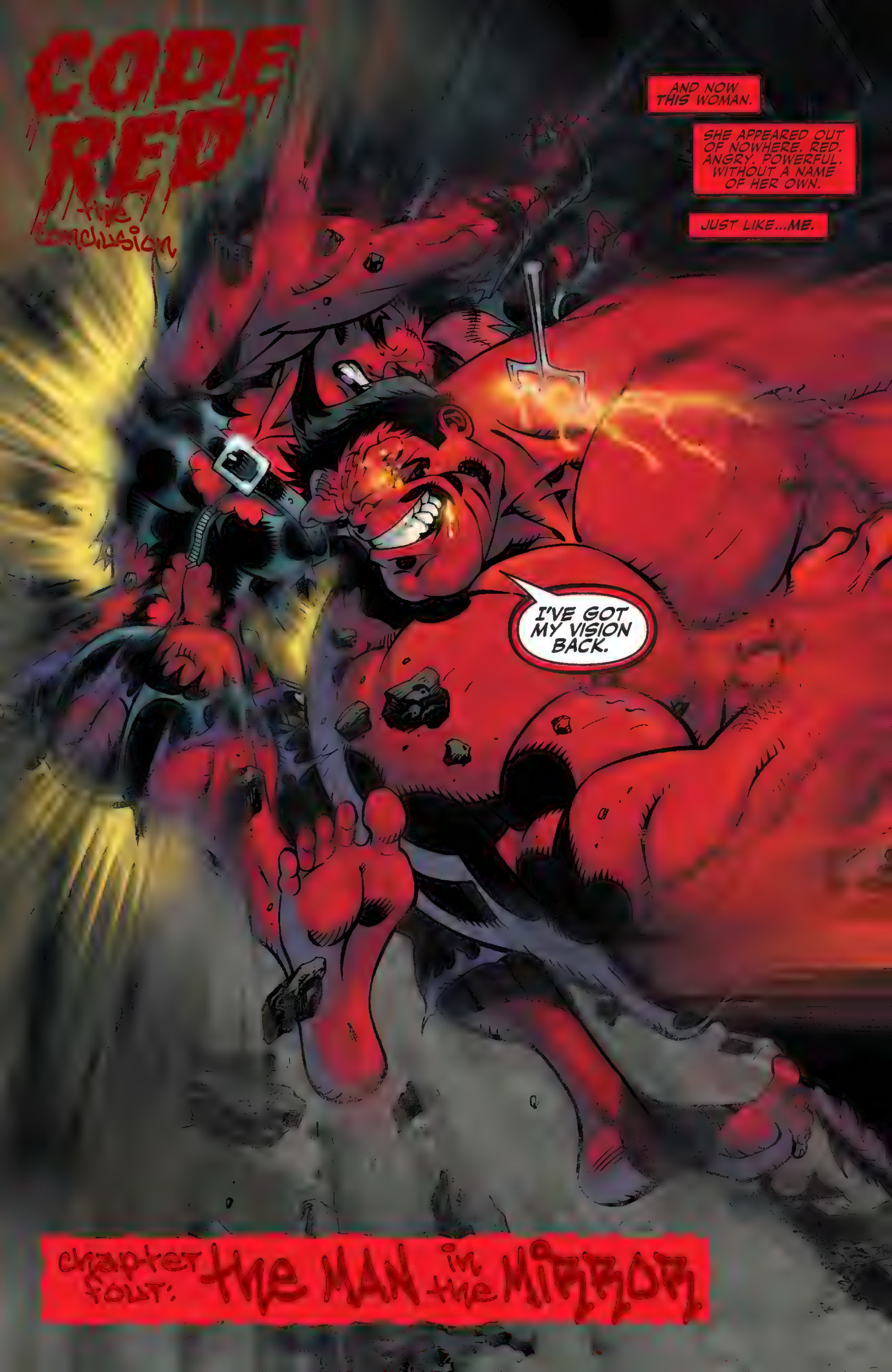
HULK (2008) #17

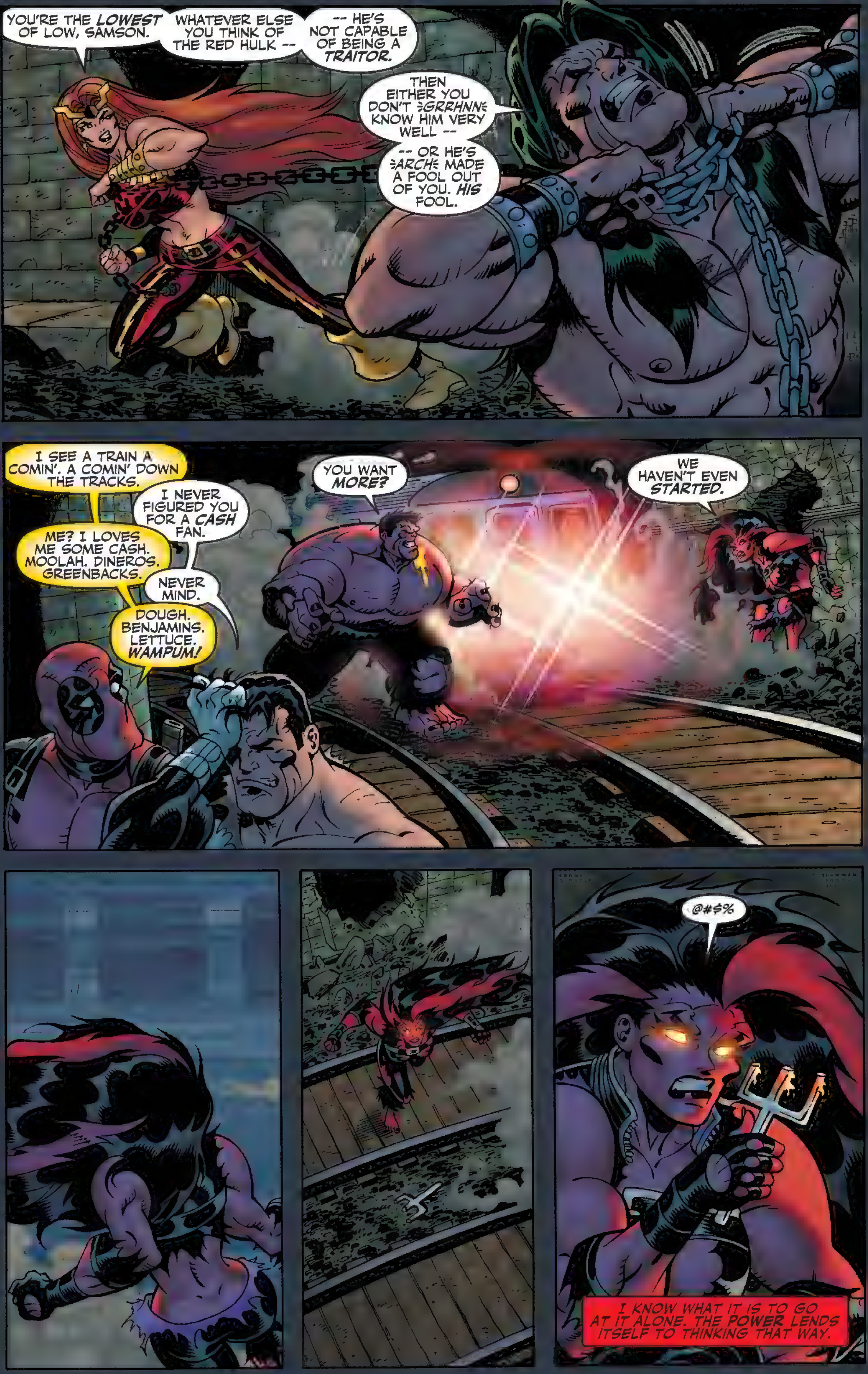

"HULK ONLY WANTS TO BE LEFT ALONE."
THAT'S WHAT BANNER WOULD SAY...
SAMSON. ≷GRRCHK≶
SHE SEVERED YOUR CAROTID ARTERY.
THE MORE YOU MOVE, THE CLOSER THE SAI WILL GET TO CUTTING INTO YOUR AORTIC ARCH.
APPARENTLY, ALL THOSE YEARS IN MEDICAL SCHOOL WEREN'T FOR NOTHING. MY FATHER WOULD BE SO PROUD.
YOU MIGHT BE "THE STRONGEST THERE IS" --
-- BUT, YOU'LL DIE OF INTERNAL BLEEDING JUST LIKE ANYBODY ELSE.
SIGHTLESS. FRIENDLESS. SOULLESS.
WAS IT BECAUSE HE KNEW HOW DANGEROUS HE WAS...
WHAT ABOUT ≷ACKKK≶ THE REST OF YOU? DEADPOOL? PUNISHER?
THUNDRA? DID SAMSON TELL YOU I COULDN'T BE TRUSTED?
THAT I WOULDN'T MAKE GOOD ≷KOFF≶ ON OUR DEALS?
WHY, RED RIDING HOOD! WHAT BIG EARS YOU HAVE!
...OR WAS IT SOMETHING MORE?

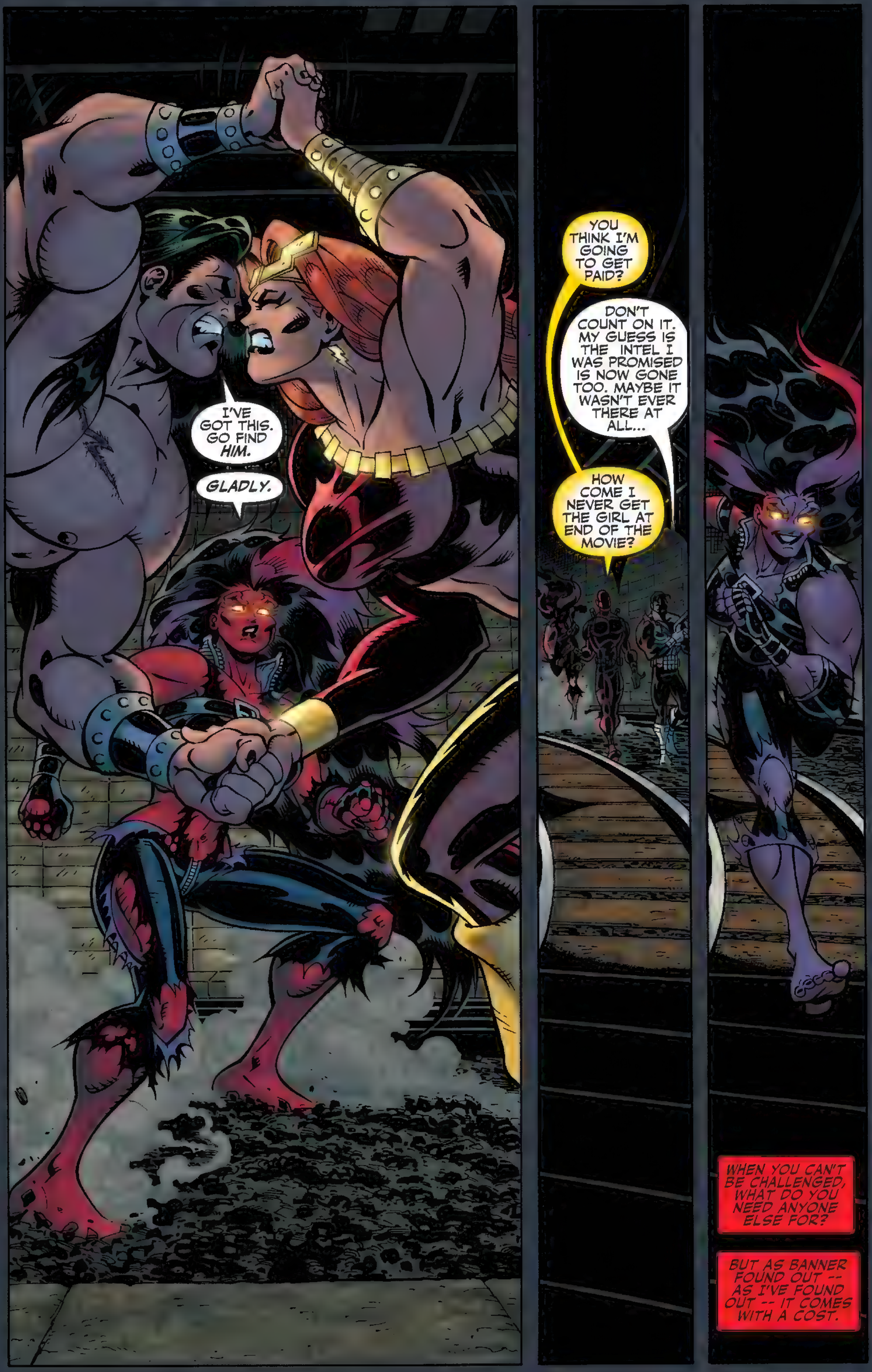

AND BECAUSE HE'S *"LEONARD SAMSON, PHD"* -- SHRINK TO THE STARS -- YOU BELIEVE HIM?
THIS *GGRRCH* IS WHAT HE DOES.
HE GETS INSIDE YOUR HEAD. TELLS YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO *GAAKKK* HEAR.
THE ARMY HUNTED HIM. WE ALL DID.
HIS SO-CALLED FRIENDS FEARED HIM.
WAIT JUST A SECOND, RED MAN.
IF HE'S INSIDE MY HEAD, I WANT FIRST'S, LAST'S *AND* A SECURITY DEPOSIT.
NO LATE NIGHT PARTIES. AND NO PETS ALLOWED. I RUN A RESPECTABLE HEAD.
DEADPOOL. NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO EITHER STOP TALKING OR STOP BREATHING.
THEY *DON'T* TRUST YOU.
WHY SHOULD THEY?
YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELF.
YOU BRAGGED. YOU BULLIED. LET'S FACE IT. *NOBODY LIKES YOU.*
WE WORK WITH THE SAME *URGG* PEOPLE.
IF I SCREWED YOU -- *SAMSON'S* SCREWED YOU WORSE.
"BETRAYAL" BECAME PART OF HIS LIFE. IT WAS HIS LIFE.
BECAUSE YOU *GRRCHHH* BETRAYED ME FOR... NOTHING.

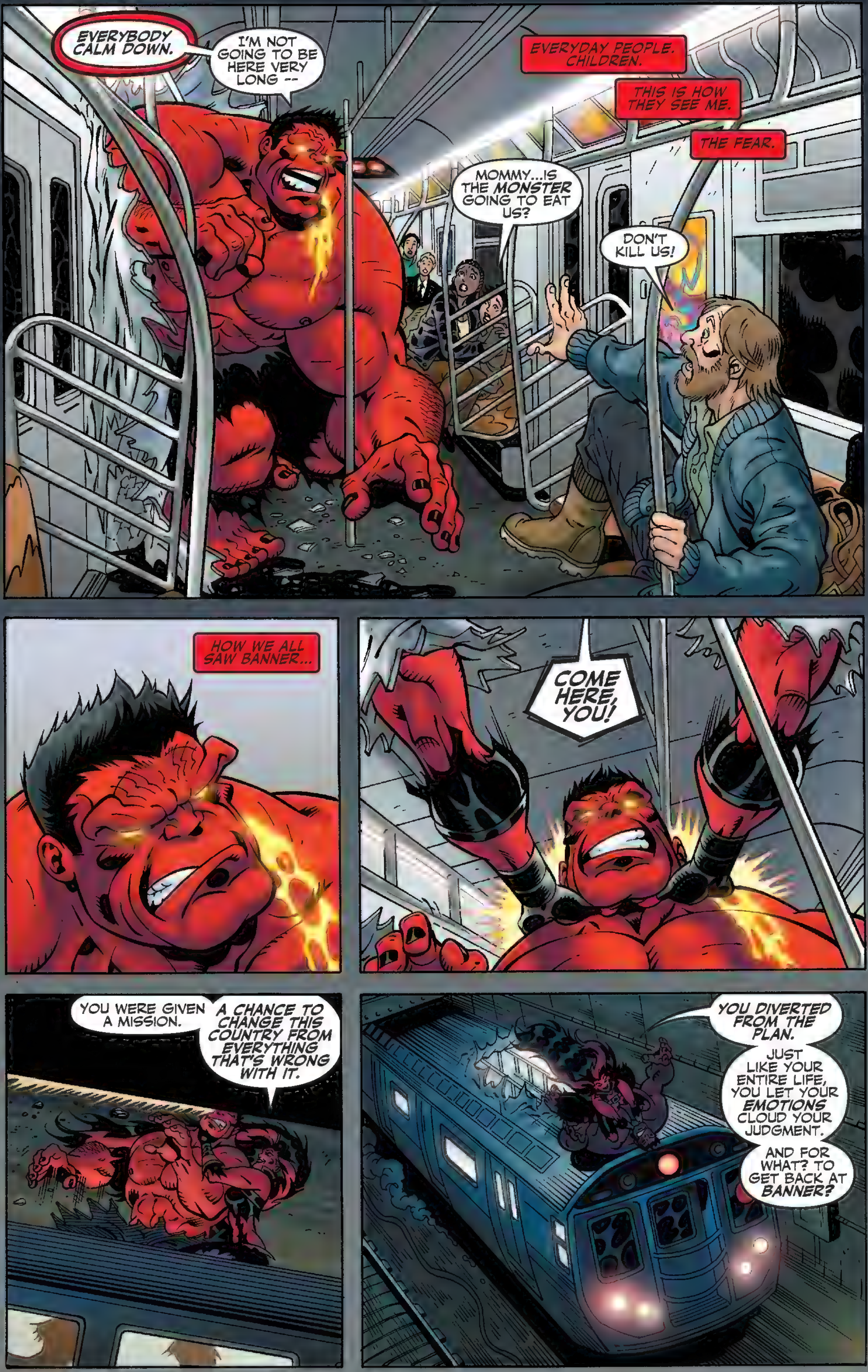

FOR A LONG TIME, HE WAS ALONE. THERE WAS ONLY ONE HULK.
MY GUESS IS YOU DON'T PLAY CHESS. BECAUSE IF YOU DID, YOU'D KNOW THAT WAS A TERRIBLE OPENING.
DEADPOOL'S MILLION DOLLARS IS ALREADY IN A SWISS BANK ACCOUNT.
THE PUNISHER HAS THE NAMES OF EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM ON AN ENCRYPTED FILE.
AFTER YOU'RE DEAD, THEY'LL EACH GET THEIR PASSWORD.
AND... WHAT ABOUT... THUNDRA...?
WE... WERE JUST GETTING TO THAT.
YOU KNOW WHAT, LEONARD.
I DO PLAY CHESS.
YOU'VE HEARD OF BACK RANK CHECKMATE, RIGHT?
WHERE THE QUEEN MOVES ALONG THE EIGHTH RANK --
-- AND THE KING IS BLOCKED IN BY HIS OWN PAWNS.
LEONARD IS GONE.
I'LL SAY HE IS...

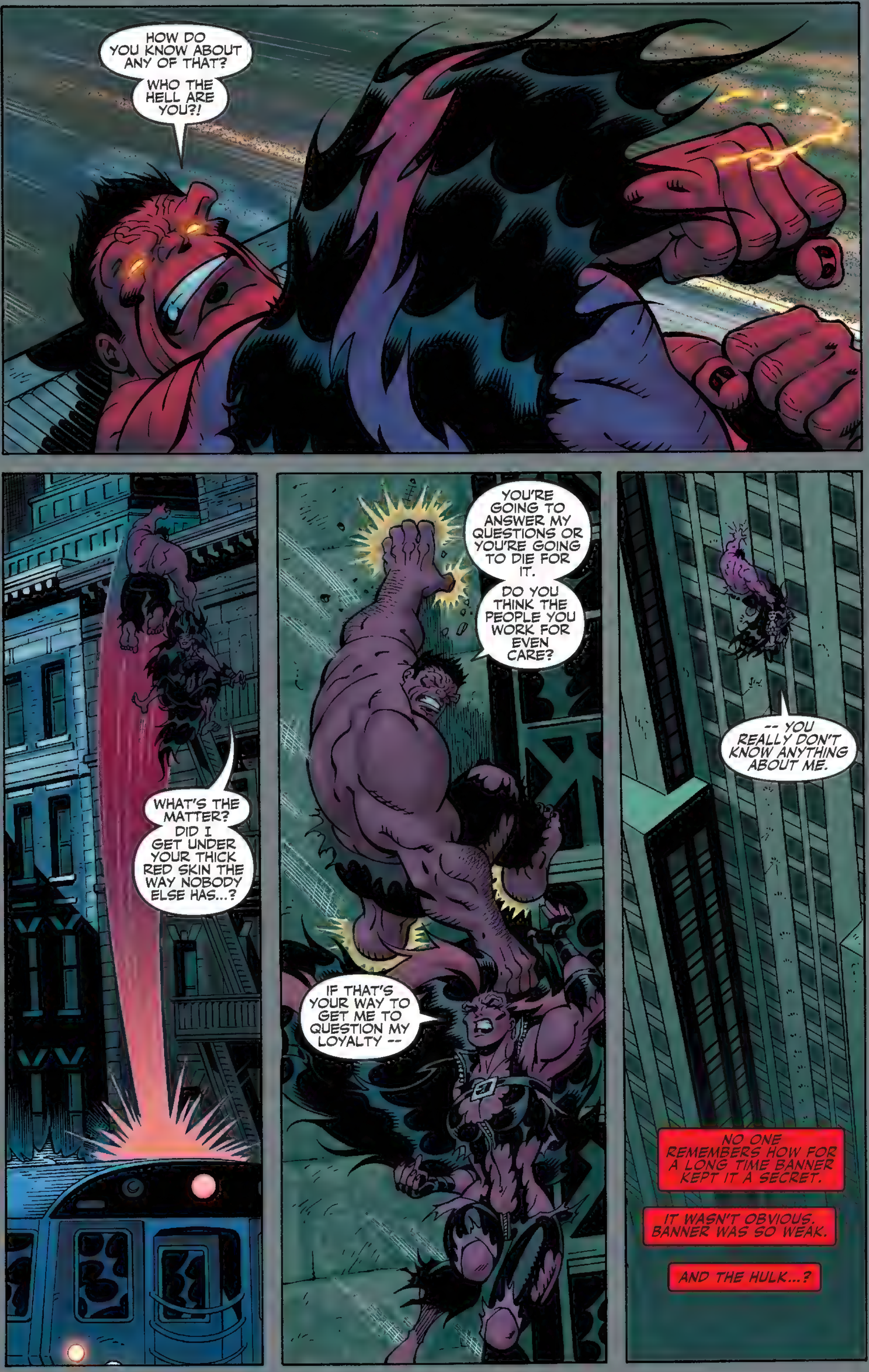

THUNDRA... *NOW.*
CHECKMATE.
I COULD KILL YOU BOTH. YOU KNOW THAT'S A FACT.
I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO TAKE A SIDE.
I'M TELLING YOU *NOT* TO PICK ONE NOW.
WELL... YOU CAN PICK YOUR FRIENDS. YOU CAN PICK YOUR NOSE. BUT YOU CAN'T PICK YOUR FRIEND'S NOSE.
THE PROBLEM WITH BEING BLIND, *RED* --
-- *YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME COMING.*
THEN...
THE ABOMINATION.
THE LEADER.
HARPY.
DOC SAMSON.
SHE-HULK.
ME.
YEAH. ABOUT THAT...

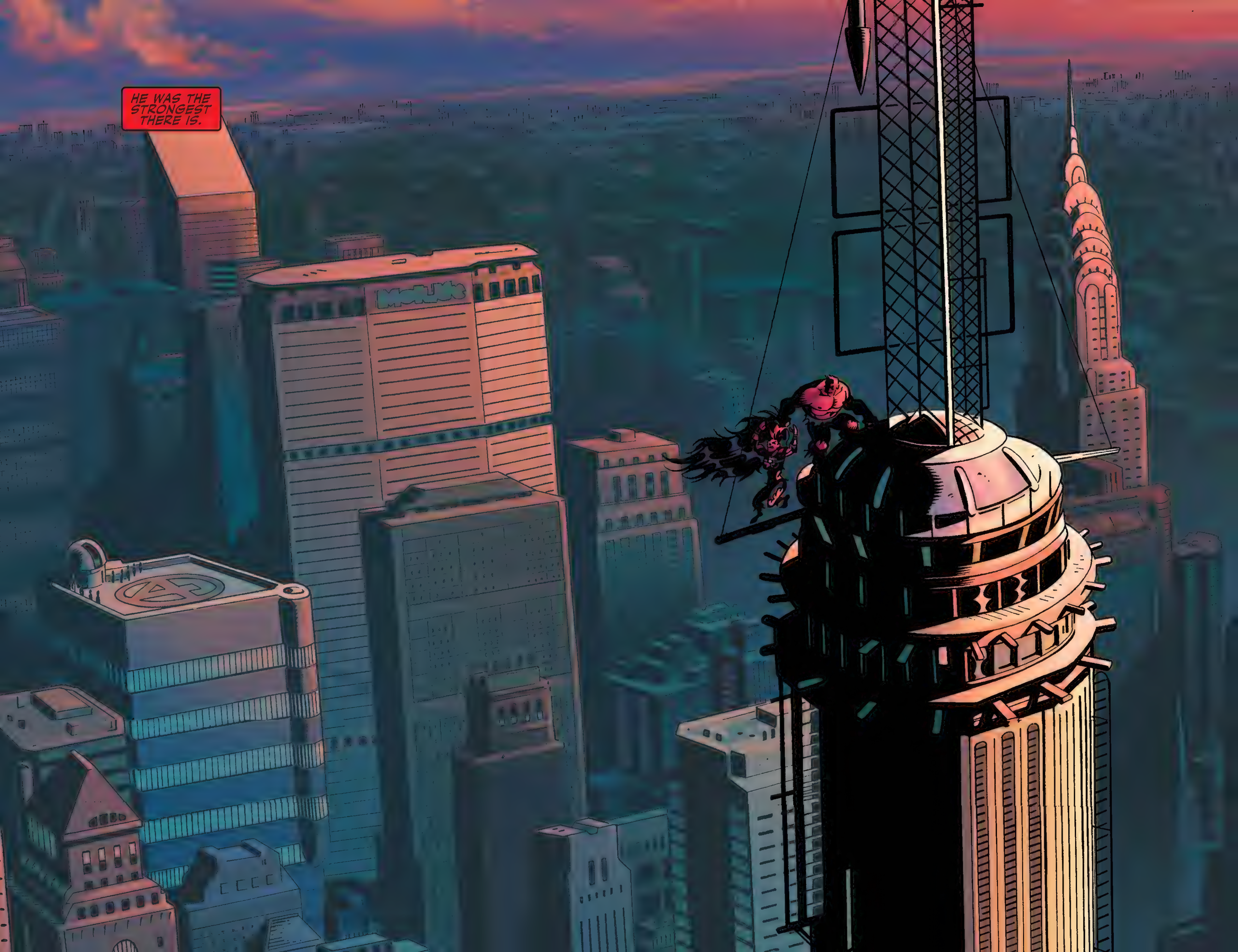

CODE RED
the conclusion
AND NOW THIS WOMAN.
SHE APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE. RED. ANGRY. POWERFUL. WITHOUT A NAME OF HER OWN.
JUST LIKE...ME.
I'VE GOT MY VISION BACK.
chapter four: the MAN in the MIRROR

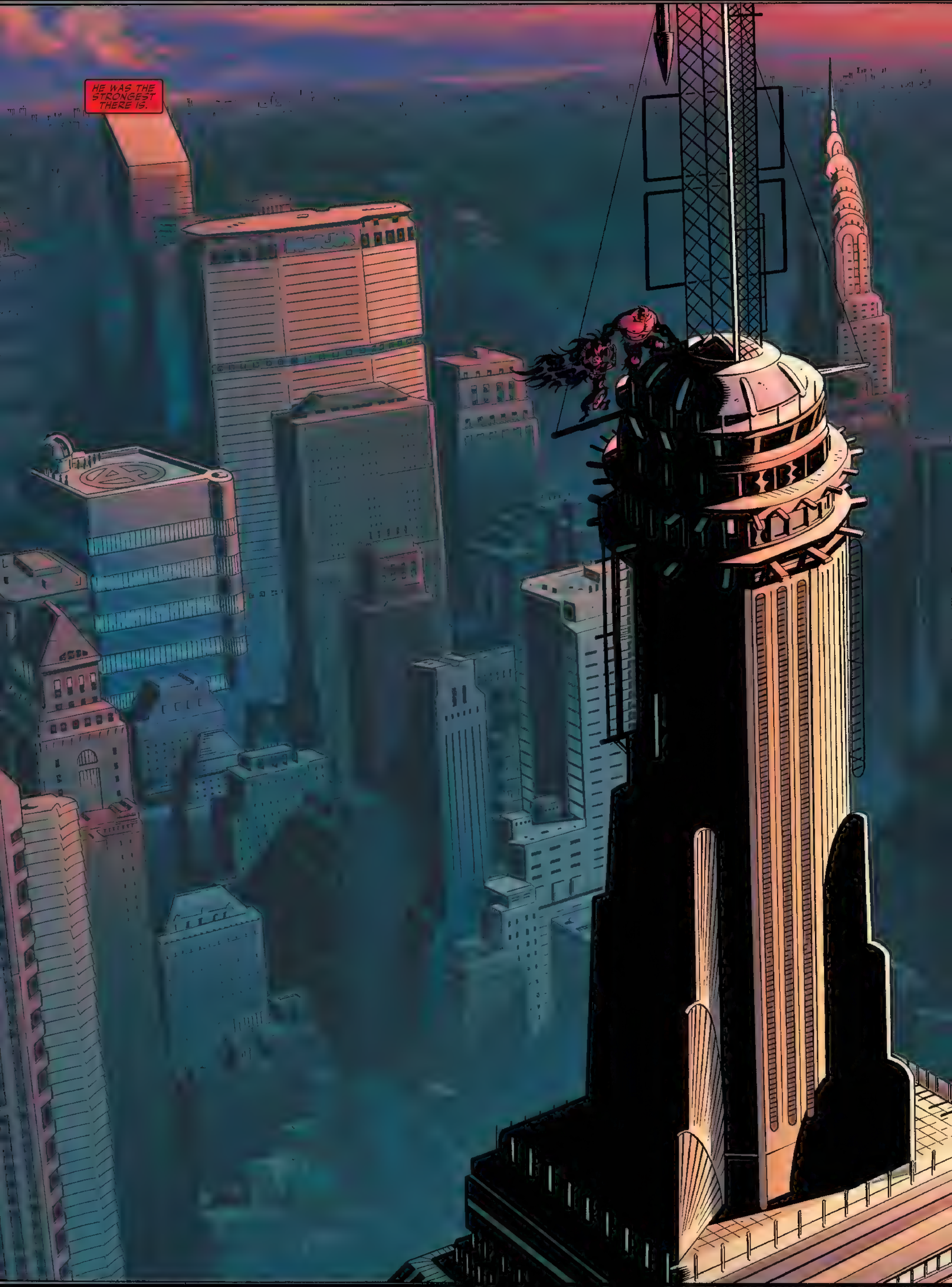

YOU'RE THE LOWEST OF LOW, SAMSON.
WHATEVER ELSE YOU THINK OF THE RED HULK --
-- HE'S NOT CAPABLE OF BEING A TRAITOR.
THEN EITHER YOU DON'T GRRHNN KNOW HIM VERY WELL --
-- OR HE'S ARCH MADE A FOOL OUT OF YOU. HIS FOOL.
I SEE A TRAIN A COMIN'. A COMIN' DOWN THE TRACKS.
I NEVER FIGURED YOU FOR A CASH FAN.
ME? I LOVES ME SOME CASH. MOOLAH. DINEROS. GREENBACKS.
NEVER MIND.
DOUGH. BENJAMINS. LETTUCE. WAMPUM!
YOU WANT MORE?
WE HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED.
@#$%
I KNOW WHAT IT IS TO GO AT IT ALONE. THE POWER LENDS ITSELF TO THINKING THAT WAY.

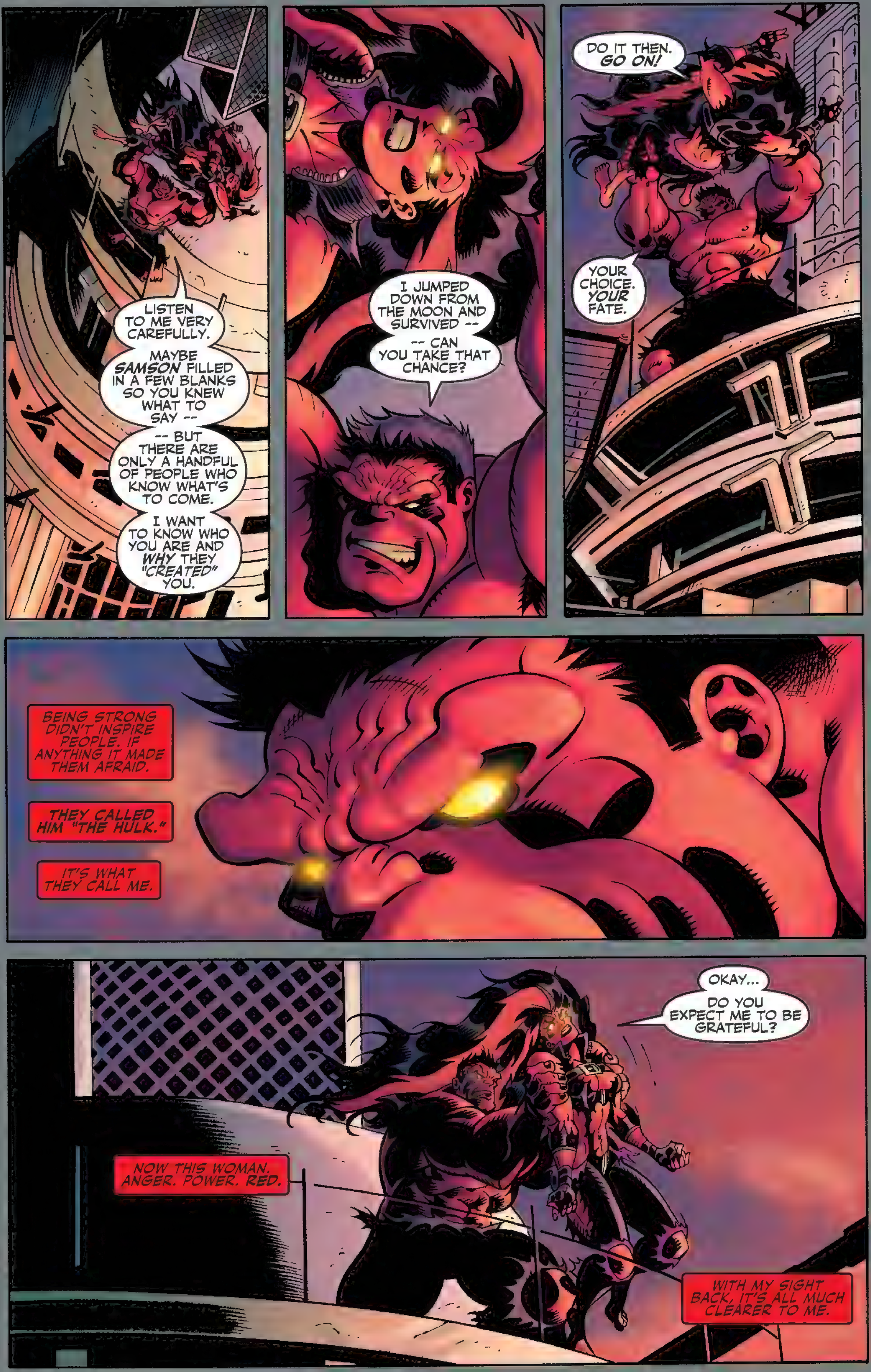

I'VE GOT THIS. GO FIND *HIM.*
GLADLY.
YOU THINK I'M GOING TO GET PAID?
DON'T COUNT ON IT. MY GUESS IS THE INTEL I WAS PROMISED IS NOW GONE TOO. MAYBE IT WASN'T EVER THERE AT ALL...
HOW COME I NEVER GET THE GIRL AT END OF THE MOVIE?
WHEN YOU CAN'T BE CHALLENGED, WHAT DO YOU NEED ANYONE ELSE FOR?
BUT AS BANNER FOUND OUT -- AS I'VE FOUND OUT -- IT COMES WITH A COST.

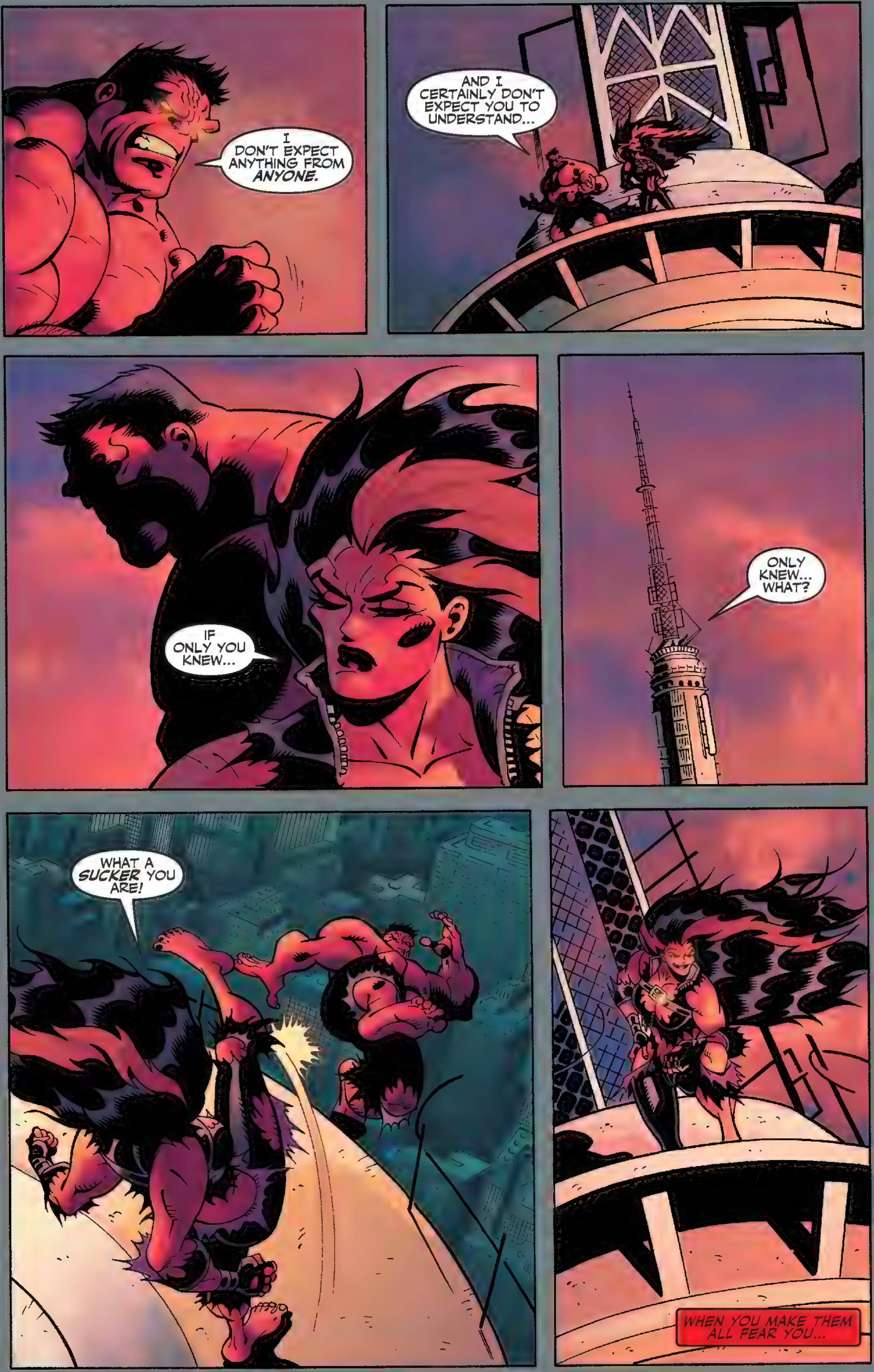

EVERYBODY CALM DOWN.
I'M NOT GOING TO BE HERE VERY LONG --
EVERYDAY PEOPLE. CHILDREN.
THIS IS HOW THEY SEE ME.
THE FEAR.
MOMMY...IS THE *MONSTER* GOING TO EAT US?
DON'T KILL US!
HOW WE ALL SAW BANNER...
COME HERE, YOU!
YOU WERE GIVEN A MISSION.
A CHANCE TO CHANGE THIS COUNTRY FROM EVERYTHING THAT'S WRONG WITH IT.
YOU DIVERTED FROM THE PLAN.
JUST LIKE YOUR ENTIRE LIFE, YOU LET YOUR *EMOTIONS* CLOUD YOUR JUDGMENT.
AND FOR WHAT? TO GET BACK AT *BANNER?*

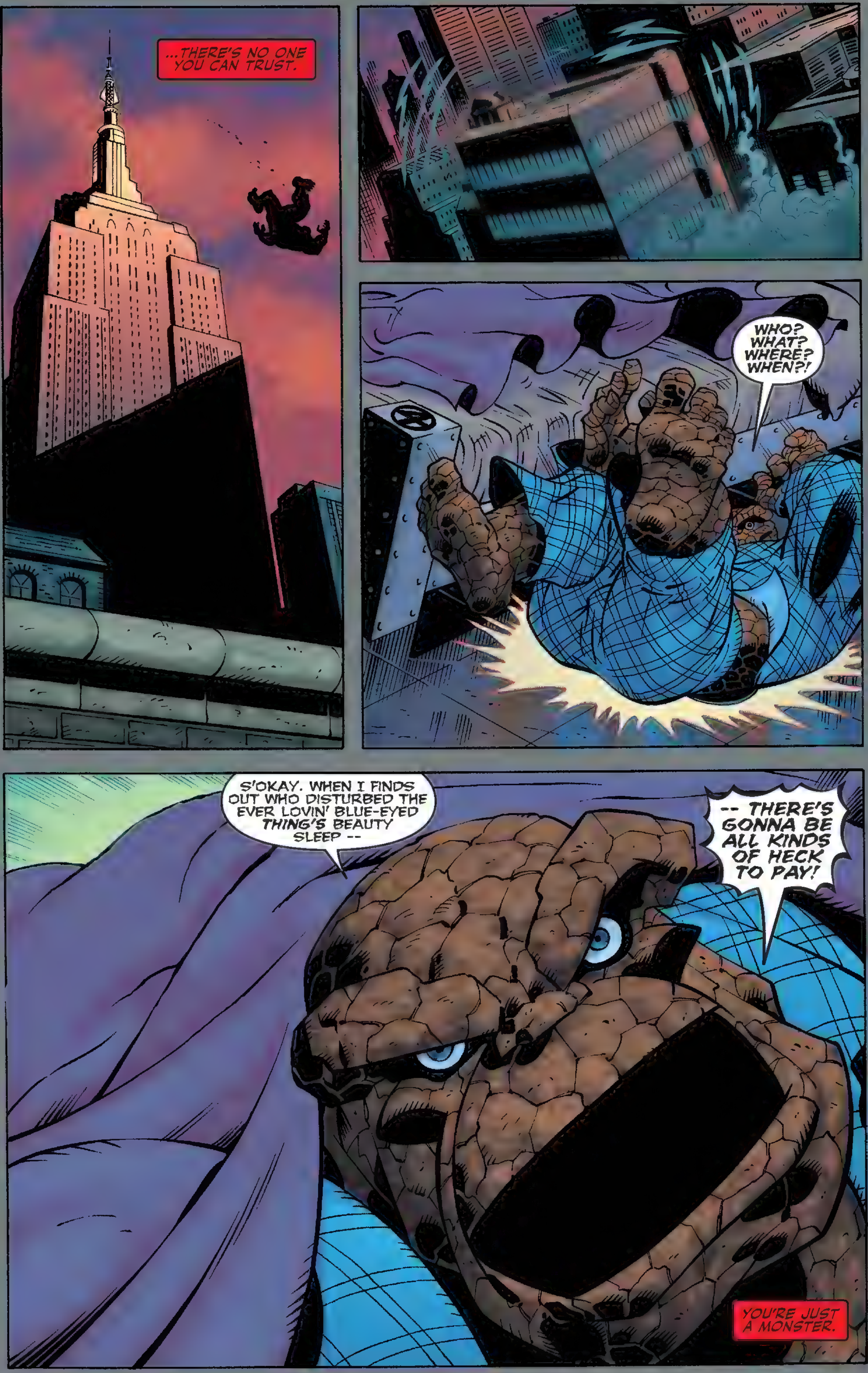

HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ANY OF THAT?
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? DID I GET UNDER YOUR THICK RED SKIN THE WAY NOBODY ELSE HAS...?
YOU'RE GOING TO ANSWER MY QUESTIONS OR YOU'RE GOING TO DIE FOR IT.
DO YOU THINK THE PEOPLE YOU WORK FOR EVEN CARE?
IF THAT'S YOUR WAY TO GET ME TO QUESTION MY LOYALTY --
-- YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME.
NO ONE REMEMBERS HOW FOR A LONG TIME BANNER KEPT IT A SECRET.
IT WASN'T OBVIOUS. BANNER WAS SO WEAK.
AND THE HULK...?

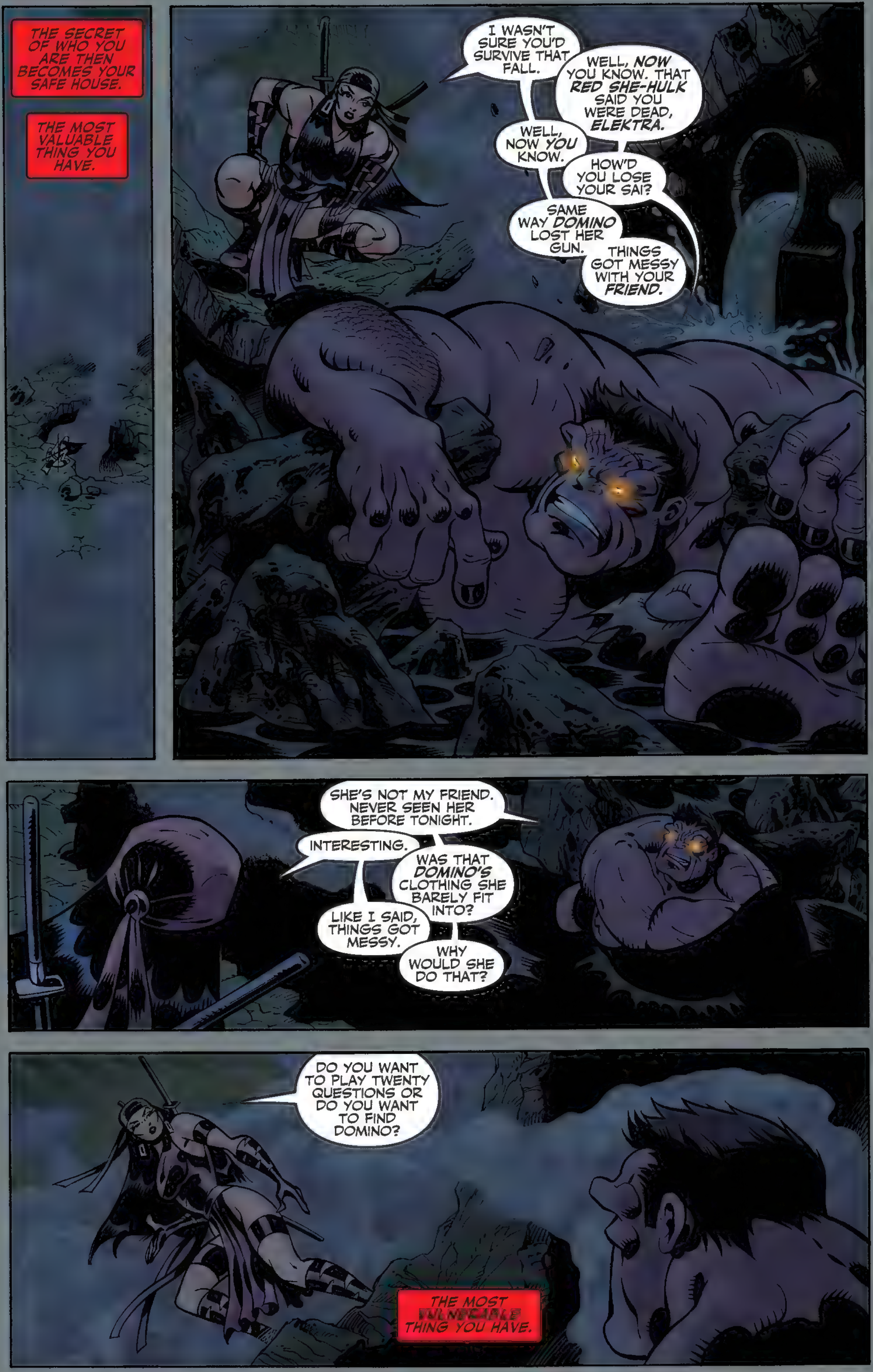

HE WAS THE STRONGEST THERE IS.
MetLife

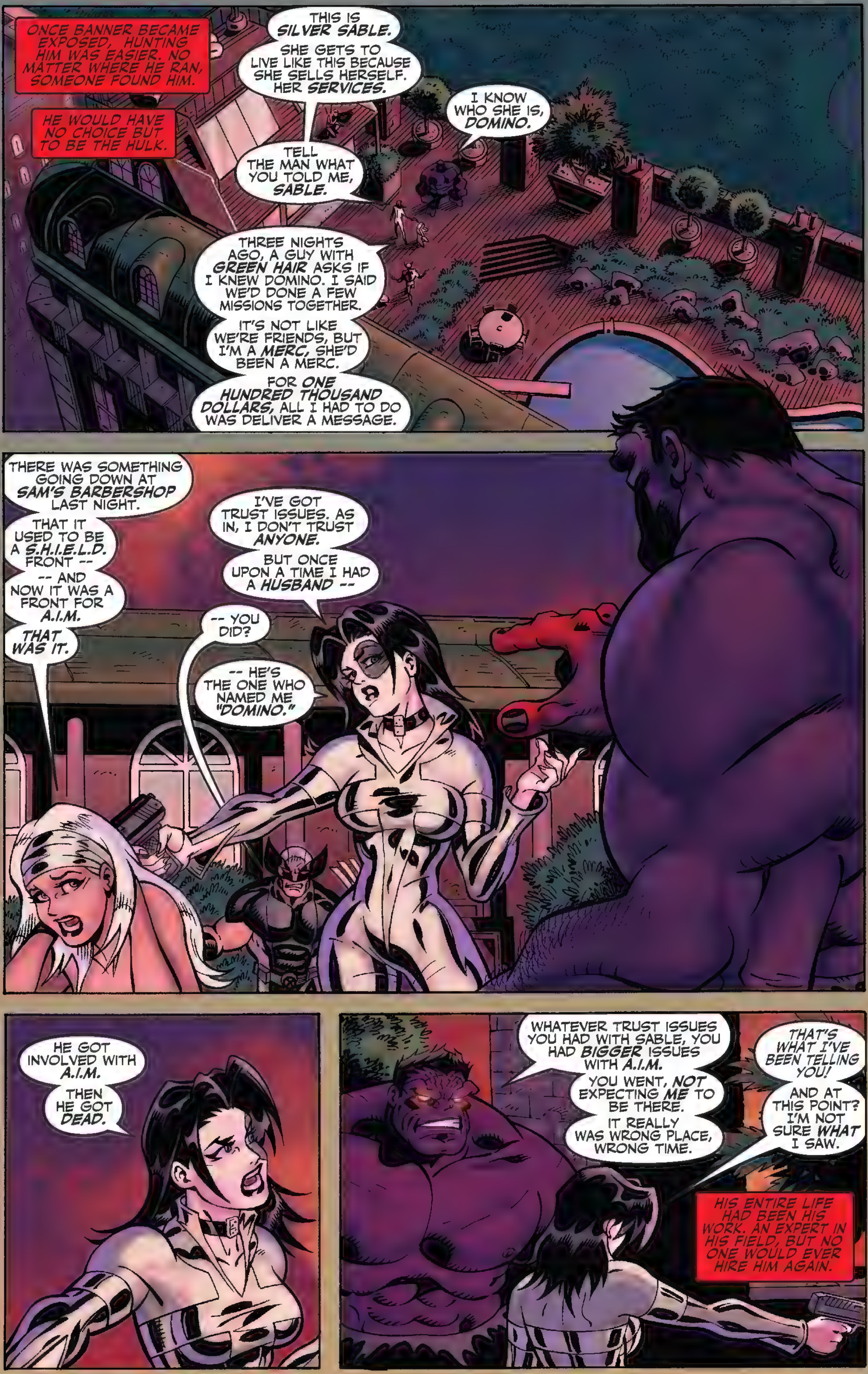

HE WAS THE STRONGEST THERE IS.

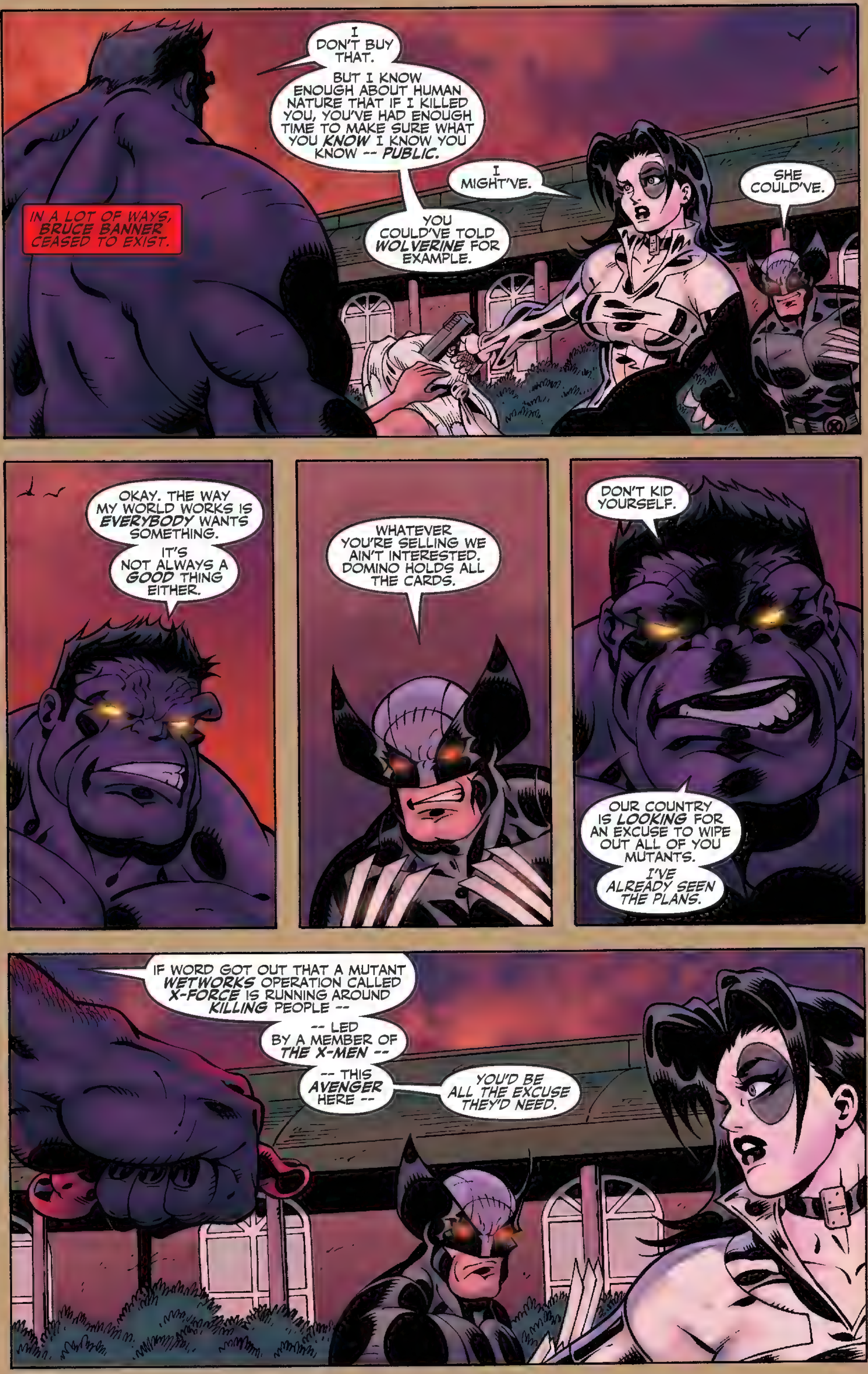

LISTEN TO ME VERY CAREFULLY.
MAYBE **SAMSON** FILLED IN A FEW BLANKS SO YOU KNEW WHAT TO SAY --
-- BUT THERE ARE ONLY A HANDFUL OF PEOPLE WHO KNOW WHAT'S TO COME.
I WANT TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND ***WHY*** THEY "CREATED" YOU.
I JUMPED DOWN FROM THE MOON AND SURVIVED --
-- CAN YOU TAKE THAT CHANCE?
DO IT THEN. ***GO ON!***
YOUR CHOICE. ***YOUR*** FATE.
BEING STRONG DIDN'T INSPIRE PEOPLE. IF ANYTHING IT MADE THEM AFRAID.
THEY CALLED HIM "THE HULK."
IT'S WHAT THEY CALL ME.
OKAY...
DO YOU EXPECT ME TO BE GRATEFUL?
NOW THIS WOMAN. ANGER. POWER. RED.
WITH MY SIGHT BACK, IT'S ALL MUCH CLEARER TO ME.

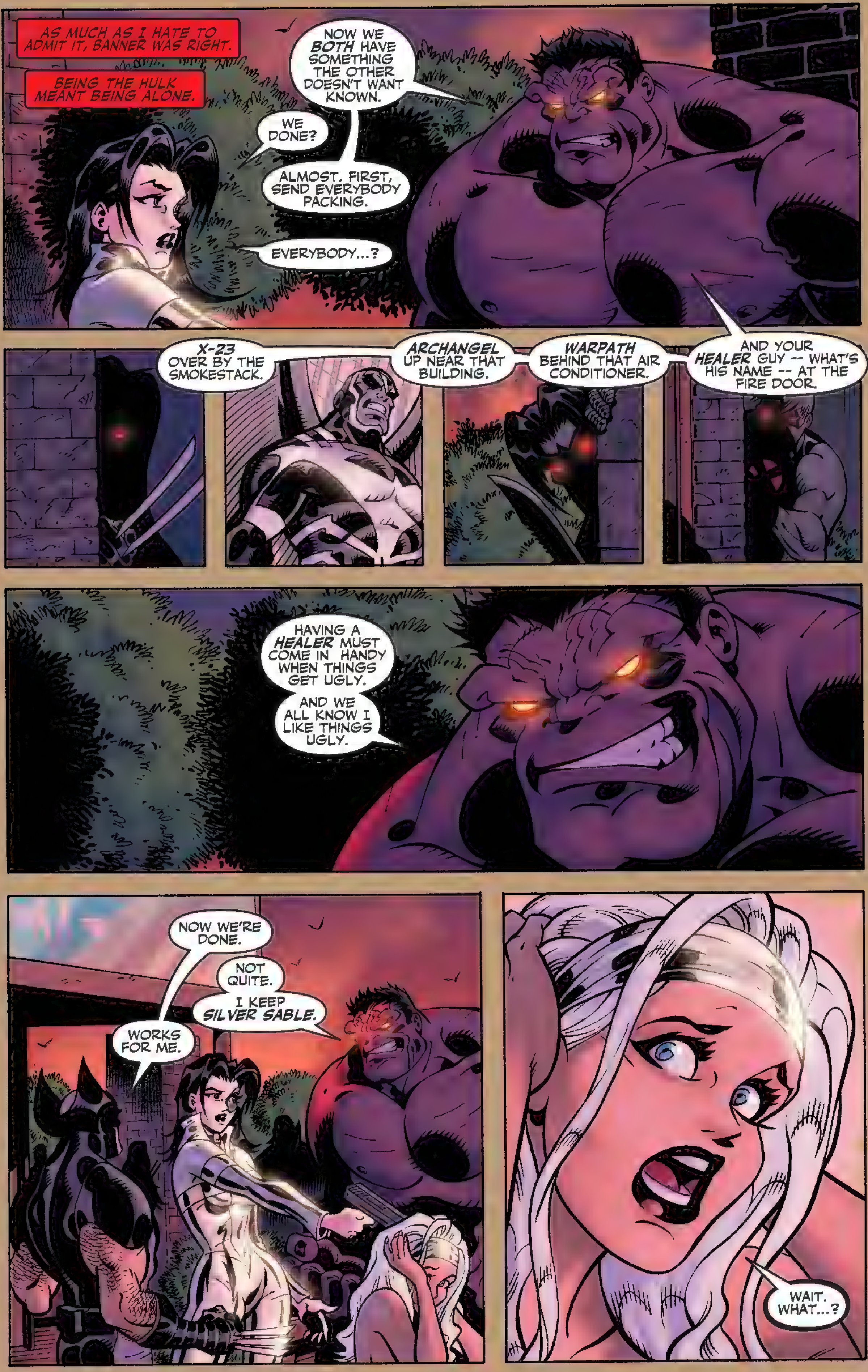

I DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING FROM *ANYONE.*
AND I CERTAINLY DON'T EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND...
IF ONLY YOU KNEW...
ONLY KNEW... WHAT?
WHAT A *SUCKER* YOU ARE!
WHEN YOU MAKE THEM ALL FEAR YOU...

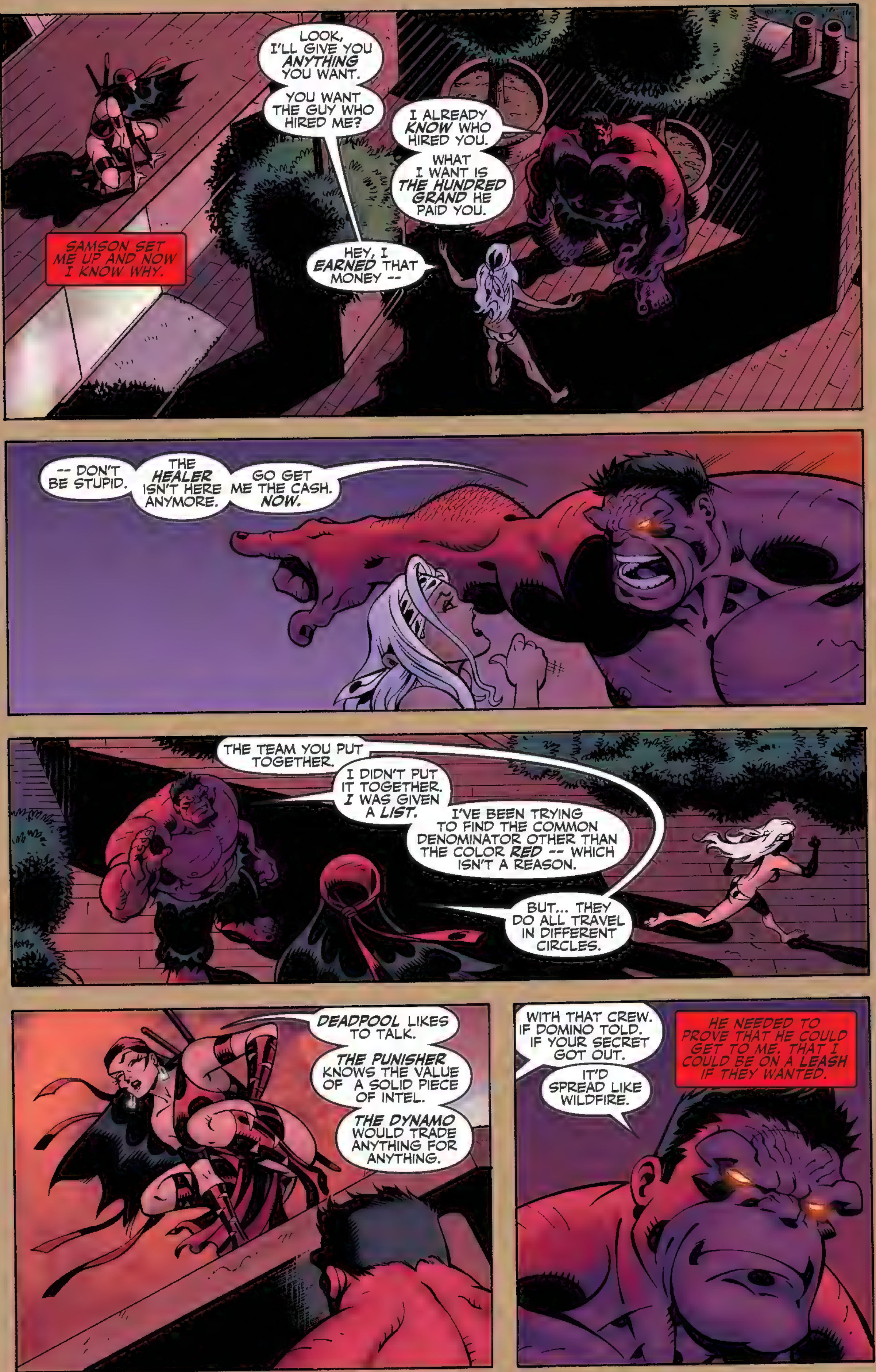

...THERE'S NO ONE YOU CAN TRUST.
WHO? WHAT? WHERE? WHEN?!
S'OKAY. WHEN I FINDS OUT WHO DISTURBED THE EVER LOVIN' BLUE-EYED THING'S BEAUTY SLEEP --
-- THERE'S GONNA BE ALL KINDS OF HECK TO PAY!
YOU'RE JUST A MONSTER.

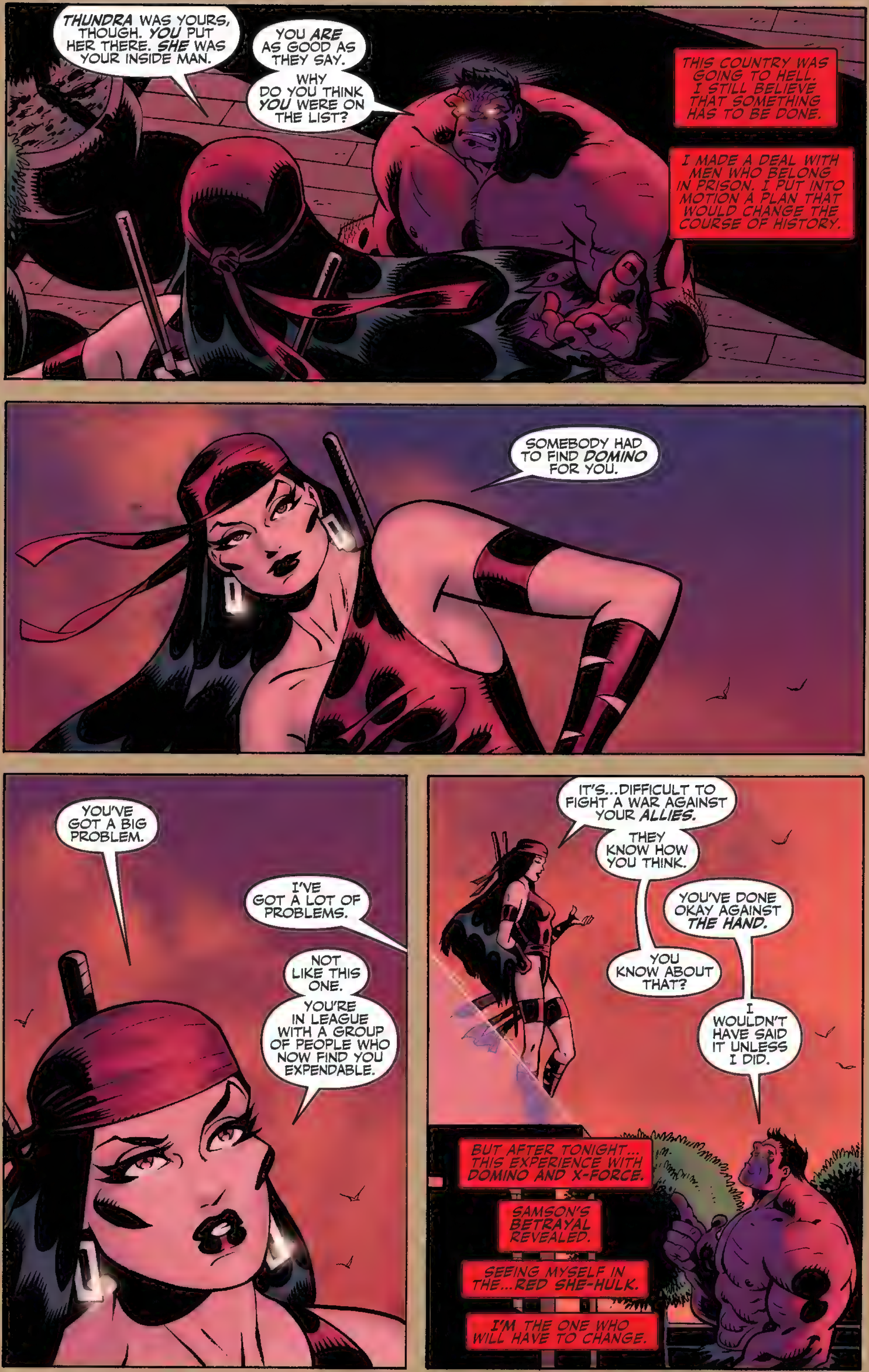

THE SECRET OF WHO YOU ARE THEN BECOMES YOUR SAFE HOUSE.
THE MOST VALUABLE THING YOU HAVE.
I WASN'T SURE YOU'D SURVIVE THAT FALL.
WELL, *NOW* YOU KNOW. THAT *RED SHE-HULK* SAID YOU WERE DEAD, *ELEKTRA.*
WELL, NOW *YOU* KNOW.
HOW'D YOU LOSE YOUR SAI?
SAME WAY *DOMINO* LOST HER GUN.
THINGS GOT MESSY WITH YOUR *FRIEND.*
SHE'S NOT MY FRIEND. NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE TONIGHT.
INTERESTING.
WAS THAT *DOMINO'S* CLOTHING SHE BARELY FIT INTO?
LIKE I SAID, THINGS GOT MESSY.
WHY WOULD SHE DO THAT?
DO YOU WANT TO PLAY TWENTY QUESTIONS OR DO YOU WANT TO FIND DOMINO?
THE MOST **VULNERABLE** THING YOU HAVE.

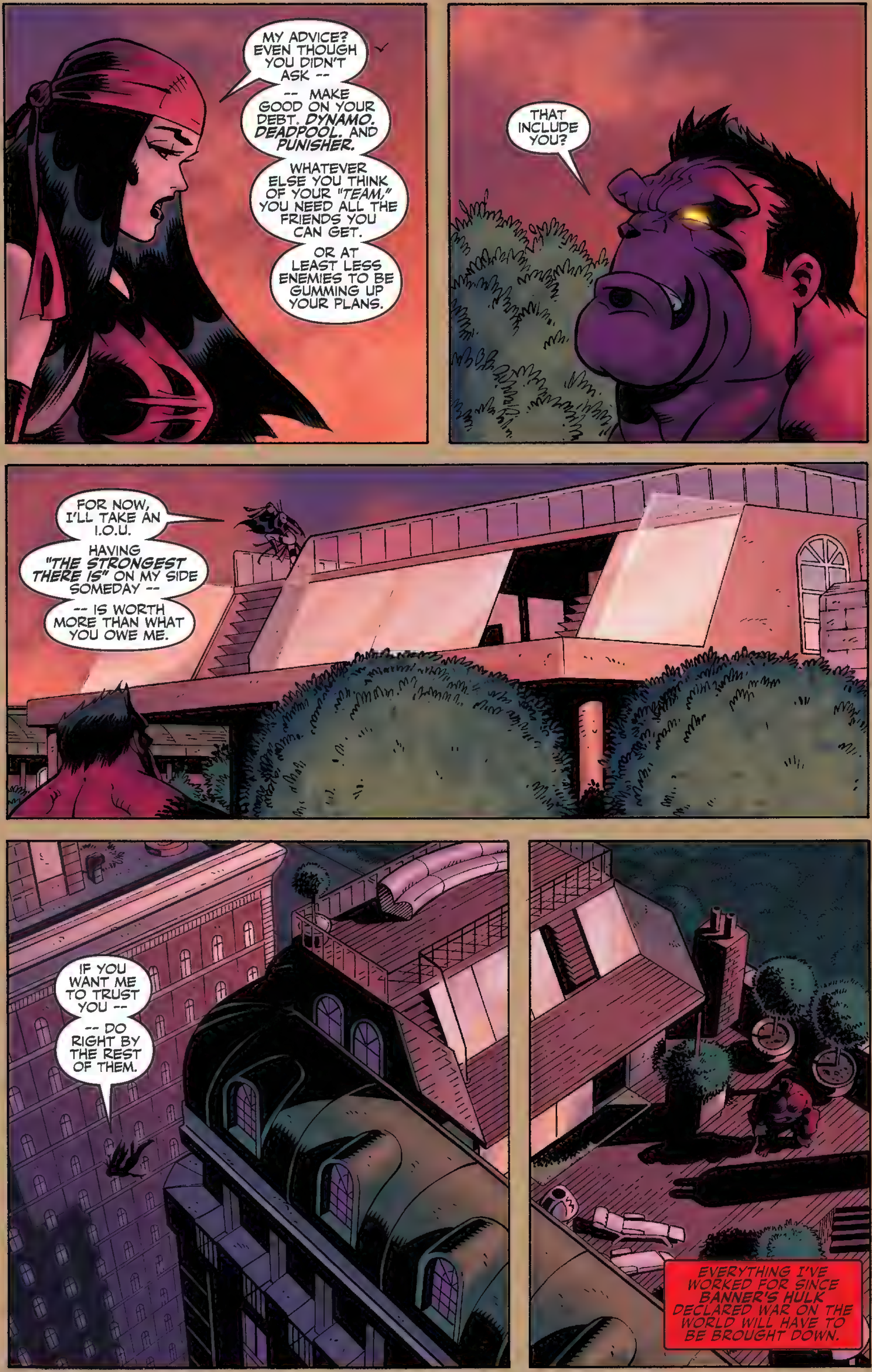

ONCE BANNER BECAME EXPOSED, HUNTING HIM WAS EASIER. NO MATTER WHERE HE RAN, SOMEONE FOUND HIM.
HE WOULD HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO BE THE HULK.
THIS IS *SILVER SABLE.*
SHE GETS TO LIVE LIKE THIS BECAUSE SHE SELLS HERSELF. HER *SERVICES.*
TELL THE MAN WHAT YOU TOLD ME, *SABLE.*
I KNOW WHO SHE IS, *DOMINO.*
THREE NIGHTS AGO, A GUY WITH *GREEN HAIR* ASKS IF I KNEW DOMINO. I SAID WE'D DONE A FEW MISSIONS TOGETHER.
IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE FRIENDS, BUT I'M A *MERC,* SHE'D BEEN A MERC.
FOR *ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,* ALL I HAD TO DO WAS DELIVER A MESSAGE.
THERE WAS SOMETHING GOING DOWN AT *SAM'S BARBERSHOP* LAST NIGHT.
THAT IT USED TO BE A *S.H.I.E.L.D.* FRONT --
-- AND NOW IT WAS A FRONT FOR *A.I.M.*
THAT WAS IT.
I'VE GOT TRUST ISSUES. AS IN, I DON'T TRUST *ANYONE.*
BUT ONCE UPON A TIME I HAD A *HUSBAND* --
-- YOU DID?
-- HE'S THE ONE WHO NAMED ME *"DOMINO."*
HE GOT INVOLVED WITH *A.I.M.*
THEN HE GOT *DEAD.*
WHATEVER TRUST ISSUES YOU HAD WITH SABLE, YOU HAD *BIGGER* ISSUES WITH *A.I.M.*
YOU WENT, *NOT* EXPECTING *ME* TO BE THERE.
IT REALLY WAS WRONG PLACE, WRONG TIME.
THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU!
AND AT THIS POINT? I'M NOT SURE *WHAT* I SAW.
HIS ENTIRE LIFE HAD BEEN HIS WORK. AN EXPERT IN HIS FIELD, BUT NO ONE WOULD EVER HIRE HIM AGAIN.

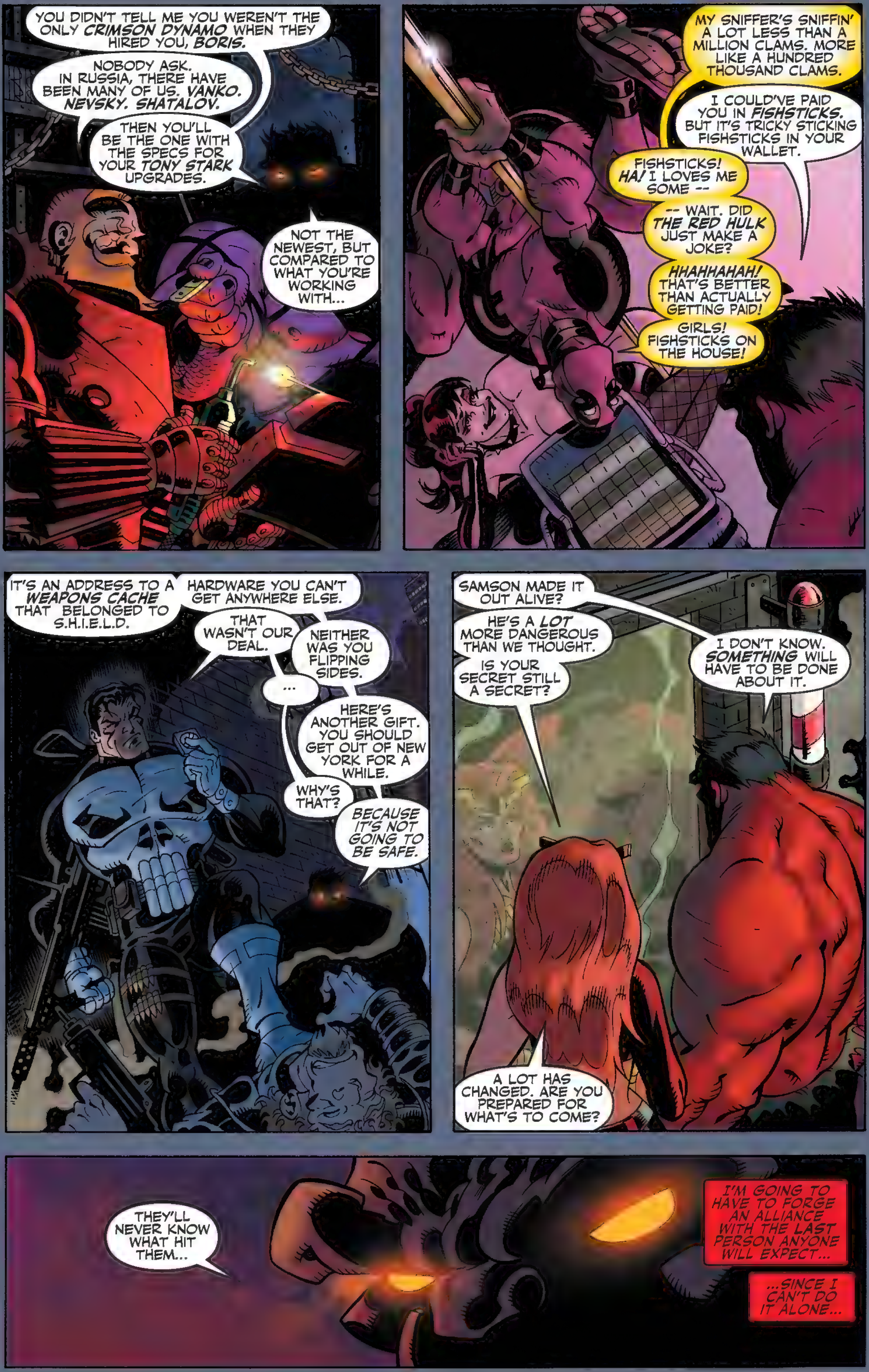

I DON'T BUY THAT.
BUT I KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT HUMAN NATURE THAT IF I KILLED YOU, YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH TIME TO MAKE SURE WHAT YOU *KNOW* I KNOW YOU KNOW -- *PUBLIC.*
IN A LOT OF WAYS, BRUCE BANNER CEASED TO EXIST.
I MIGHT'VE.
YOU COULD'VE TOLD *WOLVERINE* FOR EXAMPLE.
SHE COULD'VE.
OKAY. THE WAY MY WORLD WORKS IS *EVERYBODY* WANTS SOMETHING.
IT'S NOT ALWAYS A *GOOD* THING EITHER.
WHATEVER YOU'RE SELLING WE AIN'T INTERESTED. DOMINO HOLDS ALL THE CARDS.
DON'T KID YOURSELF.
OUR COUNTRY IS *LOOKING* FOR AN EXCUSE TO WIPE OUT ALL OF YOU MUTANTS.
I'VE ALREADY SEEN THE PLANS.
IF WORD GOT OUT THAT A MUTANT *WETWORKS* OPERATION CALLED *X-FORCE* IS RUNNING AROUND *KILLING* PEOPLE --
-- LED BY A MEMBER OF *THE X-MEN* --
-- THIS *AVENGER* HERE --
YOU'D BE ALL THE EXCUSE THEY'D NEED.


AS MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BANNER WAS RIGHT.
BEING THE HULK MEANT BEING ALONE.
NOW WE BOTH HAVE SOMETHING THE OTHER DOESN'T WANT KNOWN.
WE DONE?
ALMOST. FIRST, SEND EVERYBODY PACKING.
EVERYBODY...?
X-23 OVER BY THE SMOKESTACK.
ARCHANGEL UP NEAR THAT BUILDING.
WARPATH BEHIND THAT AIR CONDITIONER.
AND YOUR HEALER GUY -- WHAT'S HIS NAME -- AT THE FIRE DOOR.
HAVING A HEALER MUST COME IN HANDY WHEN THINGS GET UGLY.
AND WE ALL KNOW I LIKE THINGS UGLY.
NOW WE'RE DONE.
NOT QUITE.
I KEEP SILVER SABLE.
WORKS FOR ME.
WAIT. WHAT...?

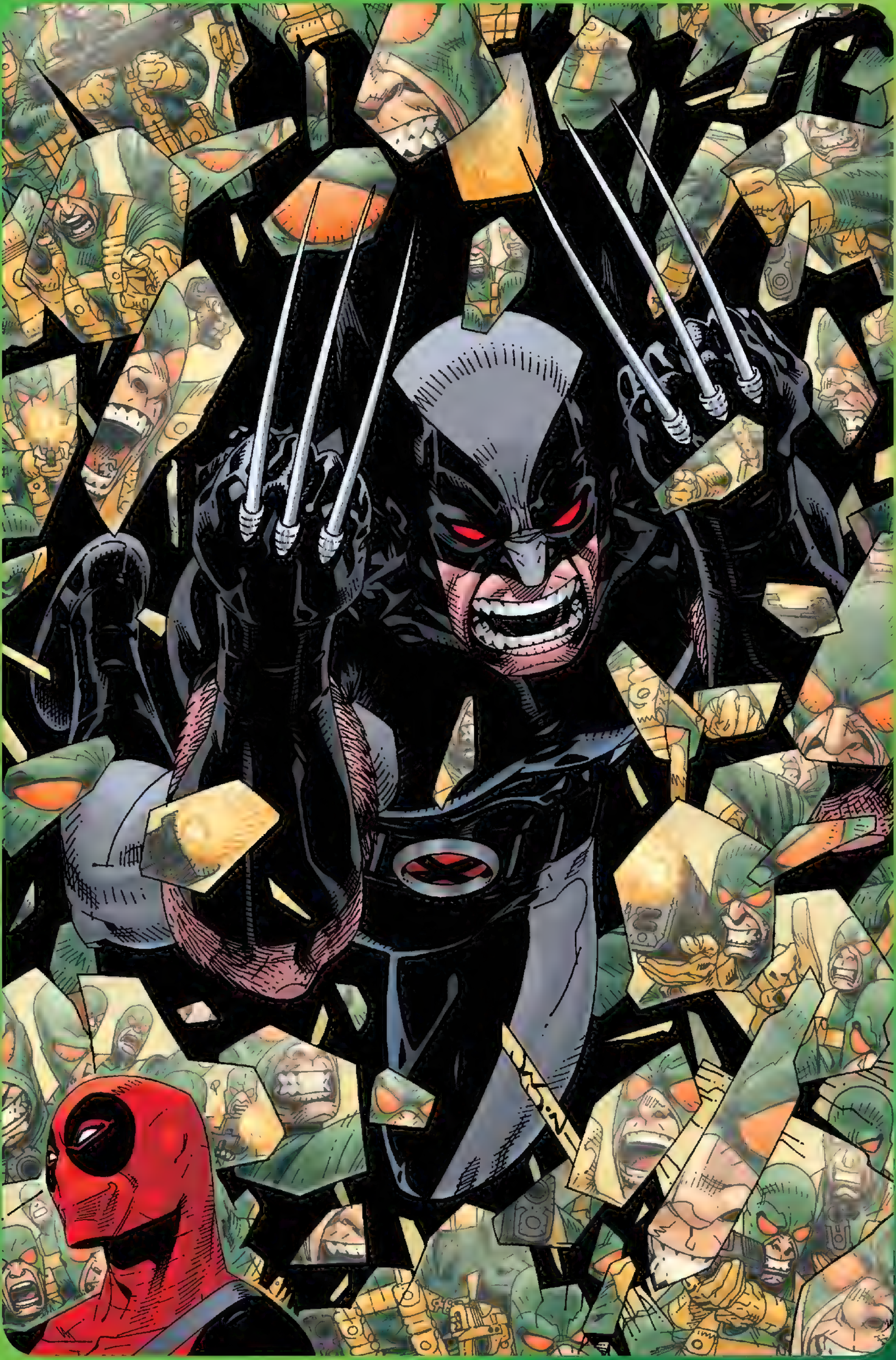

LOOK, I'LL GIVE YOU *ANYTHING* YOU WANT.
YOU WANT THE GUY WHO HIRED ME?
I ALREADY *KNOW* WHO HIRED YOU.
WHAT I WANT IS *THE HUNDRED GRAND* HE PAID YOU.
SAMSON SET ME UP AND NOW I KNOW WHY.
HEY, I *EARNED* THAT MONEY --
-- DON'T BE STUPID.
THE *HEALER* ISN'T HERE ANYMORE.
GO GET ME THE CASH. *NOW.*
THE TEAM YOU PUT TOGETHER.
I DIDN'T PUT IT TOGETHER. *I* WAS GIVEN A *LIST.*
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND THE COMMON DENOMINATOR OTHER THAN THE COLOR *RED* -- WHICH ISN'T A REASON.
BUT... THEY DO ALL TRAVEL IN DIFFERENT CIRCLES.
DEADPOOL LIKES TO TALK.
THE PUNISHER KNOWS THE VALUE OF A SOLID PIECE OF INTEL.
THE DYNAMO WOULD TRADE ANYTHING FOR ANYTHING.
WITH THAT CREW. IF DOMINO TOLD. IF YOUR SECRET GOT OUT.
IT'D SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE.
HE NEEDED TO PROVE THAT HE COULD GET TO ME, THAT I COULD BE ON A LEASH IF THEY WANTED.


THUNDRA WAS YOURS, THOUGH. YOU PUT HER THERE. SHE WAS YOUR INSIDE MAN.
YOU ARE AS GOOD AS THEY SAY.
WHY DO YOU THINK YOU WERE ON THE LIST?
THIS COUNTRY WAS GOING TO HELL. I STILL BELIEVE THAT SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE.
I MADE A DEAL WITH MEN WHO BELONG IN PRISON. I PUT INTO MOTION A PLAN THAT WOULD CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY.
SOMEBODY HAD TO FIND DOMINO FOR YOU.
YOU'VE GOT A BIG PROBLEM.
I'VE GOT A LOT OF PROBLEMS.
NOT LIKE THIS ONE.
YOU'RE IN LEAGUE WITH A GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO NOW FIND YOU EXPENDABLE.
IT'S...DIFFICULT TO FIGHT A WAR AGAINST YOUR ALLIES.
THEY KNOW HOW YOU THINK.
YOU'VE DONE OKAY AGAINST THE HAND.
YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?
I WOULDN'T HAVE SAID IT UNLESS I DID.
BUT AFTER TONIGHT... THIS EXPERIENCE WITH DOMINO AND X-FORCE.
SAMSON'S BETRAYAL REVEALED.
SEEING MYSELF IN THE...RED SHE-HULK.
I'M THE ONE WHO WILL HAVE TO CHANGE.

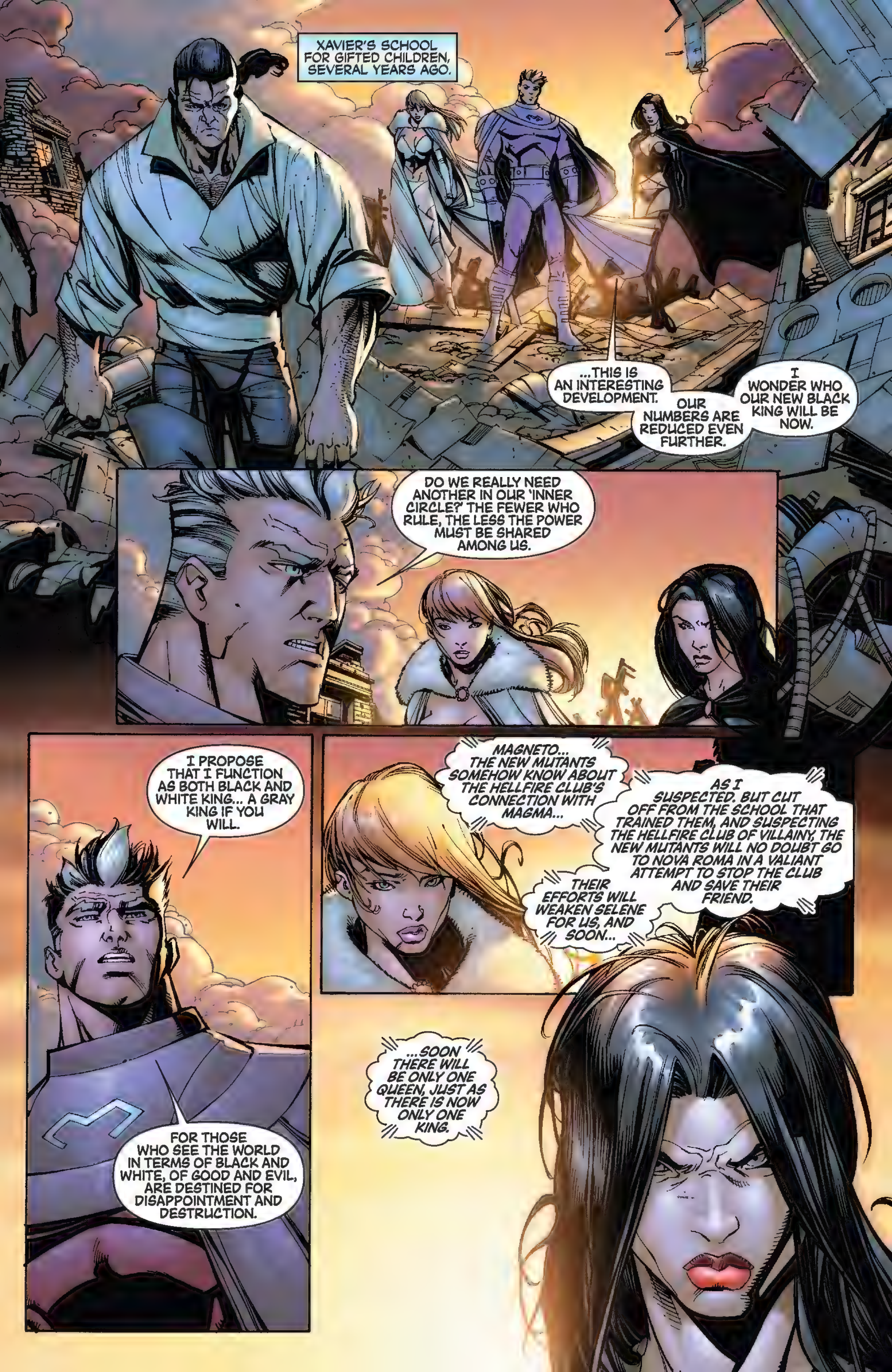

MY ADVICE? EVEN THOUGH YOU DIDN'T ASK --
-- MAKE GOOD ON YOUR DEBT. *DYNAMO. DEADPOOL.* AND *PUNISHER.*
WHATEVER ELSE YOU THINK OF YOUR "*TEAM,*" YOU NEED ALL THE FRIENDS YOU CAN GET.
OR AT LEAST LESS ENEMIES TO BE GUMMING UP YOUR PLANS.
THAT INCLUDE YOU?
FOR NOW, I'LL TAKE AN I.O.U.
HAVING *"THE STRONGEST THERE IS"* ON MY SIDE SOMEDAY --
-- IS WORTH MORE THAN WHAT YOU OWE ME.
IF YOU WANT ME TO TRUST YOU --
-- DO RIGHT BY THE REST OF THEM.
EVERYTHING I'VE WORKED FOR SINCE BANNER'S HULK DECLARED WAR ON THE WORLD WILL HAVE TO BE BROUGHT DOWN.

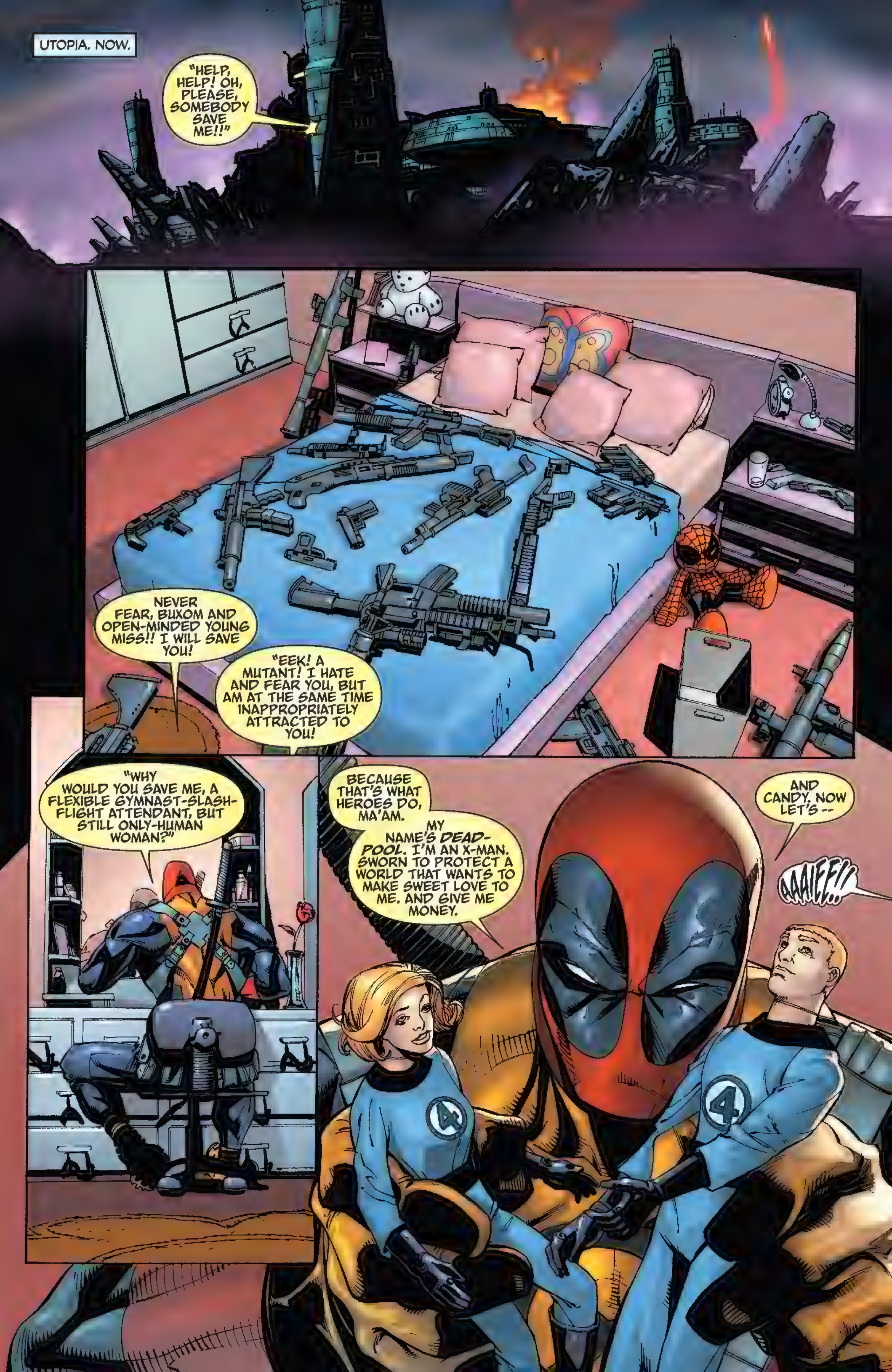

YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOU WEREN'T THE ONLY *CRIMSON DYNAMO* WHEN THEY HIRED YOU, *BORIS*.
NOBODY ASK. IN RUSSIA, THERE HAVE BEEN MANY OF US. *VANKO. NEVSKY. SHATALOV.*
THEN YOU'LL BE THE ONE WITH THE SPECS FOR YOUR *TONY STARK* UPGRADES.
NOT THE NEWEST, BUT COMPARED TO WHAT YOU'RE WORKING WITH...
MY SNIFFER'S SNIFFIN' A LOT LESS THAN A MILLION CLAMS. MORE LIKE A HUNDRED THOUSAND CLAMS.
I COULD'VE PAID YOU IN *FISHSTICKS*. BUT IT'S TRICKY STICKING FISHSTICKS IN YOUR WALLET.
FISHSTICKS! *HA!* I LOVES ME SOME --
-- WAIT. DID *THE RED HULK* JUST MAKE A JOKE?
HHAHHAHAH! THAT'S BETTER THAN ACTUALLY GETTING PAID!
GIRLS! FISHSTICKS ON THE HOUSE!
IT'S AN ADDRESS TO A *WEAPONS CACHE* THAT BELONGED TO S.H.I.E.L.D.
HARDWARE YOU CAN'T GET ANYWHERE ELSE.
THAT WASN'T OUR DEAL.
NEITHER WAS YOU FLIPPING SIDES.
...
HERE'S ANOTHER GIFT. YOU SHOULD GET OUT OF NEW YORK FOR A WHILE.
WHY'S THAT?
BECAUSE IT'S NOT GOING TO BE SAFE.
SAMSON MADE IT OUT ALIVE?
HE'S A *LOT* MORE DANGEROUS THAN WE THOUGHT.
IS YOUR SECRET STILL A SECRET?
I DON'T KNOW. *SOMETHING* WILL HAVE TO BE DONE ABOUT IT.
A LOT HAS CHANGED. ARE YOU PREPARED FOR WHAT'S TO COME?
THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM...
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO FORGE AN ALLIANCE WITH THE LAST PERSON ANYONE WILL EXPECT...
...SINCE I CAN'T DO IT ALONE...

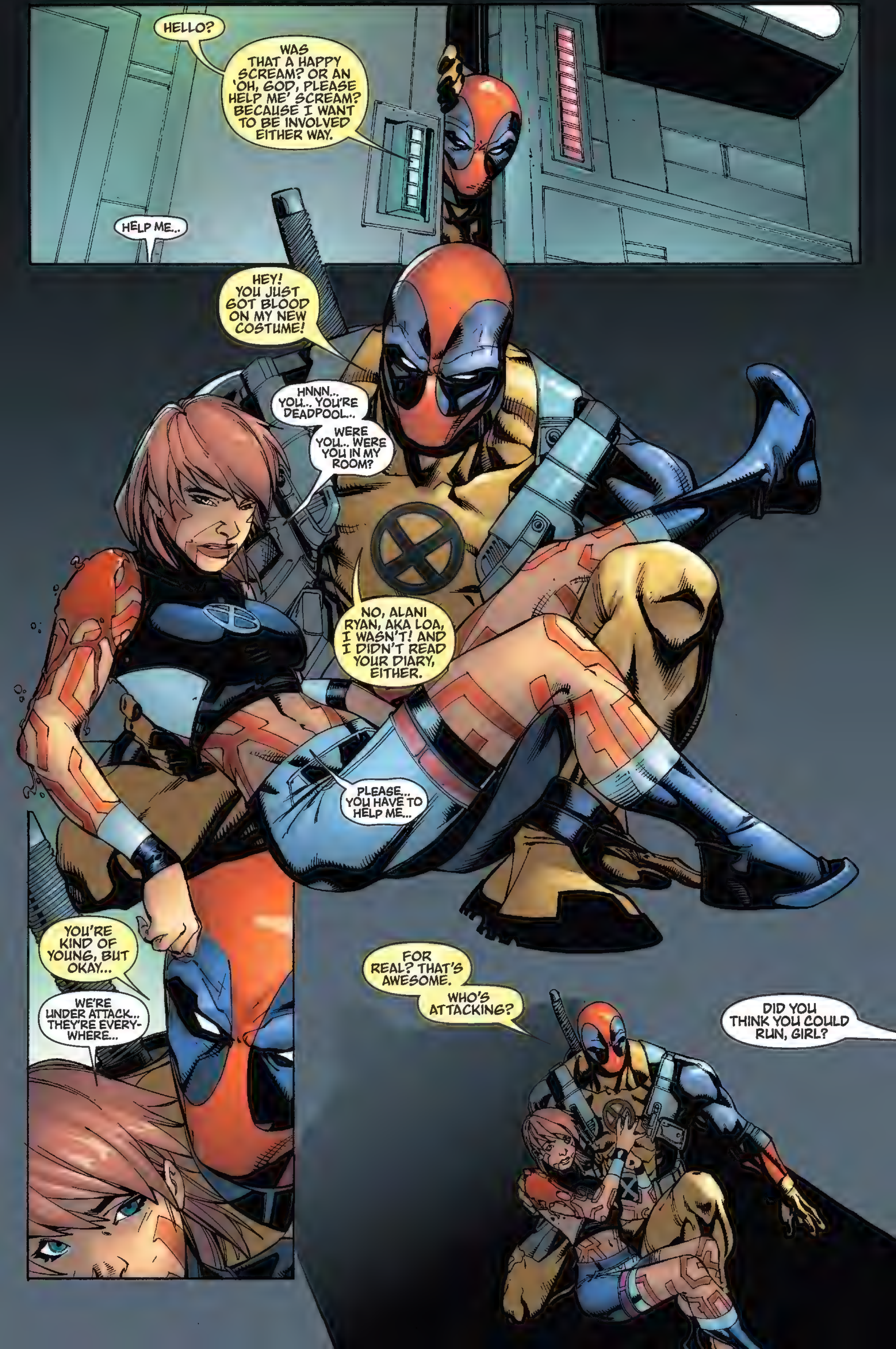
In the "Necrosha" crossover, the immortal mutant Selene used the Techno-Organic virus to resurrect dozens of deceased mutants — and sent her undead servants to the X-Men's newly founded island nation, Utopia, to settle personal scores. Meanwhile, Deadpool has been trying to join the X-Men, with little success…

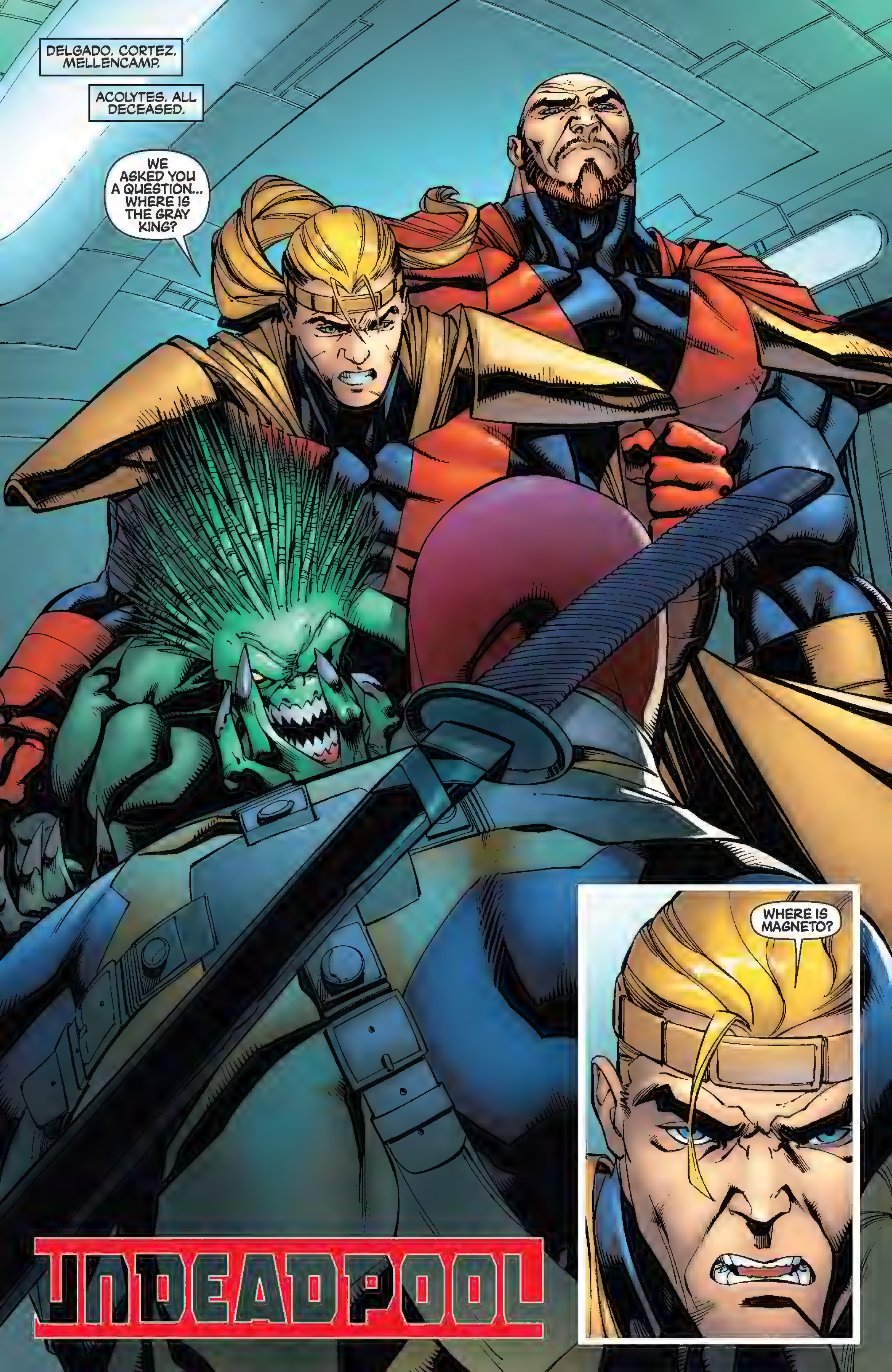


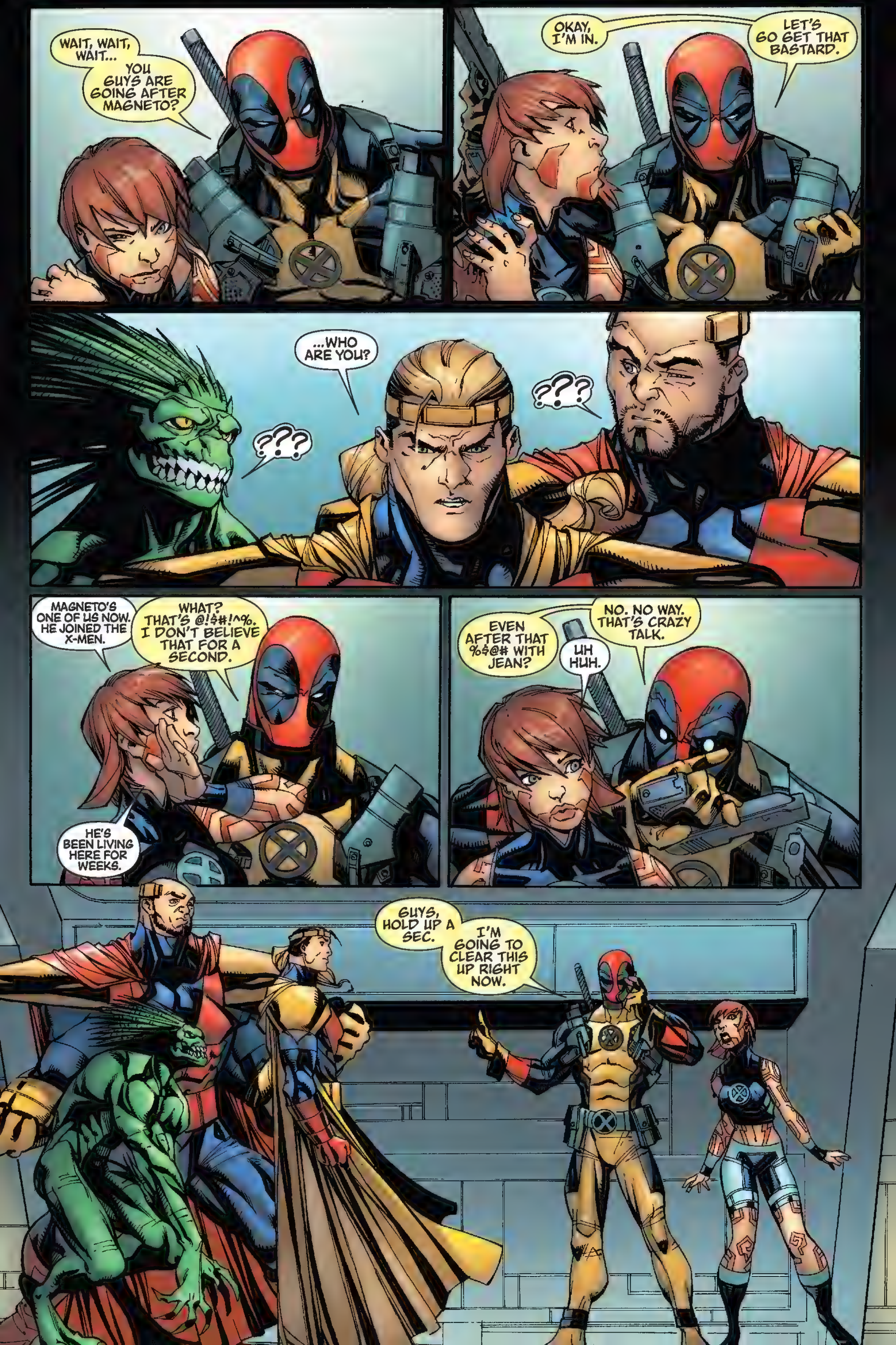
X-FORCE ANNUAL (2009) #1

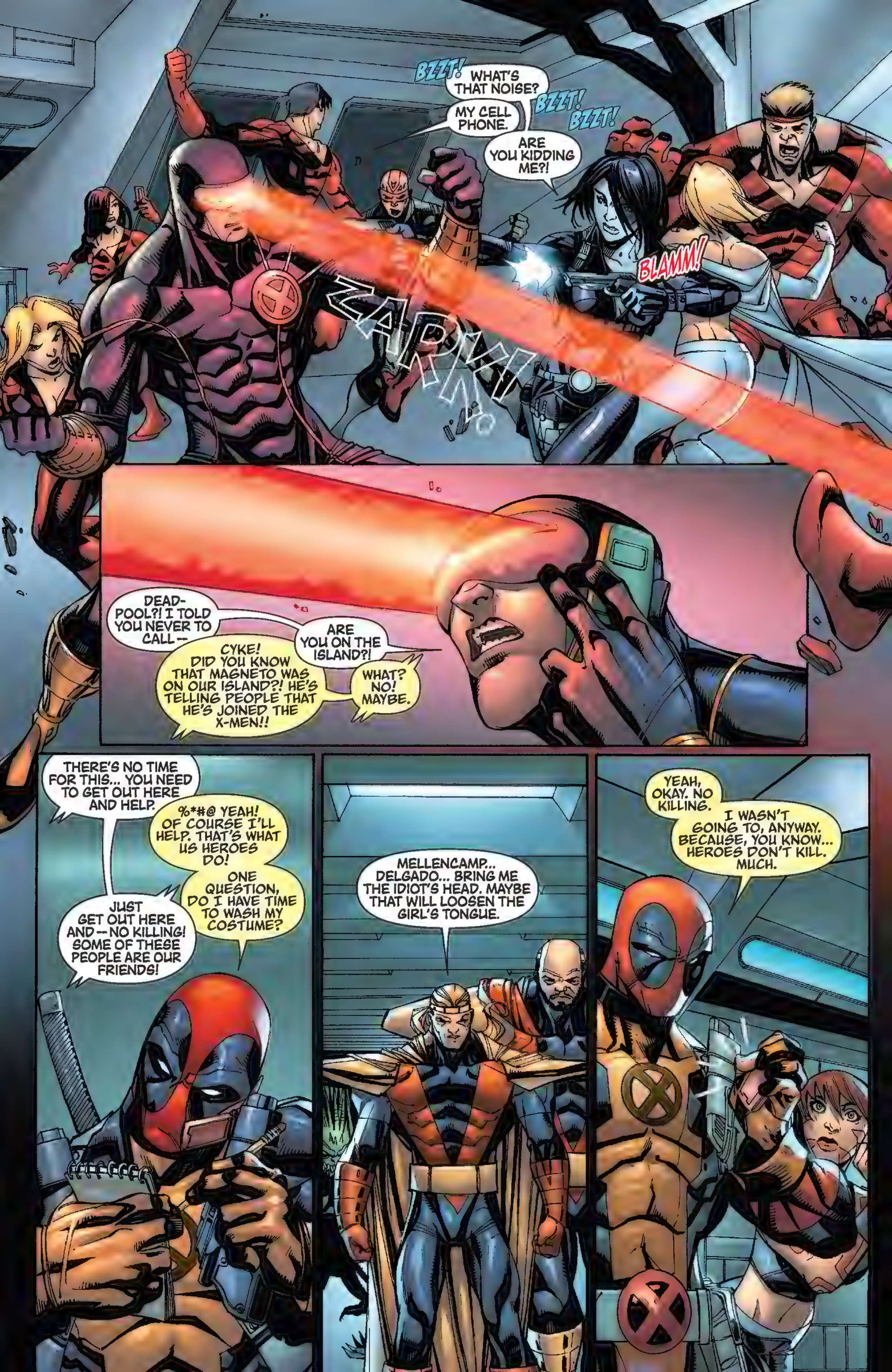

XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED CHILDREN, SEVERAL YEARS AGO.
...THIS IS AN INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT.
OUR NUMBERS ARE REDUCED EVEN FURTHER.
I WONDER WHO OUR NEW BLACK KING WILL BE NOW.
DO WE REALLY NEED ANOTHER IN OUR 'INNER CIRCLE?' THE FEWER WHO RULE, THE LESS THE POWER MUST BE SHARED AMONG US.
I PROPOSE THAT I FUNCTION AS BOTH BLACK AND WHITE KING... A GRAY KING IF YOU WILL.
FOR THOSE WHO SEE THE WORLD IN TERMS OF BLACK AND WHITE, OF GOOD AND EVIL, ARE DESTINED FOR DISAPPOINTMENT AND DESTRUCTION.
MAGNETO... THE NEW MUTANTS SOMEHOW KNOW ABOUT THE HELLFIRE CLUB'S CONNECTION WITH MAGMA...
AS I SUSPECTED. BUT CUT OFF FROM THE SCHOOL THAT TRAINED THEM, AND SUSPECTING THE HELLFIRE CLUB OF VILLAINY, THE NEW MUTANTS WILL NO DOUBT GO TO NOVA ROMA IN A VALIANT ATTEMPT TO STOP THE CLUB AND SAVE THEIR FRIEND.
THEIR EFFORTS WILL WEAKEN SELENE FOR US, AND SOON...
...SOON THERE WILL BE ONLY ONE QUEEN, JUST AS THERE IS NOW ONLY ONE KING.

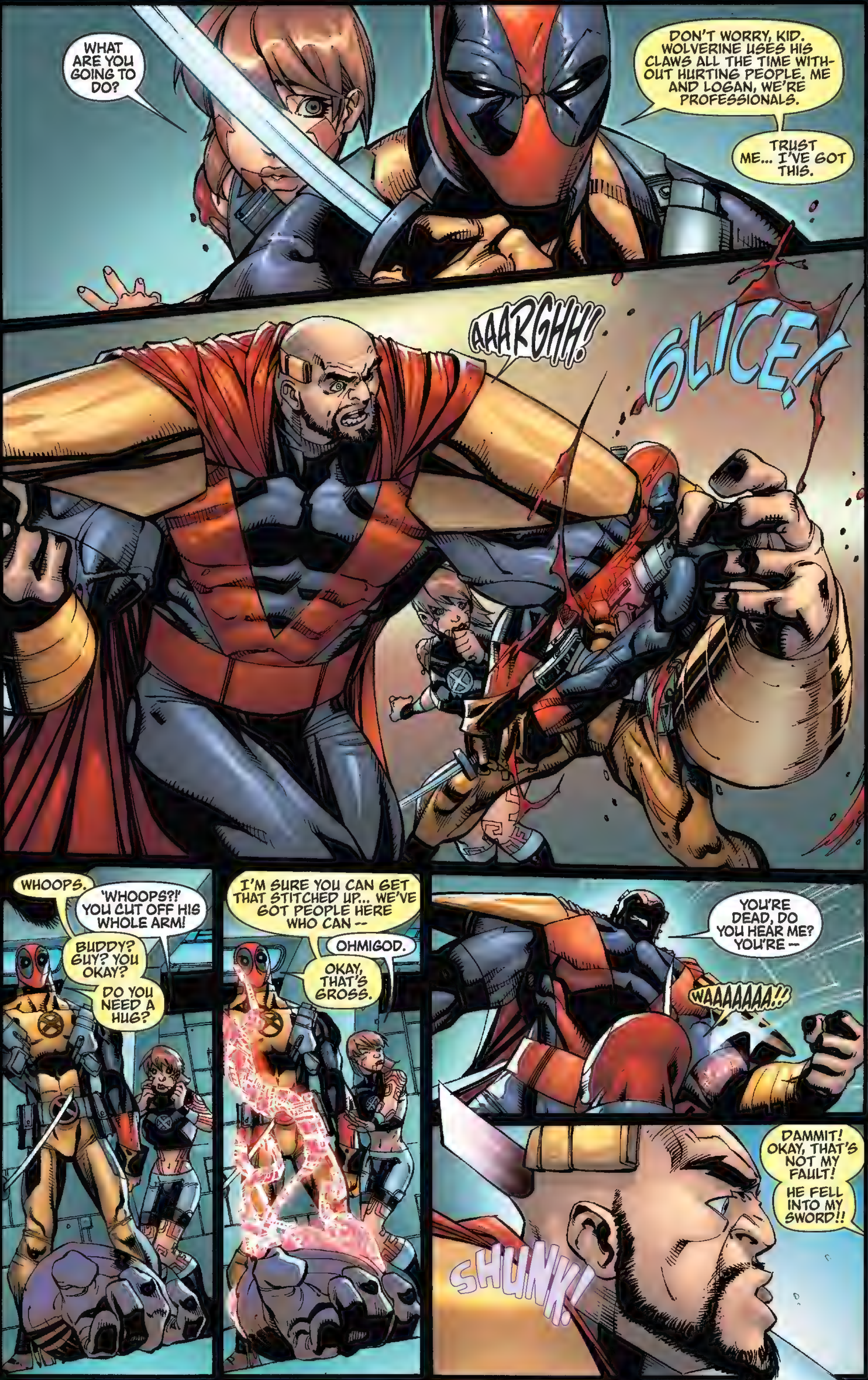

UTOPIA. NOW.
"HELP, HELP! OH, PLEASE, SOMEBODY SAVE ME!!"
NEVER FEAR, BUXOM AND OPEN-MINDED YOUNG MISS!! I WILL SAVE YOU!
"EEK! A MUTANT! I HATE AND FEAR YOU, BUT AM AT THE SAME TIME INAPPROPRIATELY ATTRACTED TO YOU!
"WHY WOULD YOU SAVE ME, A FLEXIBLE GYMNAST-SLASH-FLIGHT ATTENDANT, BUT STILL ONLY-HUMAN WOMAN?"
BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT HEROES DO, MA'AM.
MY NAME'S *DEADPOOL*. I'M AN X-MAN. SWORN TO PROTECT A WORLD THAT WANTS TO MAKE SWEET LOVE TO ME. AND GIVE ME MONEY.
AND CANDY. NOW LET'S --
AAAIEE!!

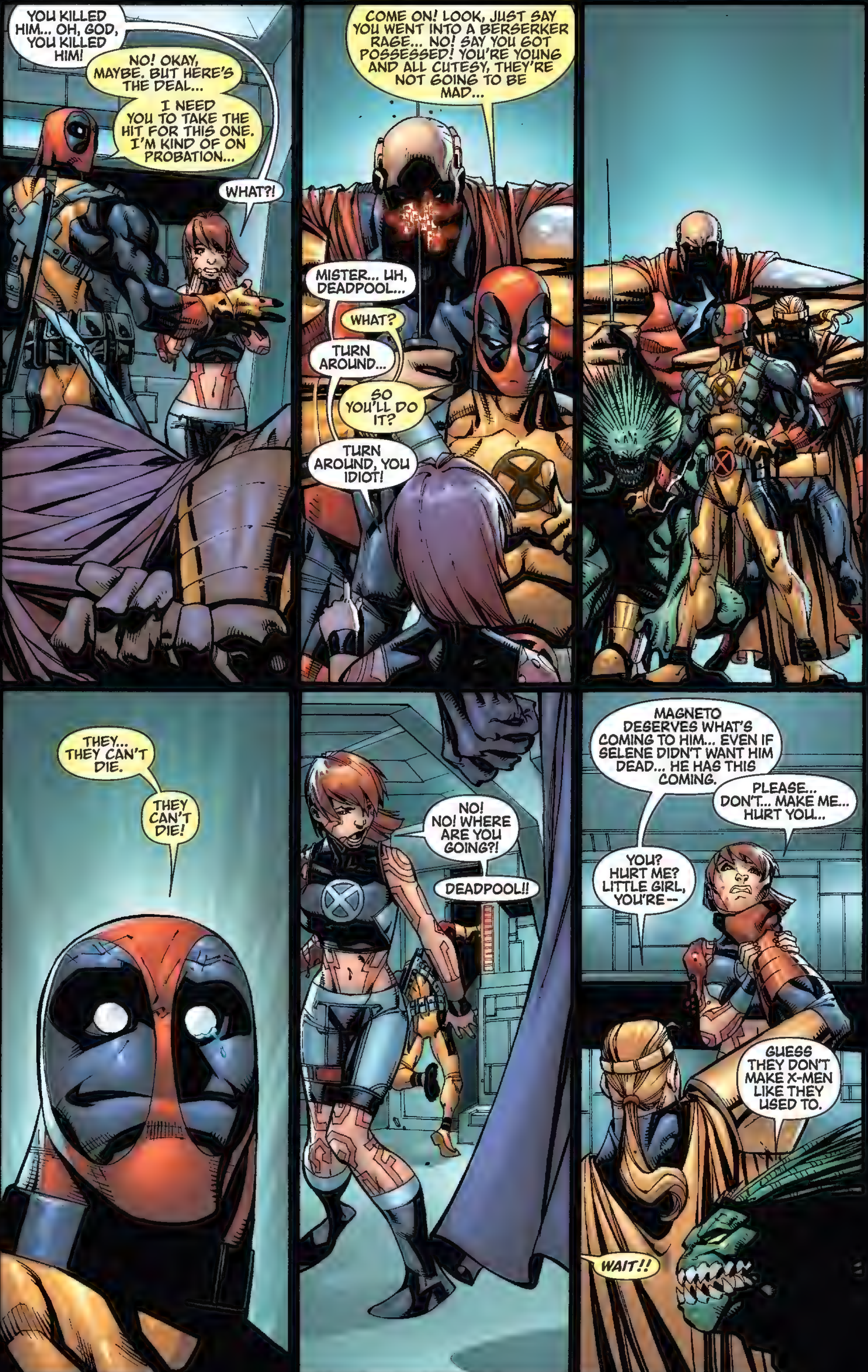

HELLO?
WAS THAT A HAPPY SCREAM? OR AN 'OH, GOD, PLEASE HELP ME' SCREAM? BECAUSE I WANT TO BE INVOLVED EITHER WAY.
HELP ME...
HEY! YOU JUST GOT BLOOD ON MY NEW COSTUME!
HNNN... YOU... YOU'RE DEADPOOL...
WERE YOU... WERE YOU IN MY ROOM?
NO, ALANI RYAN, AKA LOA, I WASN'T! AND I DIDN'T READ YOUR DIARY, EITHER.
PLEASE... YOU HAVE TO HELP ME...
YOU'RE KIND OF YOUNG, BUT OKAY...
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK... THEY'RE EVERY-WHERE...
FOR REAL? THAT'S AWESOME.
WHO'S ATTACKING?
DID YOU THINK YOU COULD RUN, GIRL?

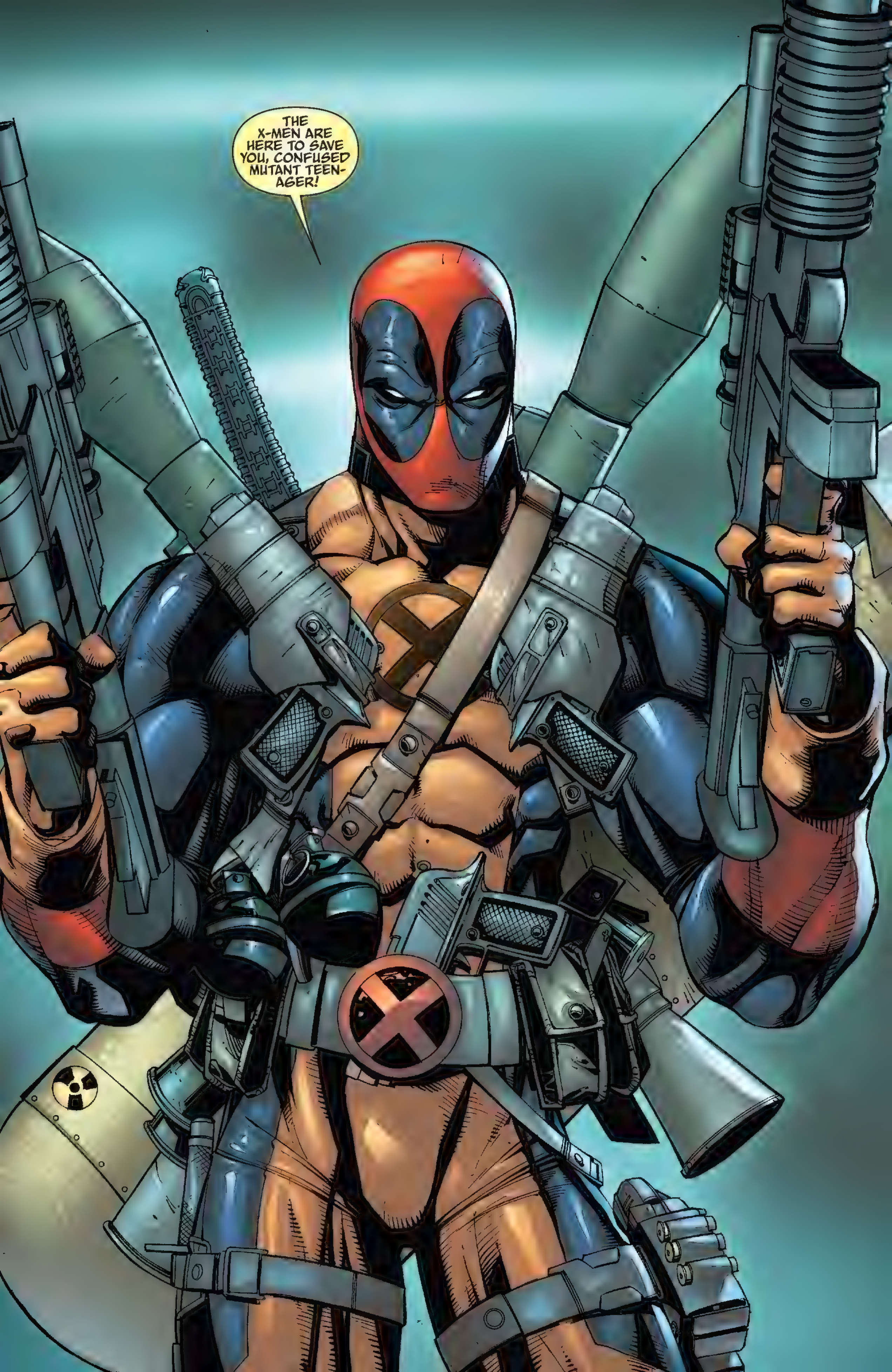

DELGADO. CORTEZ. MELLENCAMP.
ACOLYTES. ALL DECEASED.
WE ASKED YOU A QUESTION... WHERE IS THE GRAY KING?
WHERE IS MAGNETO?
UNDEADPOOL

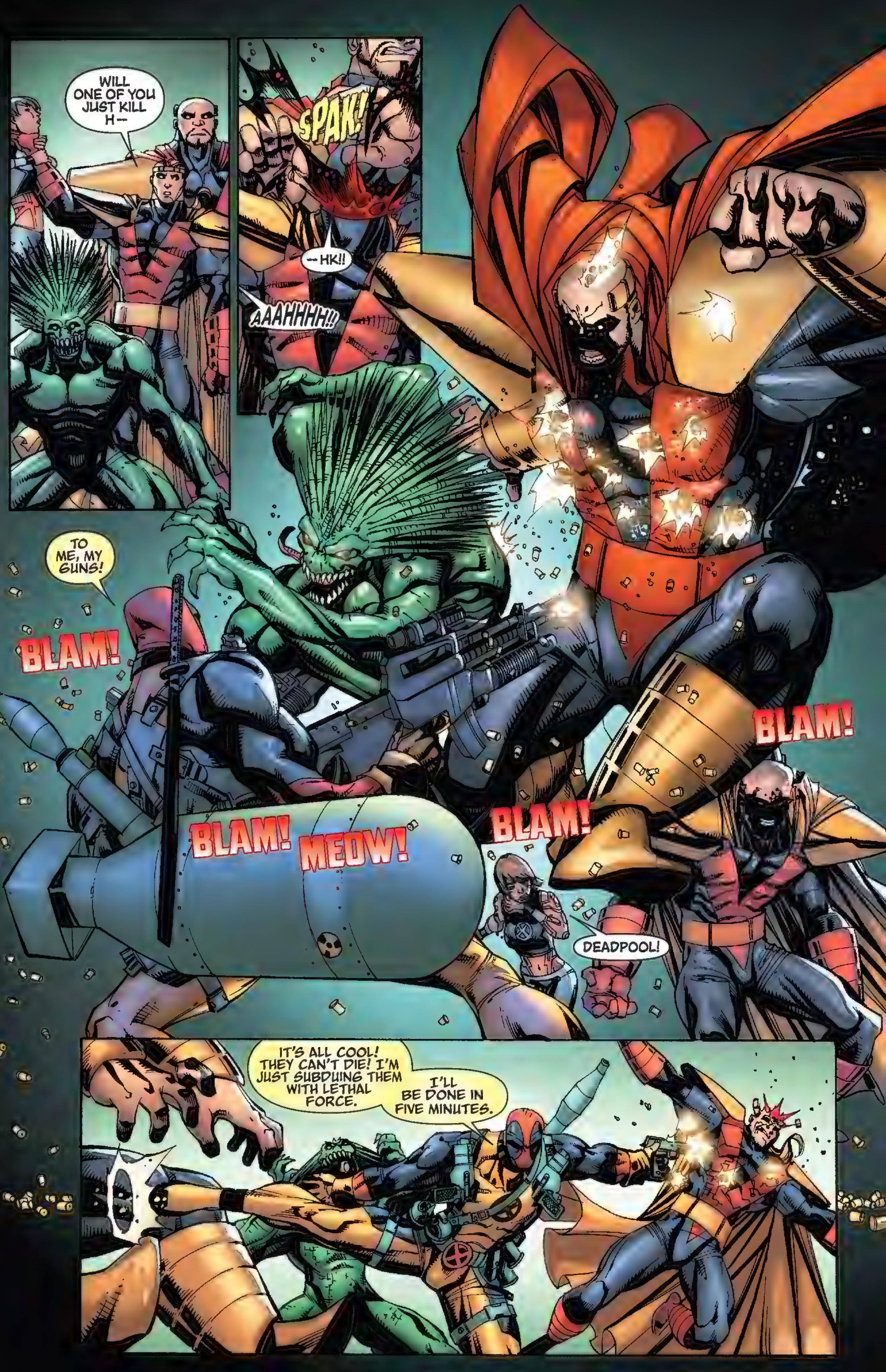

WAIT, WAIT, WAIT... YOU GUYS ARE GOING AFTER MAGNETO?
OKAY, I'M IN.
LET'S GO GET THAT BASTARD.
...WHO ARE YOU?
???
???
MAGNETO'S ONE OF US NOW. HE JOINED THE X-MEN.
WHAT? THAT'S @!$#!^%. I DON'T BELIEVE THAT FOR A SECOND.
HE'S BEEN LIVING HERE FOR WEEKS.
NO. NO WAY. THAT'S CRAZY TALK.
EVEN AFTER THAT %$@# WITH JEAN?
UH HUH.
GUYS, HOLD UP A SEC.
I'M GOING TO CLEAR THIS UP RIGHT NOW.

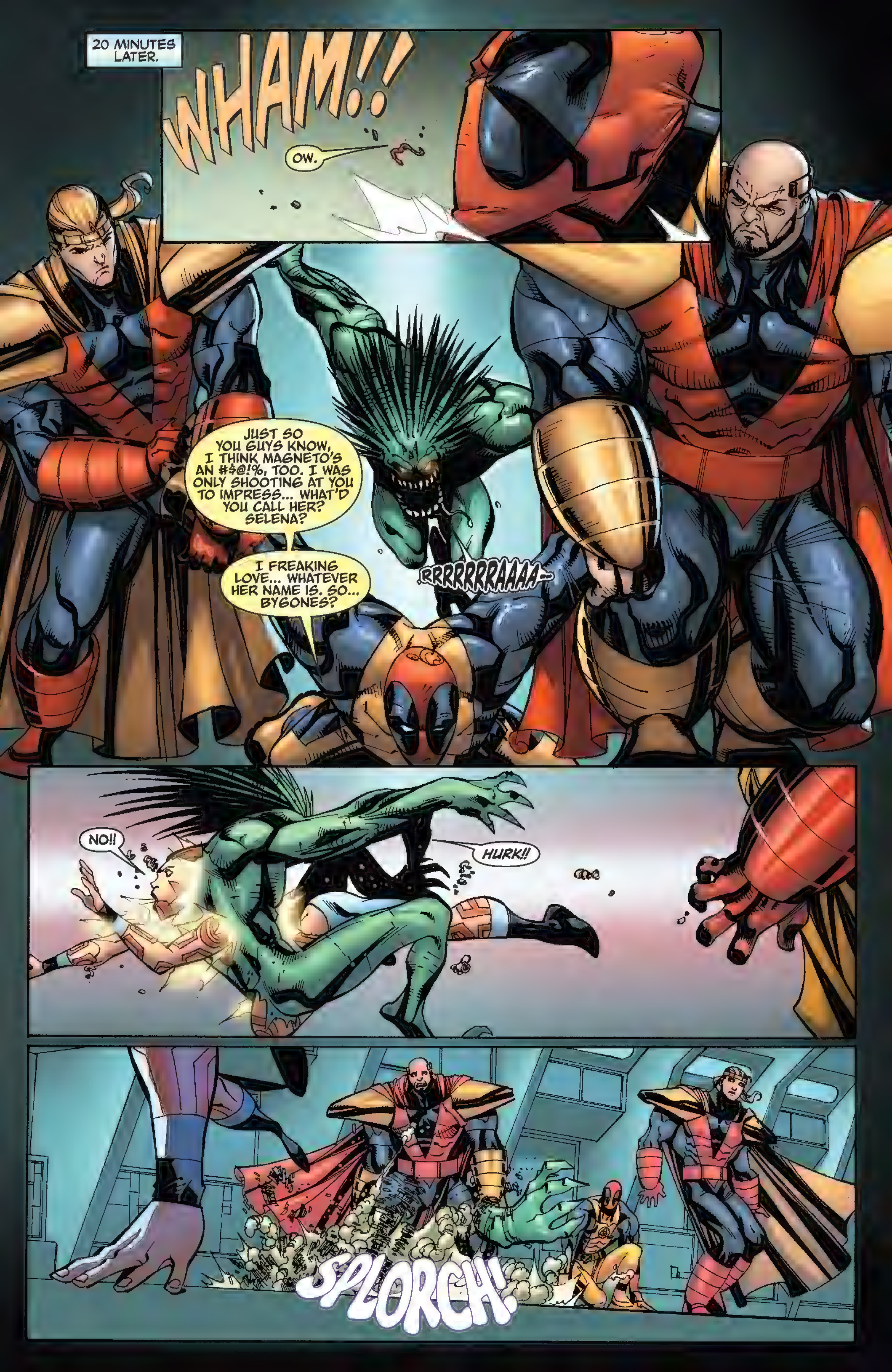

BZZT!
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
MY CELL PHONE.
BZZT! BZZT!
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!
ZARK!
BLAMM!
DEAD-POOL?! I TOLD YOU NEVER TO CALL--
CYKE! DID YOU KNOW THAT MAGNETO WAS ON OUR ISLAND?! HE'S TELLING PEOPLE THAT HE'S JOINED THE X-MEN!!
ARE YOU ON THE ISLAND?!
WHAT? NO! MAYBE.
THERE'S NO TIME FOR THIS... YOU NEED TO GET OUT HERE AND HELP.
%*#@ YEAH! OF COURSE I'LL HELP. THAT'S WHAT US HEROES DO!
ONE QUESTION, DO I HAVE TIME TO WASH MY COSTUME?
JUST GET OUT HERE AND--NO KILLING! SOME OF THESE PEOPLE ARE OUR FRIENDS!
MELLENCAMP... DELGADO... BRING ME THE IDIOT'S HEAD. MAYBE THAT WILL LOOSEN THE GIRL'S TONGUE.
YEAH, OKAY. NO KILLING.
I WASN'T GOING TO, ANYWAY. BECAUSE, YOU KNOW... HEROES DON'T KILL. MUCH.

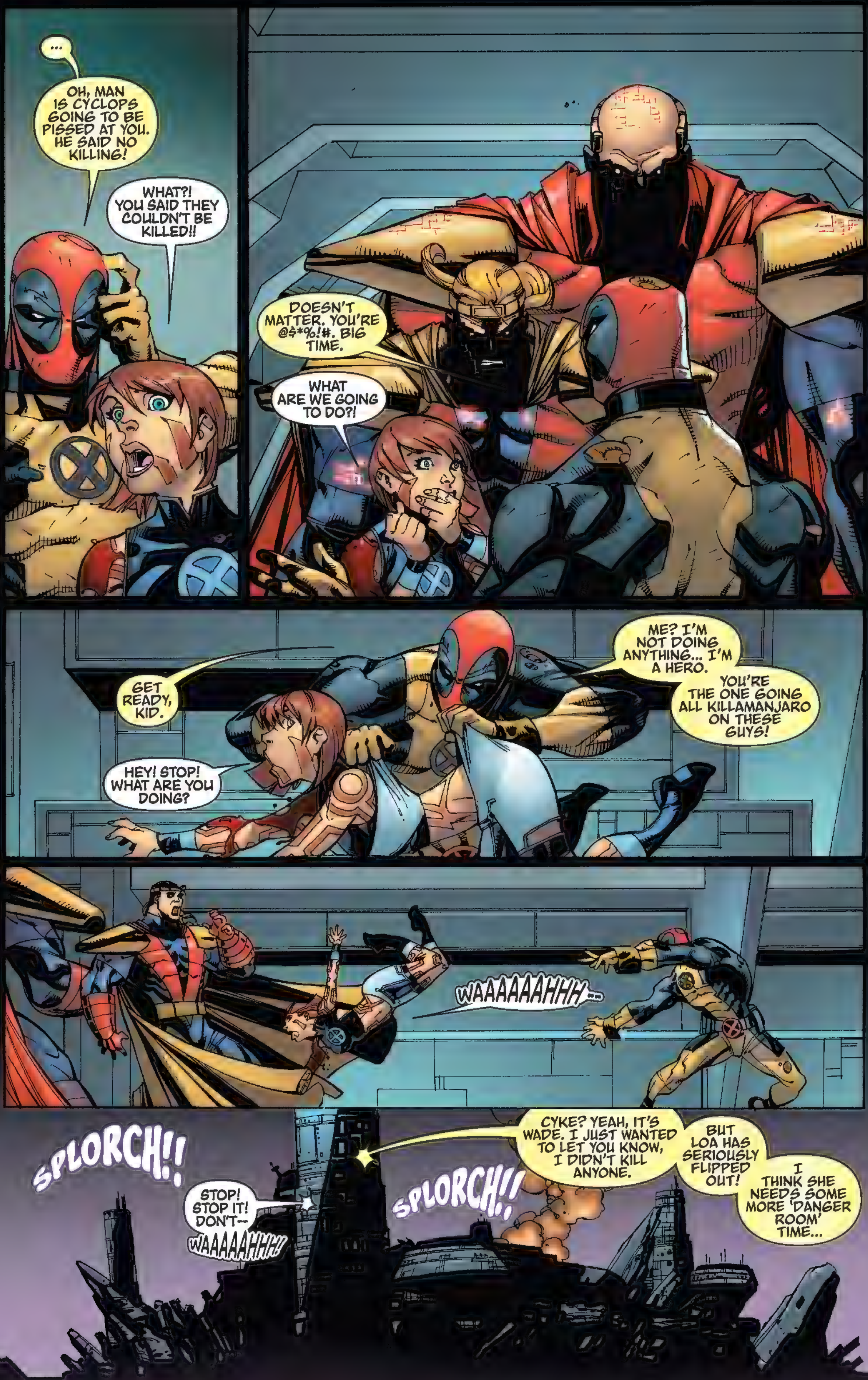

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
DON'T WORRY, KID. WOLVERINE USES HIS CLAWS ALL THE TIME WITHOUT HURTING PEOPLE. ME AND LOGAN, WE'RE PROFESSIONALS.
TRUST ME... I'VE GOT THIS.
AAARGHH!
SLICE!
WHOOPS.
'WHOOPS?!' YOU CUT OFF HIS WHOLE ARM!
BUDDY? GUY? YOU OKAY?
DO YOU NEED A HUG?
I'M SURE YOU CAN GET THAT STITCHED UP... WE'VE GOT PEOPLE HERE WHO CAN --
OHMIGOD.
OKAY, THAT'S GROSS.
YOU'RE DEAD, DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU'RE --
WAAAAAAA!!
SHUNK!
DAMMIT! OKAY, THAT'S NOT MY FAULT!
HE FELL INTO MY SWORD!!

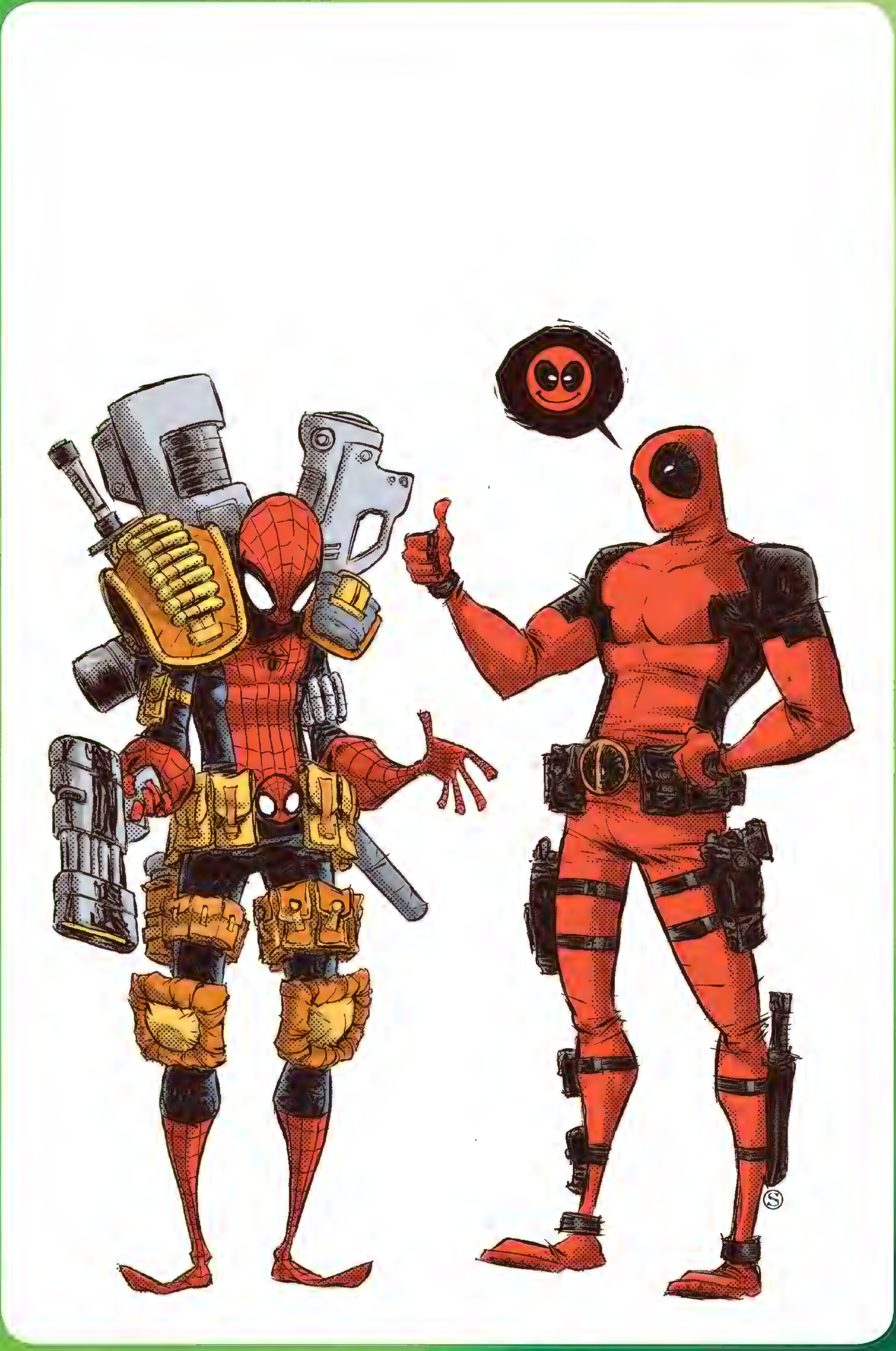

YOU KILLED HIM... OH, GOD, YOU KILLED HIM!
NO! OKAY, MAYBE. BUT HERE'S THE DEAL...
I NEED YOU TO TAKE THE HIT FOR THIS ONE. I'M KIND OF ON PROBATION...
WHAT?!
COME ON! LOOK, JUST SAY YOU WENT INTO A BERSERKER RAGE... NO! SAY YOU GOT POSSESSED! YOU'RE YOUNG AND ALL CUTESY, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO BE MAD...
MISTER... UH, DEADPOOL...
WHAT?
TURN AROUND...
SO YOU'LL DO IT?
TURN AROUND, YOU IDIOT!
THEY... THEY CAN'T DIE.
THEY CAN'T DIE!
NO! NO! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!
DEADPOOL!!
MAGNETO DESERVES WHAT'S COMING TO HIM... EVEN IF SELENE DIDN'T WANT HIM DEAD... HE HAS THIS COMING.
PLEASE... DON'T... MAKE ME... HURT YOU...
YOU? HURT ME? LITTLE GIRL, YOU'RE--
GUESS THEY DON'T MAKE X-MEN LIKE THEY USED TO.
WAIT!!


THE X-MEN ARE HERE TO SAVE YOU, CONFUSED MUTANT TEEN-AGER!

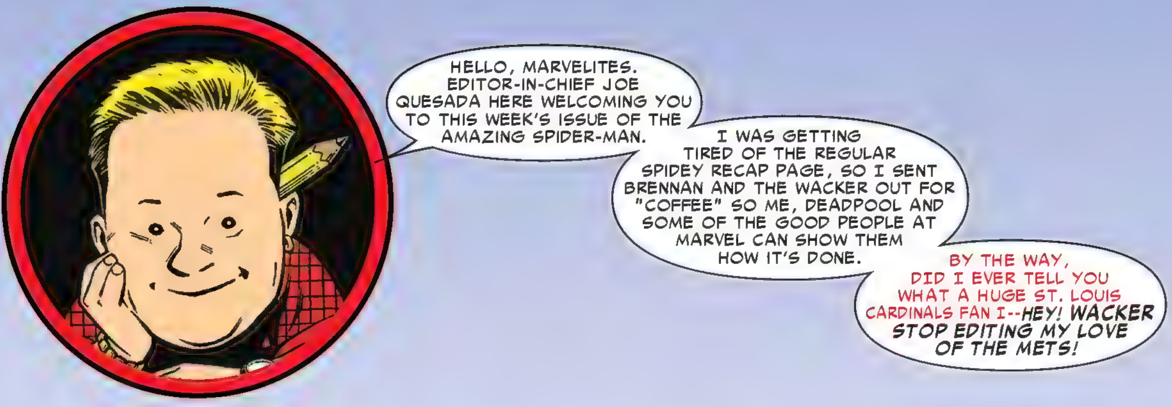

WILL ONE OF YOU JUST KILL H--
SPAK!
--HK!!
AAAHHHH!!
TO ME, MY GUNS!
BLAM!
BLAM!
MEOW!
BLAM!
BLAM!
DEADPOOL!
IT'S ALL COOL! THEY CAN'T DIE! I'M JUST SUBDUING THEM WITH LETHAL FORCE.
I'LL BE DONE IN FIVE MINUTES.


20 MINUTES LATER.
WHAM!!
OW.
JUST SO YOU GUYS KNOW, I THINK MAGNETO'S AN #$@!%, TOO. I WAS ONLY SHOOTING AT YOU TO IMPRESS... WHAT'D YOU CALL HER? SELENA?
I FREAKING LOVE... WHATEVER HER NAME IS. SO... BYGONES?
RRRRRRAAAA-
NO!!
HURK!!
SPLORCH!


...
OH, MAN IS CYCLOPS GOING TO BE PISSED AT YOU. HE SAID NO KILLING!
WHAT?! YOU SAID THEY COULDN'T BE KILLED!!
DOESN'T MATTER. YOU'RE @$*%!#. BIG TIME.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?!
ME? I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING... I'M A HERO.
YOU'RE THE ONE GOING ALL KILLAMANJARO ON THESE GUYS!
GET READY, KID.
HEY! STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WAAAAAAAHHH--
SPLORCH!!
STOP! STOP IT! DON'T--
WAAAAAHHH!
SPLORCH!!
CYKE? YEAH, IT'S WADE. I JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW, I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE.
BUT LOA HAS SERIOUSLY FLIPPED OUT!
I THINK SHE NEEDS SOME MORE 'DANGER ROOM' TIME...



AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #611


HELLO, MARVELITES. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JOE QUESADA HERE WELCOMING YOU TO THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN.
I WAS GETTING TIRED OF THE REGULAR SPIDEY RECAP PAGE, SO I SENT BRENNAN AND THE WACKER OUT FOR "COFFEE" SO ME, DEADPOOL AND SOME OF THE GOOD PEOPLE AT MARVEL CAN SHOW THEM HOW IT'S DONE.
BY THE WAY, DID I EVER TELL YOU WHAT A HUGE ST. LOUIS CARDINALS FAN I--HEY! WACKER STOP EDITING MY LOVE OF THE METS!

EXECUTIVE EDITOR/RAGE-A-HOLIC TOM BREVOORT!

BREV SMASH PUNY RECAP!
PETER PARKER WAS BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER AND RECEIVED SPIDER-POWERS...NOW HE TRIES TO USE THEM RESPONSIBLY. WHAT MORE DO YA NEED TO KNOW? DON'T YOU GO TO THE MOVIES? NOW LEAVE ME ALONE! WACKER RULES! HEY! I DIDN'T SAY THAT!
RAAARRGH!

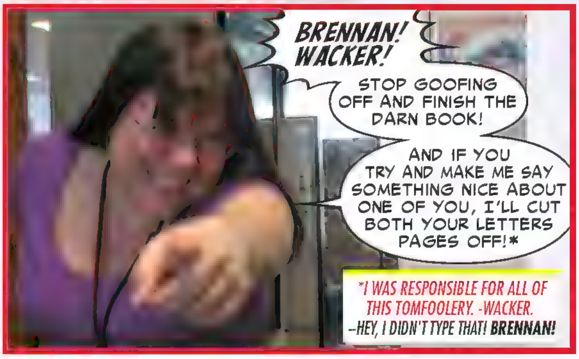
BULLPEN SCAN-A-HOLIC RANDALL MILLER!

UMM, I KINDA GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO, BUT OK...A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN CLAIMING TO BE THE WIFE OF SPIDEY'S DEAD ENEMY, KRAVEN THE HUNTER, HAS BEEN SECRETLY STALKING THE WEB-HEAD FOR THE PAST FEW MONTHS.
I'VE LEARNED EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT COMICS FROM TOM BRENNAN. WAIT, I DID WHAT NOW?

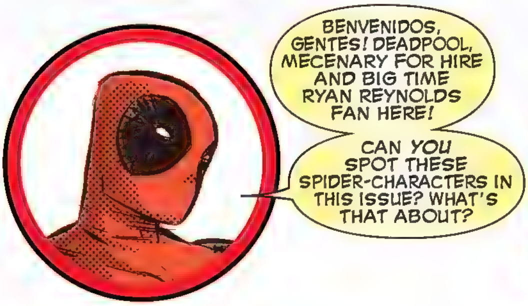
X-EDITOR/SNARK-A-HOLIC JEANINE SCHAEFER

CHARLES WHAT NOW? OH, DEADPOOL? SURE. HE'S A MERCENARY. POWERS LIKE WOLVERINE. REALLY MESSED UP, UGLY FACE. IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE...READ ANY MARVEL COMIC FROM MAY TO OCTOBER OF THIS YEAR.
NOW GET OUTTA HERE, CAMERA! I GOTTA GET X-FORCE #21 OUT THIS WEEK AND I'M NOT AS EFFICIENT AS STEVE AND TOM.
NERTZ! WHO SAID THAT?

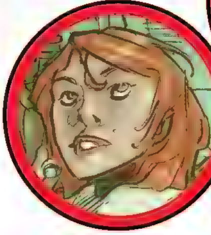
PRODUCTION MANAGER SUE CRESPI


BRENNAN! WACKER!
STOP GOOFING OFF AND FINISH THE DARN BOOK!
AND IF YOU TRY AND MAKE ME SAY SOMETHING NICE ABOUT ONE OF YOU, I'LL CUT BOTH YOUR LETTERS PAGES OFF!*
*I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OF THIS TOMFOOLERY. -WACKER.
--HEY, I DIDN'T TYPE THAT! BRENNAN!

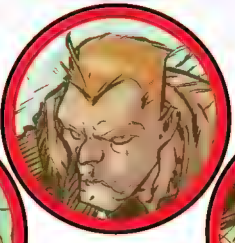
ALL RIGHT THEN...LET'S GET MOVING, BUT FIRST...


BENVENIDOS, GENTES! DEADPOOL, MECENARY FOR HIRE AND BIG TIME RYAN REYNOLDS FAN HERE!
CAN YOU SPOT THESE SPIDER-CHARACTERS IN THIS ISSUE? WHAT'S THAT ABOUT?

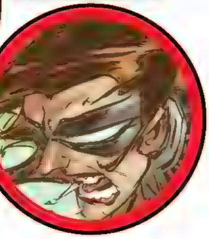
ANYA CORAZON
A.K.A. ARAÑA

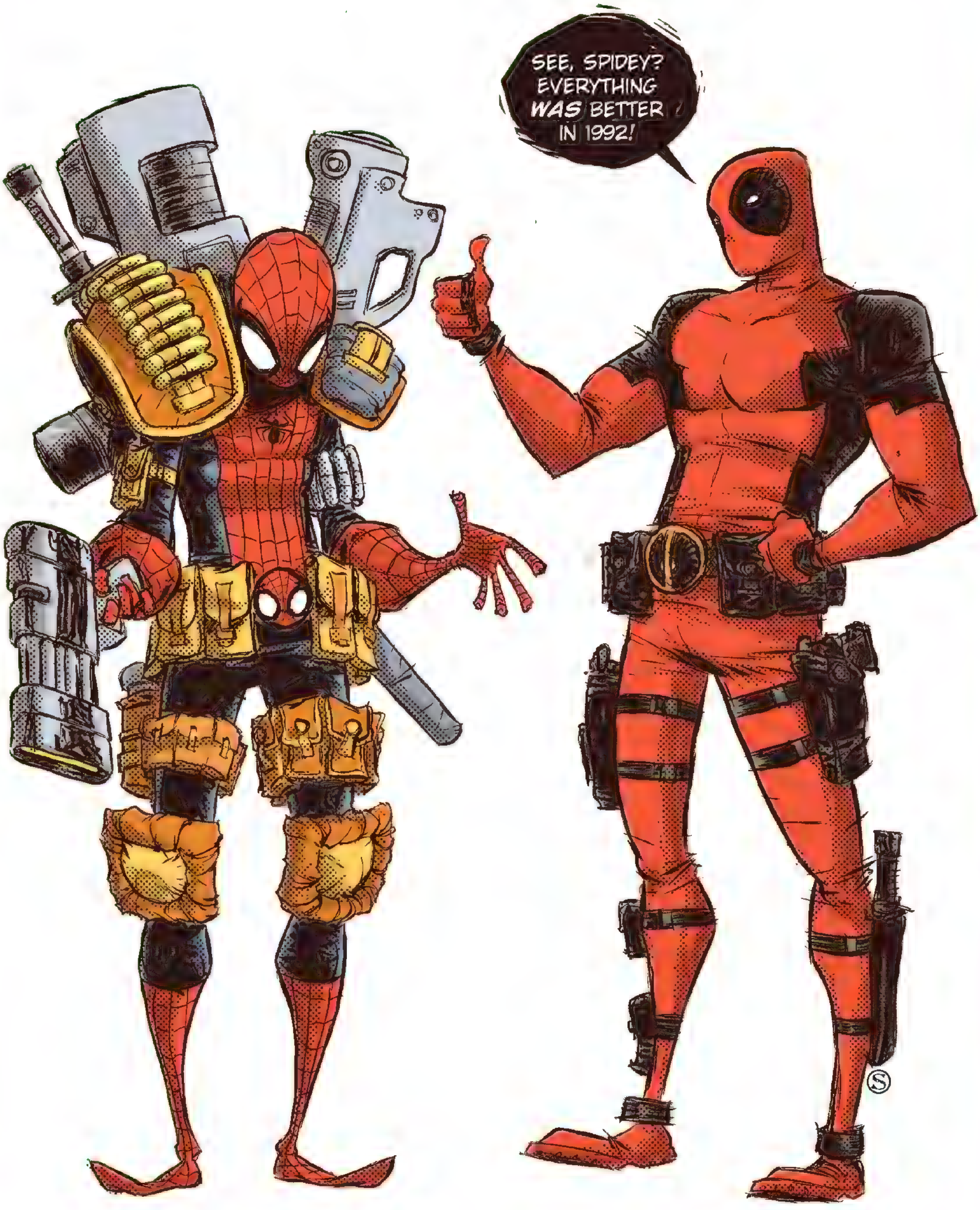


EDDIE BROCK
A.K.A. ANTI-VENOM

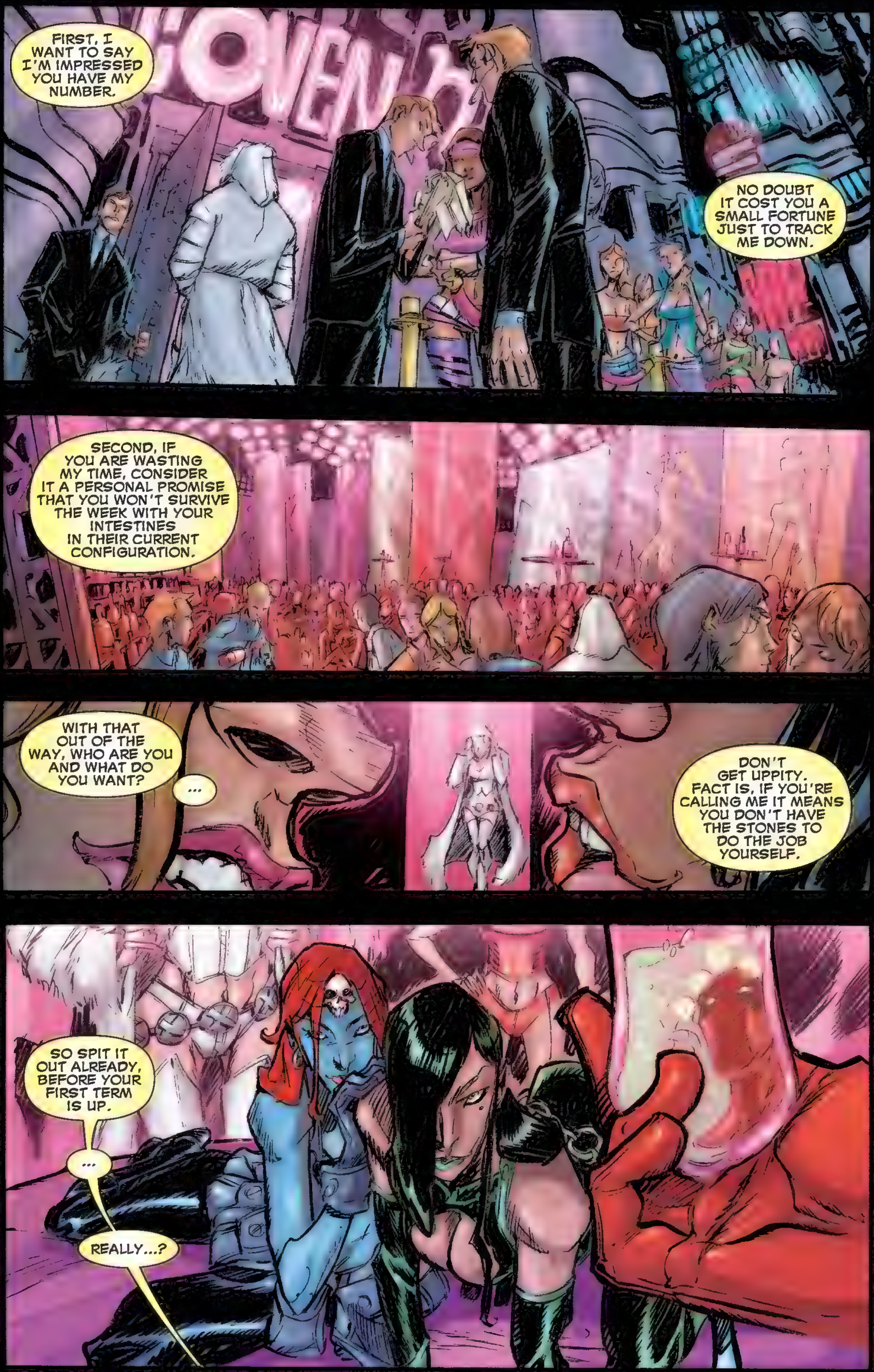


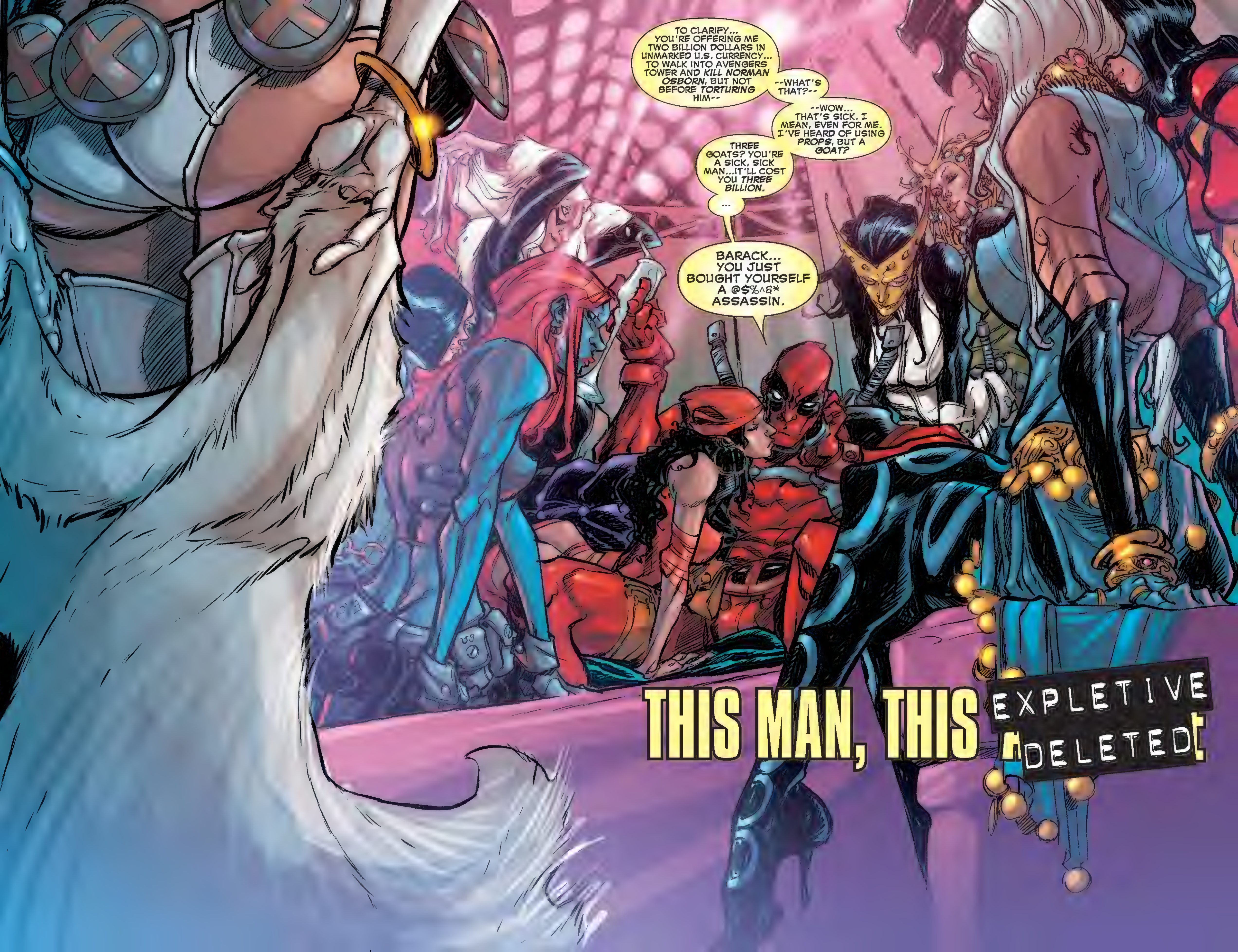
MATTIE FRANKLIN
A.K.A. SPIDER-WOMAN

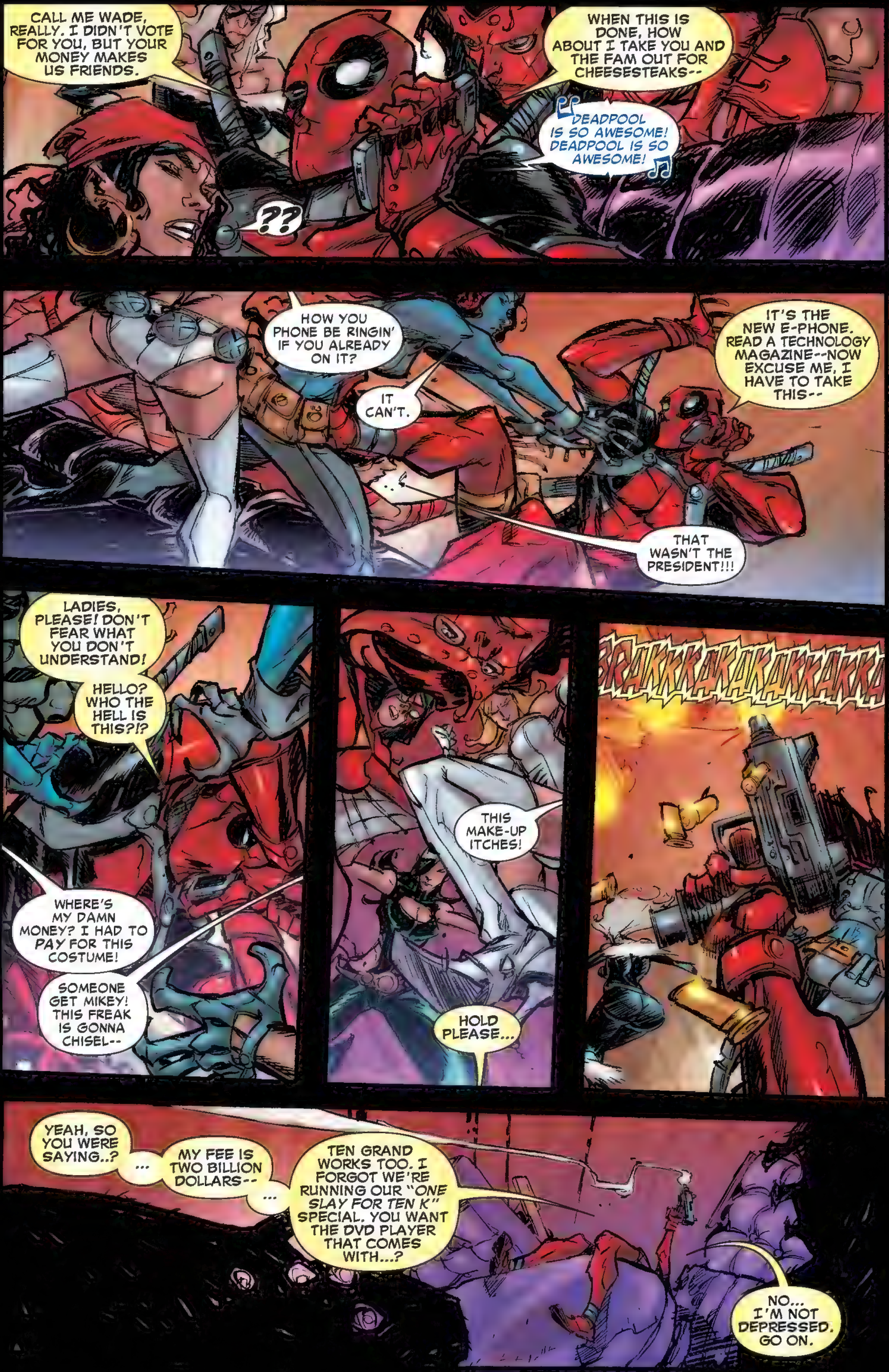


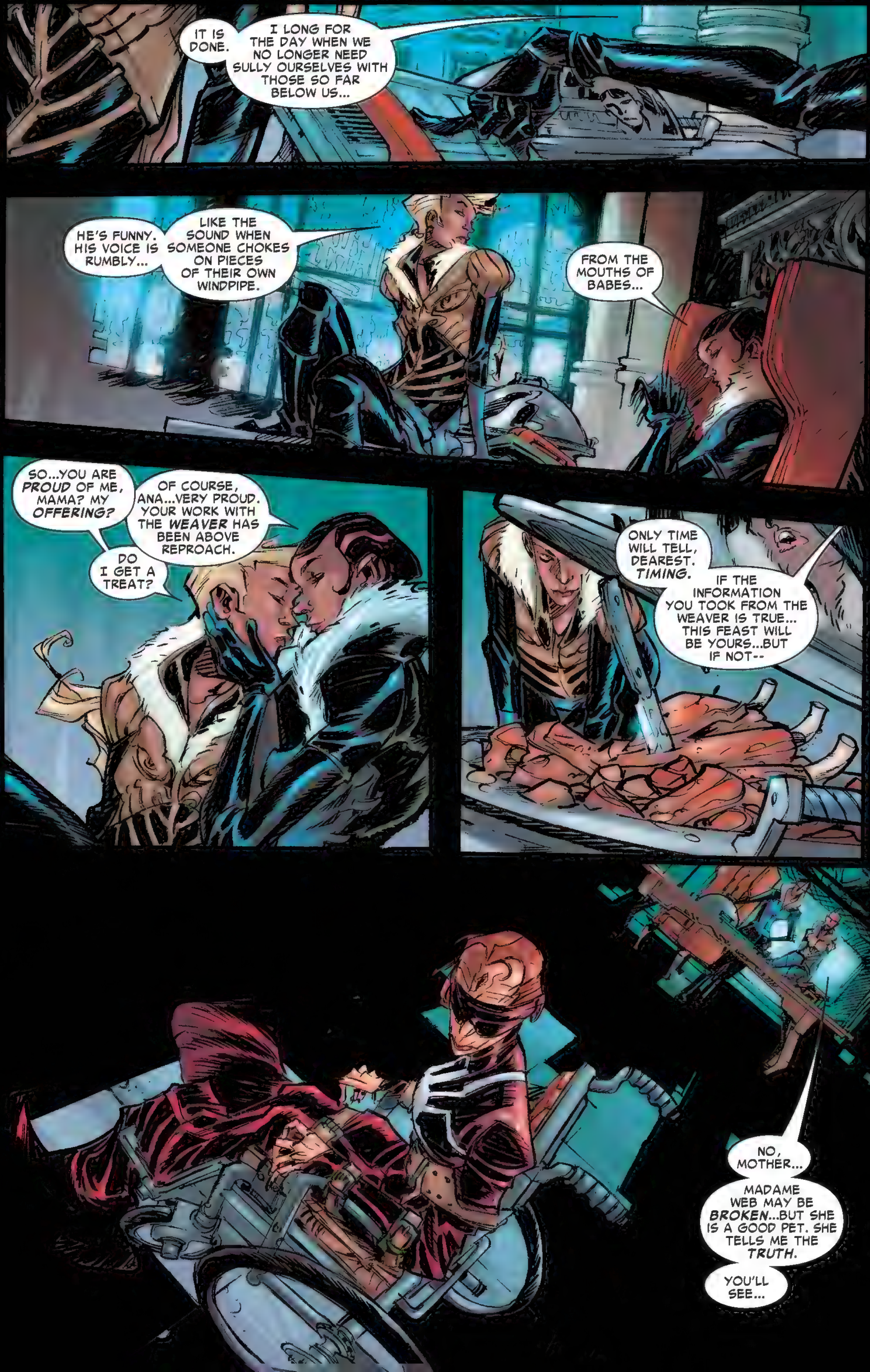

SEE, SPIDEY? EVERYTHING *WAS* BETTER IN 1992!

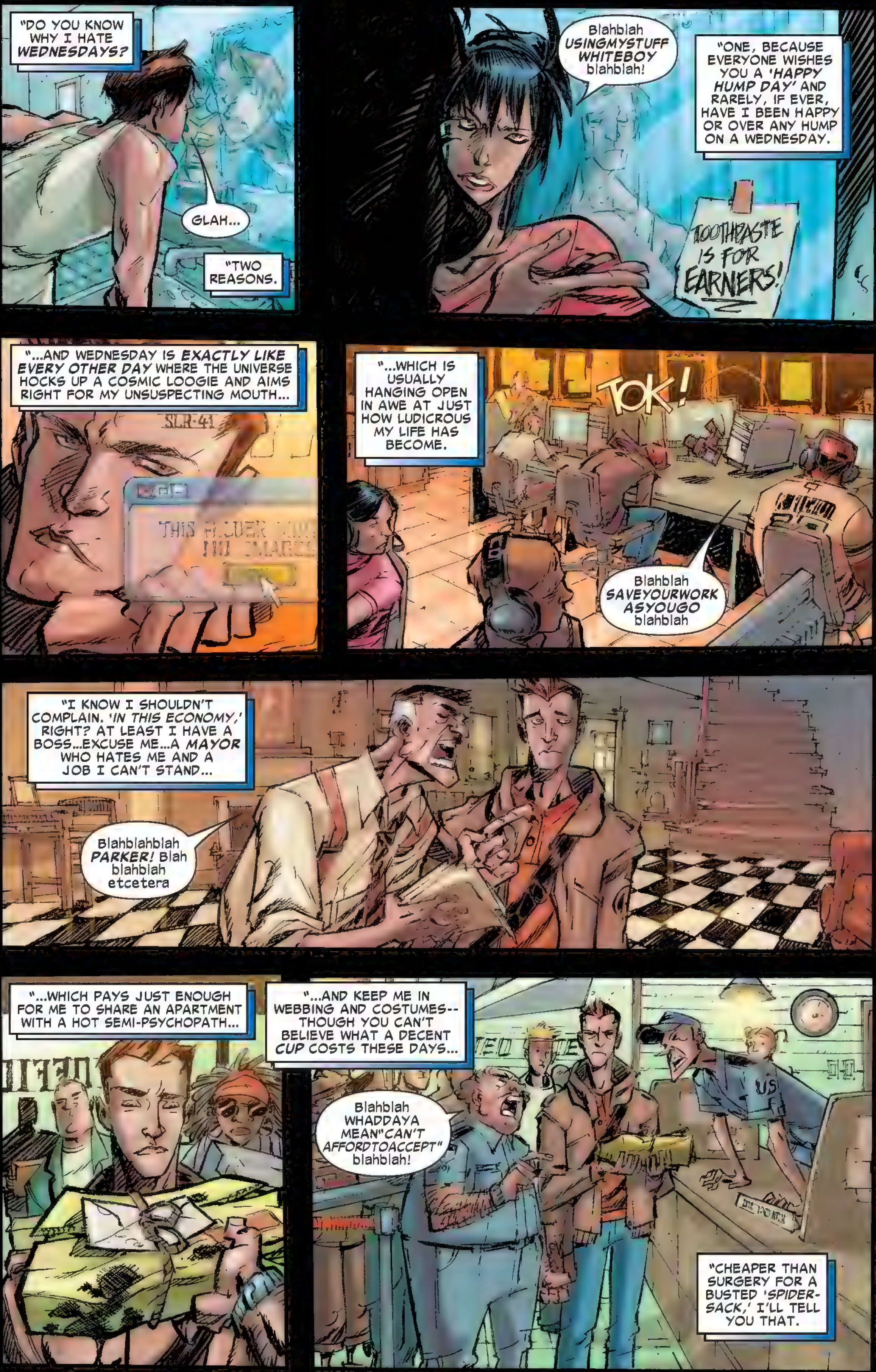
Amazing Spider-Man #611 2nd-printing variant by Skottie Young

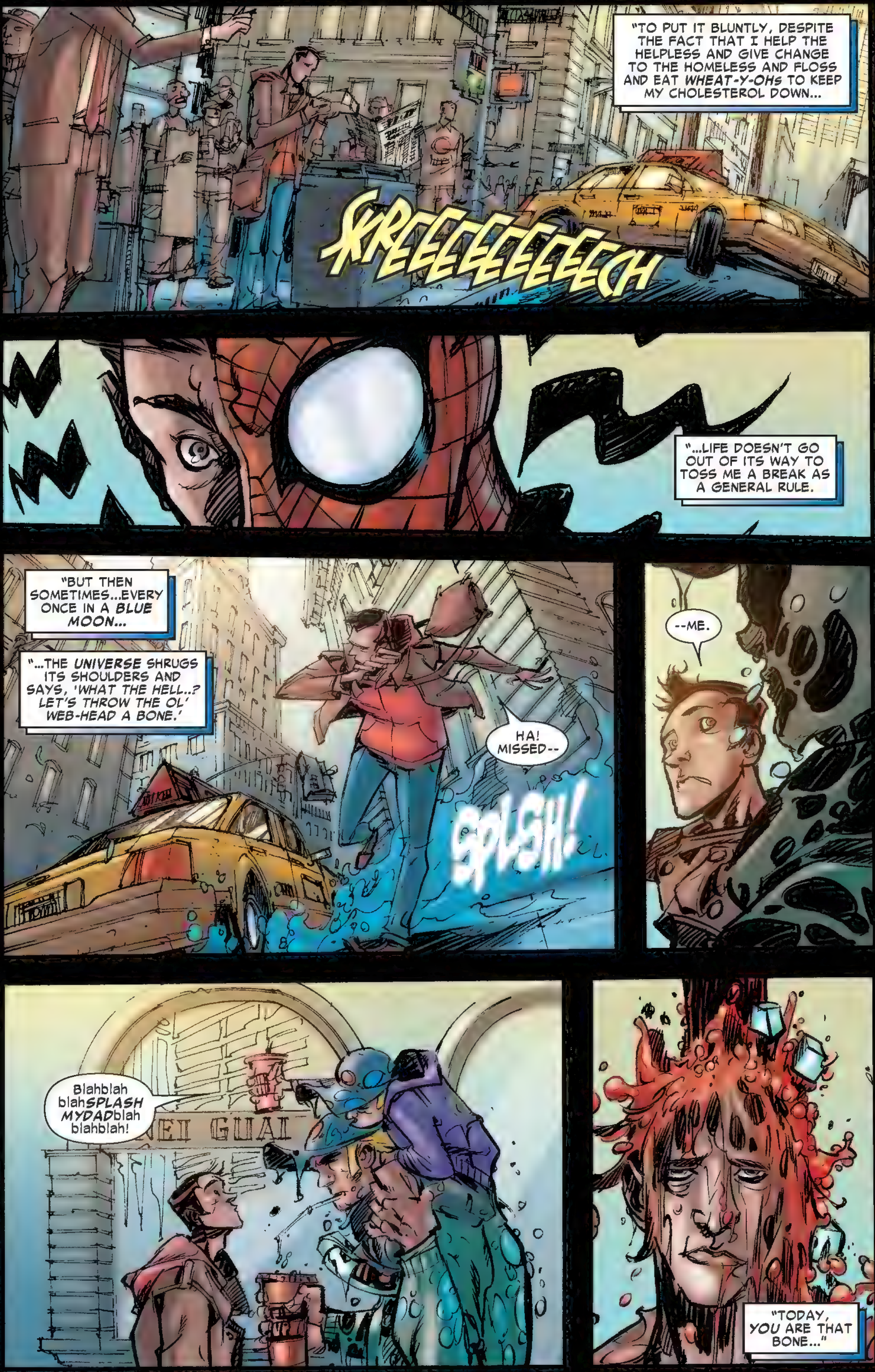

COVEN
FIRST, I WANT TO SAY I'M IMPRESSED YOU HAVE MY NUMBER.
NO DOUBT IT COST YOU A SMALL FORTUNE JUST TO TRACK ME DOWN.
SECOND, IF YOU ARE WASTING MY TIME, CONSIDER IT A PERSONAL PROMISE THAT YOU WON'T SURVIVE THE WEEK WITH YOUR INTESTINES IN THEIR CURRENT CONFIGURATION.
WITH THAT OUT OF THE WAY, WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?
...
DON'T GET UPPITY. FACT IS, IF YOU'RE CALLING ME IT MEANS YOU DON'T HAVE THE STONES TO DO THE JOB YOURSELF.
SO SPIT IT OUT ALREADY, BEFORE YOUR FIRST TERM IS UP.
...
REALLY...?

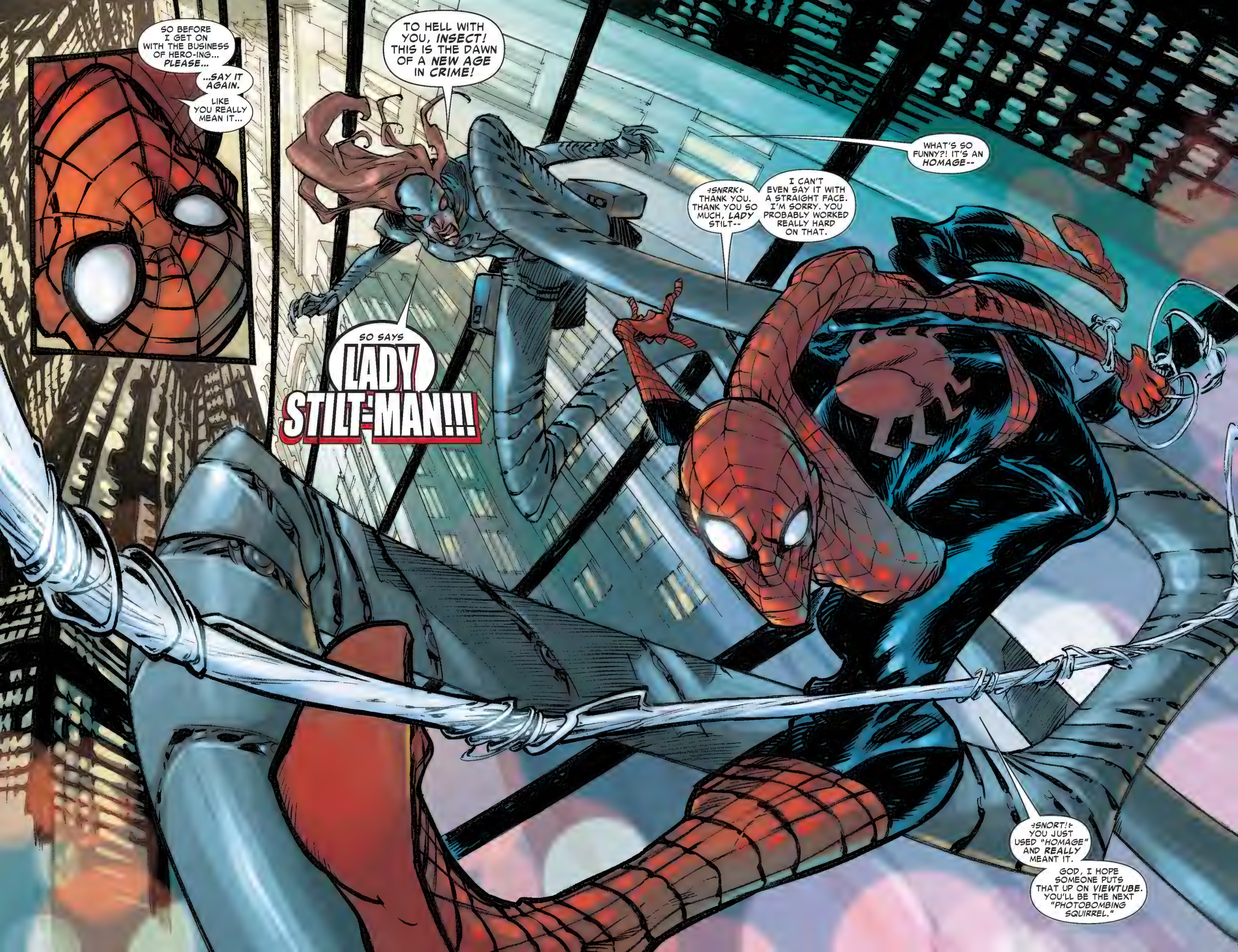

TO CLARIFY... YOU'RE OFFERING ME TWO BILLION DOLLARS IN UNMARKED U.S. CURRENCY... TO WALK INTO AVENGERS TOWER AND *KILL NORMAN OSBORN*, BUT NOT BEFORE *TORTURING* HIM--
--WHAT'S THAT?--
--WOW... THAT'S SICK. I MEAN, EVEN FOR ME. I'VE HEARD OF USING *PROPS*, BUT A *GOAT?*
THREE GOATS? YOU'RE A SICK, SICK MAN...IT'LL COST YOU *THREE BILLION.*
...
BARACK... YOU JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF A @$%^&* ASSASSIN.
THIS MAN, THIS EXPLETIVE DELETED

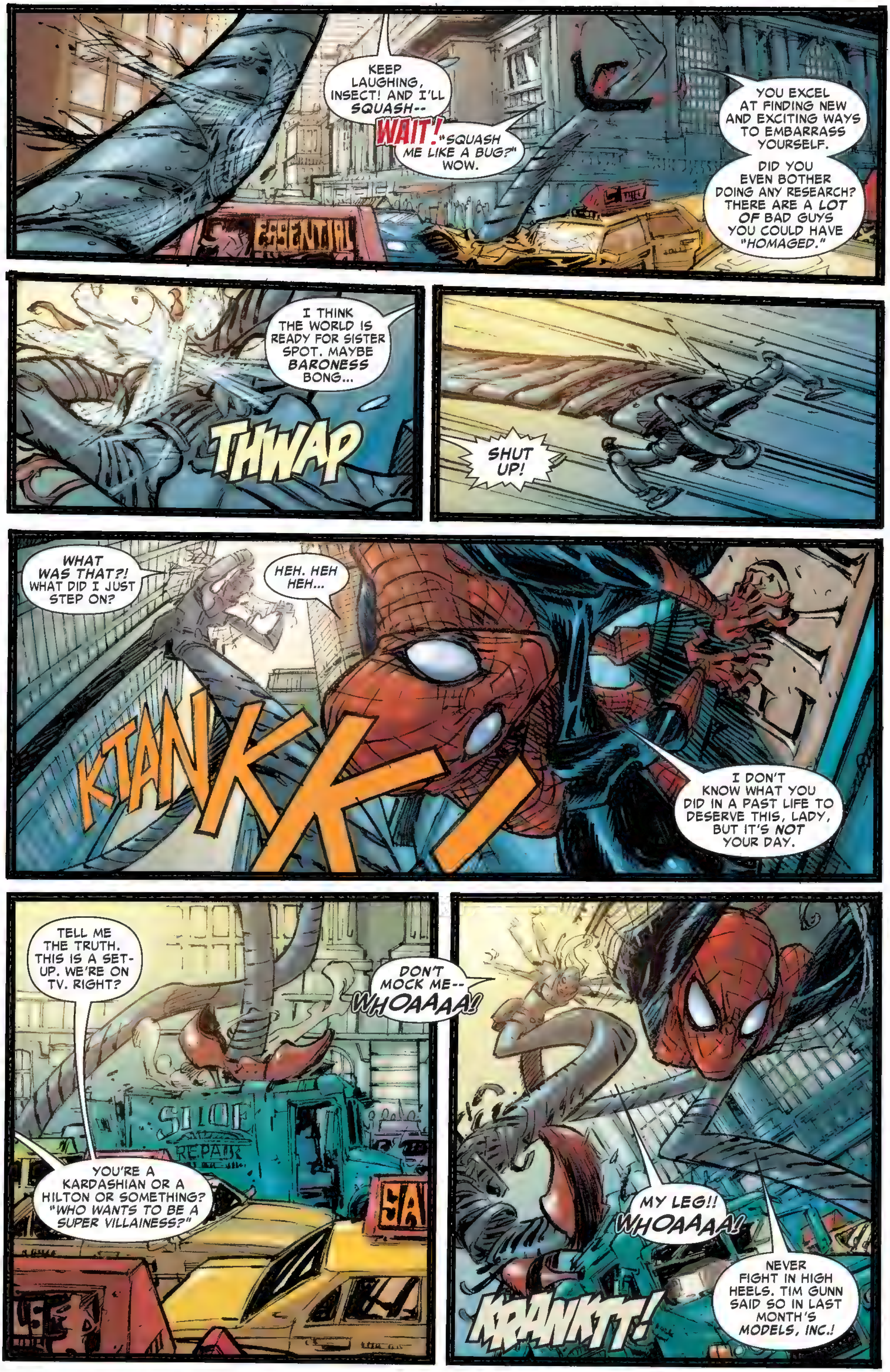

CALL ME WADE, REALLY. I DIDN'T VOTE FOR YOU, BUT YOUR MONEY MAKES US FRIENDS.
WHEN THIS IS DONE, HOW ABOUT I TAKE YOU AND THE FAM OUT FOR CHEESESTEAKS--
♫ DEADPOOL IS SO AWESOME! DEADPOOL IS SO AWESOME! ♫
??
HOW YOU PHONE BE RINGIN' IF YOU ALREADY ON IT?
IT CAN'T.
IT'S THE NEW E-PHONE. READ A TECHNOLOGY MAGAZINE--NOW EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO TAKE THIS--
THAT WASN'T THE PRESIDENT!!!
LADIES, PLEASE! DON'T FEAR WHAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
HELLO? WHO THE HELL IS THIS?!?
WHERE'S MY DAMN MONEY? I HAD TO PAY FOR THIS COSTUME!
SOMEONE GET MIKEY! THIS FREAK IS GONNA CHISEL--
THIS MAKE-UP ITCHES!
HOLD PLEASE...
BRAKKKAKAKAKKAKKA
YEAH, SO YOU WERE SAYING..?
...
MY FEE IS TWO BILLION DOLLARS--
...
TEN GRAND WORKS TOO. I FORGOT WE'RE RUNNING OUR "ONE SLAY FOR TEN K" SPECIAL. YOU WANT THE DVD PLAYER THAT COMES WITH...?
NO... I'M NOT DEPRESSED. GO ON.

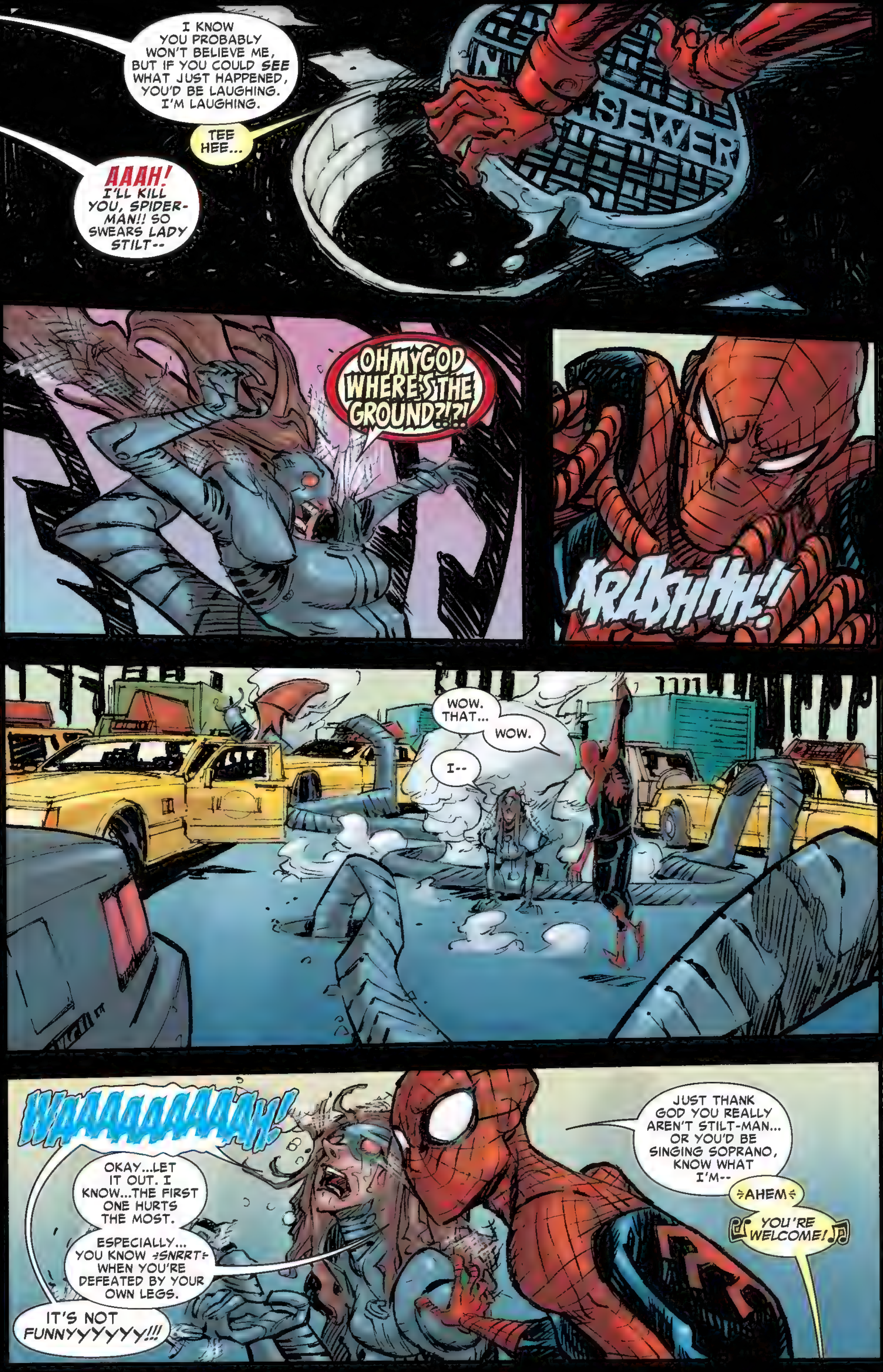

IT IS DONE.
I LONG FOR THE DAY WHEN WE NO LONGER NEED SULLY OURSELVES WITH THOSE SO FAR BELOW US...
HE'S FUNNY. HIS VOICE IS RUMBLY...
LIKE THE SOUND WHEN SOMEONE CHOKES ON PIECES OF THEIR OWN WINDPIPE.
FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES...
SO...YOU ARE *PROUD* OF ME, MAMA? MY *OFFERING?*
OF COURSE, ANA...VERY PROUD. YOUR WORK WITH THE *WEAVER* HAS BEEN ABOVE REPROACH.
DO I GET A TREAT?
ONLY TIME WILL TELL, DEAREST. *TIMING.*
IF THE INFORMATION YOU TOOK FROM THE WEAVER IS TRUE... THIS FEAST WILL BE YOURS...BUT IF NOT--
NO, MOTHER...
MADAME WEB MAY BE *BROKEN*...BUT SHE IS A GOOD PET. SHE TELLS ME THE *TRUTH*.
YOU'LL SEE...

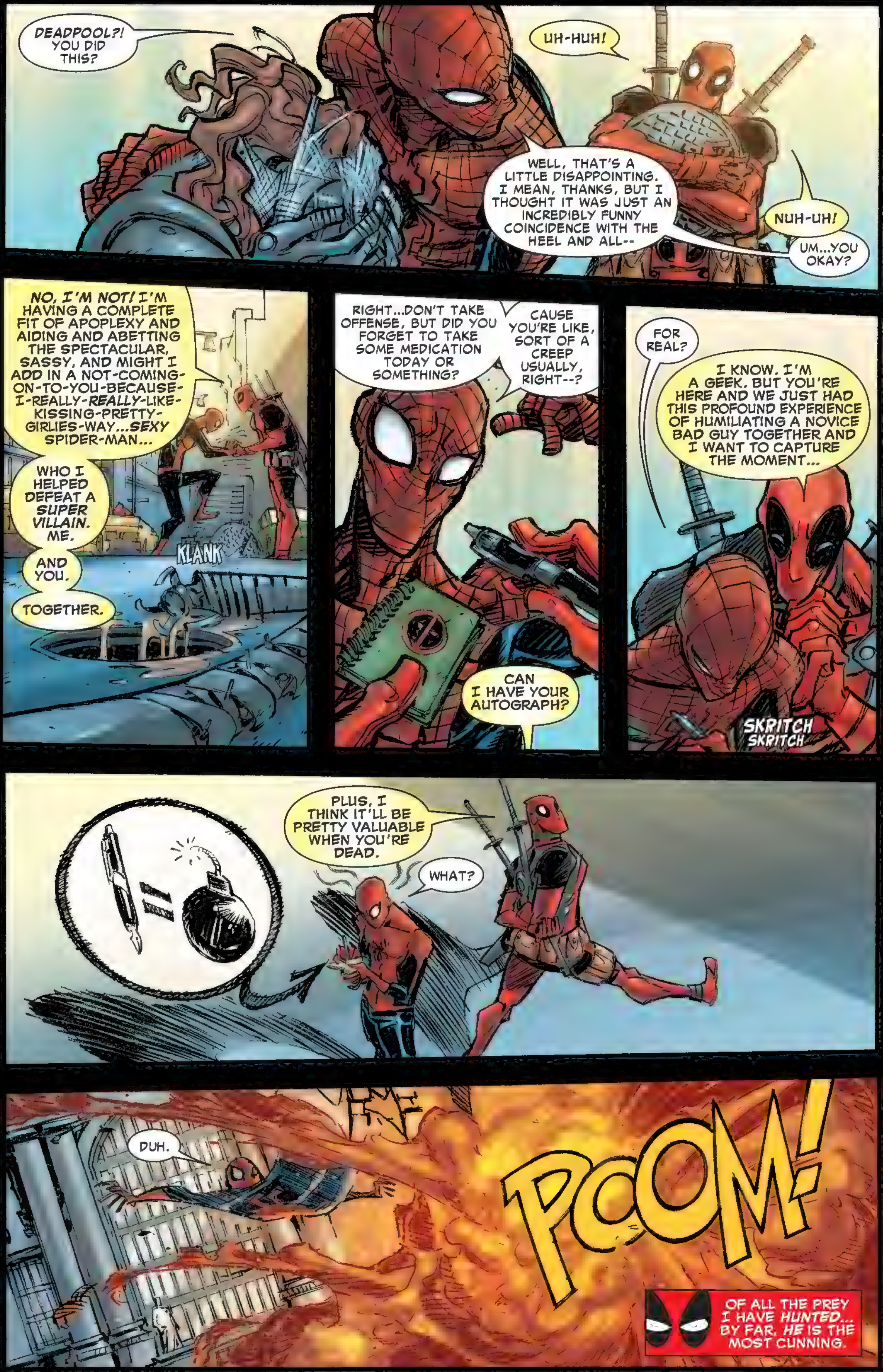

"DO YOU KNOW WHY I HATE *WEDNESDAYS?*
GLAH...
"TWO REASONS.
Blahblah *USINGMYSTUFF WHITEBOY* blahblah!
"ONE, BECAUSE EVERYONE WISHES YOU A *'HAPPY HUMP DAY'* AND RARELY, IF EVER, HAVE I BEEN HAPPY OR OVER ANY HUMP ON A WEDNESDAY.
TOOTHPASTE IS FOR EARNERS!
"...AND WEDNESDAY IS *EXACTLY LIKE EVERY OTHER DAY* WHERE THE UNIVERSE HOCKS UP A COSMIC LOOGIE AND AIMS RIGHT FOR MY UNSUSPECTING MOUTH...
SLR-41
"...WHICH IS USUALLY HANGING OPEN IN AWE AT JUST HOW LUDICROUS MY LIFE HAS BECOME.
TOK!
Blahblah *SAVEYOURWORK ASYOUGO* blahblah
"I KNOW I SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN. *'IN THIS ECONOMY,'* RIGHT? AT LEAST I HAVE A BOSS...EXCUSE ME...A *MAYOR* WHO HATES ME AND A JOB I CAN'T STAND...
Blahblahblah *PARKER!* Blah blahblah etcetera
"...WHICH PAYS JUST ENOUGH FOR ME TO SHARE AN APARTMENT WITH A HOT SEMI-PSYCHOPATH...
"...AND KEEP ME IN WEBBING AND COSTUMES-- THOUGH YOU CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT A DECENT *CUP* COSTS THESE DAYS...
Blahblah WHADDAYA MEAN*"CAN'T AFFORDTOACCEPT"* blahblah!
US
"CHEAPER THAN SURGERY FOR A BUSTED *'SPIDER-SACK,'* I'LL TELL YOU THAT.

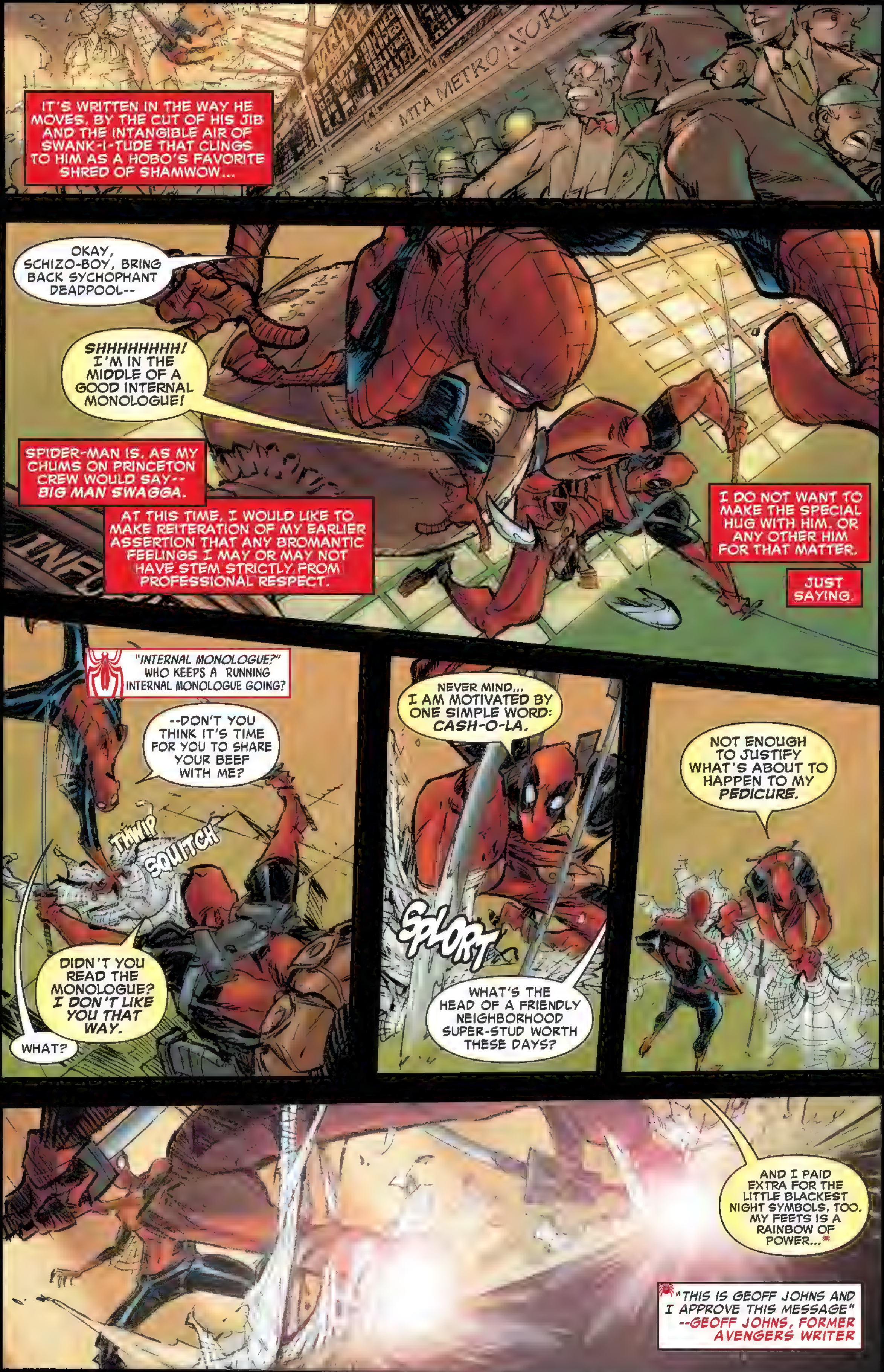

"TO PUT IT BLUNTLY, DESPITE THE FACT THAT I HELP THE HELPLESS AND GIVE CHANGE TO THE HOMELESS AND FLOSS AND EAT *WHEAT-Y-OHS* TO KEEP MY CHOLESTEROL DOWN...
SKREEEEEEEEECH
"...LIFE DOESN'T GO OUT OF ITS WAY TO TOSS ME A BREAK AS A GENERAL RULE.
"BUT THEN SOMETIMES...EVERY ONCE IN A *BLUE MOON*...
"...THE *UNIVERSE* SHRUGS ITS SHOULDERS AND SAYS, '*WHAT THE HELL..? LET'S THROW THE OL' WEB-HEAD A BONE.*'
HA! MISSED--
SPLSH!
--ME.
Blahblah blah*SPLASH MYDAD*blah blahblah!
"TODAY, *YOU* ARE THAT BONE..."

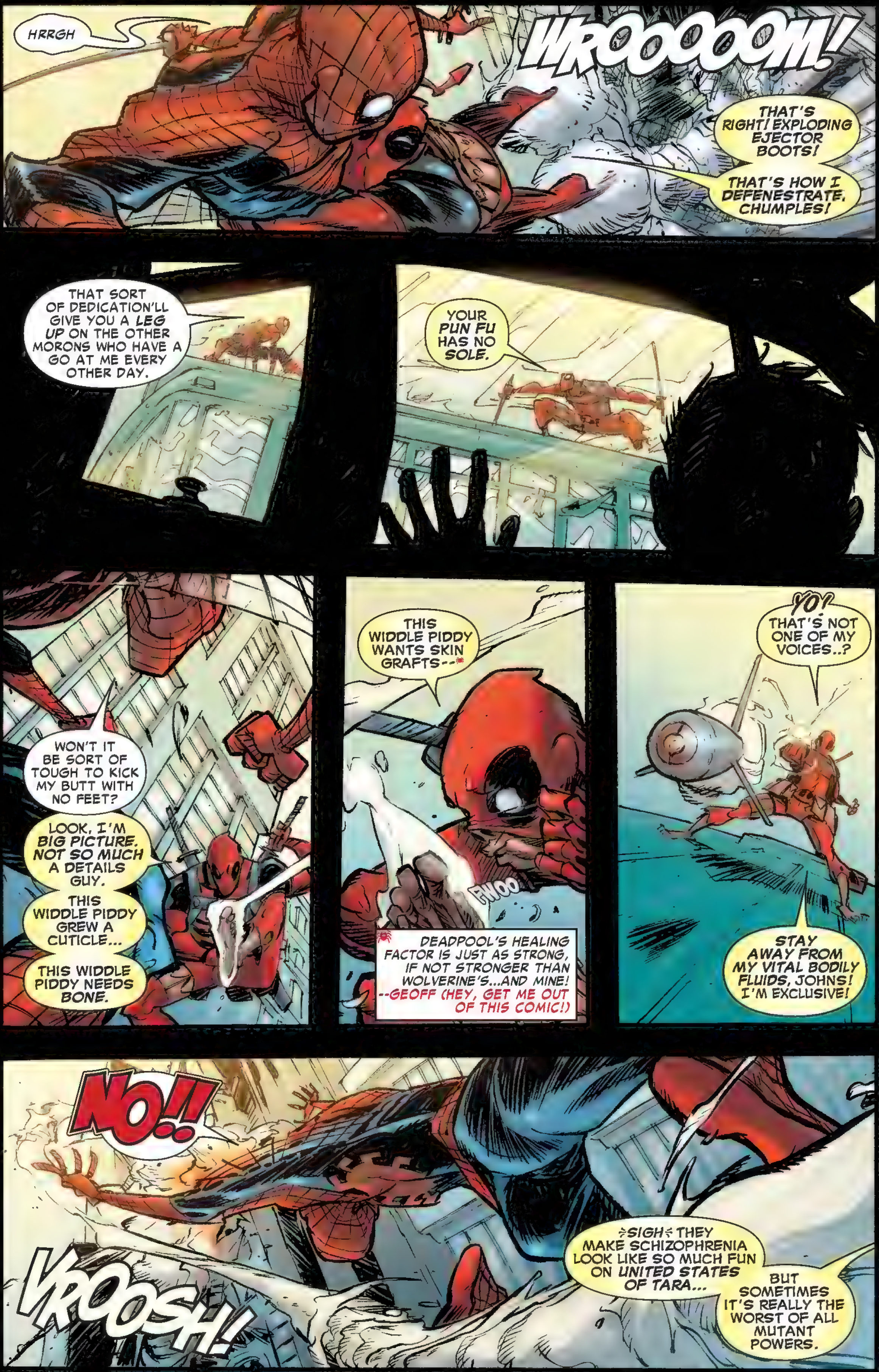

SO BEFORE I GET ON WITH THE BUSINESS OF HERO-ING... PLEASE...
...SAY IT AGAIN.
LIKE YOU REALLY MEAN IT...
TO HELL WITH YOU, INSECT! THIS IS THE DAWN OF A NEW AGE IN CRIME!
SO SAYS LADY STILT-MAN!!!
⸗SNRRK⸗ THANK YOU. THANK YOU SO MUCH, LADY STILT--
I CAN'T EVEN SAY IT WITH A STRAIGHT FACE. I'M SORRY. YOU PROBABLY WORKED REALLY HARD ON THAT.
WHAT'S SO FUNNY?! IT'S AN HOMAGE--
⸗SNORT!⸗ YOU JUST USED "HOMAGE" AND REALLY MEANT IT.
GOD, I HOPE SOMEONE PUTS THAT UP ON VIEWTUBE. YOU'LL BE THE NEXT "PHOTOBOMBING SQUIRREL."

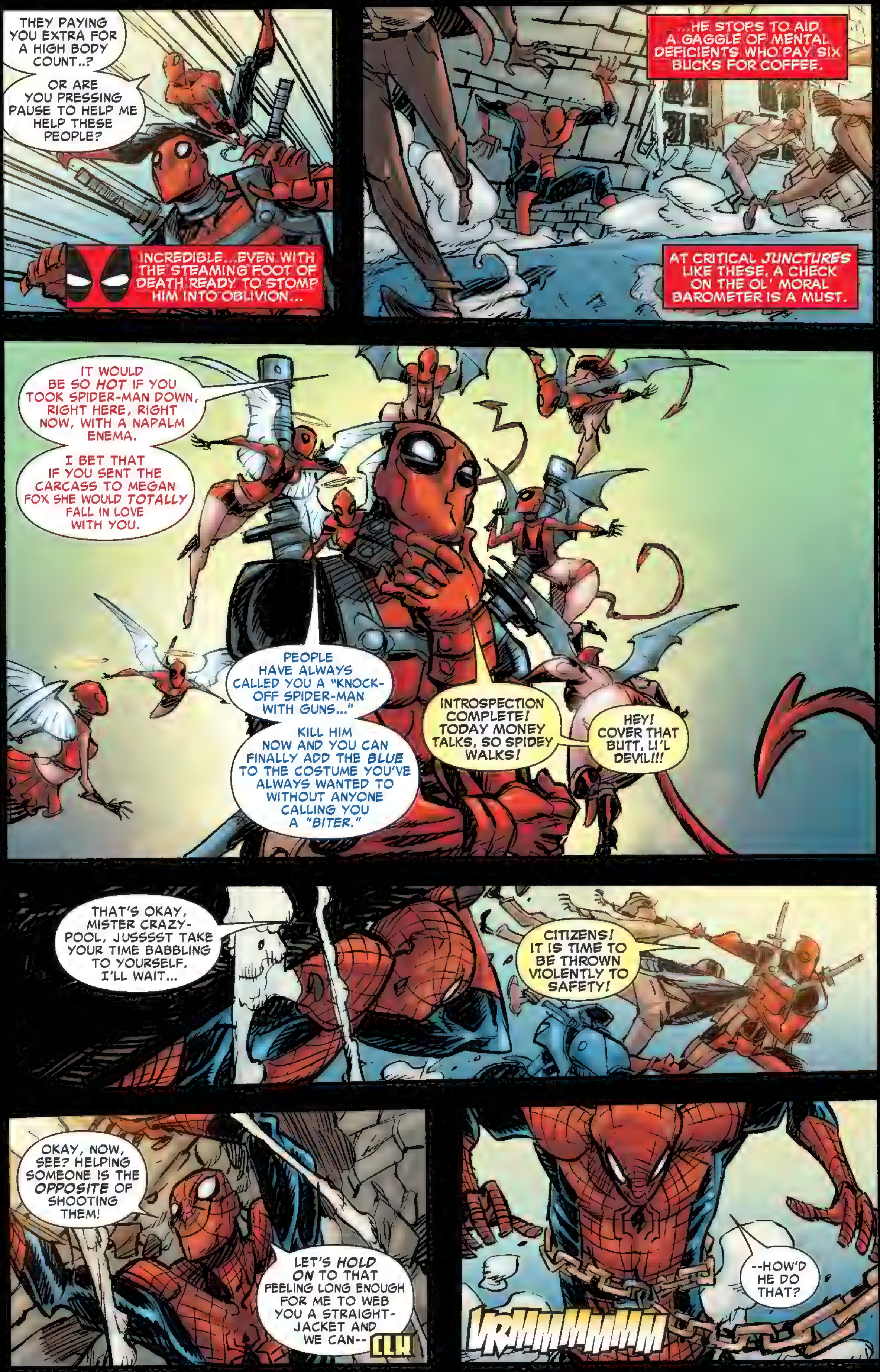

KEEP LAUGHING, INSECT! AND I'LL SQUASH--
WAIT! "SQUASH ME LIKE A BUG?" WOW.
YOU EXCEL AT FINDING NEW AND EXCITING WAYS TO EMBARRASS YOURSELF.
DID YOU EVEN BOTHER DOING ANY RESEARCH? THERE ARE A LOT OF BAD GUYS YOU COULD HAVE "HOMAGED."
ESSENTIAL
I THINK THE WORLD IS READY FOR SISTER SPOT. MAYBE BARONESS BONG...
THWAP
SHUT UP!
WHAT WAS THAT?! WHAT DID I JUST STEP ON?
HEH. HEH HEH...
KTANKK
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID IN A PAST LIFE TO DESERVE THIS, LADY, BUT IT'S NOT YOUR DAY.
TELL ME THE TRUTH. THIS IS A SET-UP. WE'RE ON TV. RIGHT?
YOU'RE A KARDASHIAN OR A HILTON OR SOMETHING? "WHO WANTS TO BE A SUPER VILLAINESS?"
SHOE REPAIR
DON'T MOCK ME-- WHOAAAA!
MY LEG!! WHOAAAA!
KRANKTT!
NEVER FIGHT IN HIGH HEELS. TIM GUNN SAID SO IN LAST MONTH'S MODELS, INC.!

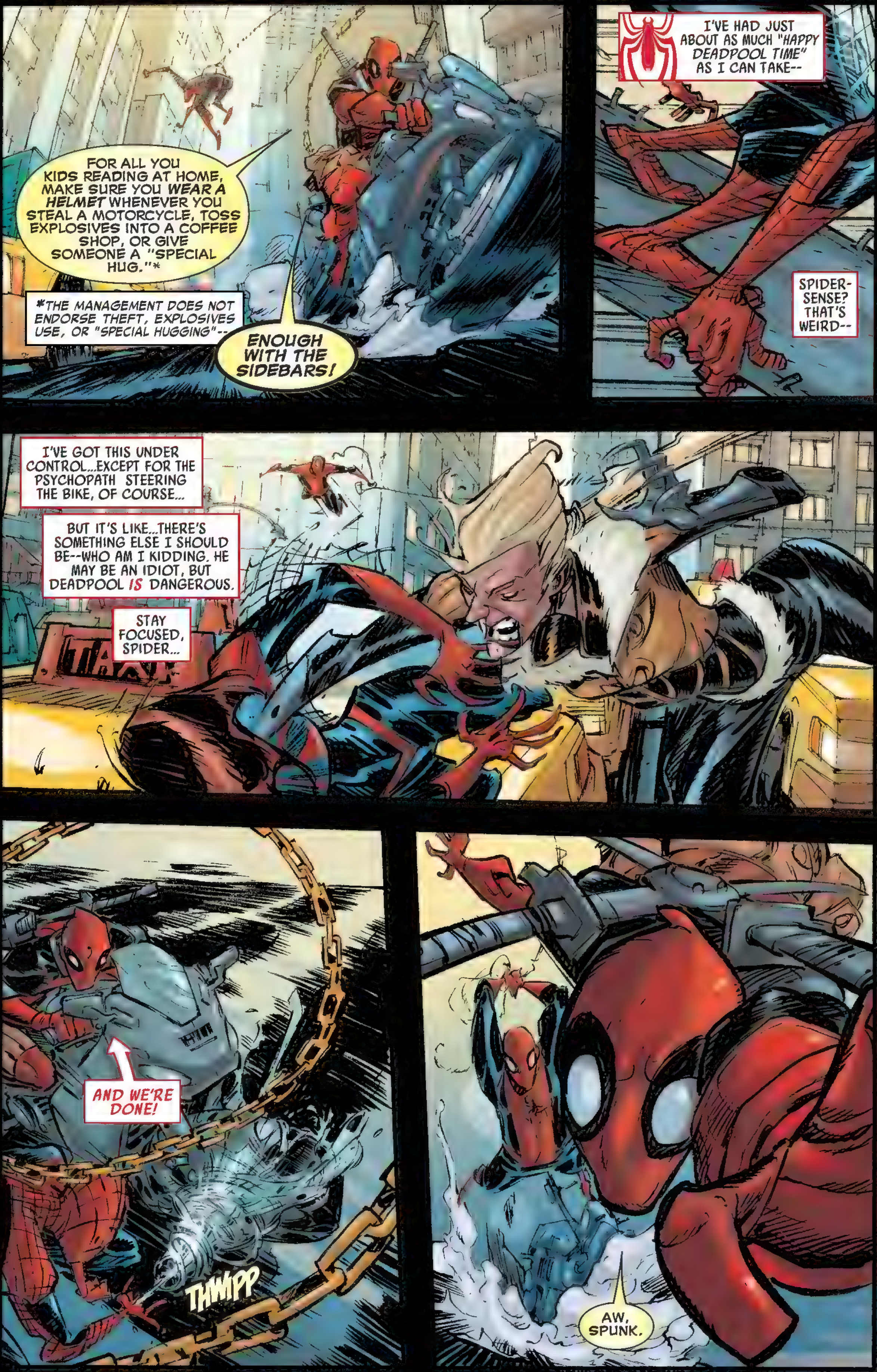

I KNOW YOU PROBABLY WON'T BELIEVE ME, BUT IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT JUST HAPPENED, YOU'D BE LAUGHING. I'M LAUGHING.
TEE HEE...
AAAH! I'LL KILL YOU, SPIDER-MAN!! SO SWEARS LADY STILT--
SEWER
OHMYGOD WHERE'S THE GROUND?!?!
KRASHHHH!!
WOW. THAT...
WOW.
I--
WAAAAAAAAAH!
OKAY...LET IT OUT. I KNOW...THE FIRST ONE HURTS THE MOST.
ESPECIALLY... YOU KNOW ⸗SNRRT⸗ WHEN YOU'RE DEFEATED BY YOUR OWN LEGS.
IT'S NOT FUNNYYYYYY!!!
JUST THANK GOD YOU REALLY AREN'T STILT-MAN... OR YOU'D BE SINGING SOPRANO, KNOW WHAT I'M--
⸗AHEM⸗
YOU'RE WELCOME!

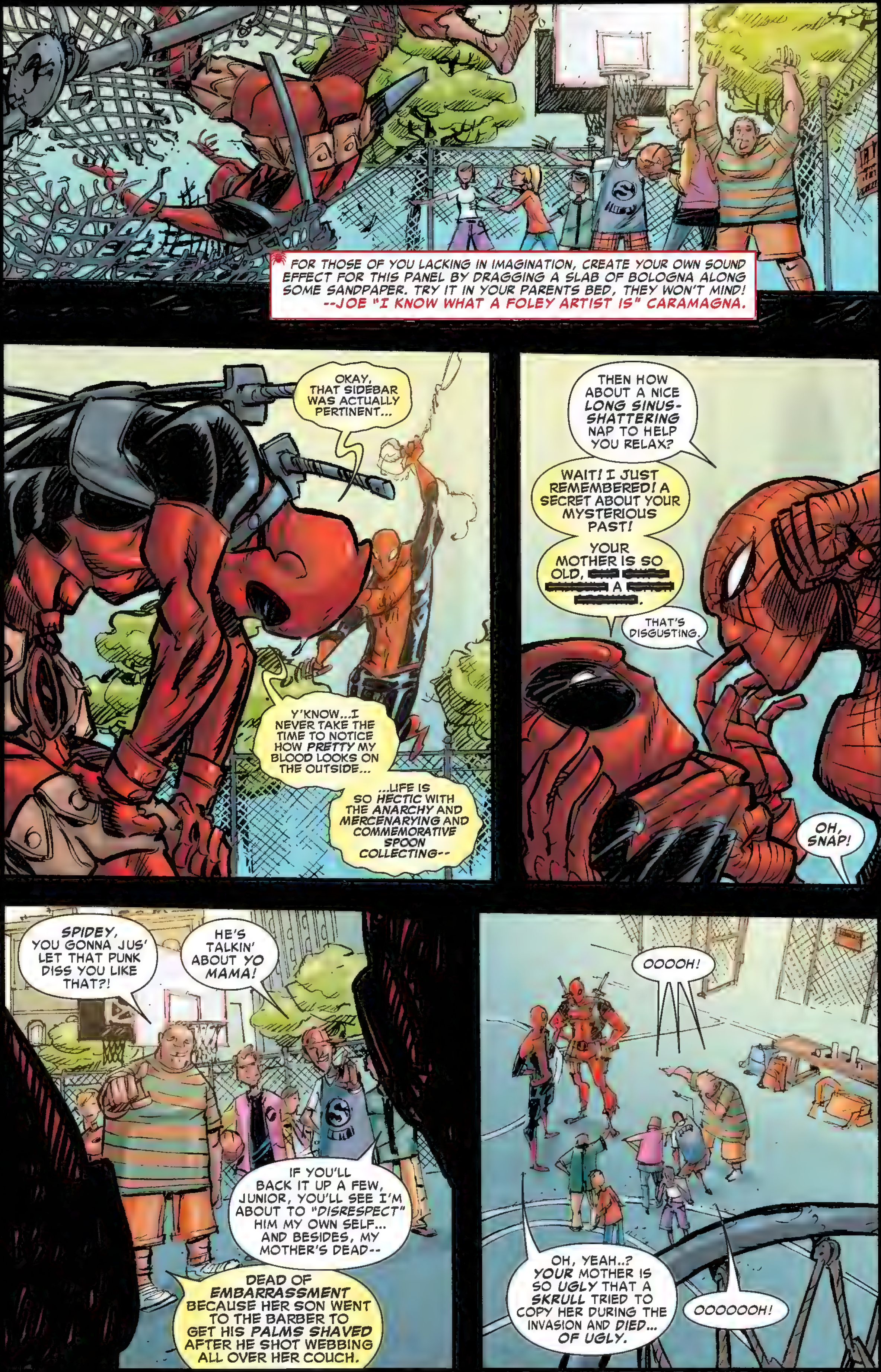

DEADPOOL?! YOU DID THIS?
UH-HUH!
WELL, THAT'S A LITTLE DISAPPOINTING. I MEAN, THANKS, BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST AN INCREDIBLY FUNNY COINCIDENCE WITH THE HEEL AND ALL--
NUH-UH!
UM...YOU OKAY?
NO, I'M NOT! I'M HAVING A COMPLETE FIT OF APOPLEXY AND AIDING AND ABETTING THE SPECTACULAR, SASSY, AND MIGHT I ADD IN A NOT-COMING-ON-TO-YOU-BECAUSE-I-REALLY-REALLY-LIKE-KISSING-PRETTY-GIRLIES-WAY...SEXY SPIDER-MAN...
WHO I HELPED DEFEAT A SUPER VILLAIN. ME.
AND YOU.
TOGETHER.
KLANK
RIGHT...DON'T TAKE OFFENSE, BUT DID YOU FORGET TO TAKE SOME MEDICATION TODAY OR SOMETHING?
CAUSE YOU'RE LIKE, SORT OF A CREEP USUALLY, RIGHT--?
CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?
FOR REAL?
I KNOW. I'M A GEEK. BUT YOU'RE HERE AND WE JUST HAD THIS PROFOUND EXPERIENCE OF HUMILIATING A NOVICE BAD GUY TOGETHER AND I WANT TO CAPTURE THE MOMENT...
SKRITCH SKRITCH
PLUS, I THINK IT'LL BE PRETTY VALUABLE WHEN YOU'RE DEAD.
WHAT?
DUH.
POOM!
OF ALL THE PREY I HAVE HUNTED... BY FAR, HE IS THE MOST CUNNING.

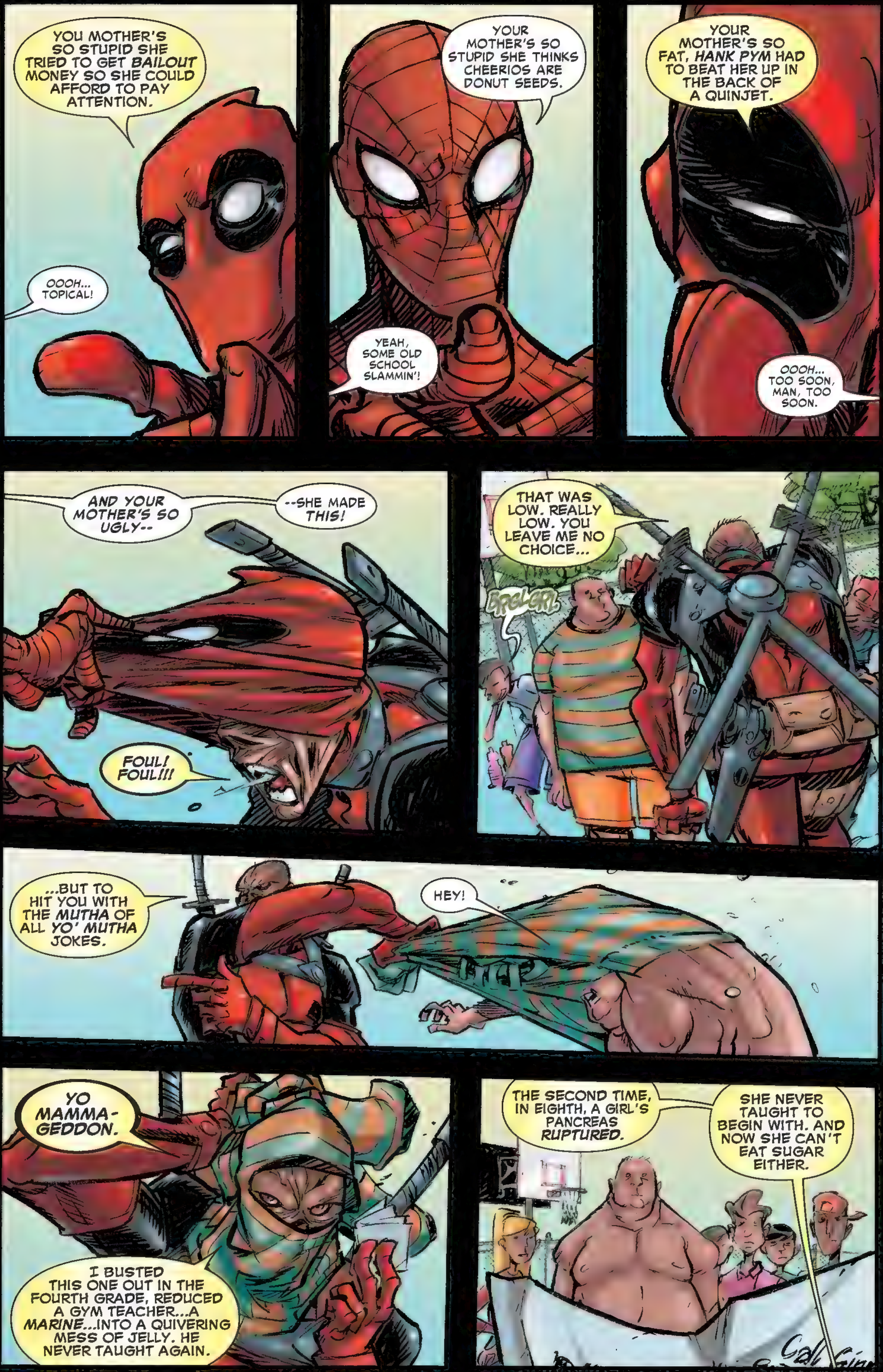

IT'S WRITTEN IN THE WAY HE MOVES, BY THE CUT OF HIS JIB AND THE INTANGIBLE AIR OF SWANK-I-TUDE THAT CLINGS TO HIM AS A HOBO'S FAVORITE SHRED OF SHAMWOW...
MTA METRO NORTH
OKAY, SCHIZO-BOY, BRING BACK SYCHOPHANT DEADPOOL--
SHHHHHHHH! I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A GOOD INTERNAL MONOLOGUE!
SPIDER-MAN IS, AS MY CHUMS ON PRINCETON CREW WOULD SAY-- BIG MAN SWAGGA.
AT THIS TIME, I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE REITERATION OF MY EARLIER ASSERTION THAT ANY BROMANTIC FEELINGS I MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE STEM STRICTLY FROM PROFESSIONAL RESPECT.
I DO NOT WANT TO MAKE THE SPECIAL HUG WITH HIM. OR ANY OTHER HIM FOR THAT MATTER.
JUST SAYING.
"INTERNAL MONOLOGUE?" WHO KEEPS A RUNNING INTERNAL MONOLOGUE GOING?
--DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO SHARE YOUR BEEF WITH ME?
THWIP
SQUITCH
DIDN'T YOU READ THE MONOLOGUE? I DON'T LIKE YOU THAT WAY.
WHAT?
NEVER MIND... I AM MOTIVATED BY ONE SIMPLE WORD: CASH-O-LA.
SPLORT
WHAT'S THE HEAD OF A FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SUPER-STUD WORTH THESE DAYS?
NOT ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO MY PEDICURE.
AND I PAID EXTRA FOR THE LITTLE BLACKEST NIGHT SYMBOLS, TOO. MY FEETS IS A RAINBOW OF POWER...*
*"THIS IS GEOFF JOHNS AND I APPROVE THIS MESSAGE" --GEOFF JOHNS, FORMER AVENGERS WRITER

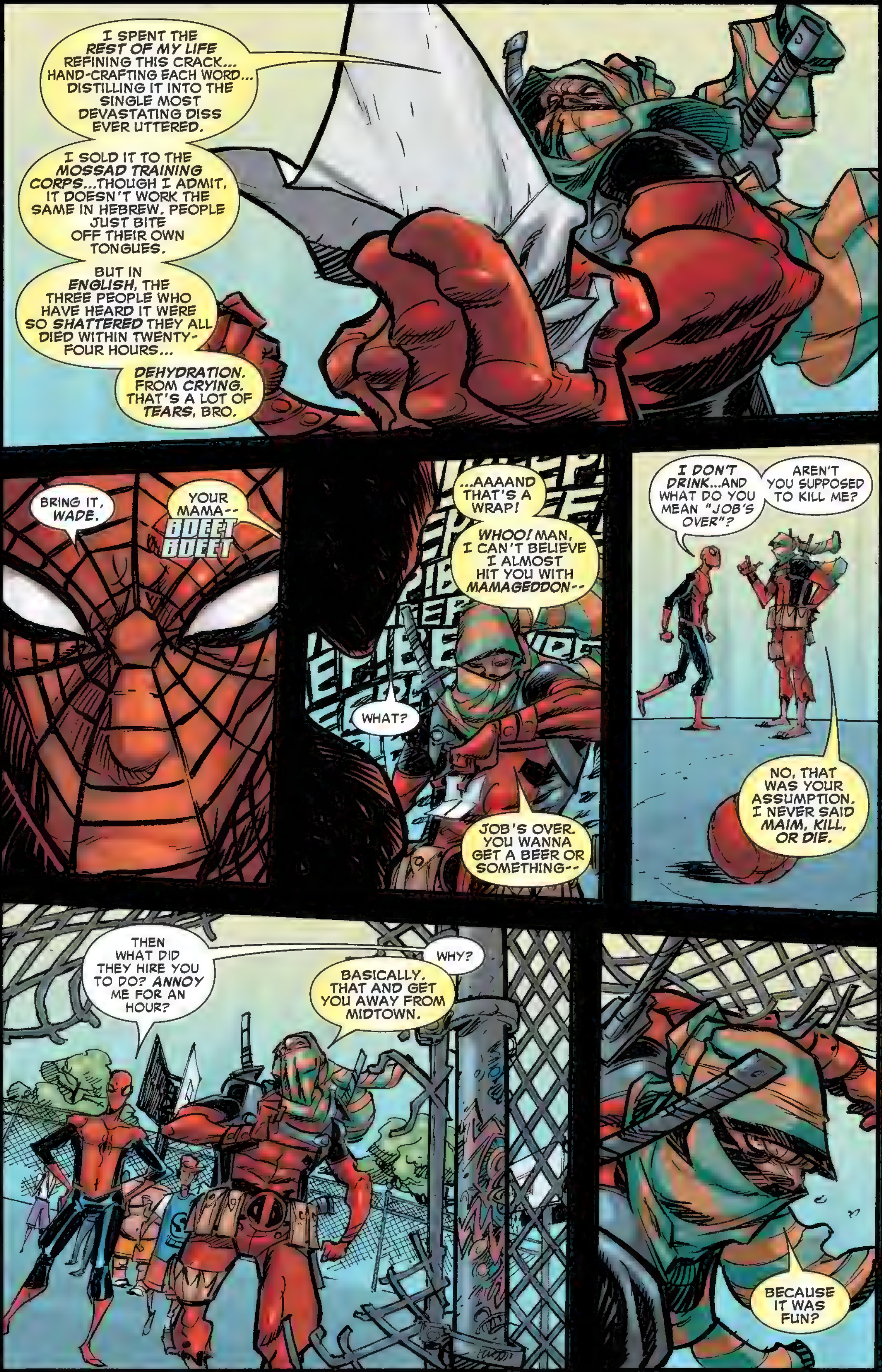

HRRGH
WROOOOOOM!
THAT'S RIGHT! EXPLODING EJECTOR BOOTS!
THAT'S HOW I DEFENESTRATE, CHUMPLES!
THAT SORT OF DEDICATION'LL GIVE YOU A LEG UP ON THE OTHER MORONS WHO HAVE A GO AT ME EVERY OTHER DAY.
YOUR PUN FU HAS NO SOLE.
WON'T IT BE SORT OF TOUGH TO KICK MY BUTT WITH NO FEET?
LOOK, I'M BIG PICTURE, NOT SO MUCH A DETAILS GUY.
THIS WIDDLE PIDDY GREW A CUTICLE...
THIS WIDDLE PIDDY NEEDS BONE.
THIS WIDDLE PIDDY WANTS SKIN GRAFTS--*
FWOO
* DEADPOOL'S HEALING FACTOR IS JUST AS STRONG, IF NOT STRONGER THAN WOLVERINE'S...AND MINE! --GEOFF (HEY, GET ME OUT OF THIS COMIC!)
YO! THAT'S NOT ONE OF MY VOICES..?
STAY AWAY FROM MY VITAL BODILY FLUIDS, JOHNS! I'M EXCLUSIVE!
NO!!
VROOSH!
⋟SIGH⋞ THEY MAKE SCHIZOPHRENIA LOOK LIKE SO MUCH FUN ON UNITED STATES OF TARA...
BUT SOMETIMES IT'S REALLY THE WORST OF ALL MUTANT POWERS.

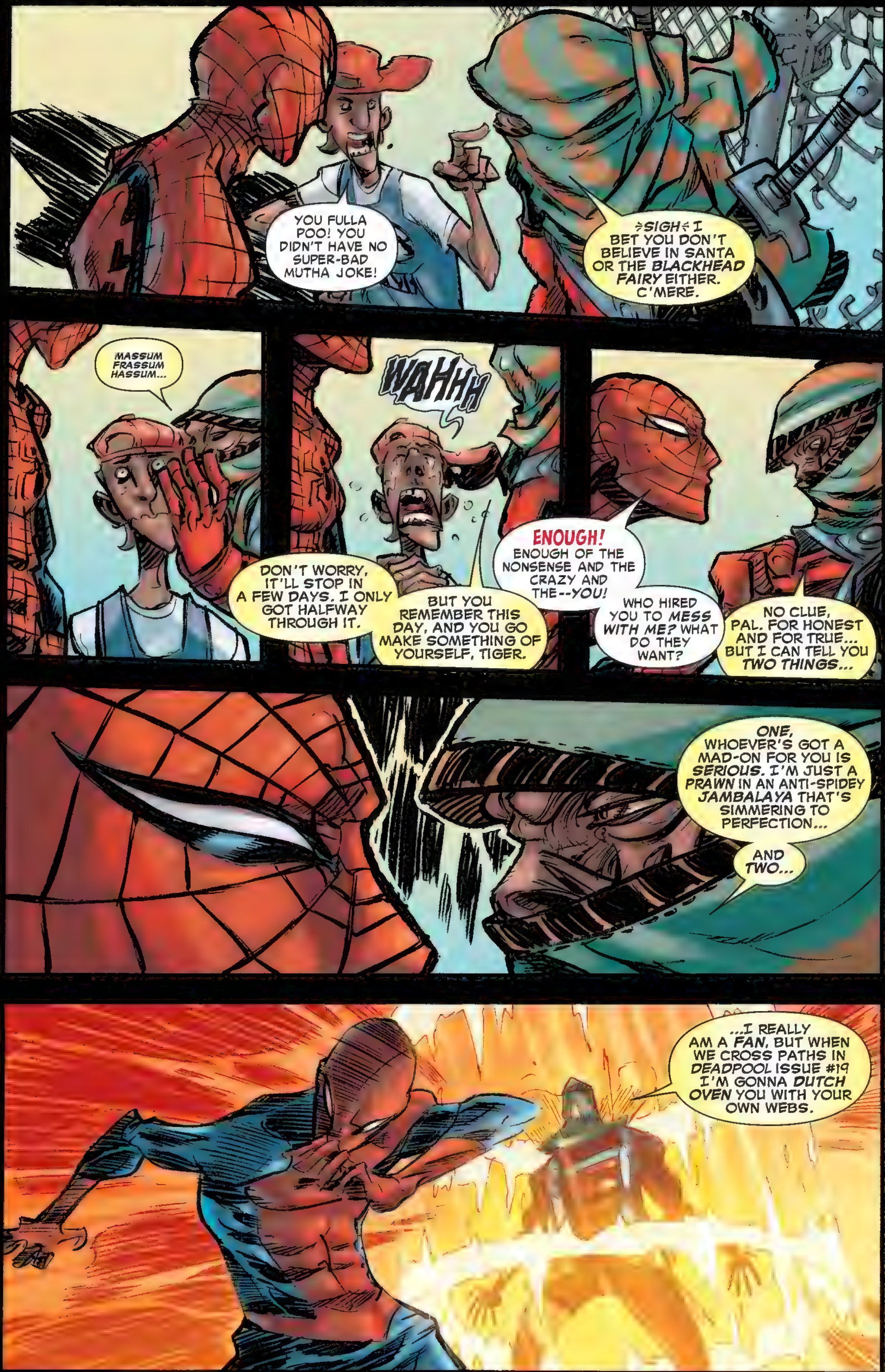

THEY PAYING YOU EXTRA FOR A HIGH BODY COUNT..?
OR ARE YOU PRESSING PAUSE TO HELP ME HELP THESE PEOPLE?
INCREDIBLE...EVEN WITH THE STEAMING FOOT OF DEATH READY TO STOMP HIM INTO OBLIVION...
...HE STOPS TO AID A GAGGLE OF MENTAL DEFICIENTS WHO PAY SIX BUCKS FOR COFFEE.
AT CRITICAL *JUNCTURES* LIKE THESE, A CHECK ON THE OL' MORAL BAROMETER IS A MUST.
IT WOULD BE SO *HOT* IF YOU TOOK SPIDER-MAN DOWN, RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW, WITH A NAPALM ENEMA.
I BET THAT IF YOU SENT THE CARCASS TO MEGAN FOX SHE WOULD *TOTALLY* FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU.
PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS CALLED YOU A "KNOCK-OFF SPIDER-MAN WITH GUNS..."
KILL HIM NOW AND YOU CAN FINALLY ADD THE *BLUE* TO THE COSTUME YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO WITHOUT ANYONE CALLING YOU A *"BITER."*
INTROSPECTION COMPLETE! TODAY MONEY TALKS, SO SPIDEY WALKS!
HEY! COVER THAT BUTT, LI'L DEVIL!!!
THAT'S OKAY, MISTER CRAZY-POOL, JUSSSST TAKE YOUR TIME BABBLING TO YOURSELF. I'LL WAIT...
CITIZENS! IT IS TIME TO BE THROWN VIOLENTLY TO SAFETY!
OKAY, NOW, SEE? HELPING SOMEONE IS THE *OPPOSITE* OF SHOOTING THEM!
LET'S *HOLD ON* TO THAT FEELING LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO WEB YOU A STRAIGHT-JACKET AND WE CAN--
CLIK
VRMMMMMMM
--HOW'D HE DO THAT?

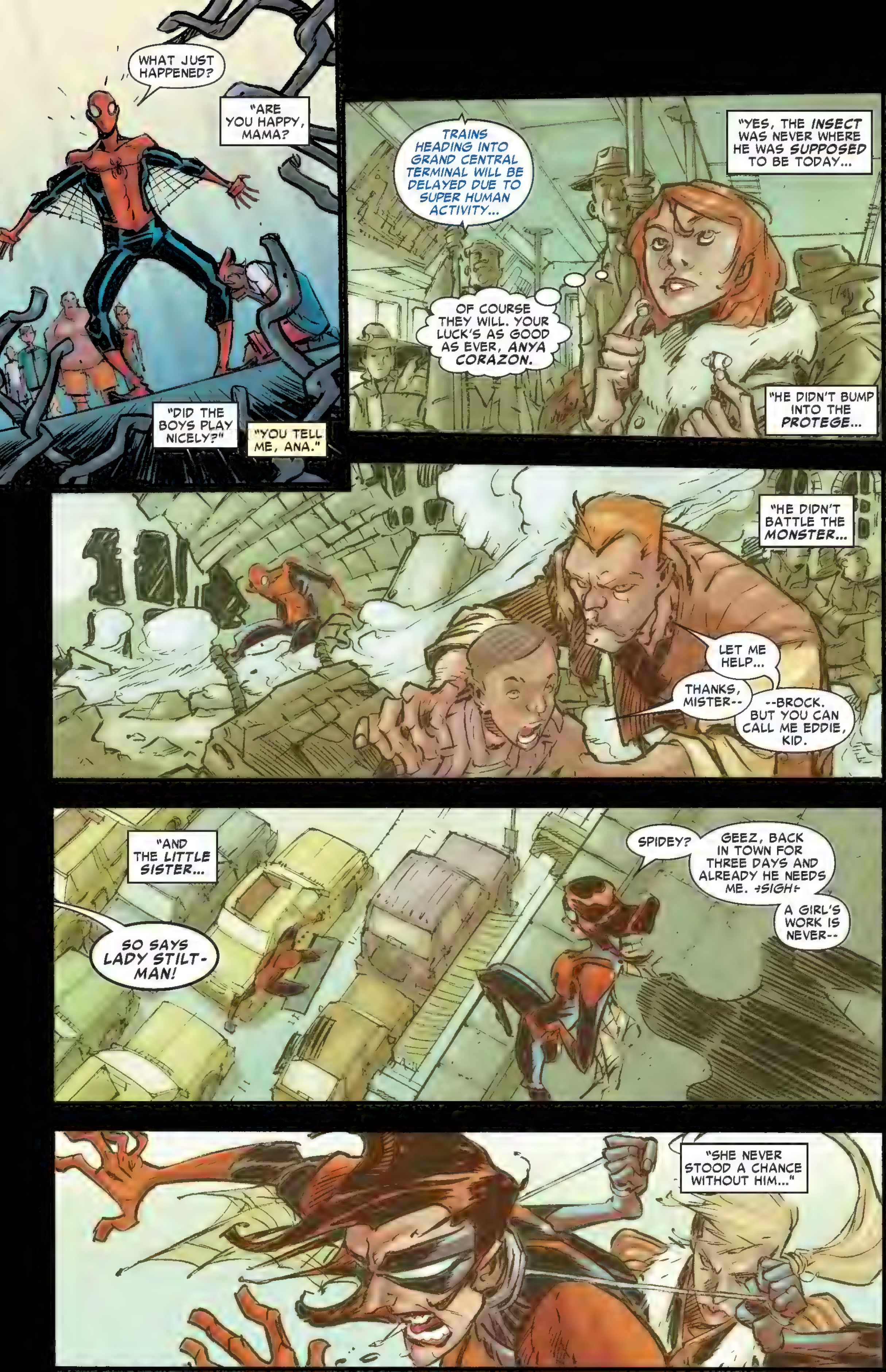

FOR ALL YOU KIDS READING AT HOME, MAKE SURE YOU *WEAR A HELMET* WHENEVER YOU STEAL A MOTORCYCLE, TOSS EXPLOSIVES INTO A COFFEE SHOP, OR GIVE SOMEONE A "SPECIAL HUG."*
*THE MANAGEMENT DOES NOT ENDORSE THEFT, EXPLOSIVES USE, OR "SPECIAL HUGGING"--
ENOUGH WITH THE SIDEBARS!
I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT AS MUCH "*HAPPY DEADPOOL TIME*" AS I CAN TAKE--
SPIDER-SENSE? THAT'S WEIRD--
I'VE GOT THIS UNDER CONTROL...EXCEPT FOR THE PSYCHOPATH STEERING THE BIKE, OF COURSE...
BUT IT'S LIKE...THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I SHOULD BE--WHO AM I KIDDING. HE MAY BE AN IDIOT, BUT DEADPOOL *IS* DANGEROUS.
STAY FOCUSED, SPIDER...
TAXI
AND WE'RE DONE!
THWIPP
AW, SPUNK.

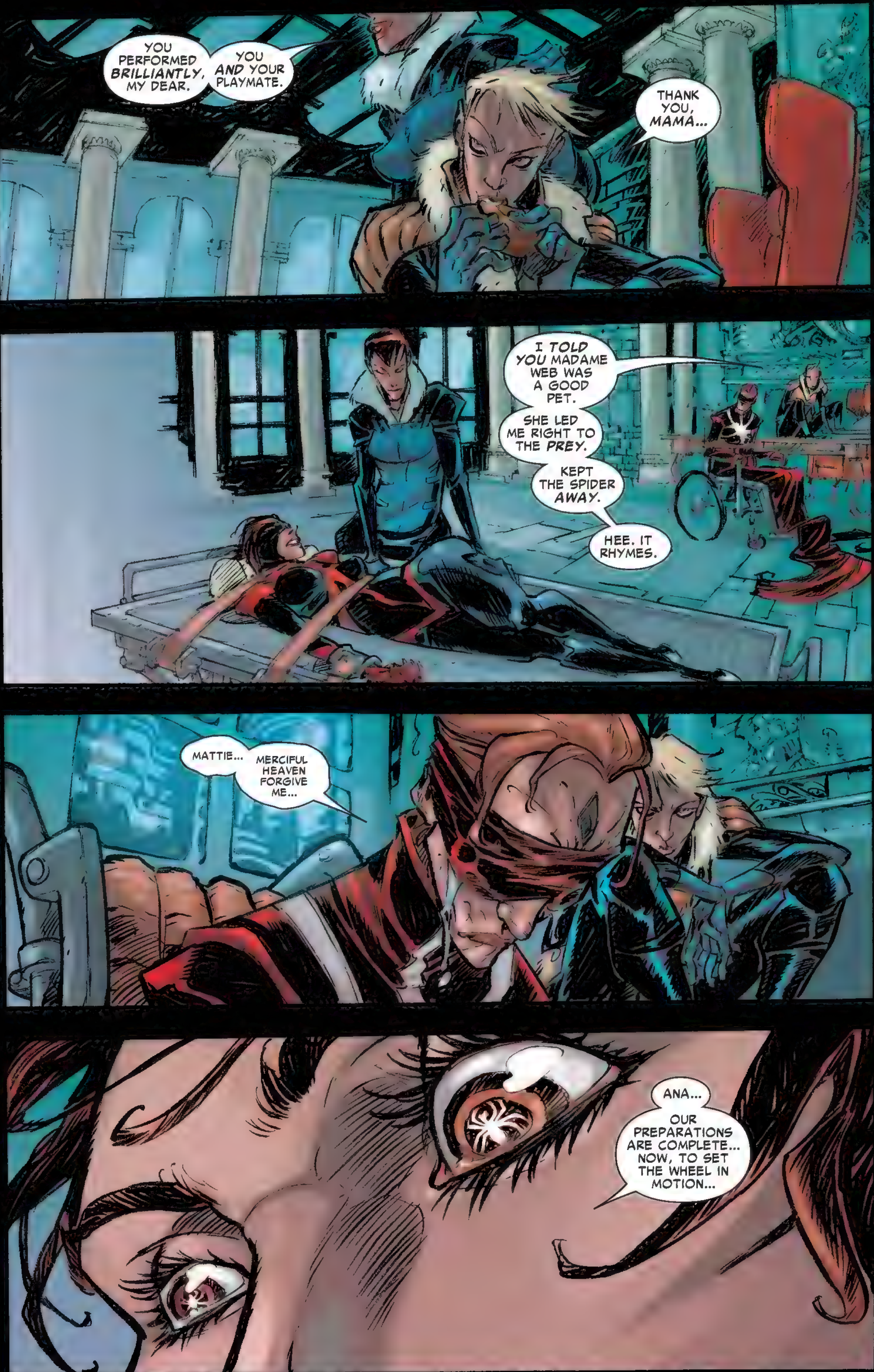

FOR THOSE OF YOU LACKING IN IMAGINATION, CREATE YOUR OWN SOUND EFFECT FOR THIS PANEL BY DRAGGING A SLAB OF BOLOGNA ALONG SOME SANDPAPER. TRY IT IN YOUR PARENTS BED, THEY WON'T MIND! --JOE "I KNOW WHAT A FOLEY ARTIST IS" CARAMAGNA.
OKAY, THAT SIDEBAR WAS ACTUALLY PERTINENT...
Y'KNOW...I NEVER TAKE THE TIME TO NOTICE HOW PRETTY MY BLOOD LOOKS ON THE OUTSIDE...
...LIFE IS SO HECTIC WITH THE ANARCHY AND MERCENARYING AND COMMEMORATIVE SPOON COLLECTING--
THEN HOW ABOUT A NICE LONG SINUS-SHATTERING NAP TO HELP YOU RELAX?
WAIT! I JUST REMEMBERED! A SECRET ABOUT YOUR MYSTERIOUS PAST!
YOUR MOTHER IS SO OLD, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] A [redacted] [redacted].
THAT'S DISGUSTING.
OH, SNAP!
SPIDEY, YOU GONNA JUS' LET THAT PUNK DISS YOU LIKE THAT?!
HE'S TALKIN' ABOUT YO MAMA!
IF YOU'LL BACK IT UP A FEW, JUNIOR, YOU'LL SEE I'M ABOUT TO "DISRESPECT" HIM MY OWN SELF... AND BESIDES, MY MOTHER'S DEAD--
DEAD OF EMBARRASSMENT BECAUSE HER SON WENT TO THE BARBER TO GET HIS PALMS SHAVED AFTER HE SHOT WEBBING ALL OVER HER COUCH.
OOOOH!
OH, YEAH..? YOUR MOTHER IS SO UGLY THAT A SKRULL TRIED TO COPY HER DURING THE INVASION AND DIED... OF UGLY.
OOOOOOH!


YOU MOTHER'S SO STUPID SHE TRIED TO GET BAILOUT MONEY SO SHE COULD AFFORD TO PAY ATTENTION.
OOOH... TOPICAL!
YOUR MOTHER'S SO STUPID SHE THINKS CHEERIOS ARE DONUT SEEDS.
YEAH, SOME OLD SCHOOL SLAMMIN'!
YOUR MOTHER'S SO FAT, HANK PYM HAD TO BEAT HER UP IN THE BACK OF A QUINJET.
OOOH... TOO SOON, MAN, TOO SOON.
AND YOUR MOTHER'S SO UGLY--
--SHE MADE THIS!
FOUL! FOUL!!!
THAT WAS LOW. REALLY LOW. YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE...
BRGLGRL
...BUT TO HIT YOU WITH THE MUTHA OF ALL YO' MUTHA JOKES.
HEY!
YO MAMMA-GEDDON.
I BUSTED THIS ONE OUT IN THE FOURTH GRADE, REDUCED A GYM TEACHER...A MARINE...INTO A QUIVERING MESS OF JELLY. HE NEVER TAUGHT AGAIN.
THE SECOND TIME, IN EIGHTH, A GIRL'S PANCREAS RUPTURED.
SHE NEVER TAUGHT TO BEGIN WITH. AND NOW SHE CAN'T EAT SUGAR EITHER.


I SPENT THE *REST OF MY LIFE* REFINING THIS CRACK... HAND-CRAFTING EACH WORD... DISTILLING IT INTO THE SINGLE MOST DEVASTATING DISS EVER UTTERED.
I SOLD IT TO THE *MOSSAD TRAINING CORPS*...THOUGH I ADMIT, IT DOESN'T WORK THE SAME IN HEBREW. PEOPLE JUST BITE OFF THEIR OWN TONGUES.
BUT IN *ENGLISH*, THE THREE PEOPLE WHO HAVE HEARD IT WERE SO *SHATTERED* THEY ALL DIED WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS...
DEHYDRATION. FROM *CRYING.* THAT'S A LOT OF *TEARS*, BRO.
BRING IT, *WADE.*
YOUR MAMA--
BDEET BDEET
...AAAAND THAT'S A WRAP!
WHOO! MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE I ALMOST HIT YOU WITH *MAMAGEDDON*--
WHAT?
JOB'S OVER. YOU WANNA GET A BEER OR SOMETHING--
I DON'T DRINK...AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN "JOB'S OVER"?
AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO KILL ME?
NO, THAT WAS YOUR ASSUMPTION. I NEVER SAID *MAIM, KILL, OR DIE.*
THEN WHAT DID THEY HIRE YOU TO DO? *ANNOY* ME FOR AN HOUR?
BASICALLY. THAT AND GET YOU AWAY FROM MIDTOWN.
WHY?
BECAUSE IT WAS FUN?


YOU FULLA POO! YOU DIDN'T HAVE NO SUPER-BAD MUTHA JOKE!
≯SIGH≮ I BET YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN SANTA OR THE *BLACKHEAD FAIRY* EITHER. C'MERE.
MASSUM FRASSUM HASSUM...
DON'T WORRY, IT'LL STOP IN A FEW DAYS. I ONLY GOT HALFWAY THROUGH IT.
WAHHH
BUT YOU REMEMBER THIS DAY, AND YOU GO MAKE SOMETHING OF YOURSELF, TIGER.
ENOUGH! ENOUGH OF THE NONSENSE AND THE CRAZY AND THE--*YOU!*
WHO HIRED YOU TO *MESS WITH ME?* WHAT DO THEY WANT?
NO CLUE, PAL. FOR HONEST AND FOR TRUE... BUT I CAN TELL YOU *TWO THINGS...*
ONE, WHOEVER'S GOT A MAD-ON FOR YOU IS *SERIOUS.* I'M JUST A *PRAWN* IN AN ANTI-SPIDEY *JAMBALAYA* THAT'S SIMMERING TO PERFECTION...
AND *TWO...*
...I REALLY AM A *FAN,* BUT WHEN WE CROSS PATHS IN *DEADPOOL* ISSUE #19 I'M GONNA *DUTCH OVEN* YOU WITH YOUR OWN WEBS.


WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
"ARE YOU HAPPY, MAMA?
"DID THE BOYS PLAY NICELY?"
"YOU TELL ME, ANA."
TRAINS HEADING INTO GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL WILL BE DELAYED DUE TO SUPER HUMAN ACTIVITY...
"YES, THE *INSECT* WAS NEVER WHERE HE WAS *SUPPOSED* TO BE TODAY...
OF COURSE THEY WILL. YOUR LUCK'S AS GOOD AS EVER, *ANYA CORAZON*.
"HE DIDN'T BUMP INTO THE *PROTEGE*...
"HE DIDN'T BATTLE THE *MONSTER*...
LET ME HELP...
THANKS, MISTER--
--BROCK. BUT YOU CAN CALL ME EDDIE, KID.
"AND THE *LITTLE SISTER*...
SO SAYS *LADY STILT-MAN!*
SPIDEY?
GEEZ, BACK IN TOWN FOR THREE DAYS AND ALREADY HE NEEDS ME. ‹SIGH›
A GIRL'S WORK IS NEVER--
"SHE NEVER STOOD A CHANCE WITHOUT HIM..."

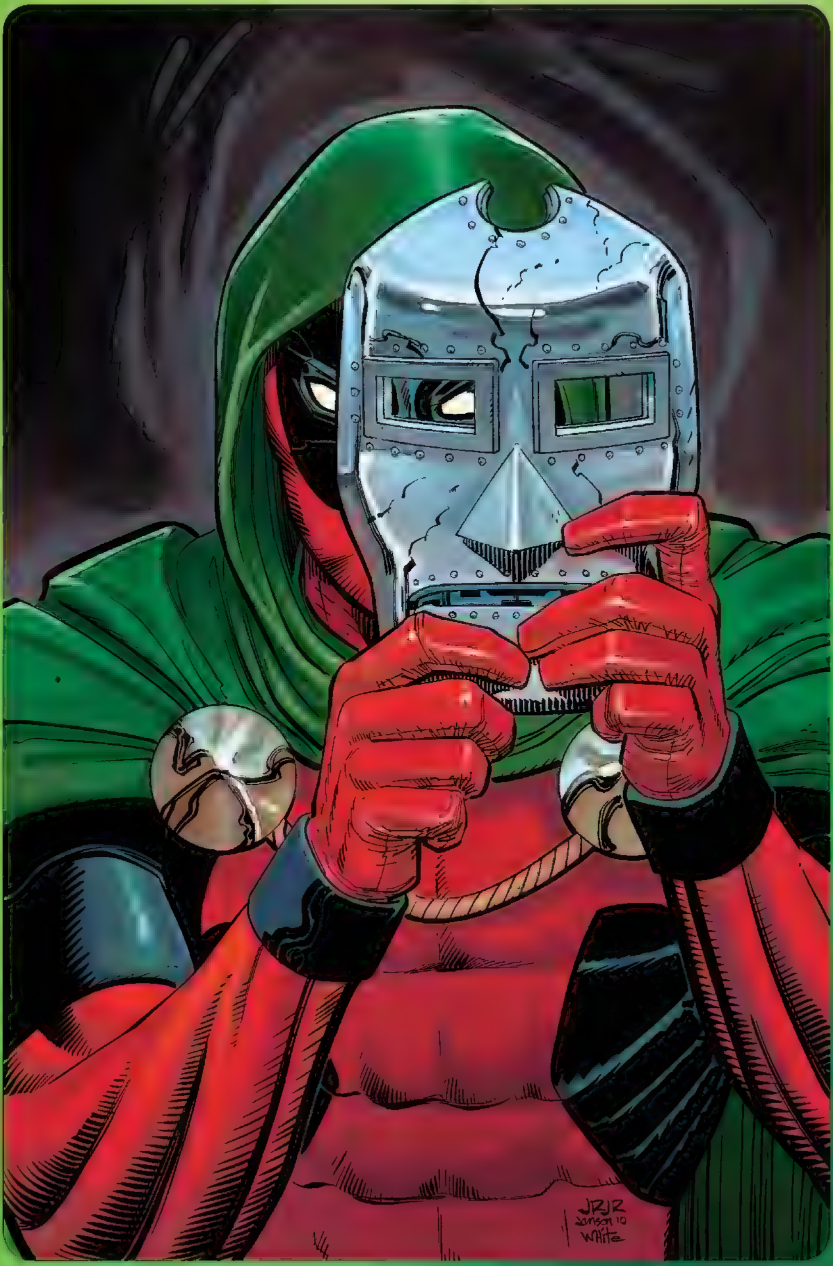

YOU PERFORMED BRILLIANTLY, MY DEAR.
YOU AND YOUR PLAYMATE.
THANK YOU, MAMA...
I TOLD YOU MADAME WEB WAS A GOOD PET.
SHE LED ME RIGHT TO THE PREY.
KEPT THE SPIDER AWAY.
HEE. IT RHYMES.
MATTIE...
MERCIFUL HEAVEN FORGIVE ME...
ANA...
OUR PREPARATIONS ARE COMPLETE... NOW, TO SET THE WHEEL IN MOTION...

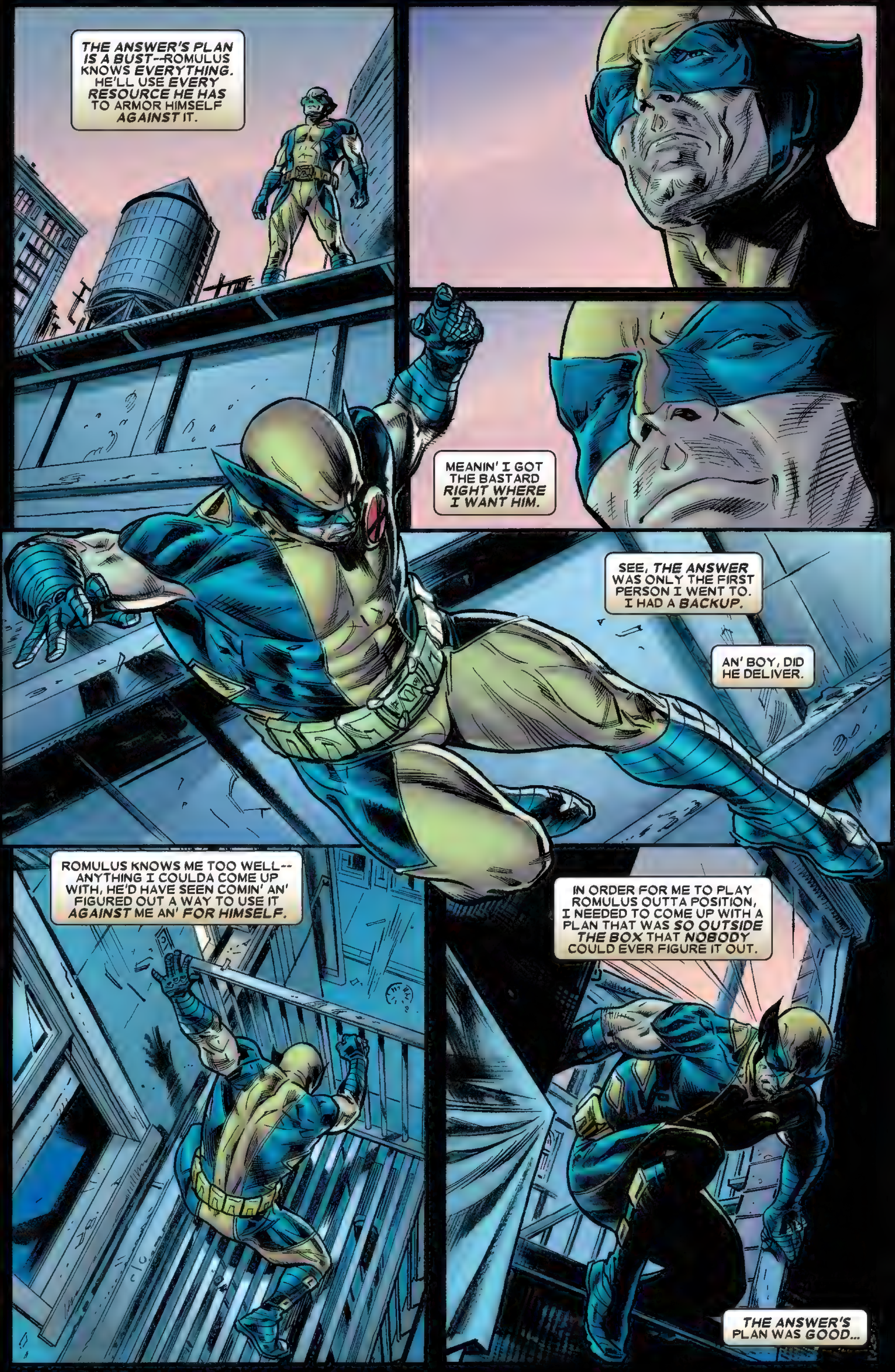
In *Wolverine: Origins #45*, Wolverine's lengthy search for the immortal manipulator Romulus was nearing its end. Determined to beat Romulus at his own game, Wolverine consulted with super villain The Answer, who helped concoct an intricate plan to flush out his foe. Wolverine recruited Bruce Banner, Skaar, Cloak, Silver Samurai and the bizarre Ruby Thursday for his mysterious plan — but Romulus kidnapped Ruby and forced the details of Wolverine's plan out of her.

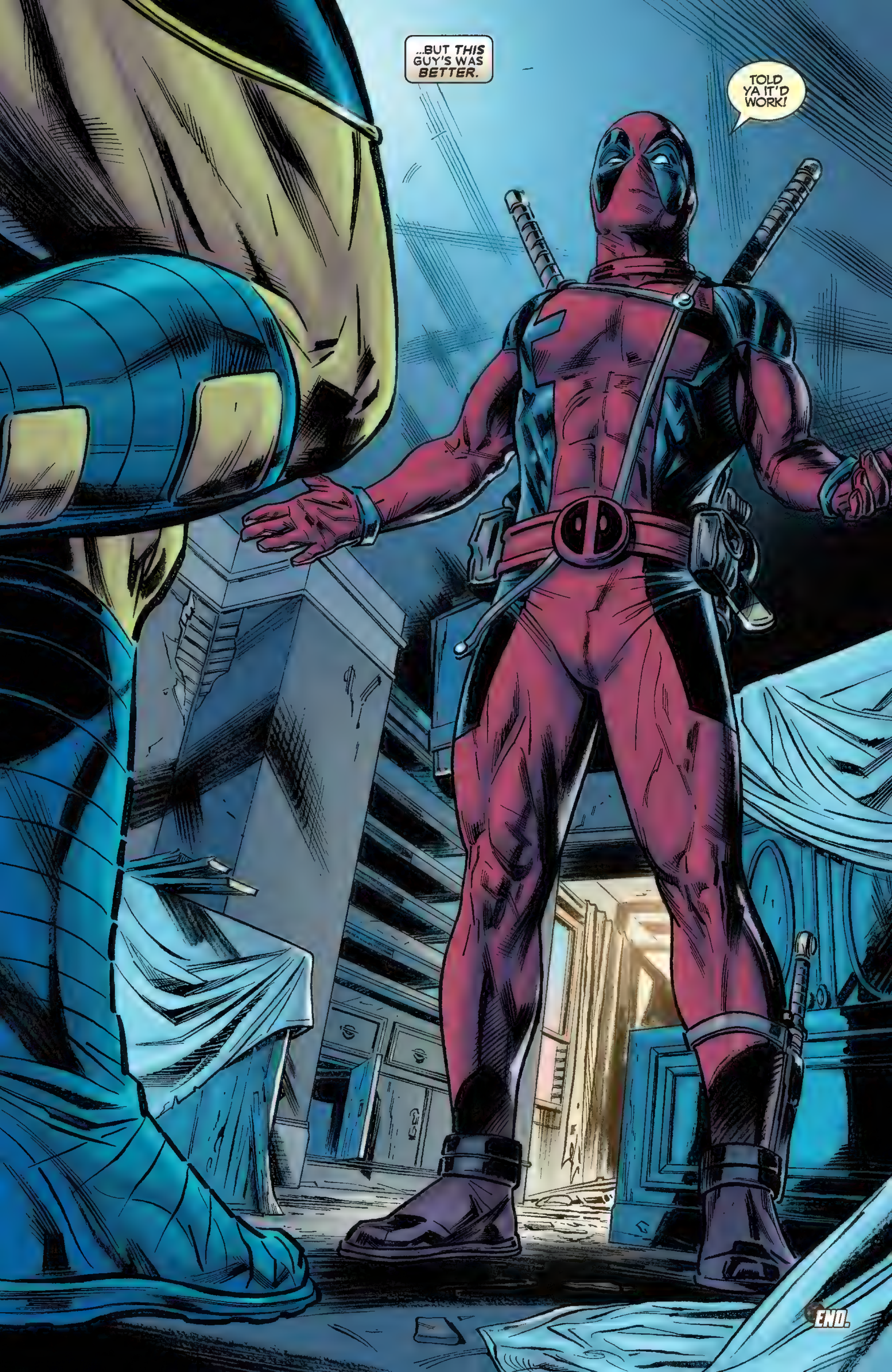
Prior to guest-starring in *Doomwar #5-6*, Deadpool appeared in the final scene of *Doomwar #4*. The miniseries focused on Doctor Doom's plot to control Wakanda's Vibranium by secretly funding a coup to overthrow the African nation's government. Despite the best efforts of T'Challa and his sister Shuri, the current Black Panther, Doom successfully looted Wakanda's Vibranium vault — and hid all ten thousand tons of the metal across the planet. With the Fantastic Four's help, the Panthers are slowly locating the Vibranium caches, but battling Doom's troops is a costly and bloody affair. T'Challa decides to alter his strategy…

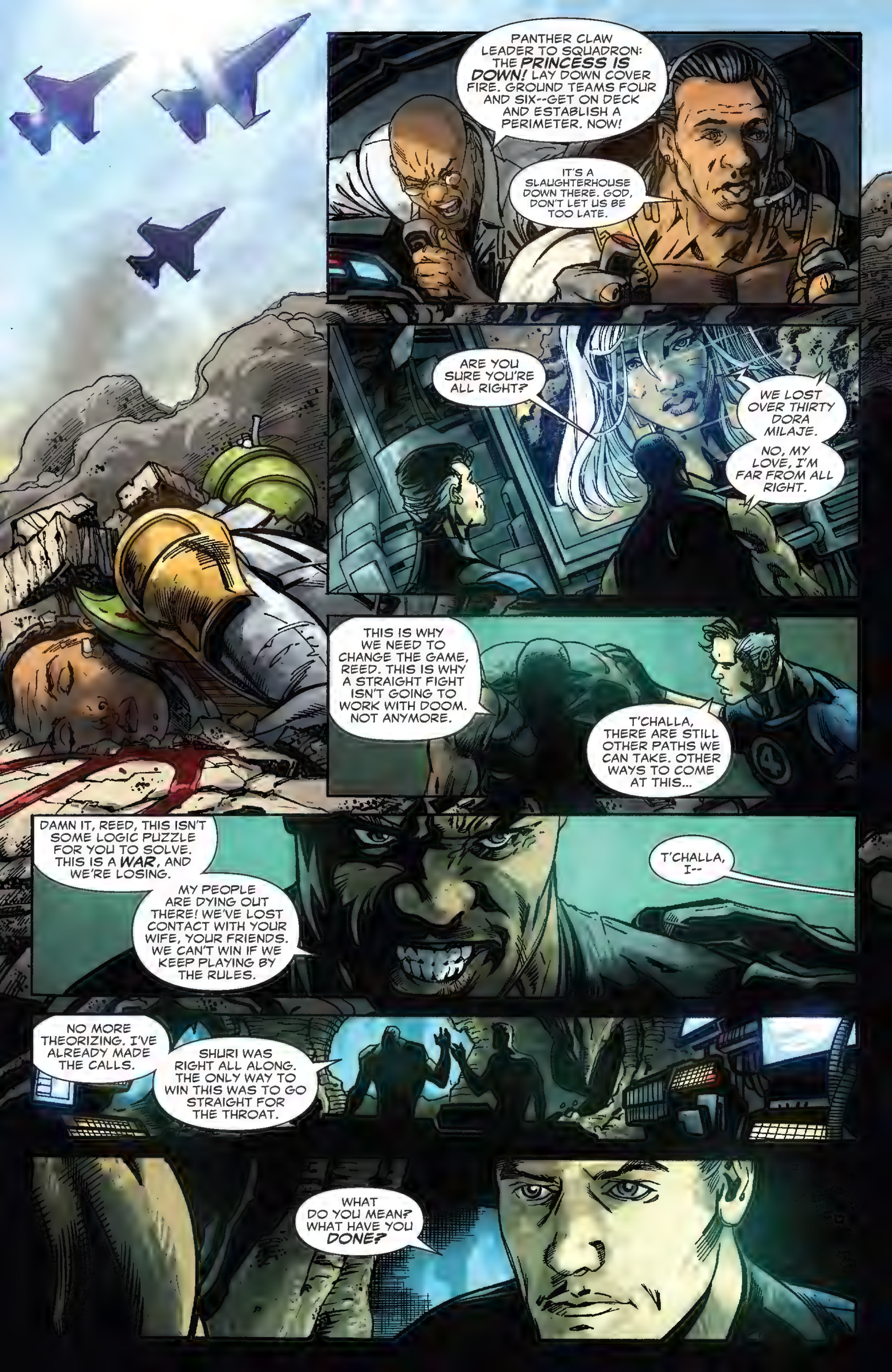
WOLVERINE: ORIGINS #45 — Writer: Daniel Way • Penciler: Doug Braithwaite • Inkers and Washes: Bill Reinhold with Mike Manley • Colorist: Andy Troy • Letterer: VC's Cory Petit • Assistant Editor: Jody LeHeup • Editor: Jeanine Schaefer • Group Editor: Axel Alonso

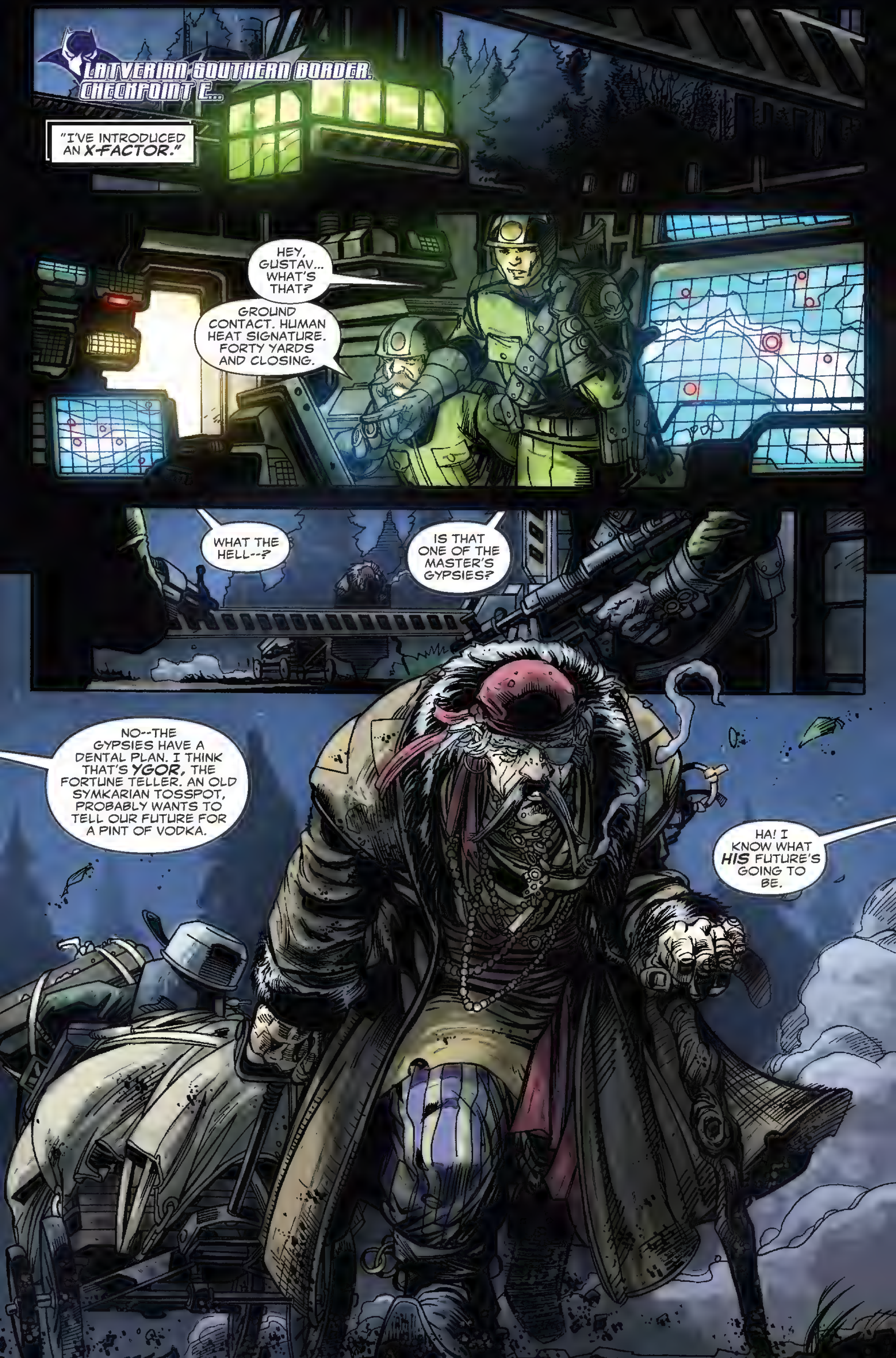
DOOMWAR #4 — Writer: Jonathan Maberry • Penciler: Scot Eaton • Inkers: Andy Lanning & Robert Campanella • Colorist: Jean-François Beaulieu • Letterer: VC's Cory Petit • Assistant Editor: Sebastian Girner • Editor: Axel Alonso • Cover Art: John Romita Jr., Klaus Janson & Dean White

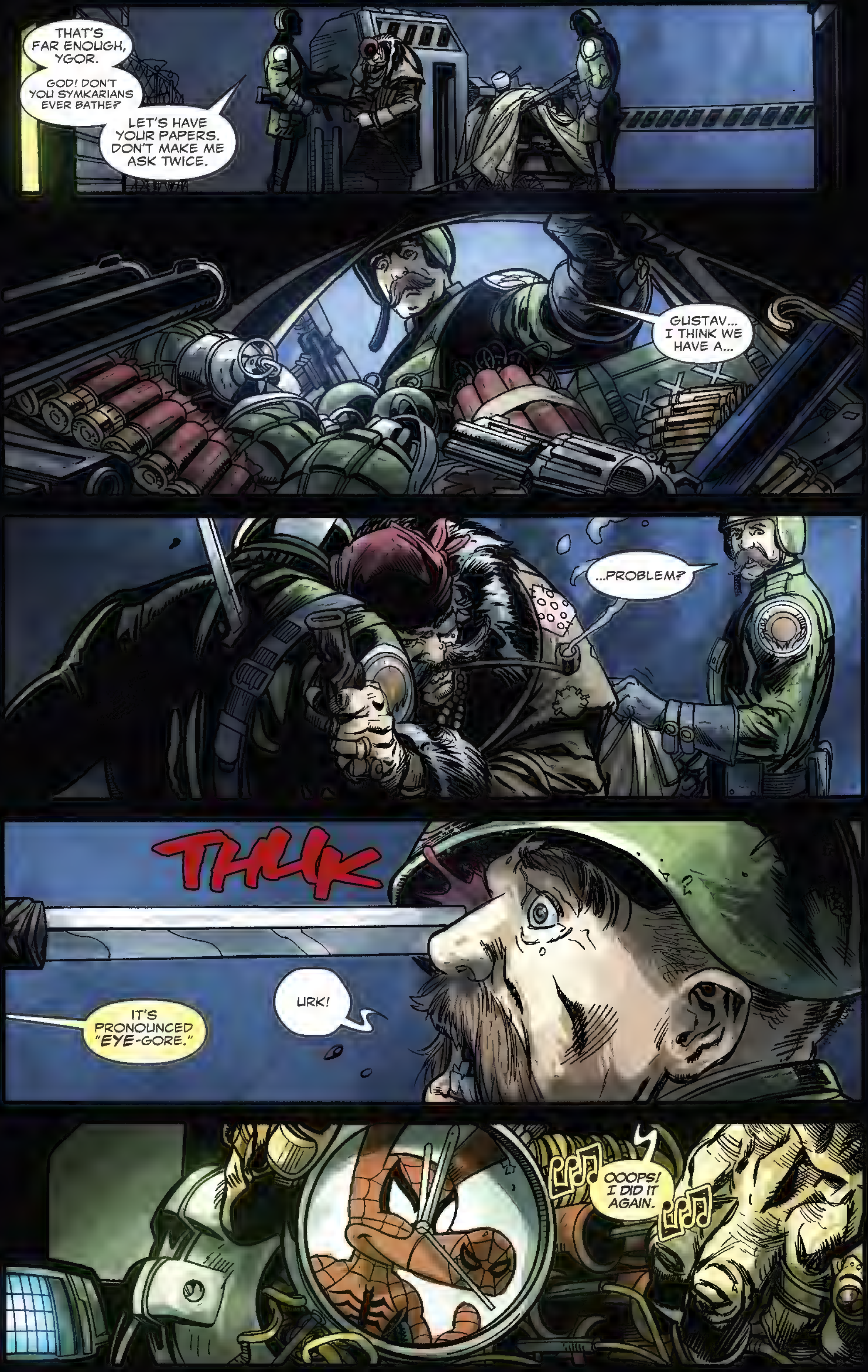


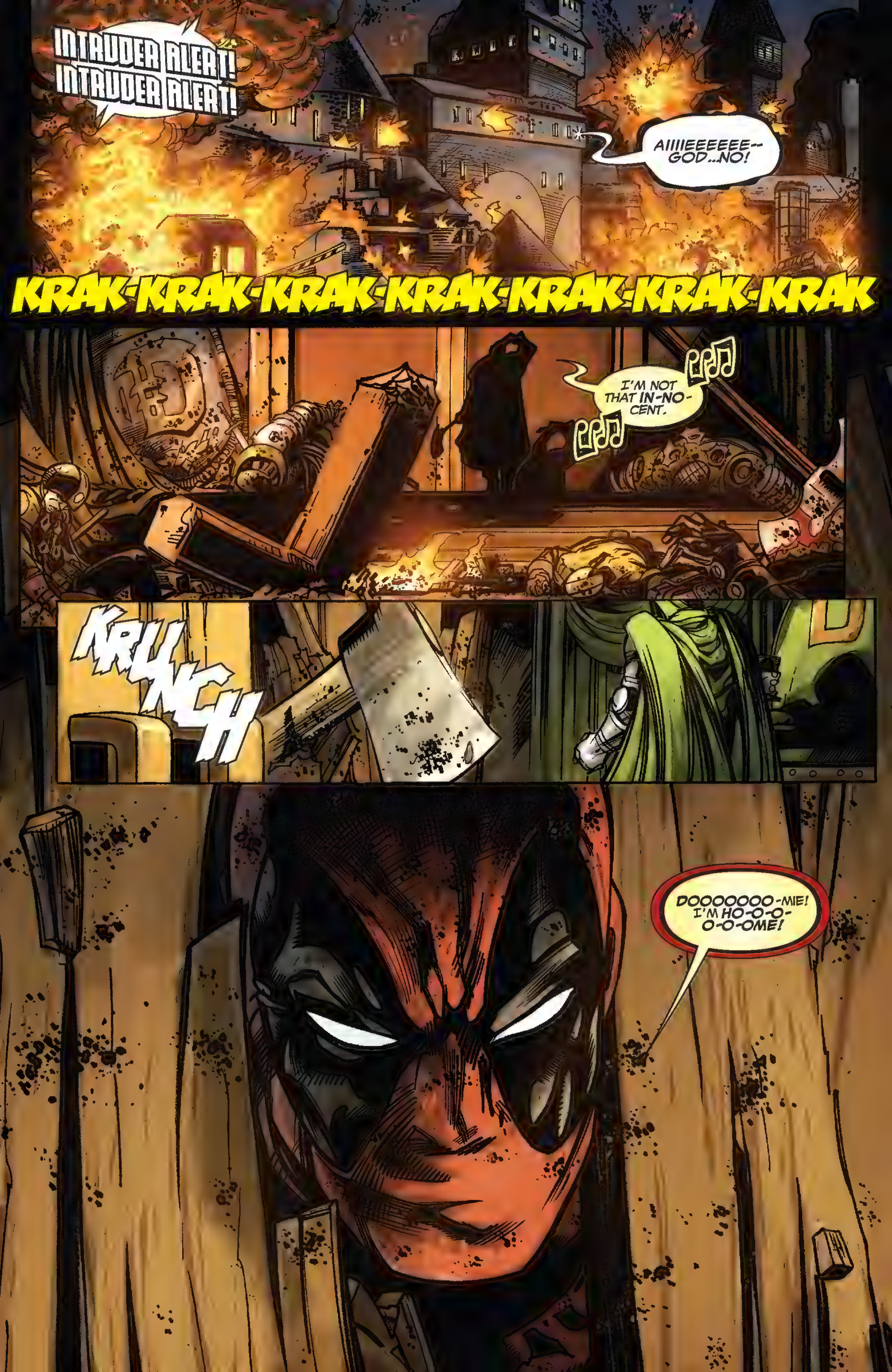

THE ANSWER'S PLAN IS A BUST--ROMULUS KNOWS EVERYTHING. HE'LL USE EVERY RESOURCE HE HAS TO ARMOR HIMSELF AGAINST IT.
MEANIN' I GOT THE BASTARD RIGHT WHERE I WANT HIM.
SEE, THE ANSWER WAS ONLY THE FIRST PERSON I WENT TO. I HAD A BACKUP.
AN' BOY, DID HE DELIVER.
ROMULUS KNOWS ME TOO WELL--ANYTHING I COULDA COME UP WITH, HE'D HAVE SEEN COMIN' AN' FIGURED OUT A WAY TO USE IT AGAINST ME AN' FOR HIMSELF.
IN ORDER FOR ME TO PLAY ROMULUS OUTTA POSITION, I NEEDED TO COME UP WITH A PLAN THAT WAS SO OUTSIDE THE BOX THAT NOBODY COULD EVER FIGURE IT OUT.
THE ANSWER'S PLAN WAS GOOD...

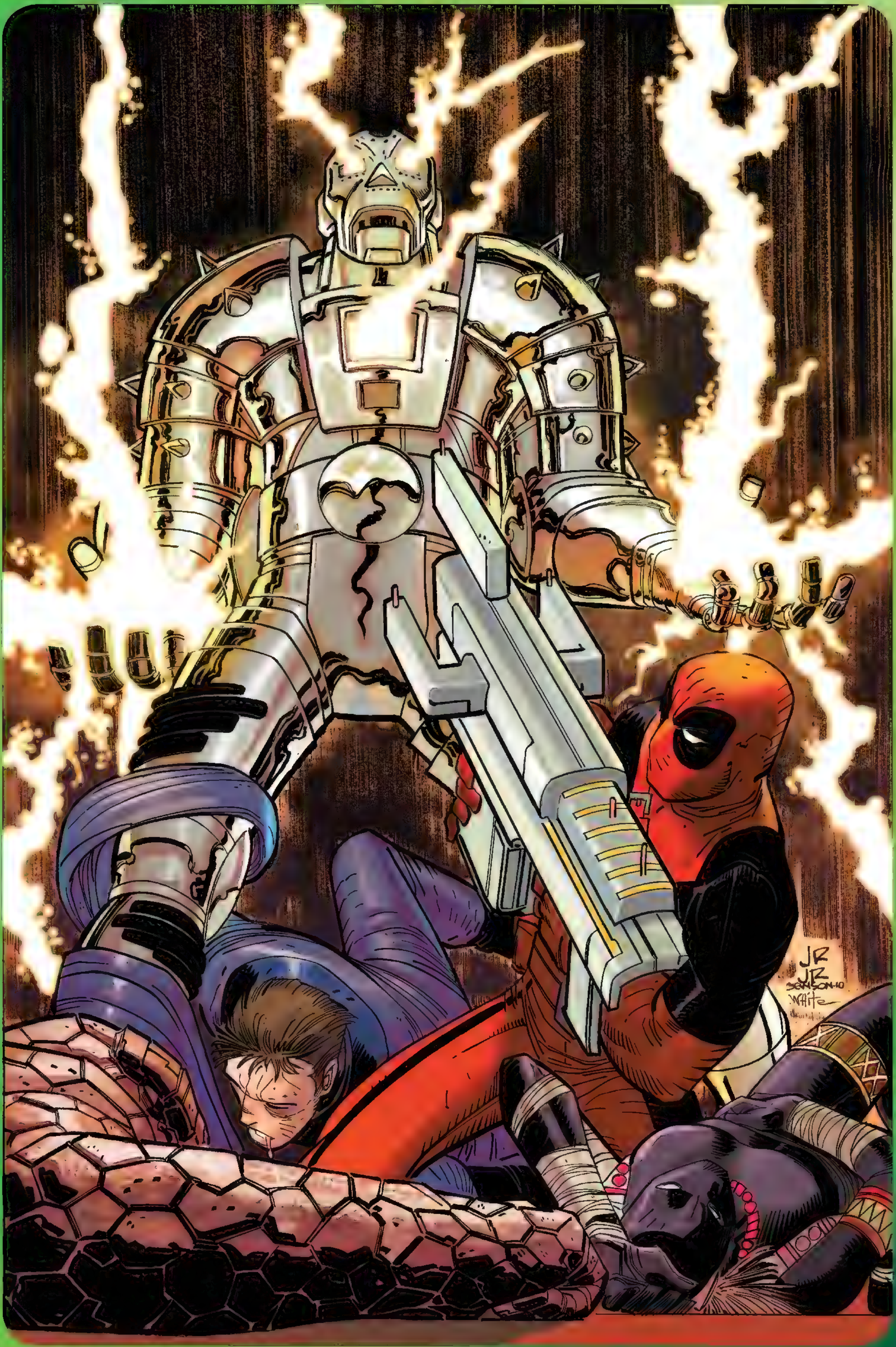

...BUT THIS GUY'S WAS BETTER.
TOLD YA IT'D WORK!
END.


PANTHER CLAW LEADER TO SQUADRON: THE PRINCESS IS DOWN! LAY DOWN COVER FIRE. GROUND TEAMS FOUR AND SIX--GET ON DECK AND ESTABLISH A PERIMETER. NOW!
IT'S A SLAUGHTERHOUSE DOWN THERE. GOD, DON'T LET US BE TOO LATE.
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?
WE LOST OVER THIRTY DORA MILAJE.
NO, MY LOVE, I'M FAR FROM ALL RIGHT.
THIS IS WHY WE NEED TO CHANGE THE GAME, REED. THIS IS WHY A STRAIGHT FIGHT ISN'T GOING TO WORK WITH DOOM. NOT ANYMORE.
T'CHALLA, THERE ARE STILL OTHER PATHS WE CAN TAKE. OTHER WAYS TO COME AT THIS...
DAMN IT, REED, THIS ISN'T SOME LOGIC PUZZLE FOR YOU TO SOLVE. THIS IS A WAR, AND WE'RE LOSING.
MY PEOPLE ARE DYING OUT THERE! WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH YOUR WIFE, YOUR FRIENDS. WE CAN'T WIN IF WE KEEP PLAYING BY THE RULES.
T'CHALLA, I--
NO MORE THEORIZING. I'VE ALREADY MADE THE CALLS.
SHURI WAS RIGHT ALL ALONG. THE ONLY WAY TO WIN THIS WAS TO GO STRAIGHT FOR THE THROAT.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

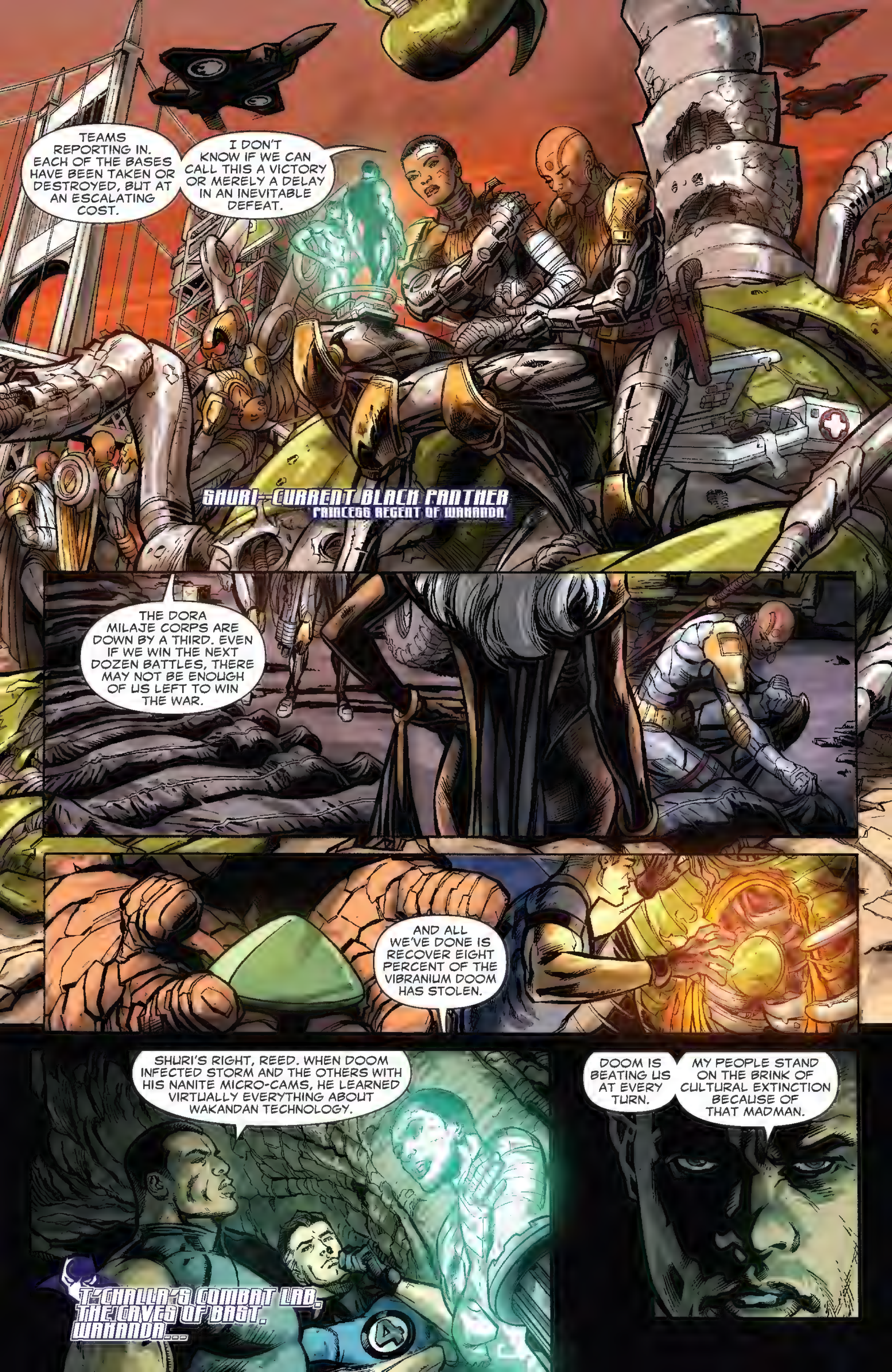

LATVERIAN SOUTHERN BORDER. CHECKPOINT E...
"I'VE INTRODUCED AN X-FACTOR."
HEY, GUSTAV... WHAT'S THAT?
GROUND CONTACT. HUMAN HEAT SIGNATURE. FORTY YARDS AND CLOSING.
WHAT THE HELL--?
IS THAT ONE OF THE MASTER'S GYPSIES?
NO--THE GYPSIES HAVE A DENTAL PLAN. I THINK THAT'S YGOR, THE FORTUNE TELLER. AN OLD SYMKARIAN TOSSPOT, PROBABLY WANTS TO TELL OUR FUTURE FOR A PINT OF VODKA.
HA! I KNOW WHAT HIS FUTURE'S GOING TO BE.

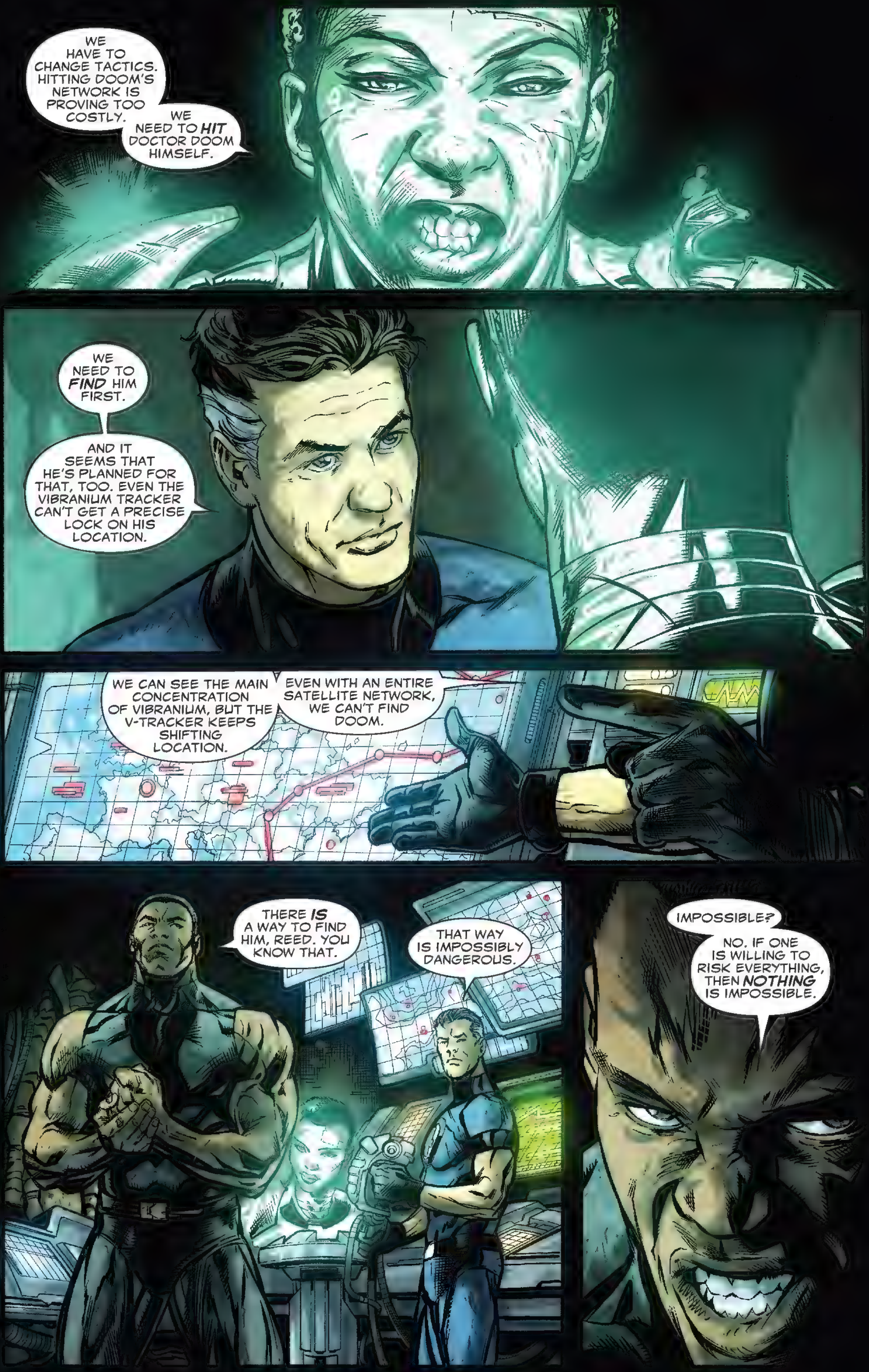

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, YGOR.
GOD! DON'T YOU SYMKARIANS EVER BATHE?
LET'S HAVE YOUR PAPERS. DON'T MAKE ME ASK TWICE.
GUSTAV... I THINK WE HAVE A...
...PROBLEM?
THUK
URK!
IT'S PRONOUNCED "EYE-GORE."
OOOPS! I DID IT AGAIN.

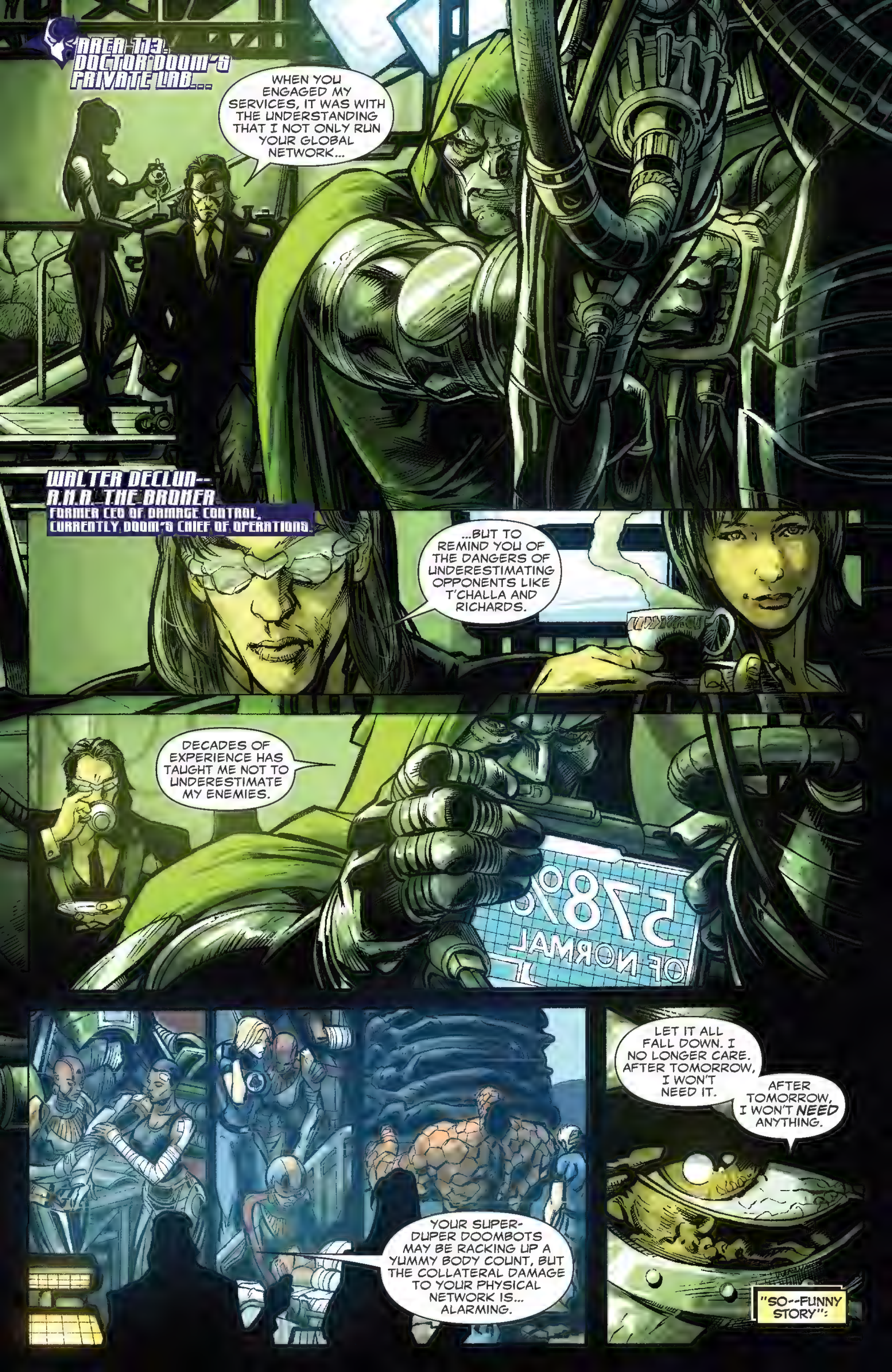

INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!
AIIIIEEEEEE-- GOD...NO!
KRAK-KRAK-KRAK-KRAK-KRAK-KRAK-KRAK
I'M NOT THAT IN-NO-CENT.
KRUNCH
DOOOOOOO-MIE! I'M HO-O-O-O-O-OME!

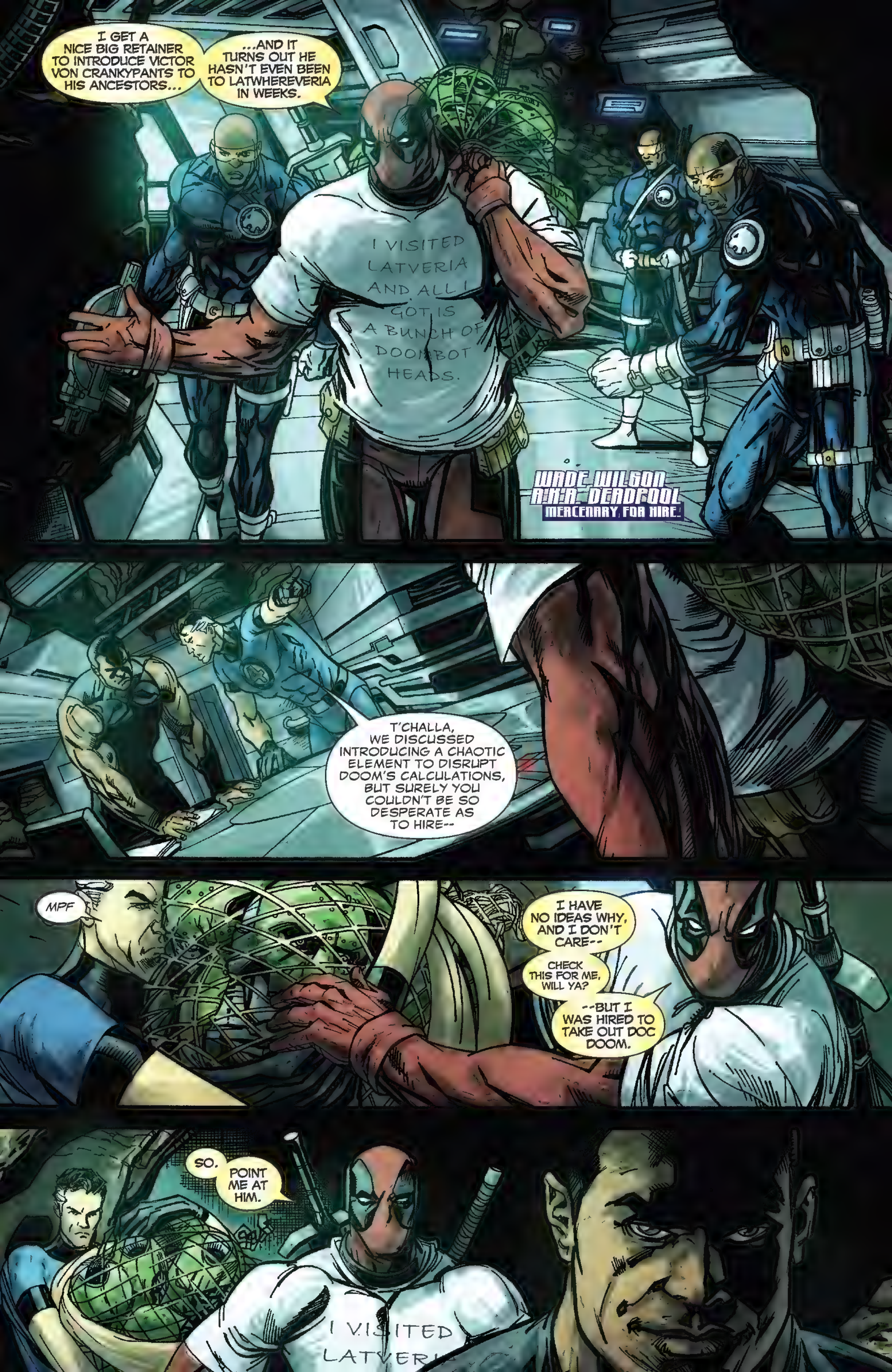

JR
JR
JANSON-10
White

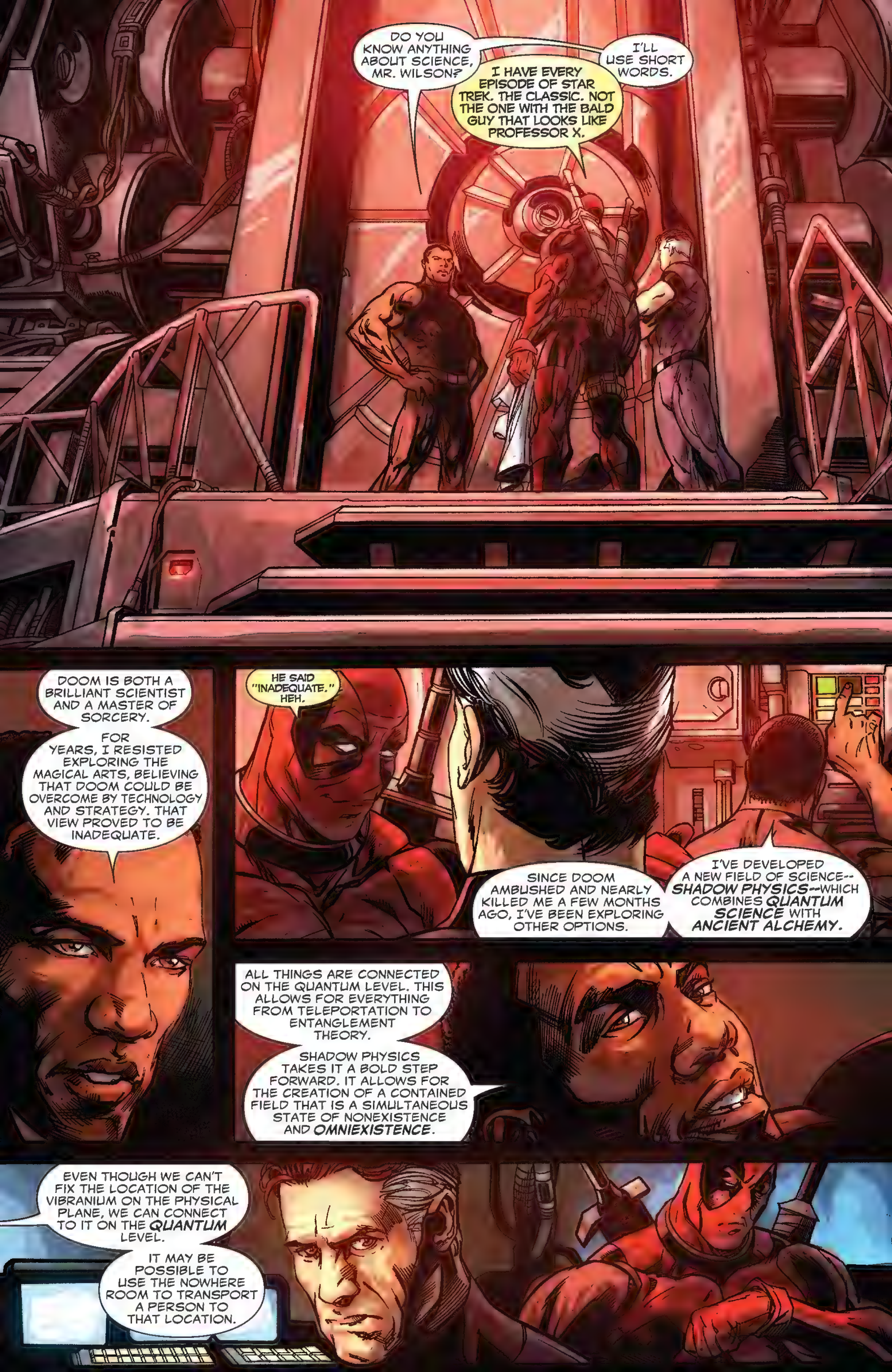
DOOMWAR #5

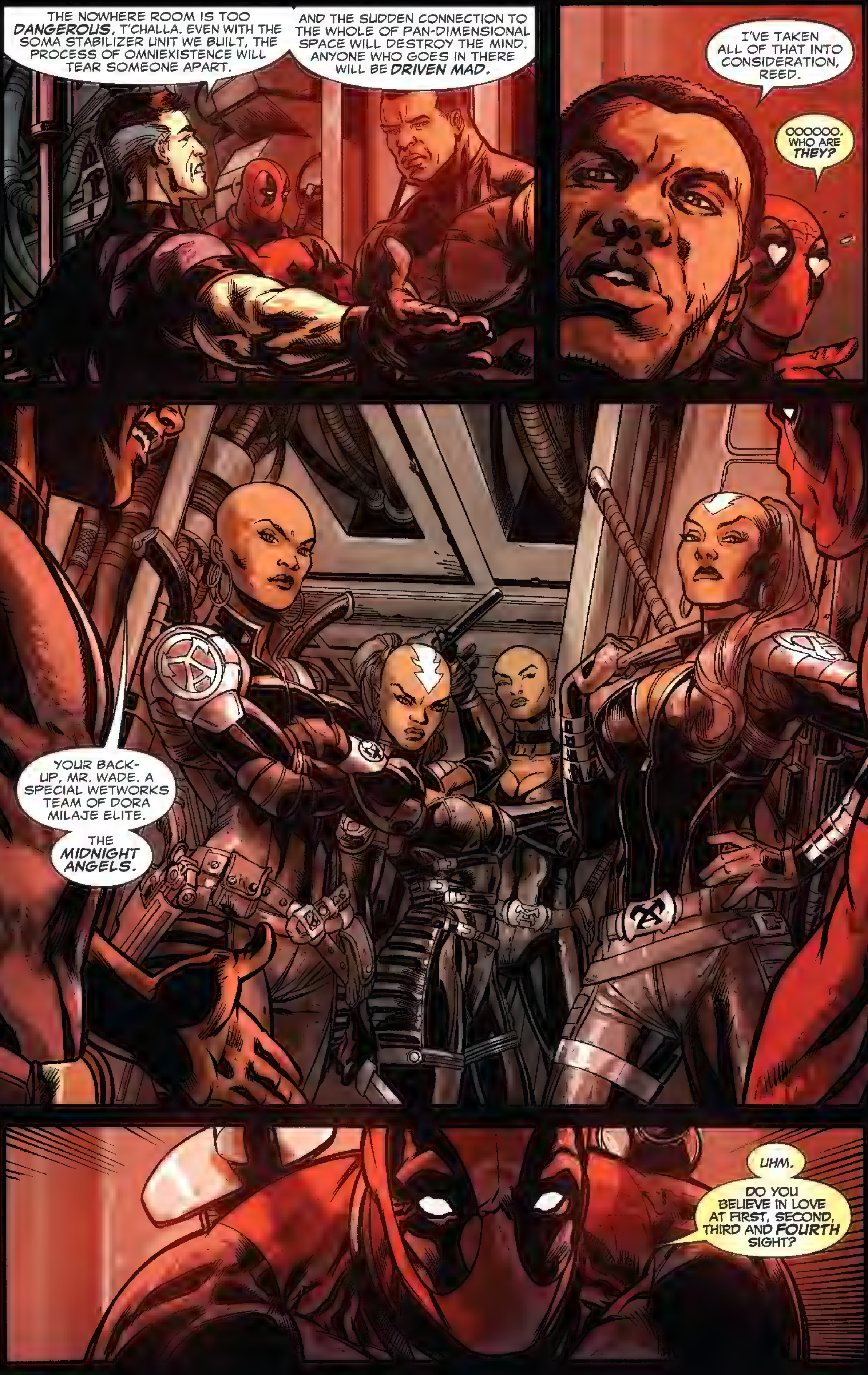

TEAMS REPORTING IN. EACH OF THE BASES HAVE BEEN TAKEN OR DESTROYED, BUT AT AN ESCALATING COST.
I DON'T KNOW IF WE CAN CALL THIS A VICTORY OR MERELY A DELAY IN AN INEVITABLE DEFEAT.
SHURI--CURRENT BLACK PANTHER
PRINCESS REGENT OF WAKANDA.
THE DORA MILAJE CORPS ARE DOWN BY A THIRD. EVEN IF WE WIN THE NEXT DOZEN BATTLES, THERE MAY NOT BE ENOUGH OF US LEFT TO WIN THE WAR.
AND ALL WE'VE DONE IS RECOVER EIGHT PERCENT OF THE VIBRANIUM DOOM HAS STOLEN.
T'CHALLA'S COMBAT LAB. THE CAVES OF BAST. WAKANDA...
SHURI'S RIGHT, REED. WHEN DOOM INFECTED STORM AND THE OTHERS WITH HIS NANITE MICRO-CAMS, HE LEARNED VIRTUALLY EVERYTHING ABOUT WAKANDAN TECHNOLOGY.
DOOM IS BEATING US AT EVERY TURN.
MY PEOPLE STAND ON THE BRINK OF CULTURAL EXTINCTION BECAUSE OF THAT MADMAN.
4

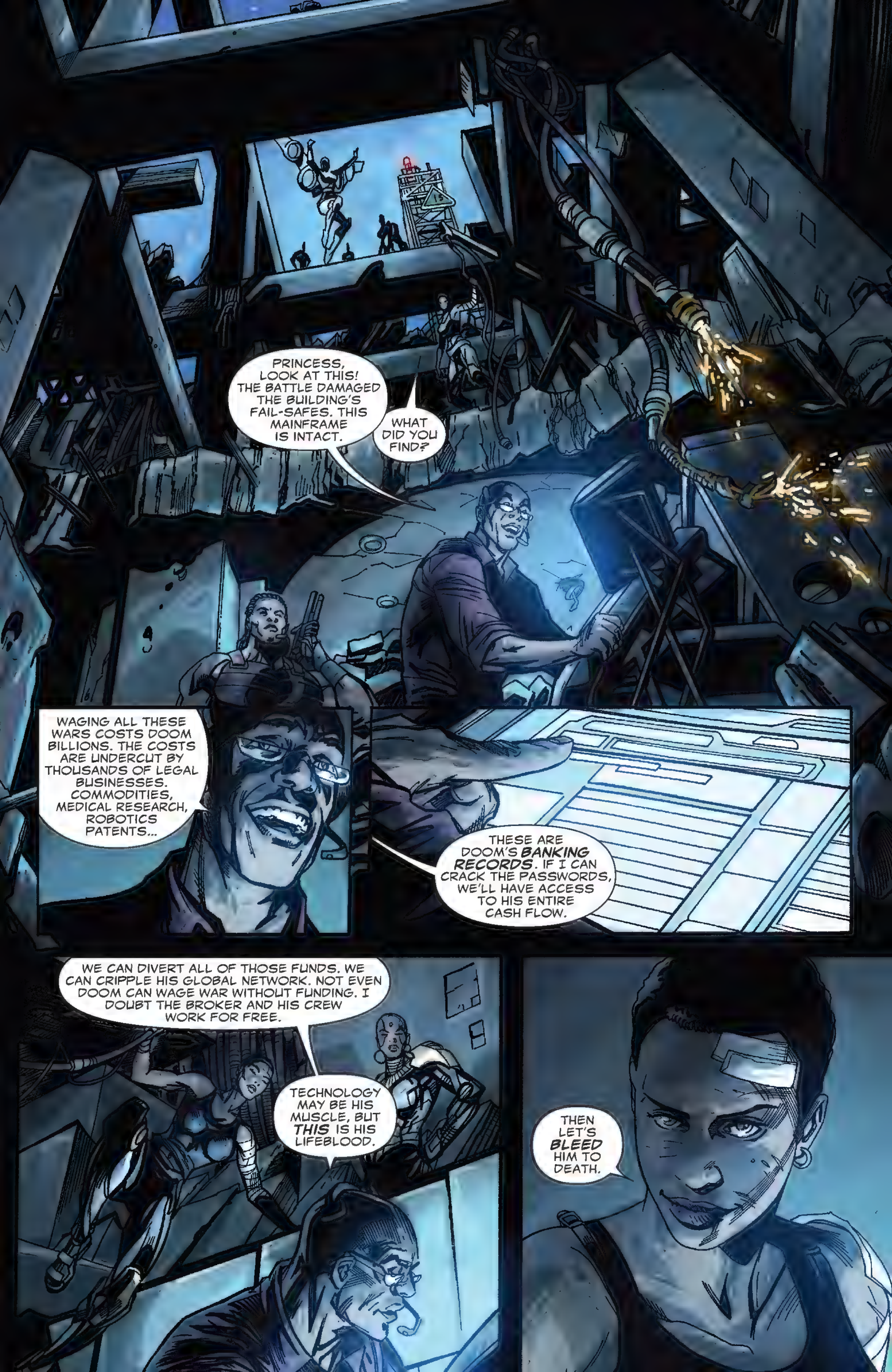

WE HAVE TO CHANGE TACTICS. HITTING DOOM'S NETWORK IS PROVING TOO COSTLY.
WE NEED TO **HIT** DOCTOR DOOM HIMSELF.
WE NEED TO **FIND** HIM FIRST.
AND IT SEEMS THAT HE'S PLANNED FOR THAT, TOO. EVEN THE VIBRANIUM TRACKER CAN'T GET A PRECISE LOCK ON HIS LOCATION.
WE CAN SEE THE MAIN CONCENTRATION OF VIBRANIUM, BUT THE V-TRACKER KEEPS SHIFTING LOCATION.
EVEN WITH AN ENTIRE SATELLITE NETWORK, WE CAN'T FIND DOOM.
THERE **IS** A WAY TO FIND HIM, REED. YOU KNOW THAT.
THAT WAY IS IMPOSSIBLY DANGEROUS.
IMPOSSIBLE?
NO. IF ONE IS WILLING TO RISK EVERYTHING, THEN **NOTHING** IS IMPOSSIBLE.

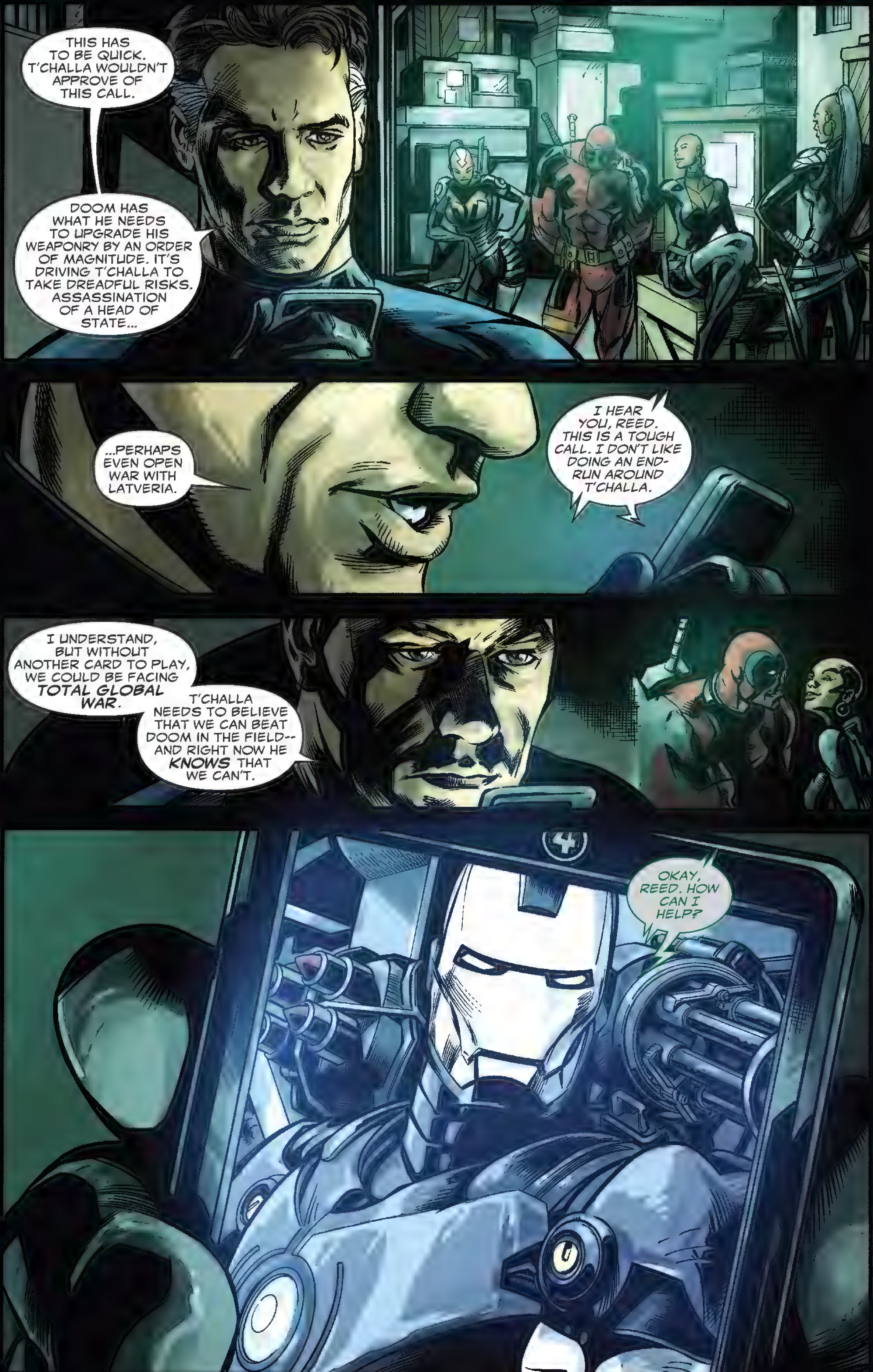

AREA 113. DOCTOR DOOM'S PRIVATE LAB...
WHEN YOU ENGAGED MY SERVICES, IT WAS WITH THE UNDERSTANDING THAT I NOT ONLY RUN YOUR GLOBAL NETWORK...
WALTER DECLUN-- A.K.A. THE BROKER
FORMER CEO OF DAMAGE CONTROL, CURRENTLY DOOM'S CHIEF OF OPERATIONS.
...BUT TO REMIND YOU OF THE DANGERS OF UNDERESTIMATING OPPONENTS LIKE T'CHALLA AND RICHARDS.
DECADES OF EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT ME NOT TO UNDERESTIMATE MY ENEMIES.
578% OF NORMAL
YOUR SUPER-DUPER DOOMBOTS MAY BE RACKING UP A YUMMY BODY COUNT, BUT THE COLLATERAL DAMAGE TO YOUR PHYSICAL NETWORK IS... ALARMING.
LET IT ALL FALL DOWN. I NO LONGER CARE. AFTER TOMORROW, I WON'T NEED IT.
AFTER TOMORROW, I WON'T NEED ANYTHING.
"SO--FUNNY STORY":

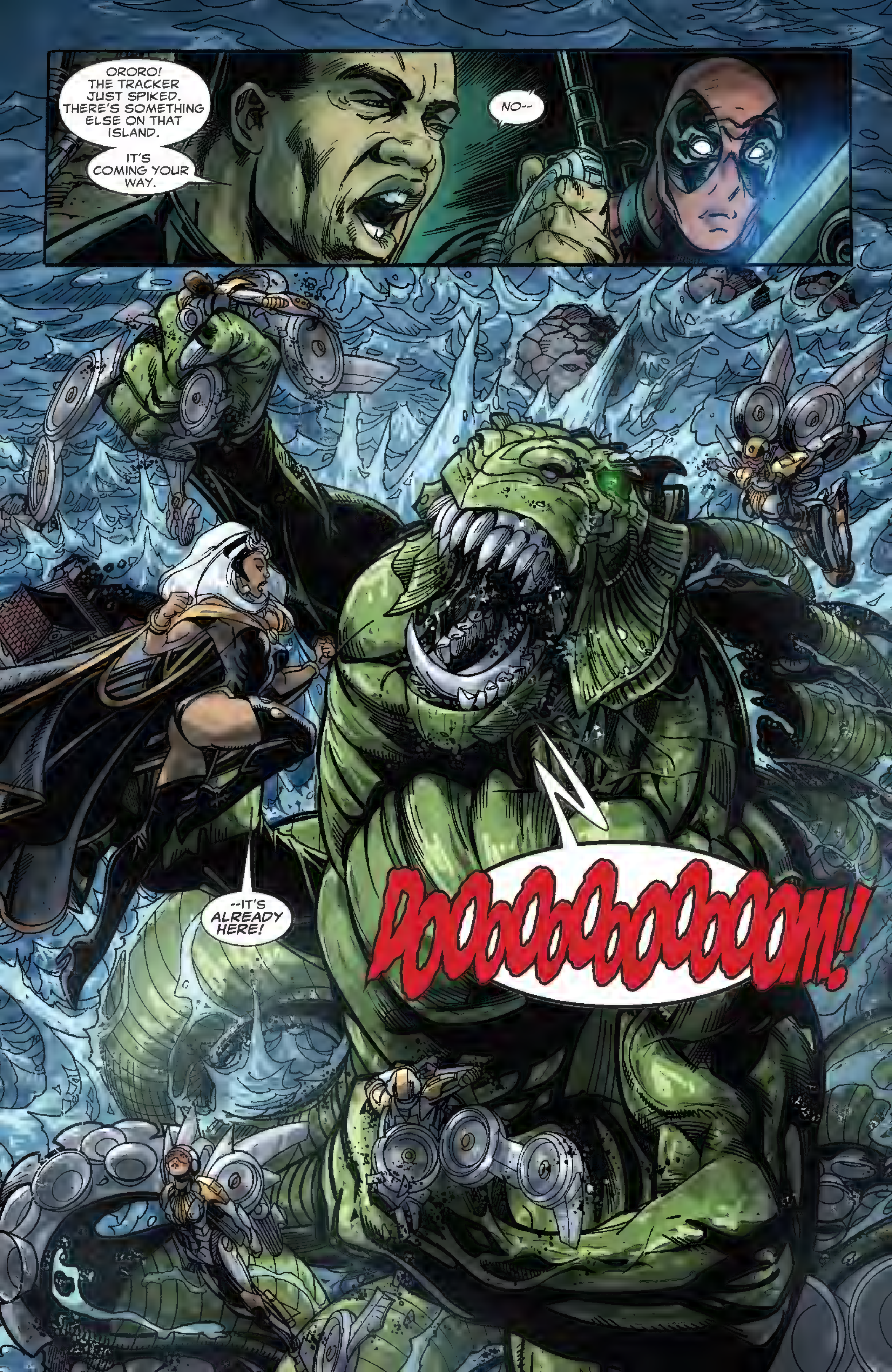

I GET A NICE BIG RETAINER TO INTRODUCE VICTOR VON CRANKYPANTS TO HIS ANCESTORS...
...AND IT TURNS OUT HE HASN'T EVEN BEEN TO LATWHEREVERIA IN WEEKS.
I VISITED LATVERIA AND ALL I GOT IS A BUNCH OF DOOMBOT HEADS.
WADE WILSON A.K.A. DEADPOOL
MERCENARY, FOR HIRE.
T'CHALLA, WE DISCUSSED INTRODUCING A CHAOTIC ELEMENT TO DISRUPT DOOM'S CALCULATIONS, BUT SURELY YOU COULDN'T BE SO DESPERATE AS TO HIRE--
MPF
I HAVE NO IDEAS WHY, AND I DON'T CARE--
CHECK THIS FOR ME, WILL YA?
--BUT I WAS HIRED TO TAKE OUT DOC DOOM.
SO.
POINT ME AT HIM.
I VISITED LATVER

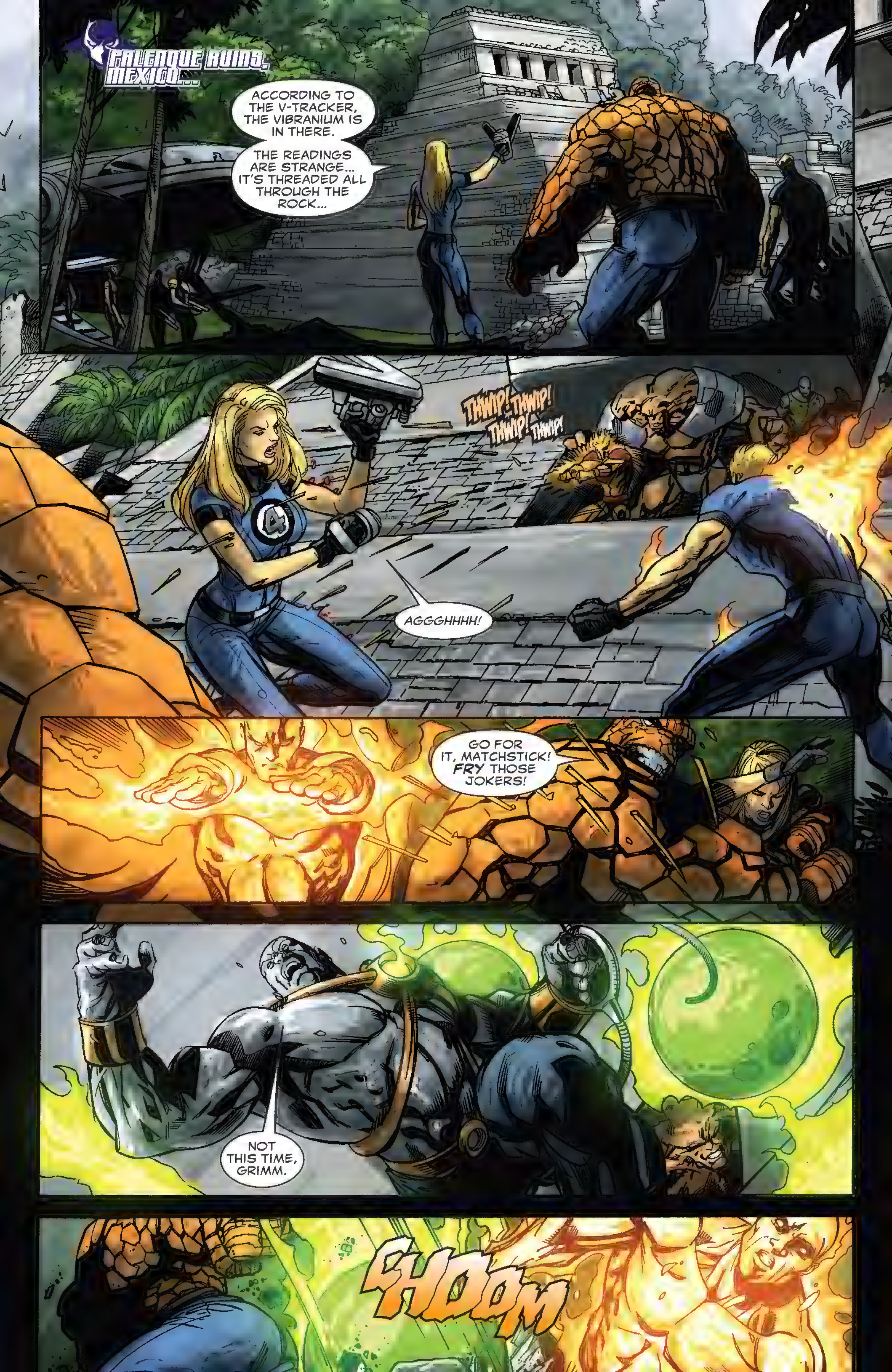

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT SCIENCE, MR. WILSON?
I'LL USE SHORT WORDS.
I HAVE EVERY EPISODE OF STAR TREK. THE CLASSIC. NOT THE ONE WITH THE BALD GUY THAT LOOKS LIKE PROFESSOR X.
DOOM IS BOTH A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST AND A MASTER OF SORCERY.
FOR YEARS, I RESISTED EXPLORING THE MAGICAL ARTS, BELIEVING THAT DOOM COULD BE OVERCOME BY TECHNOLOGY AND STRATEGY. THAT VIEW PROVED TO BE INADEQUATE.
HE SAID "INADEQUATE." HEH.
SINCE DOOM AMBUSHED AND NEARLY KILLED ME A FEW MONTHS AGO, I'VE BEEN EXPLORING OTHER OPTIONS.
I'VE DEVELOPED A NEW FIELD OF SCIENCE--***SHADOW PHYSICS***--WHICH COMBINES ***QUANTUM SCIENCE*** WITH ***ANCIENT ALCHEMY.***
ALL THINGS ARE CONNECTED ON THE QUANTUM LEVEL. THIS ALLOWS FOR EVERYTHING FROM TELEPORTATION TO ENTANGLEMENT THEORY.
SHADOW PHYSICS TAKES IT A BOLD STEP FORWARD. IT ALLOWS FOR THE CREATION OF A CONTAINED FIELD THAT IS A SIMULTANEOUS STATE OF NONEXISTENCE AND ***OMNIEXISTENCE.***
EVEN THOUGH WE CAN'T FIX THE LOCATION OF THE VIBRANIUM ON THE PHYSICAL PLANE, WE CAN CONNECT TO IT ON THE ***QUANTUM*** LEVEL.
IT MAY BE POSSIBLE TO USE THE NOWHERE ROOM TO TRANSPORT A PERSON TO THAT LOCATION.

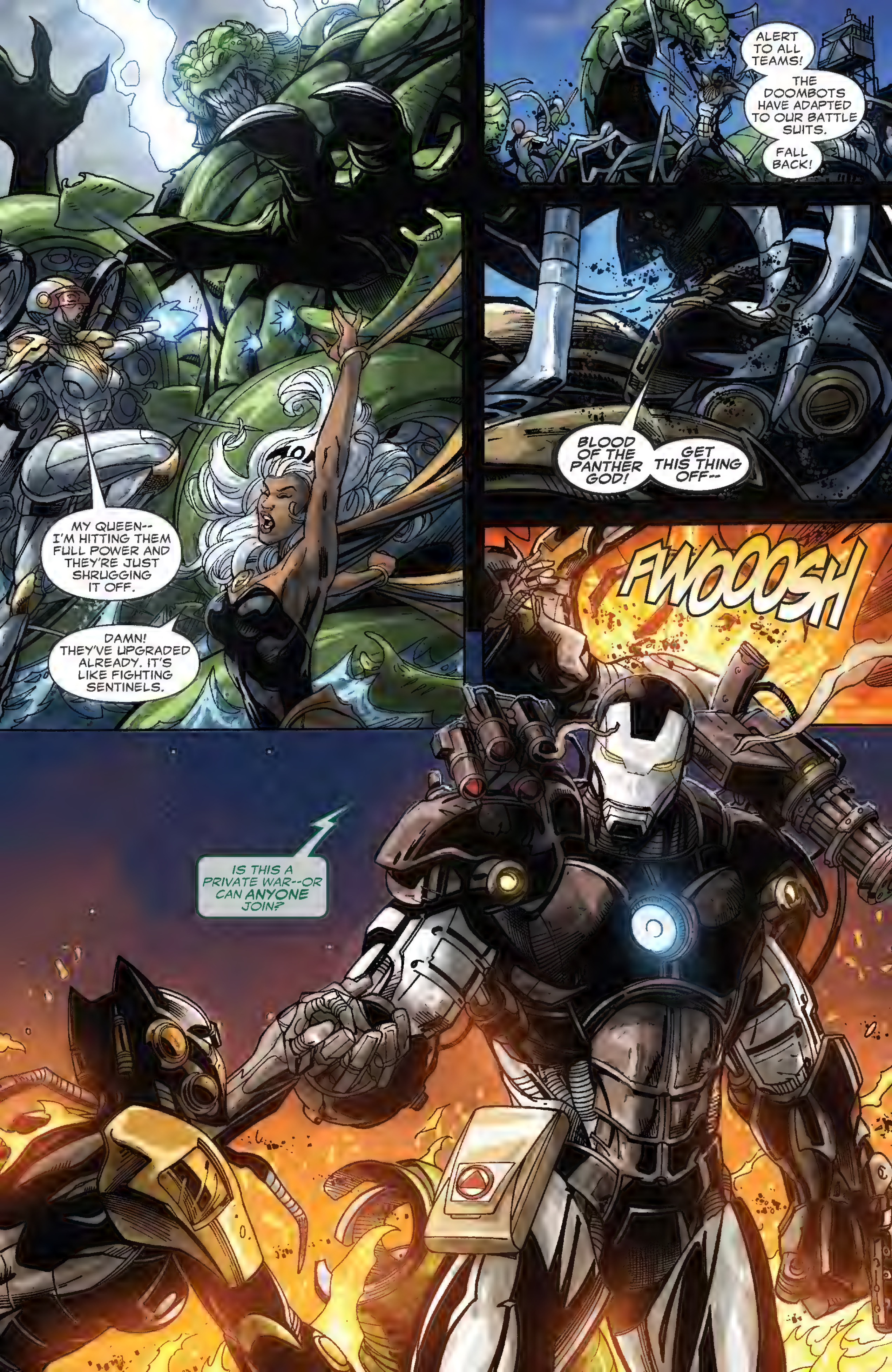

THE NOWHERE ROOM IS TOO DANGEROUS, T'CHALLA. EVEN WITH THE SOMA STABILIZER UNIT WE BUILT, THE PROCESS OF OMNIEXISTENCE WILL TEAR SOMEONE APART.
AND THE SUDDEN CONNECTION TO THE WHOLE OF PAN-DIMENSIONAL SPACE WILL DESTROY THE MIND. ANYONE WHO GOES IN THERE WILL BE DRIVEN MAD.
I'VE TAKEN ALL OF THAT INTO CONSIDERATION, REED.
OOOOOOO. WHO ARE THEY?
YOUR BACK-UP, MR. WADE. A SPECIAL WETWORKS TEAM OF DORA MILAJE ELITE.
THE MIDNIGHT ANGELS.
UHM.
DO YOU BELIEVE IN LOVE AT FIRST, SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH SIGHT?

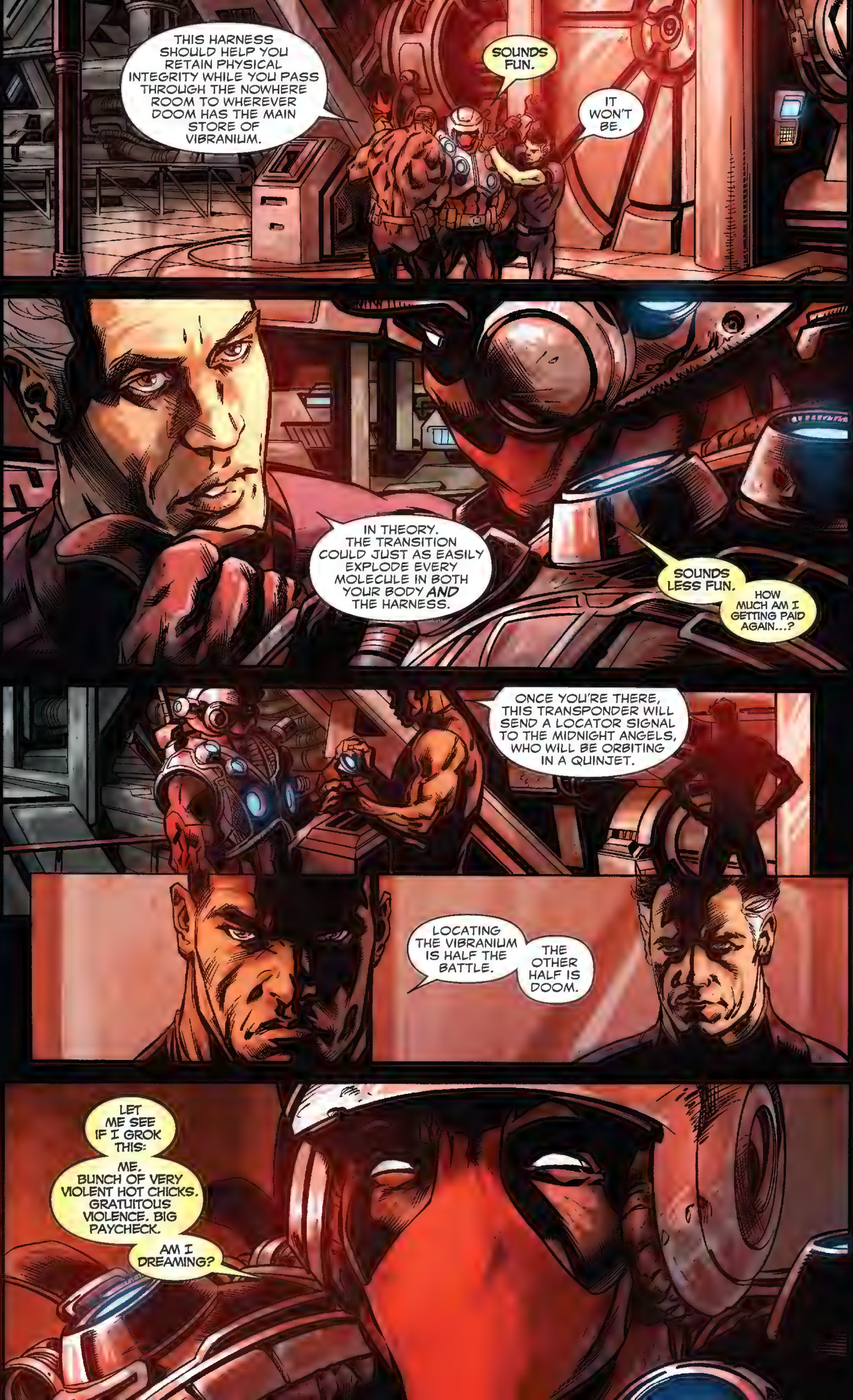

PRINCESS, LOOK AT THIS! THE BATTLE DAMAGED THE BUILDING'S FAIL-SAFES. THIS MAINFRAME IS INTACT.
WHAT DID YOU FIND?
WAGING ALL THESE WARS COSTS DOOM BILLIONS. THE COSTS ARE UNDERCUT BY THOUSANDS OF LEGAL BUSINESSES. COMMODITIES, MEDICAL RESEARCH, ROBOTICS PATENTS...
THESE ARE DOOM'S ***BANKING RECORDS***. IF I CAN CRACK THE PASSWORDS, WE'LL HAVE ACCESS TO HIS ENTIRE CASH FLOW.
WE CAN DIVERT ALL OF THOSE FUNDS. WE CAN CRIPPLE HIS GLOBAL NETWORK. NOT EVEN DOOM CAN WAGE WAR WITHOUT FUNDING. I DOUBT THE BROKER AND HIS CREW WORK FOR FREE.
TECHNOLOGY MAY BE HIS MUSCLE, BUT *THIS* IS HIS LIFEBLOOD.
THEN LET'S ***BLEED*** HIM TO DEATH.

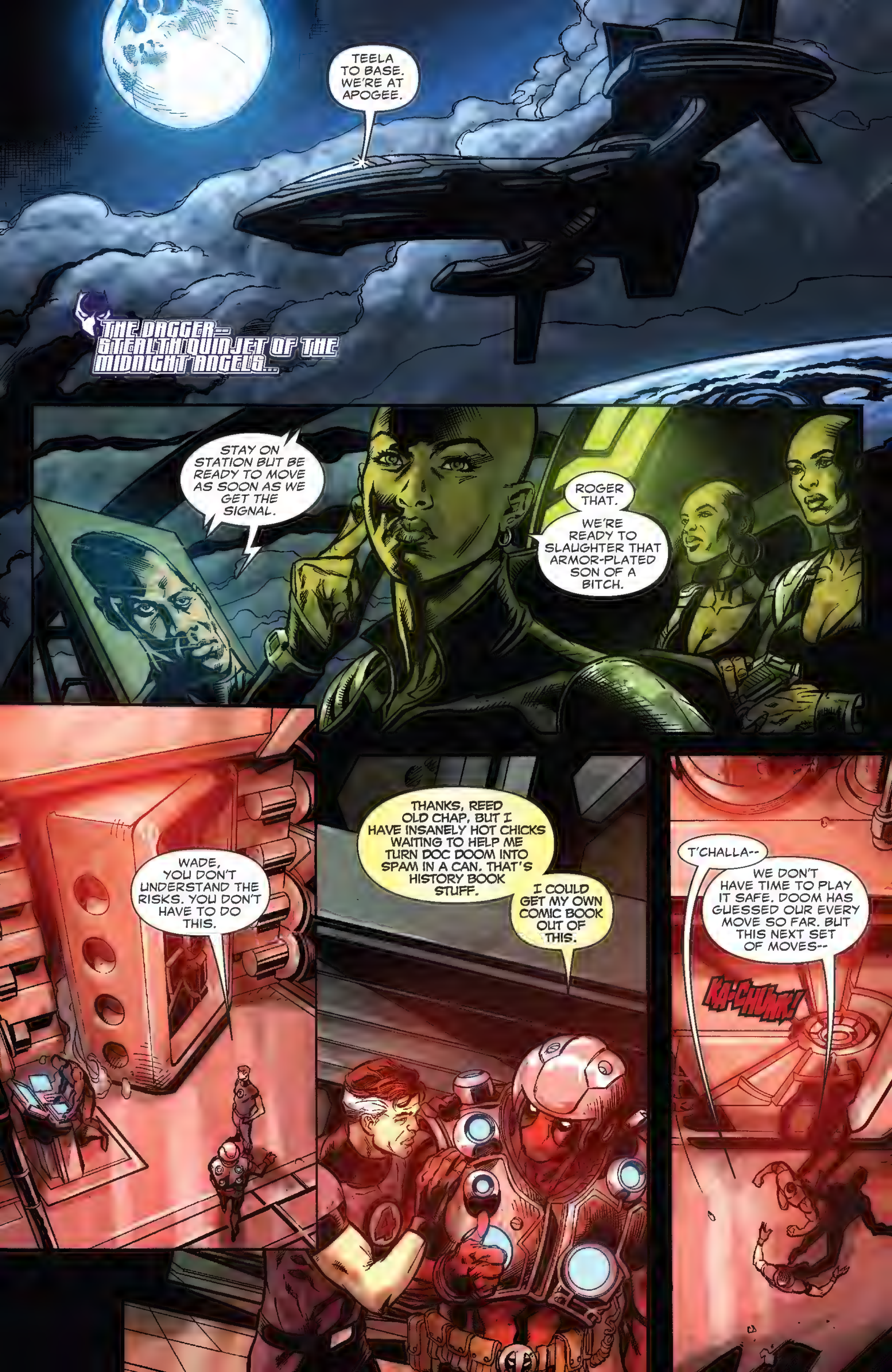

THIS HAS TO BE QUICK. T'CHALLA WOULDN'T APPROVE OF THIS CALL.
DOOM HAS WHAT HE NEEDS TO UPGRADE HIS WEAPONRY BY AN ORDER OF MAGNITUDE. IT'S DRIVING T'CHALLA TO TAKE DREADFUL RISKS. ASSASSINATION OF A HEAD OF STATE...
...PERHAPS EVEN OPEN WAR WITH LATVERIA.
I HEAR YOU, REED. THIS IS A TOUGH CALL. I DON'T LIKE DOING AN END-RUN AROUND T'CHALLA.
I UNDERSTAND, BUT WITHOUT ANOTHER CARD TO PLAY, WE COULD BE FACING **TOTAL GLOBAL WAR**.
T'CHALLA NEEDS TO BELIEVE THAT WE CAN BEAT DOOM IN THE FIELD-- AND RIGHT NOW HE ***KNOWS*** THAT WE CAN'T.
OKAY, REED. HOW CAN I HELP?

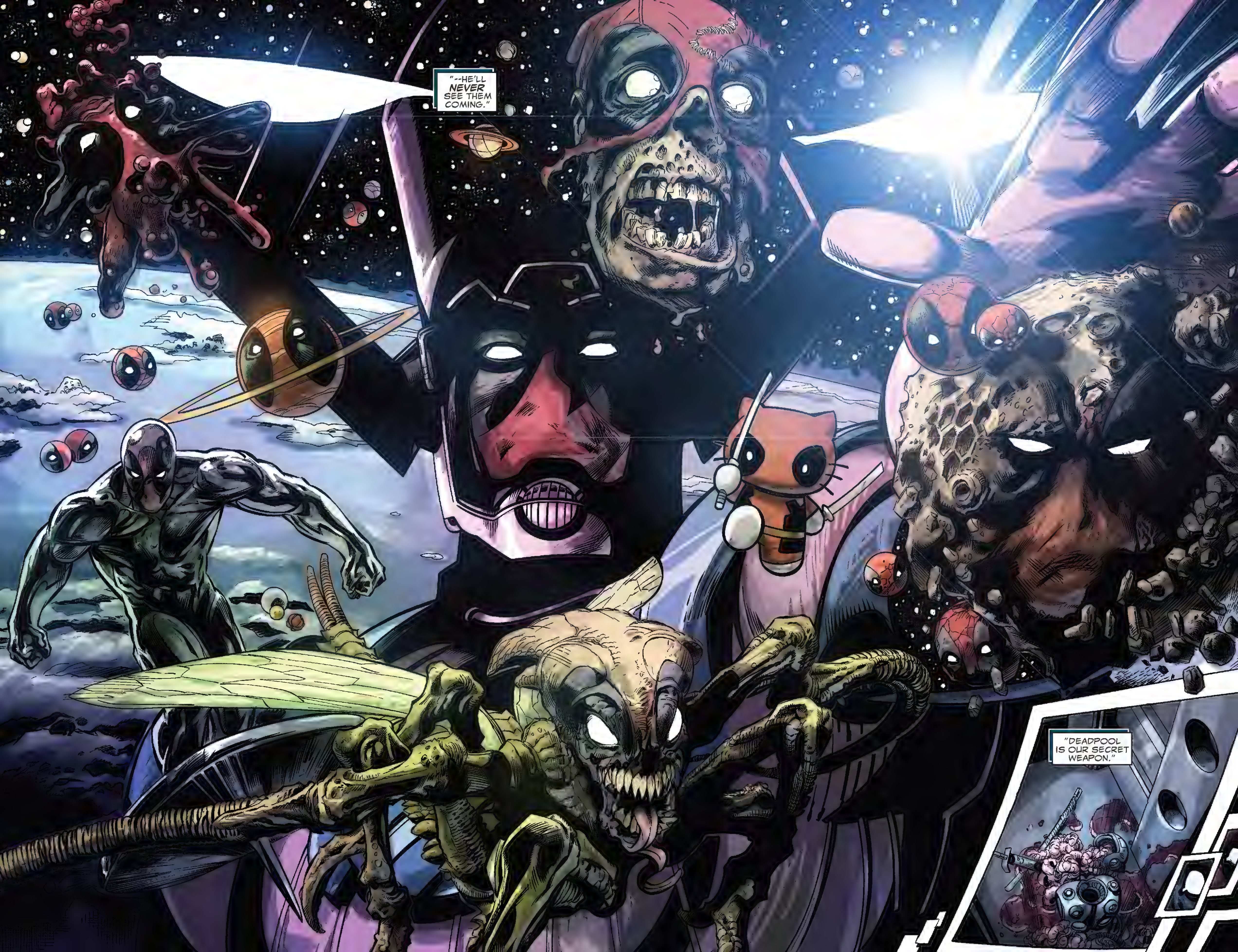

ORORO! THE TRACKER JUST SPIKED. THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE ON THAT ISLAND.
IT'S COMING YOUR WAY.
NO--
--IT'S ALREADY HERE!
DOOOOOOOOOOOM!

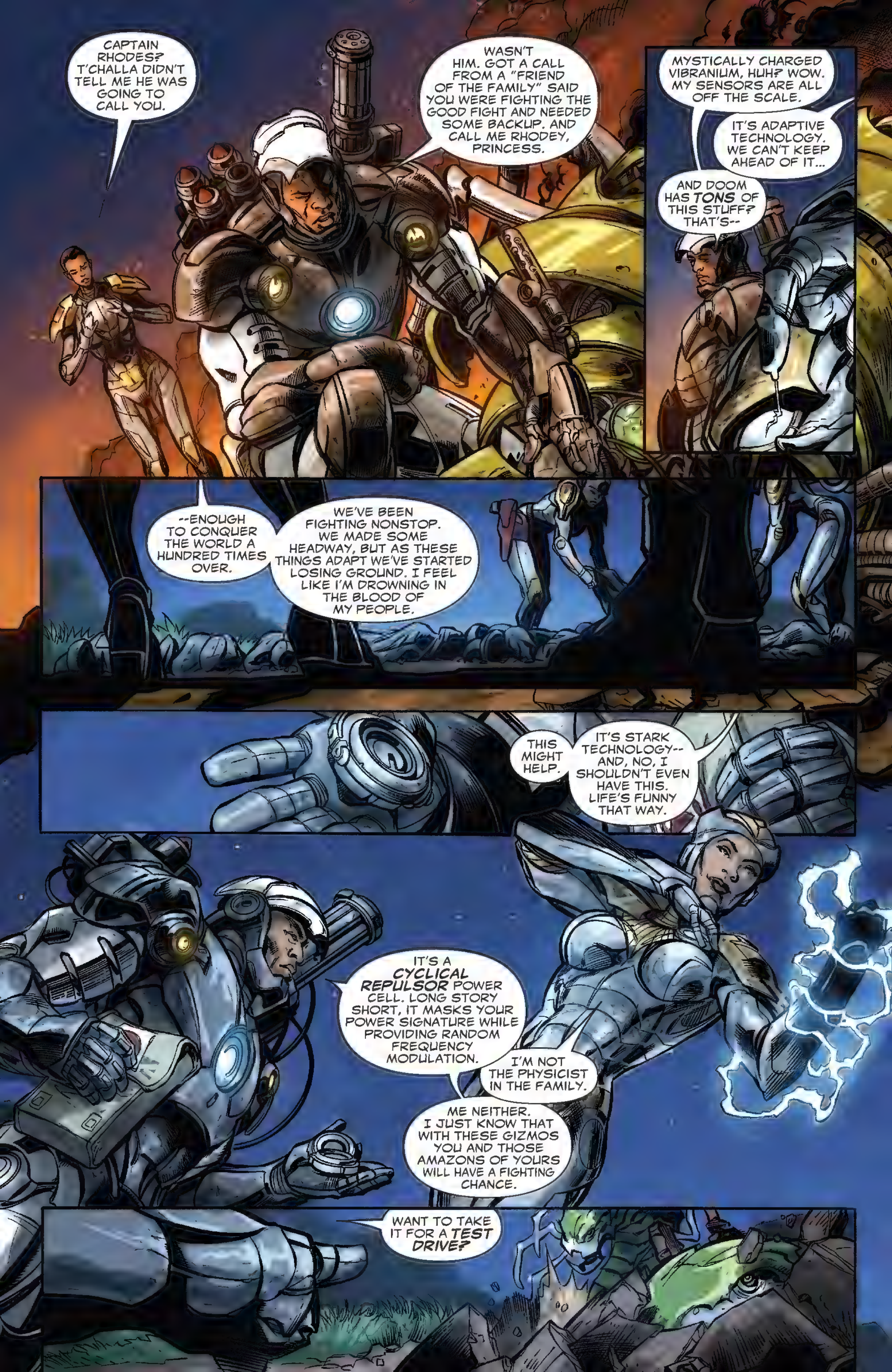

PALENQUE RUINS, MEXICO...
ACCORDING TO THE V-TRACKER, THE VIBRANIUM IS IN THERE.
THE READINGS ARE STRANGE... IT'S THREADED ALL THROUGH THE ROCK...
THWIP! THWIP! THWIP! THWIP!
AGGGHHHH!
GO FOR IT, MATCHSTICK! FRY THOSE JOKERS!
NOT THIS TIME, GRIMM.
SHOOM


MY QUEEN-- I'M HITTING THEM FULL POWER AND THEY'RE JUST SHRUGGING IT OFF.
DAMN! THEY'VE UPGRADED ALREADY. IT'S LIKE FIGHTING SENTINELS.
ALERT TO ALL TEAMS!
THE DOOMBOTS HAVE ADAPTED TO OUR BATTLE SUITS.
FALL BACK!
BLOOD OF THE PANTHER GOD!
GET THIS THING OFF--
FWOOOSH
IS THIS A PRIVATE WAR--OR CAN ANYONE JOIN?

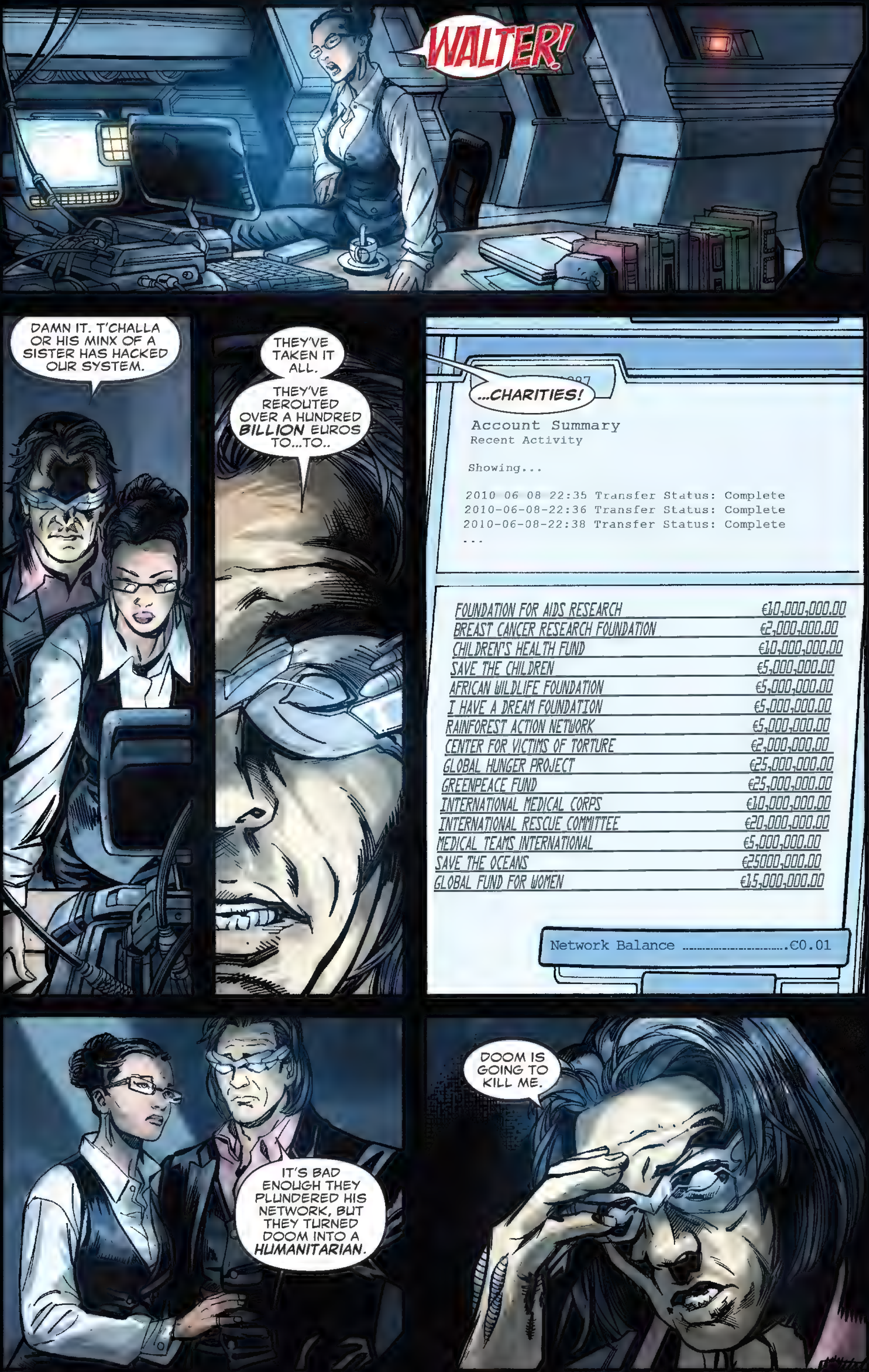

THIS HARNESS SHOULD HELP YOU RETAIN PHYSICAL INTEGRITY WHILE YOU PASS THROUGH THE NOWHERE ROOM TO WHEREVER DOOM HAS THE MAIN STORE OF VIBRANIUM.
SOUNDS FUN.
IT WON'T BE.
IN THEORY. THE TRANSITION COULD JUST AS EASILY EXPLODE EVERY MOLECULE IN BOTH YOUR BODY **AND** THE HARNESS.
SOUNDS LESS FUN.
HOW MUCH AM I GETTING PAID AGAIN...?
ONCE YOU'RE THERE, THIS TRANSPONDER WILL SEND A LOCATOR SIGNAL TO THE MIDNIGHT ANGELS, WHO WILL BE ORBITING IN A QUINJET.
LOCATING THE VIBRANIUM IS HALF THE BATTLE.
THE OTHER HALF IS DOOM.
LET ME SEE IF I GROK THIS:
ME. BUNCH OF VERY VIOLENT HOT CHICKS. GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE. BIG PAYCHECK.
AM I DREAMING?


TEELA TO BASE. WE'RE AT APOGEE.
THE DAGGER-- STEALTH QUINJET OF THE MIDNIGHT ANGELS...
STAY ON STATION BUT BE READY TO MOVE AS SOON AS WE GET THE SIGNAL.
ROGER THAT.
WE'RE READY TO SLAUGHTER THAT ARMOR-PLATED SON OF A BITCH.
WADE, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE RISKS. YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS.
THANKS, REED OLD CHAP, BUT I HAVE INSANELY HOT CHICKS WAITING TO HELP ME TURN DOC DOOM INTO SPAM IN A CAN. THAT'S HISTORY BOOK STUFF.
I COULD GET MY OWN COMIC BOOK OUT OF THIS.
T'CHALLA--
WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO PLAY IT SAFE. DOOM HAS GUESSED OUR EVERY MOVE SO FAR. BUT THIS NEXT SET OF MOVES--
KA-CHUNK!


"--HE'LL NEVER SEE THEM COMING."
"DEADPOOL IS OUR SECRET WEAPON."


CAPTAIN RHODES? T'CHALLA DIDN'T TELL ME HE WAS GOING TO CALL YOU.
WASN'T HIM. GOT A CALL FROM A "FRIEND OF THE FAMILY" SAID YOU WERE FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT AND NEEDED SOME BACKUP. AND CALL ME RHODEY, PRINCESS.
MYSTICALLY CHARGED VIBRANIUM, HUH? WOW. MY SENSORS ARE ALL OFF THE SCALE.
IT'S ADAPTIVE TECHNOLOGY. WE CAN'T KEEP AHEAD OF IT...
AND DOOM HAS TONS OF THIS STUFF? THAT'S--
--ENOUGH TO CONQUER THE WORLD A HUNDRED TIMES OVER.
WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING NONSTOP. WE MADE SOME HEADWAY, BUT AS THESE THINGS ADAPT WE'VE STARTED LOSING GROUND. I FEEL LIKE I'M DROWNING IN THE BLOOD OF MY PEOPLE.
THIS MIGHT HELP.
IT'S STARK TECHNOLOGY-- AND, NO, I SHOULDN'T EVEN HAVE THIS. LIFE'S FUNNY THAT WAY.
IT'S A CYCLICAL REPULSOR POWER CELL. LONG STORY SHORT, IT MASKS YOUR POWER SIGNATURE WHILE PROVIDING RANDOM FREQUENCY MODULATION.
I'M NOT THE PHYSICIST IN THE FAMILY.
ME NEITHER. I JUST KNOW THAT WITH THESE GIZMOS YOU AND THOSE AMAZONS OF YOURS WILL HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE.
WANT TO TAKE IT FOR A TEST DRIVE?

KRA-KOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!


WALTER!
DAMN IT. T'CHALLA OR HIS MINX OF A SISTER HAS HACKED OUR SYSTEM.
THEY'VE TAKEN IT ALL.
THEY'VE REROUTED OVER A HUNDRED **BILLION** EUROS TO...TO..
...CHARITIES!

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Account Summary
Recent Activity

Showing...

2010-06-08-22:35 Transfer Status: Complete
2010-06-08-22:36 Transfer Status: Complete
2010-06-08-22:38 Transfer Status: Complete
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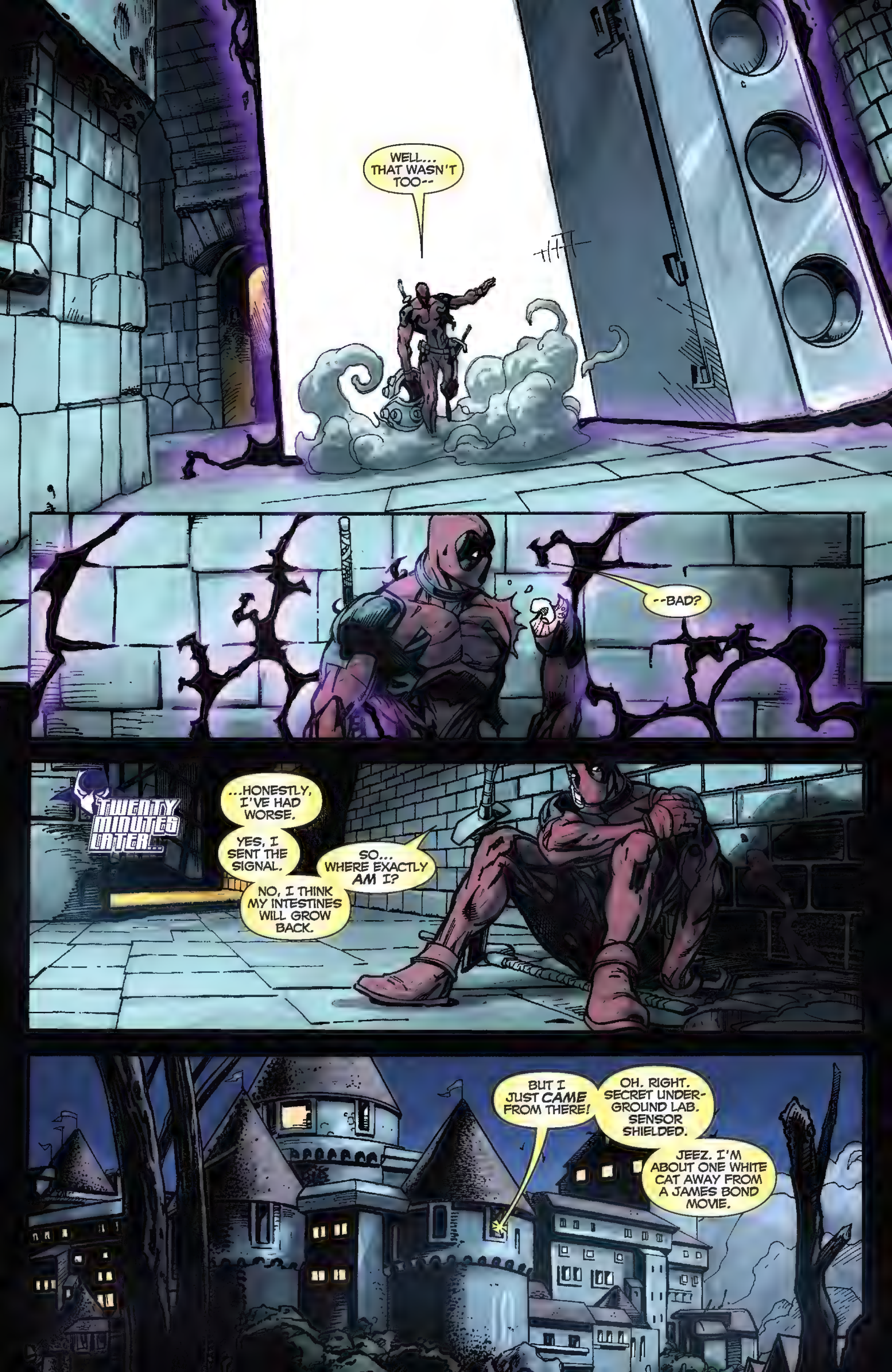
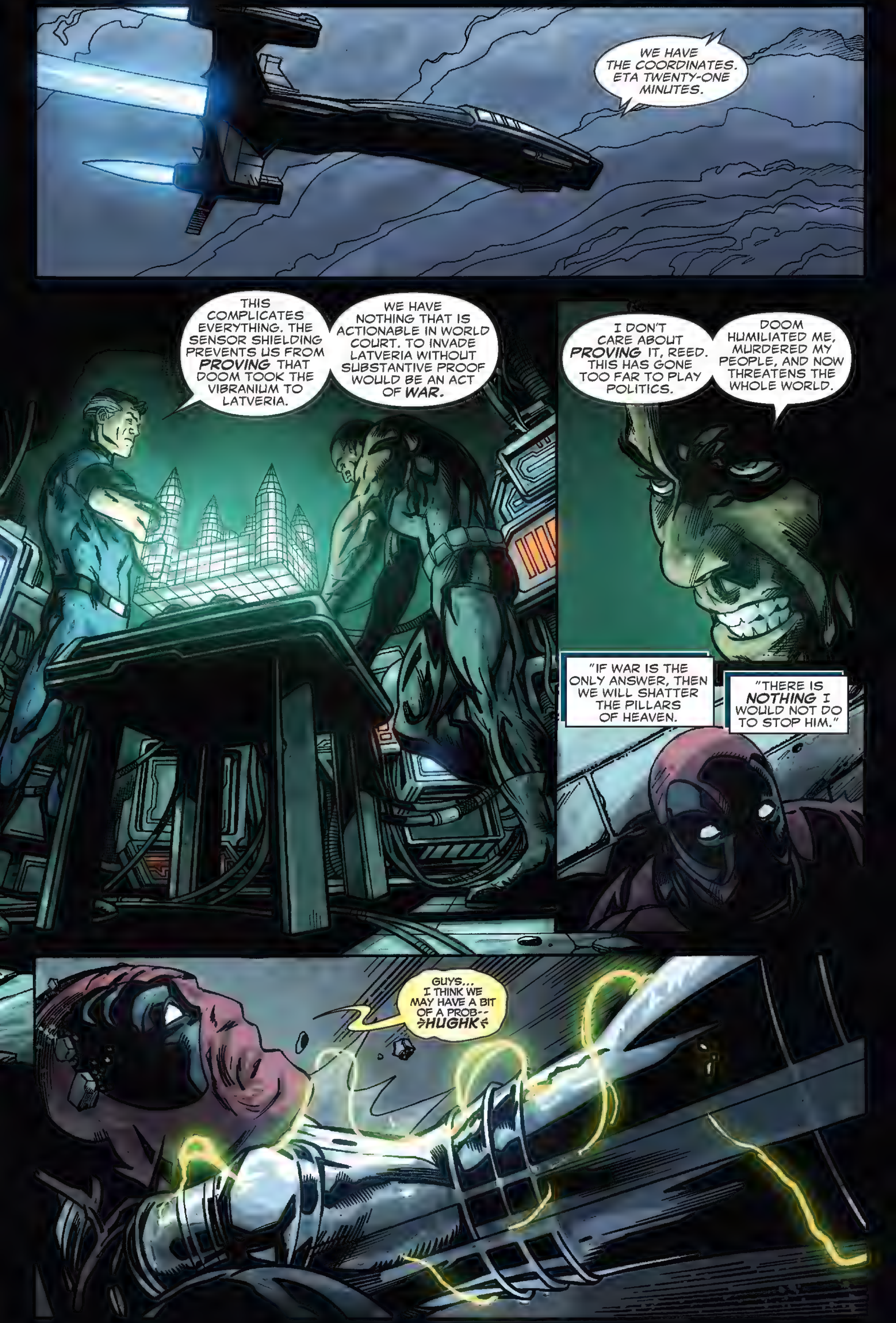
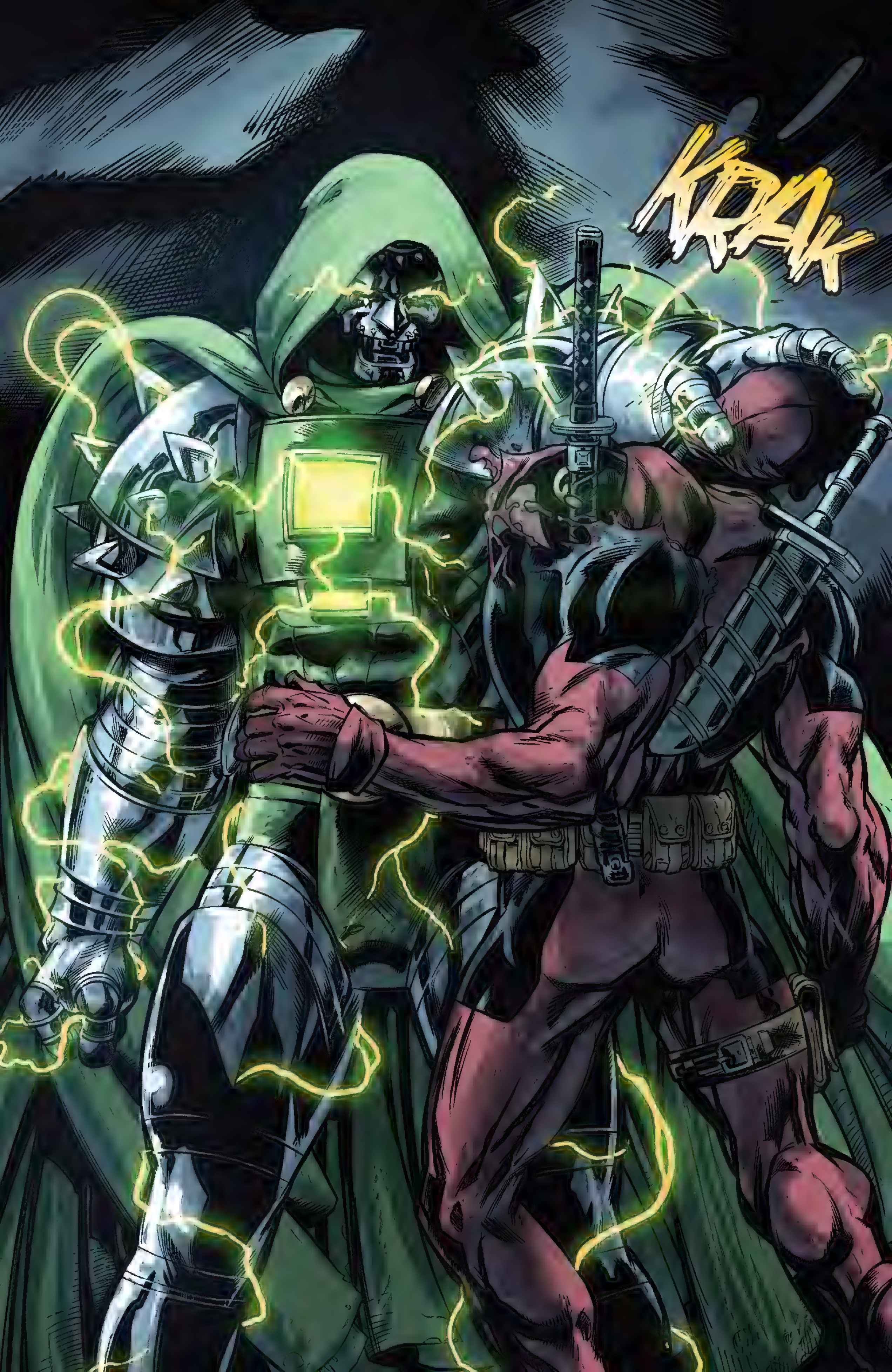
FOUNDATION FOR AIDS RESEARCH	€10,000,000.00
BREAST CANCER RESEARCH FOUNDATION	€2,000,000.00
CHILDREN'S HEALTH FUND	€10,000,000.00
SAVE THE CHILDREN	€5,000,000.00
AFRICAN WILDLIFE FOUNDATION	€5,000,000.00
I HAVE A DREAM FOUNDATION	€5,000,000.00
RAINFOREST ACTION NETWORK	€5,000,000.00
CENTER FOR VICTIMS OF TORTURE	€2,000,000.00
GLOBAL HUNGER PROJECT	€25,000,000.00
GREENPEACE FUND	€25,000,000.00
INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CORPS	€10,000,000.00
INTERNATIONAL RESCUE COMMITTEE	€20,000,000.00
MEDICAL TEAMS INTERNATIONAL	€5,000,000.00
SAVE THE OCEANS	€25000,000.00
GLOBAL FUND FOR WOMEN	€15,000,000.00

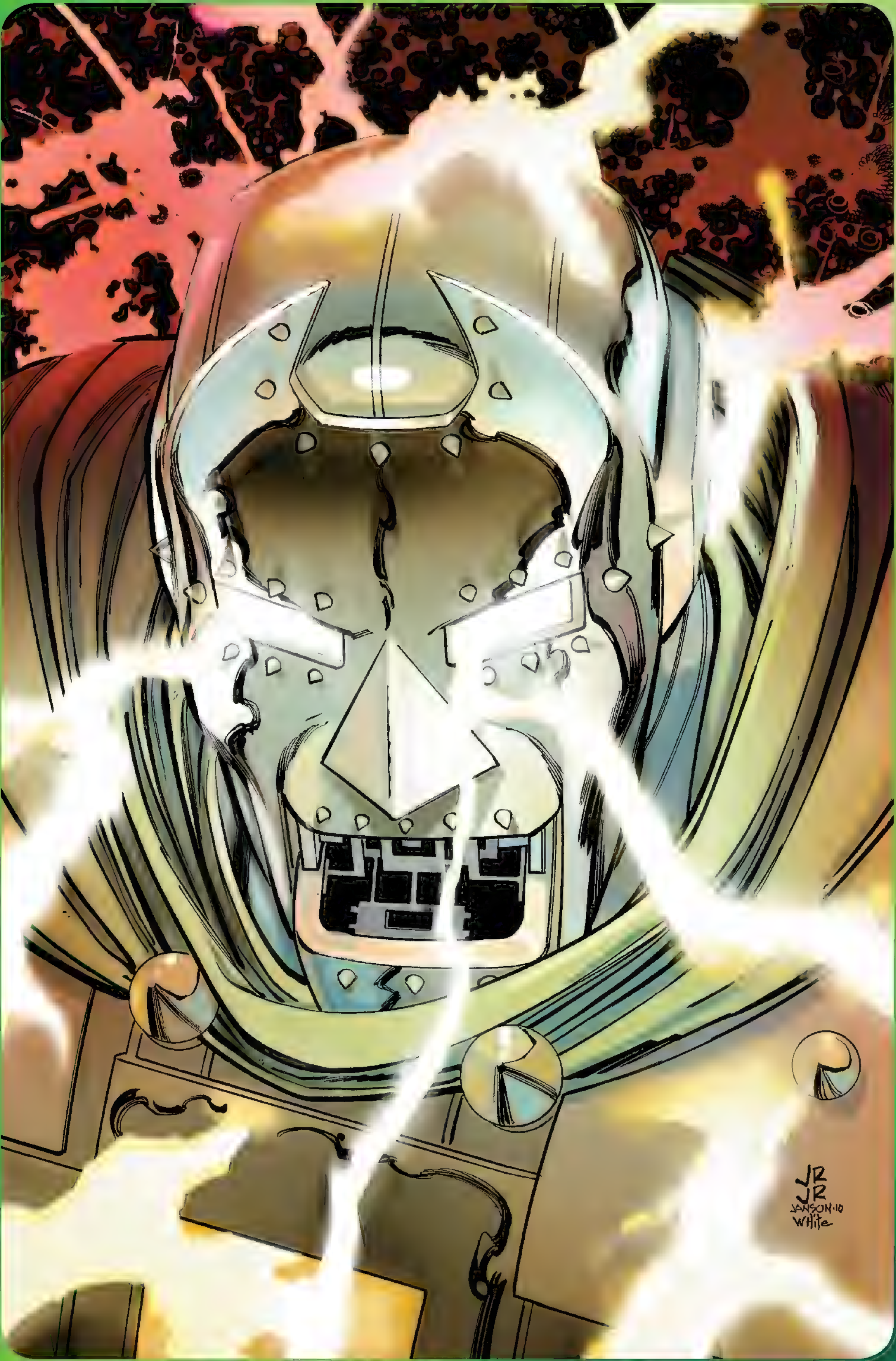
Network Balance €0.01

IT'S BAD ENOUGH THEY PLUNDERED HIS NETWORK, BUT THEY TURNED DOOM INTO A *HUMANITARIAN*.
DOOM IS GOING TO KILL ME.


WELL... THAT WASN'T TOO--
--BAD?
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
...HONESTLY, I'VE HAD WORSE.
YES, I SENT THE SIGNAL.
NO, I THINK MY INTESTINES WILL GROW BACK.
SO... WHERE EXACTLY *AM* I?
BUT I JUST *CAME* FROM THERE!
OH. RIGHT. SECRET UNDER-GROUND LAB. SENSOR SHIELDED.
JEEZ. I'M ABOUT ONE WHITE CAT AWAY FROM A JAMES BOND MOVIE.

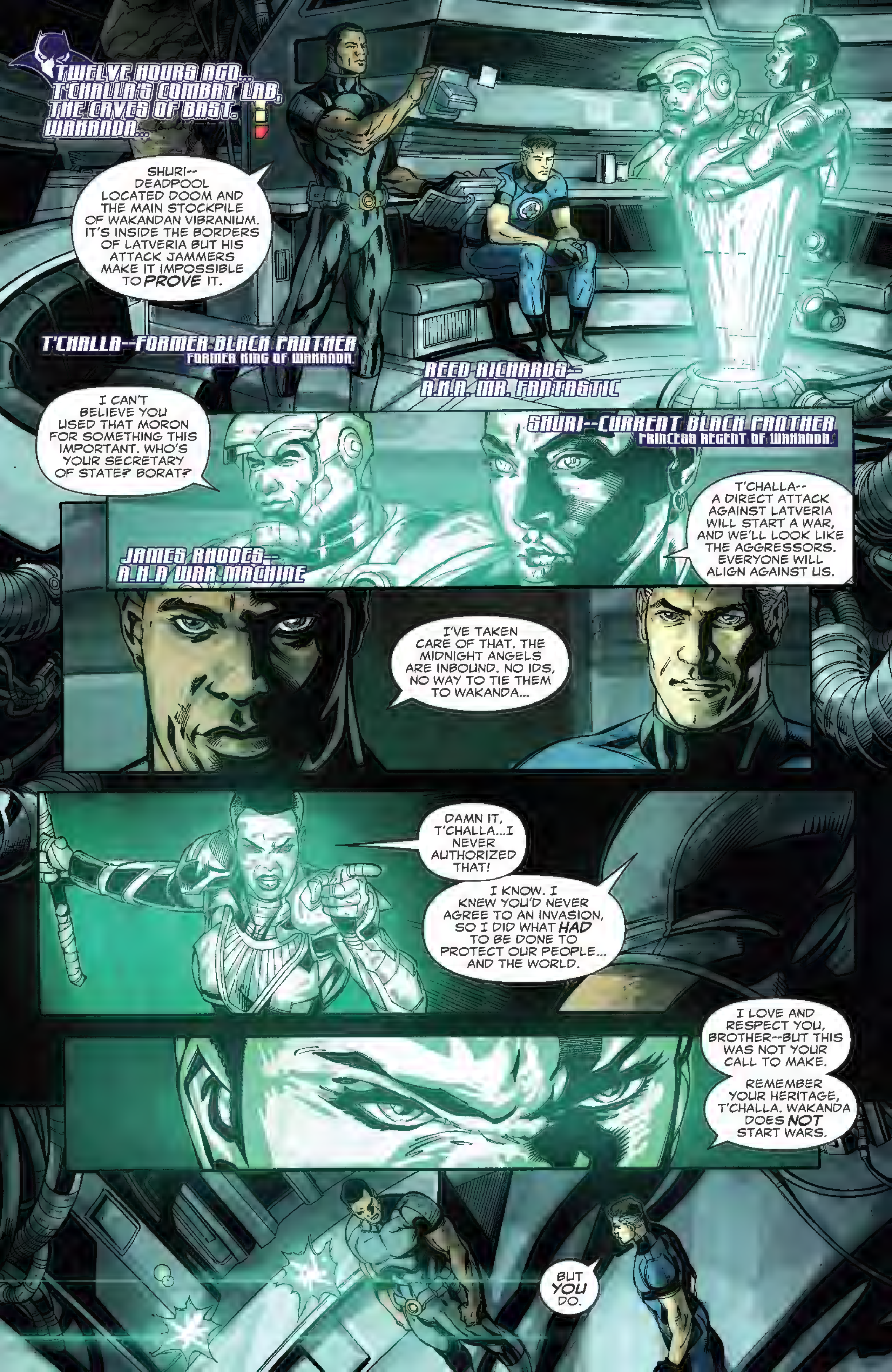

WE HAVE THE COORDINATES. ETA TWENTY-ONE MINUTES.
THIS COMPLICATES EVERYTHING. THE SENSOR SHIELDING PREVENTS US FROM *PROVING* THAT DOOM TOOK THE VIBRANIUM TO LATVERIA.
WE HAVE NOTHING THAT IS ACTIONABLE IN WORLD COURT. TO INVADE LATVERIA WITHOUT SUBSTANTIVE PROOF WOULD BE AN ACT OF *WAR.*
I DON'T CARE ABOUT *PROVING* IT, REED. THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR TO PLAY POLITICS.
DOOM HUMILIATED ME, MURDERED MY PEOPLE, AND NOW THREATENS THE WHOLE WORLD.
"IF WAR IS THE ONLY ANSWER, THEN WE WILL SHATTER THE PILLARS OF HEAVEN.
"THERE IS *NOTHING* I WOULD NOT DO TO STOP HIM."
GUYS... I THINK WE MAY HAVE A BIT OF A PROB-- *HUGHK*

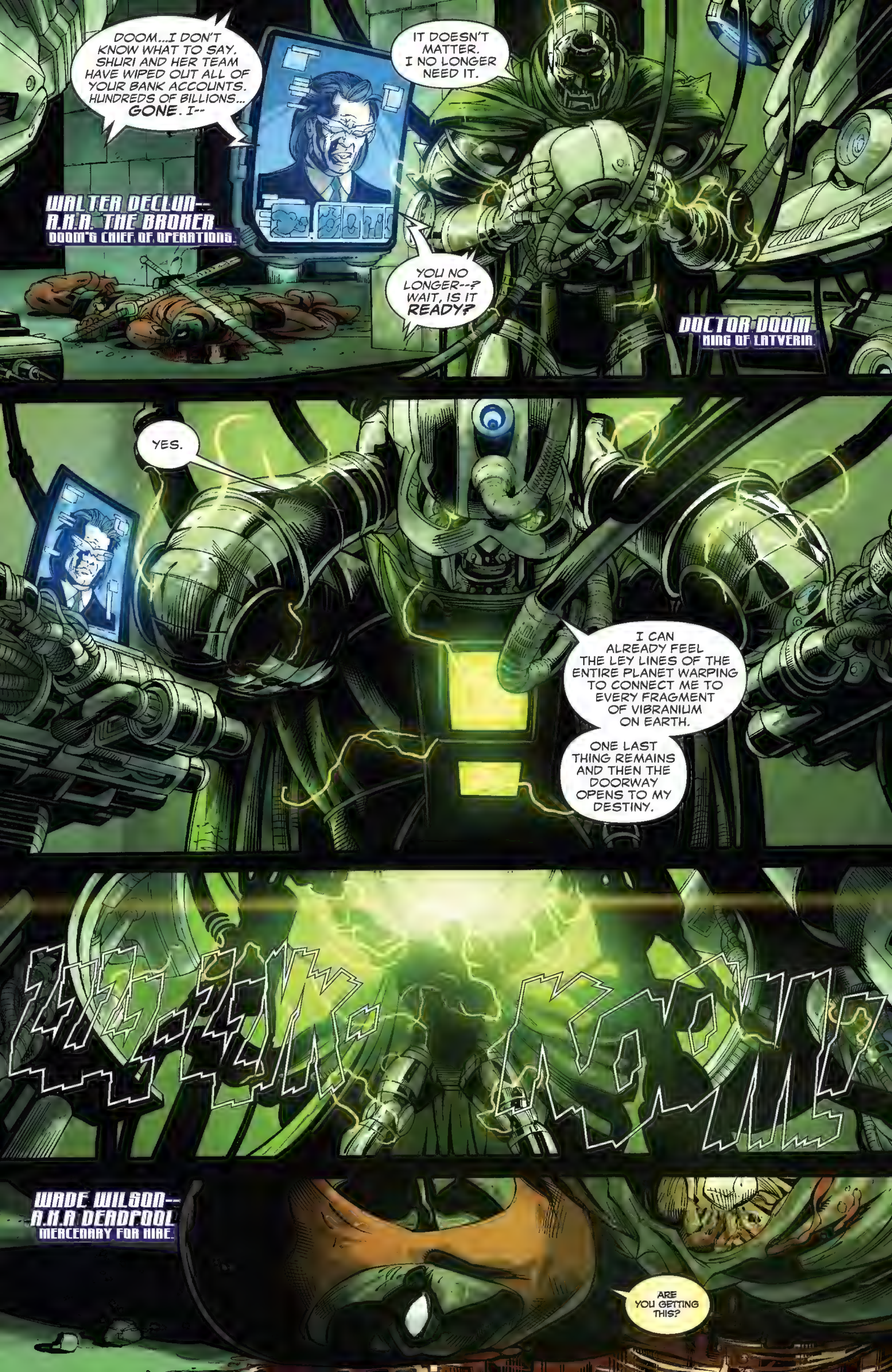

KRAK

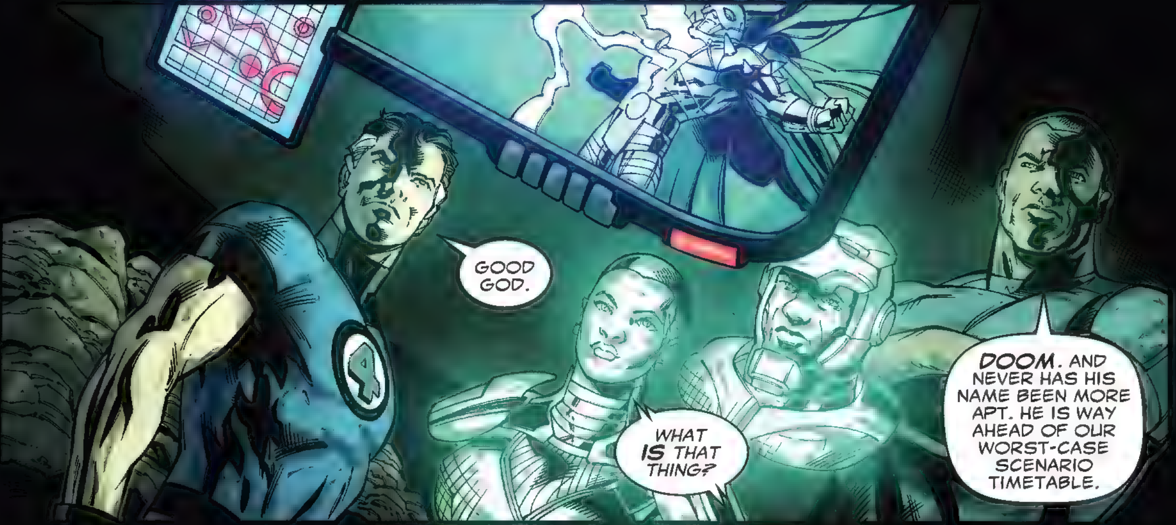

JR JR
JANSON·10
White

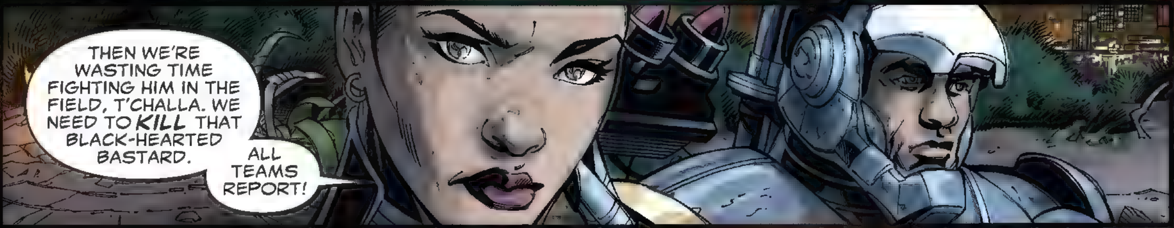
DOOMWAR #6

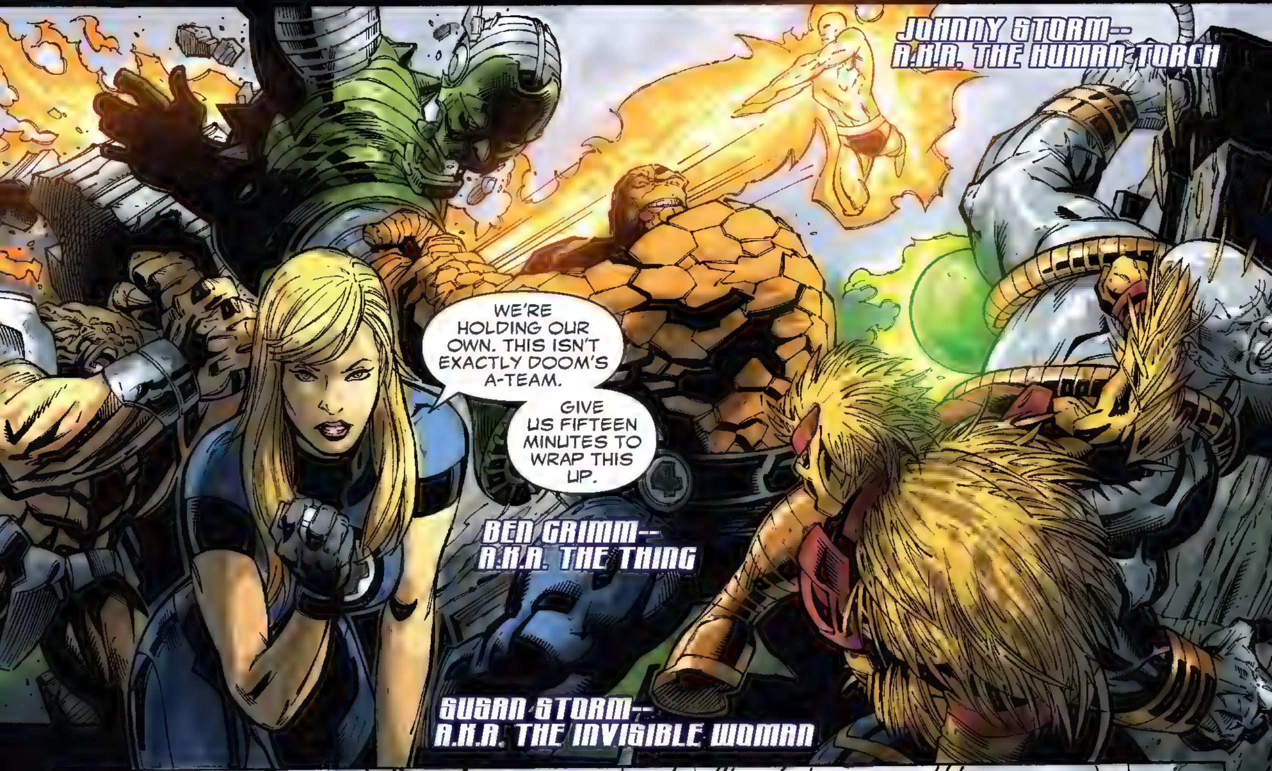
now...

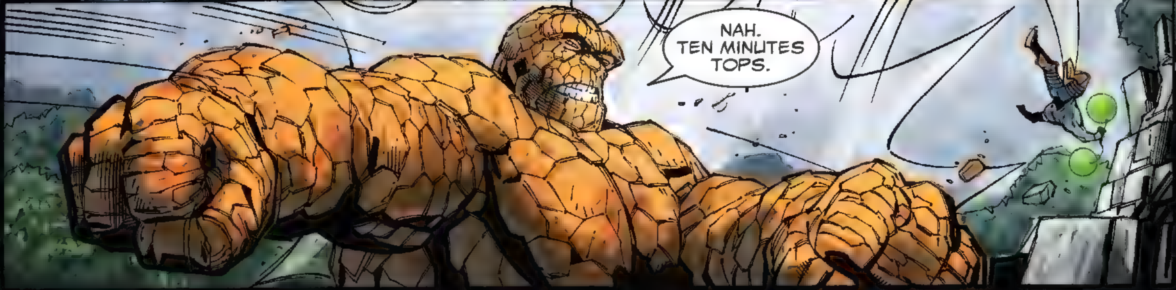

TWELVE HOURS AGO... T'CHALLA'S COMBAT LAB, THE CAVES OF BAST. WAKANDA...
SHURI-- DEADPOOL LOCATED DOOM AND THE MAIN STOCKPILE OF WAKANDAN VIBRANIUM. IT'S INSIDE THE BORDERS OF LATVERIA BUT HIS ATTACK JAMMERS MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO PROVE IT.
T'CHALLA--FORMER BLACK PANTHER FORMER KING OF WAKANDA.
REED RICHARDS-- A.K.A. MR. FANTASTIC
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU USED THAT MORON FOR SOMETHING THIS IMPORTANT. WHO'S YOUR SECRETARY OF STATE? BORAT?
SHURI--CURRENT BLACK PANTHER PRINCESS REGENT OF WAKANDA.
JAMES RHODES-- A.K.A WAR MACHINE
T'CHALLA-- A DIRECT ATTACK AGAINST LATVERIA WILL START A WAR, AND WE'LL LOOK LIKE THE AGGRESSORS. EVERYONE WILL ALIGN AGAINST US.
I'VE TAKEN CARE OF THAT. THE MIDNIGHT ANGELS ARE INBOUND. NO IDS, NO WAY TO TIE THEM TO WAKANDA...
DAMN IT, T'CHALLA...I NEVER AUTHORIZED THAT!
I KNOW. I KNEW YOU'D NEVER AGREE TO AN INVASION, SO I DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE TO PROTECT OUR PEOPLE... AND THE WORLD.
I LOVE AND RESPECT YOU, BROTHER--BUT THIS WAS NOT YOUR CALL TO MAKE.
REMEMBER YOUR HERITAGE, T'CHALLA. WAKANDA DOES NOT START WARS.
BUT YOU DO.

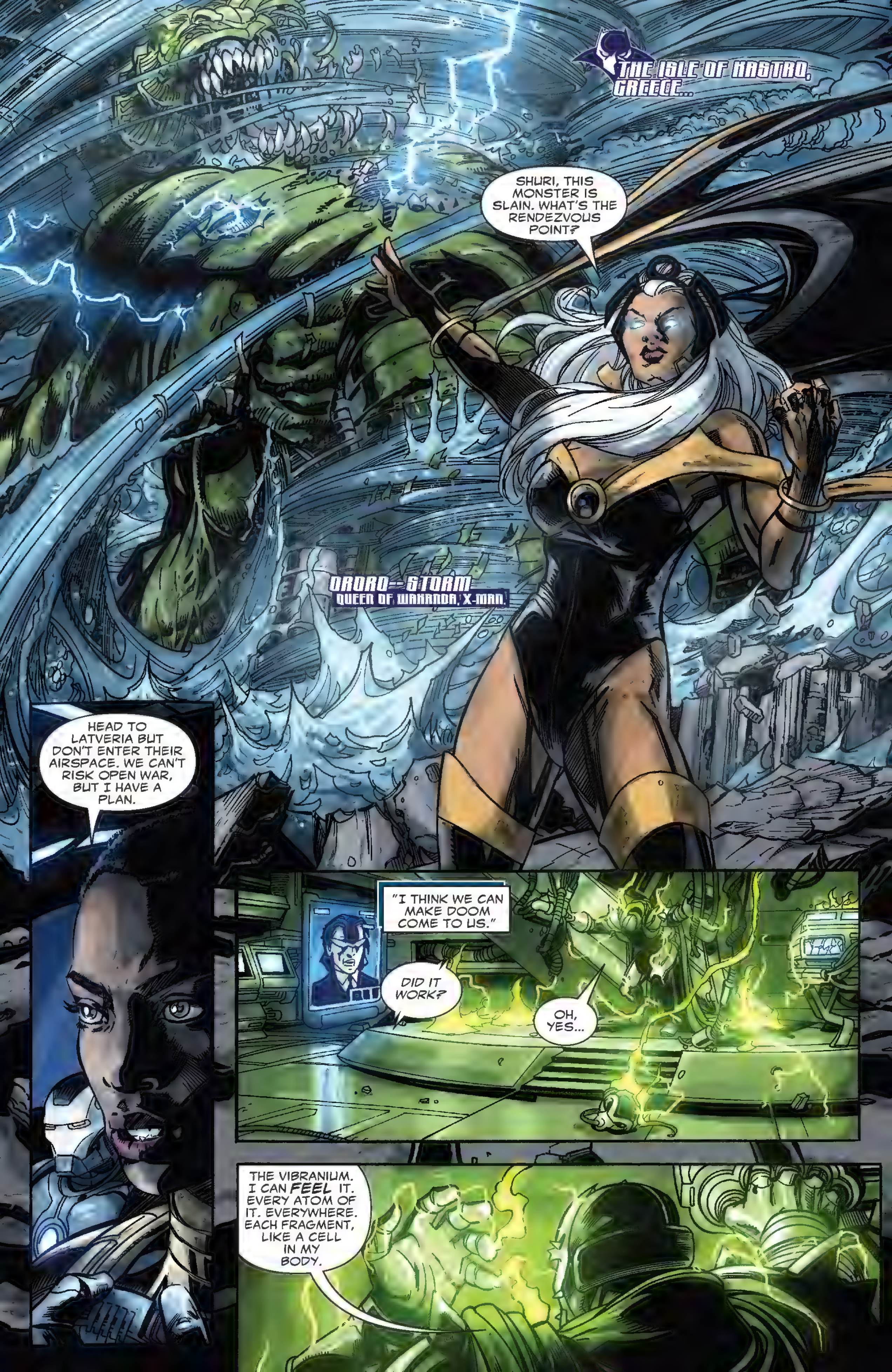

DOOM...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. SHURI AND HER TEAM HAVE WIPED OUT ALL OF YOUR BANK ACCOUNTS. HUNDREDS OF BILLIONS... GONE. I--
IT DOESN'T MATTER. I NO LONGER NEED IT.
WALTER DECLUN-- A.K.A. THE BROKER
DOOM'S CHIEF OF OPERATIONS.
YOU NO LONGER--? WAIT, IS IT READY?
DOCTOR DOOM
KING OF LATVERIA.
YES.
I CAN ALREADY FEEL THE LEY LINES OF THE ENTIRE PLANET WARPING TO CONNECT ME TO EVERY FRAGMENT OF VIBRANIUM ON EARTH.
ONE LAST THING REMAINS AND THEN THE DOORWAY OPENS TO MY DESTINY.
ZZZZZK-KOOOM
WADE WILSON-- A.K.A DEADPOOL
MERCENARY FOR HIRE.
ARE YOU GETTING THIS?

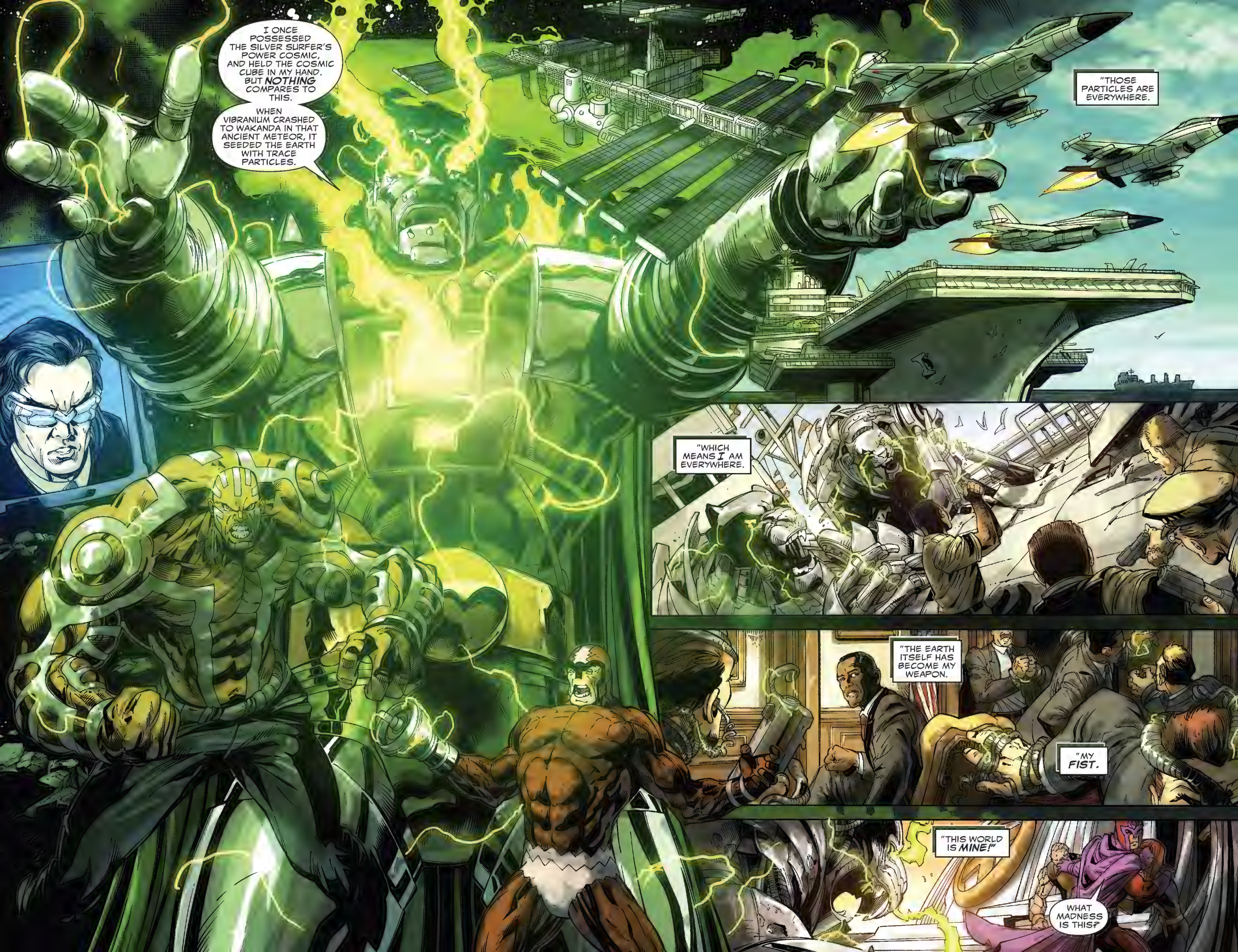

GOOD GOD.
WHAT *IS* THAT THING?
DOOM. AND NEVER HAS HIS NAME BEEN MORE APT. HE IS WAY AHEAD OF OUR WORST-CASE SCENARIO TIMETABLE.

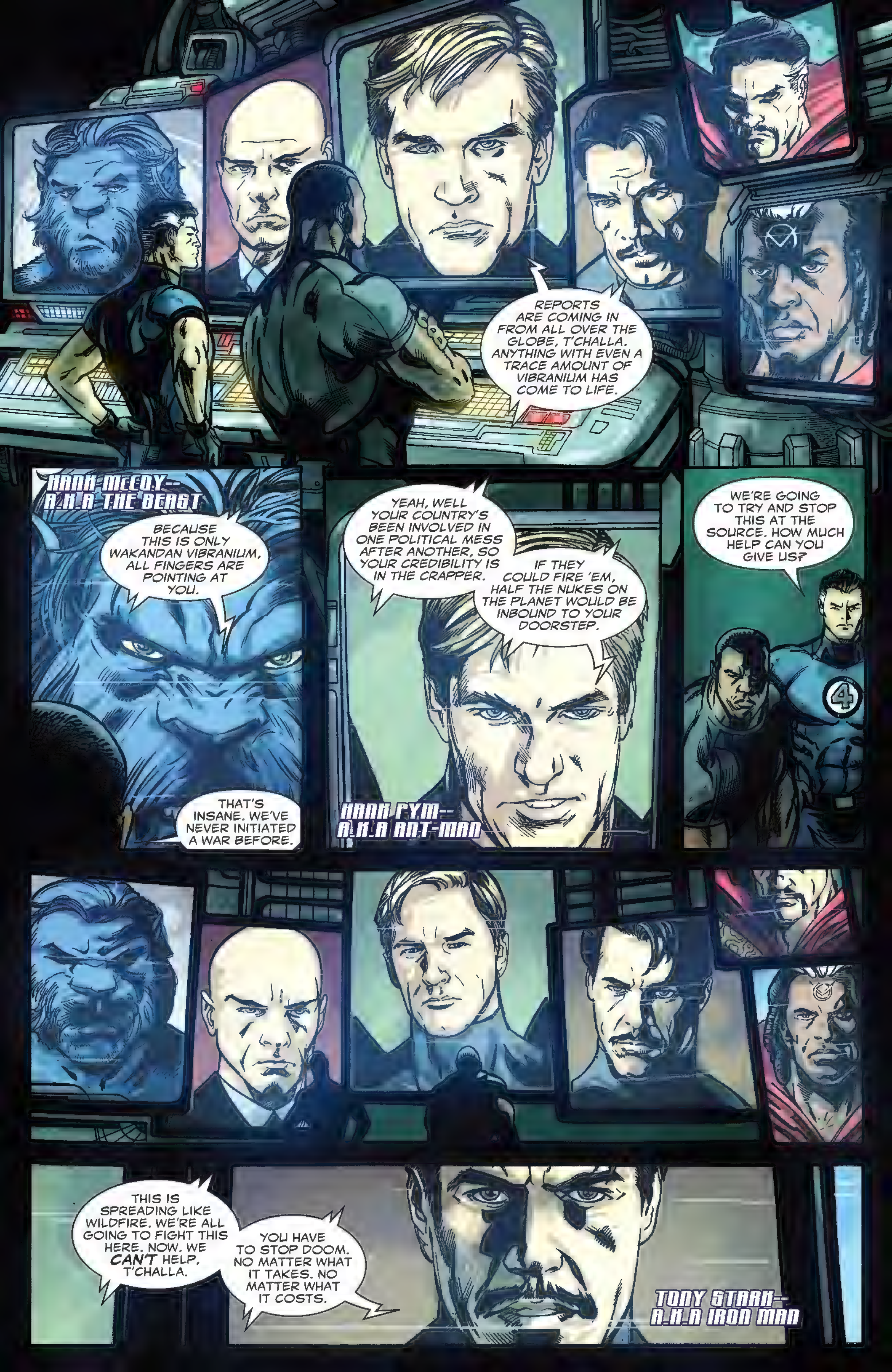

THEN WE'RE WASTING TIME FIGHTING HIM IN THE FIELD, T'CHALLA. WE NEED TO ***KILL*** THAT BLACK-HEARTED BASTARD.
ALL TEAMS REPORT!

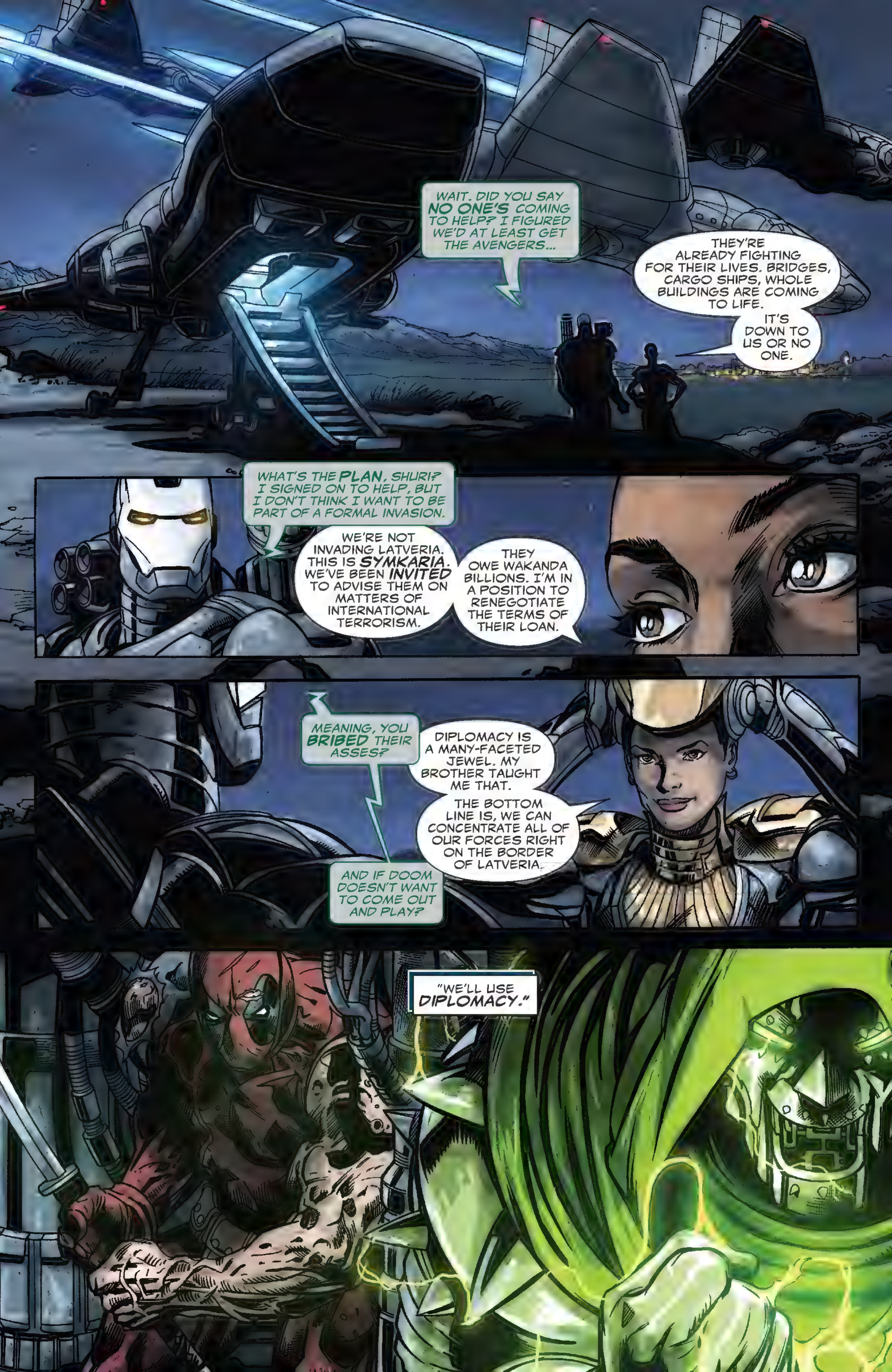

JOHNNY STORM-- A.K.A. THE HUMAN TORCH
WE'RE HOLDING OUR OWN. THIS ISN'T EXACTLY DOOM'S A-TEAM.
GIVE US FIFTEEN MINUTES TO WRAP THIS UP.
BEN GRIMM-- A.K.A. THE THING
SUSAN STORM-- A.K.A. THE INVISIBLE WOMAN

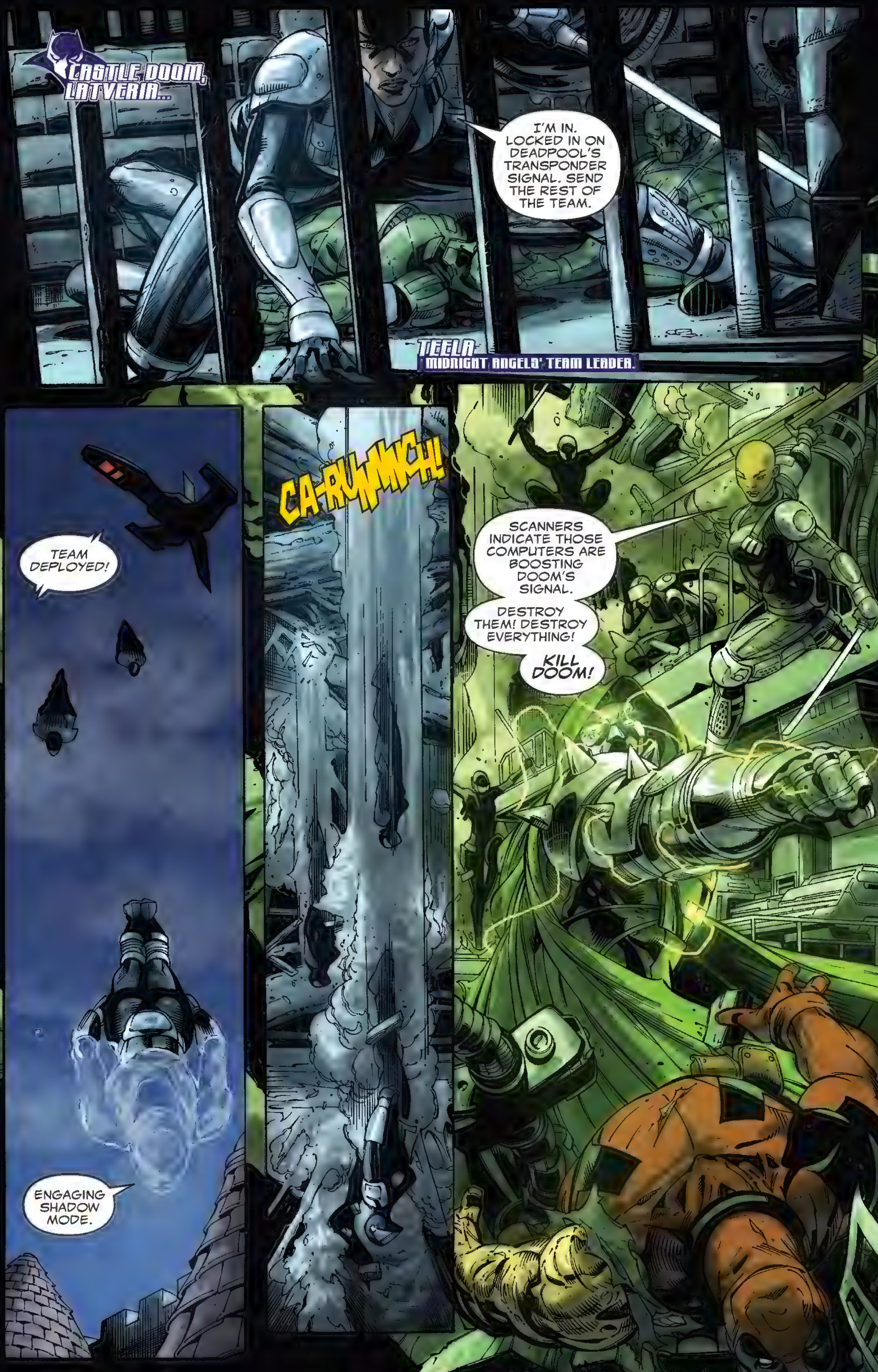

NAH. TEN MINUTES TOPS.

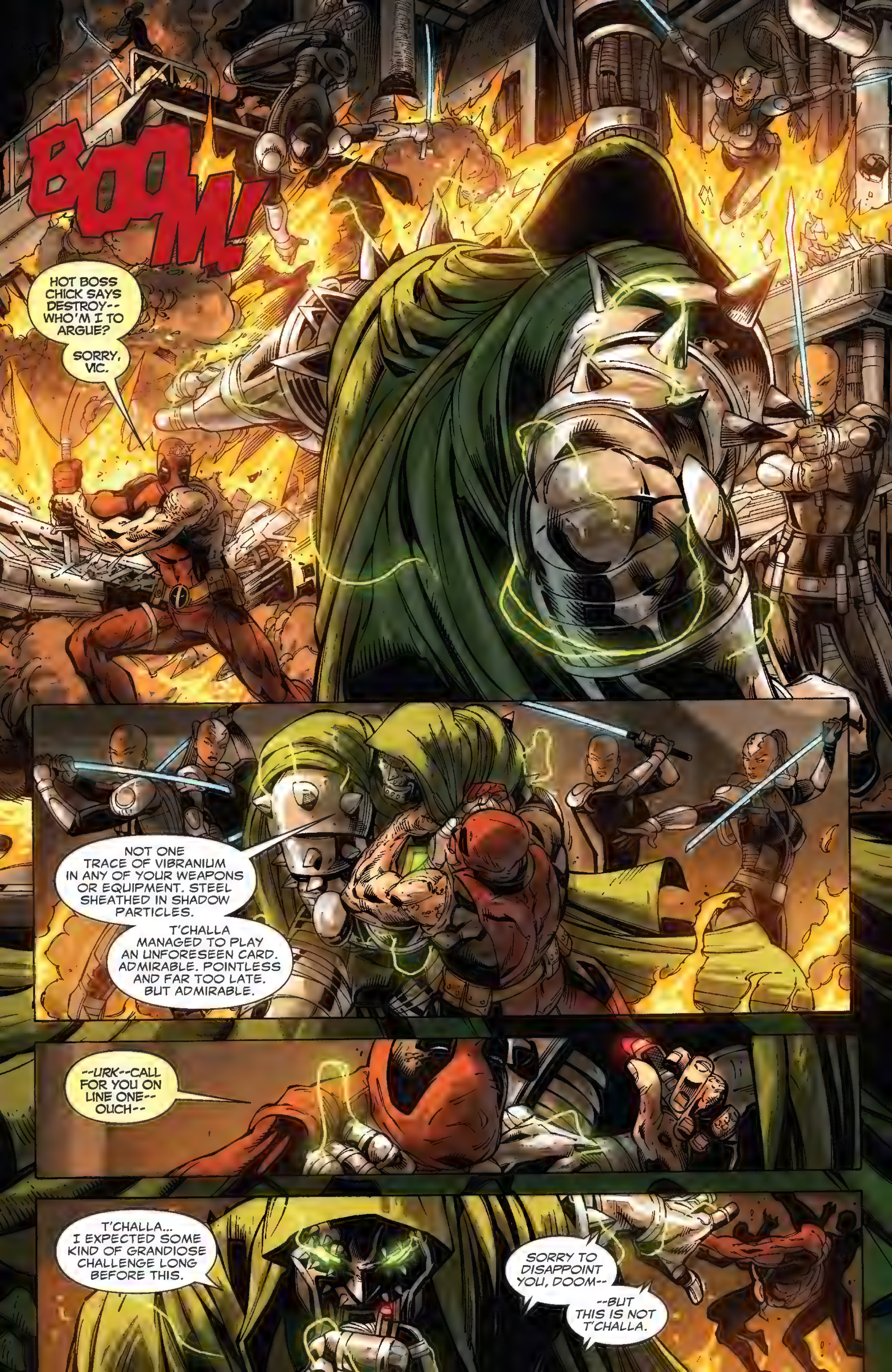

THE ISLE OF KASTRO, GREECE...
SHURI, THIS MONSTER IS SLAIN. WHAT'S THE RENDEZVOUS POINT?
ORORO--STORM
QUEEN OF WAKANDA, X-MAN.
HEAD TO LATVERIA BUT DON'T ENTER THEIR AIRSPACE. WE CAN'T RISK OPEN WAR, BUT I HAVE A PLAN.
"I THINK WE CAN MAKE DOOM COME TO US."
DID IT WORK?
OH, YES...
THE VIBRANIUM. I CAN FEEL IT. EVERY ATOM OF IT. EVERYWHERE. EACH FRAGMENT, LIKE A CELL IN MY BODY.

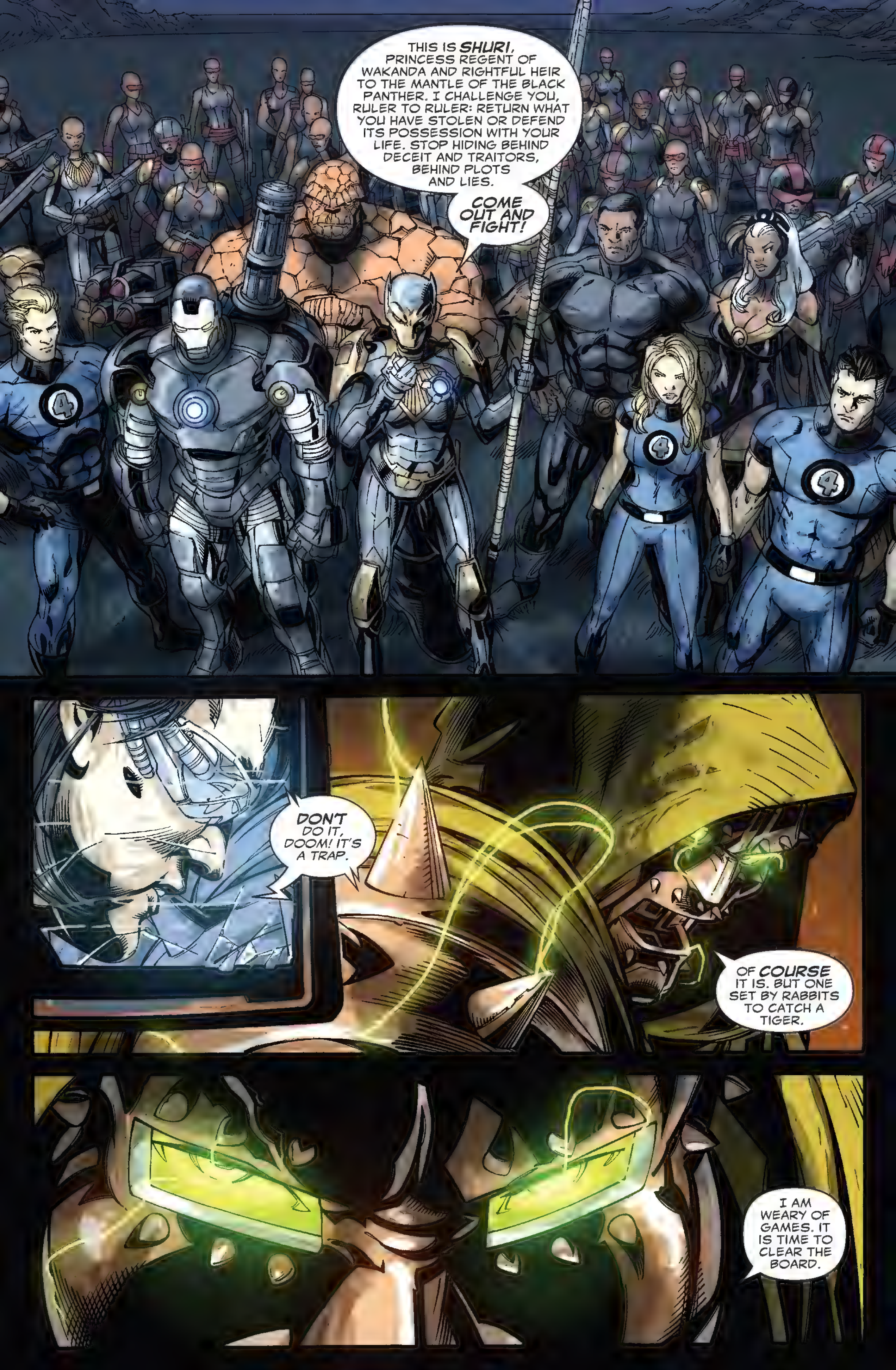

I ONCE POSSESSED THE SILVER SURFER'S POWER COSMIC, AND HELD THE COSMIC CUBE IN MY HAND. BUT **NOTHING** COMPARES TO THIS.
WHEN VIBRANIUM CRASHED TO WAKANDA IN THAT ANCIENT METEOR, IT SEEDED THE EARTH WITH TRACE PARTICLES.
"THOSE PARTICLES ARE EVERYWHERE.
"WHICH MEANS ***I*** AM EVERYWHERE.
"THE EARTH ITSELF HAS BECOME MY WEAPON.
"MY ***FIST***.
"THIS WORLD IS ***MINE!***"
WHAT MADNESS IS THIS?

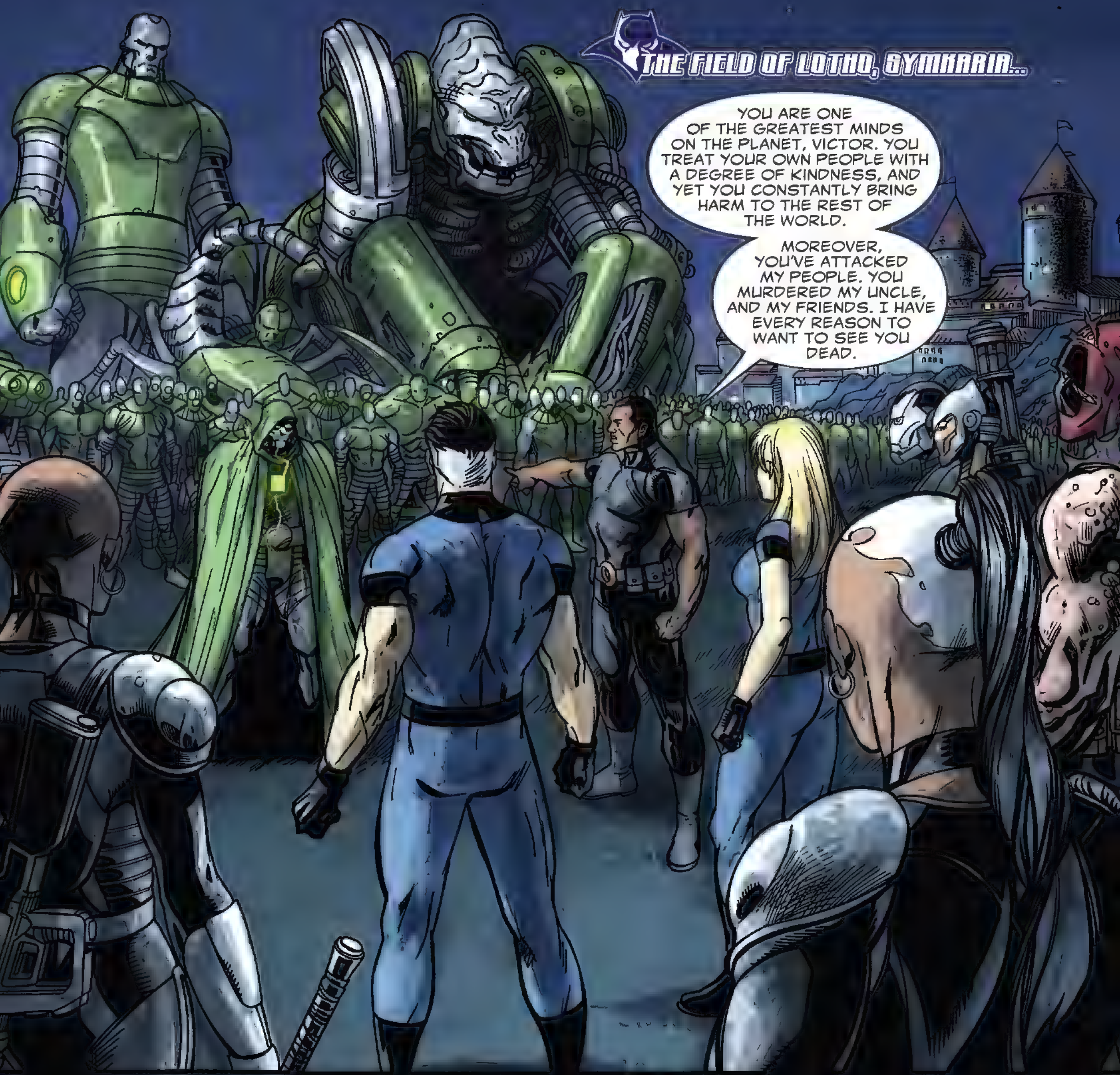

REPORTS ARE COMING IN FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE, T'CHALLA. ANYTHING WITH EVEN A TRACE AMOUNT OF VIBRANIUM HAS COME TO LIFE.
HANK McCOY-- A.K.A THE BEAST
BECAUSE THIS IS ONLY WAKANDAN VIBRANIUM, ALL FINGERS ARE POINTING AT YOU.
THAT'S INSANE. WE'VE NEVER INITIATED A WAR BEFORE.
YEAH, WELL YOUR COUNTRY'S BEEN INVOLVED IN ONE POLITICAL MESS AFTER ANOTHER, SO YOUR CREDIBILITY IS IN THE CRAPPER.
IF THEY COULD FIRE 'EM, HALF THE NUKES ON THE PLANET WOULD BE INBOUND TO YOUR DOORSTEP.
HANK PYM-- A.K.A ANT-MAN
WE'RE GOING TO TRY AND STOP THIS AT THE SOURCE. HOW MUCH HELP CAN YOU GIVE US?
THIS IS SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE. WE'RE ALL GOING TO FIGHT THIS HERE. NOW. WE CAN'T HELP, T'CHALLA.
YOU HAVE TO STOP DOOM. NO MATTER WHAT IT TAKES. NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS.
TONY STARK-- A.K.A IRON MAN

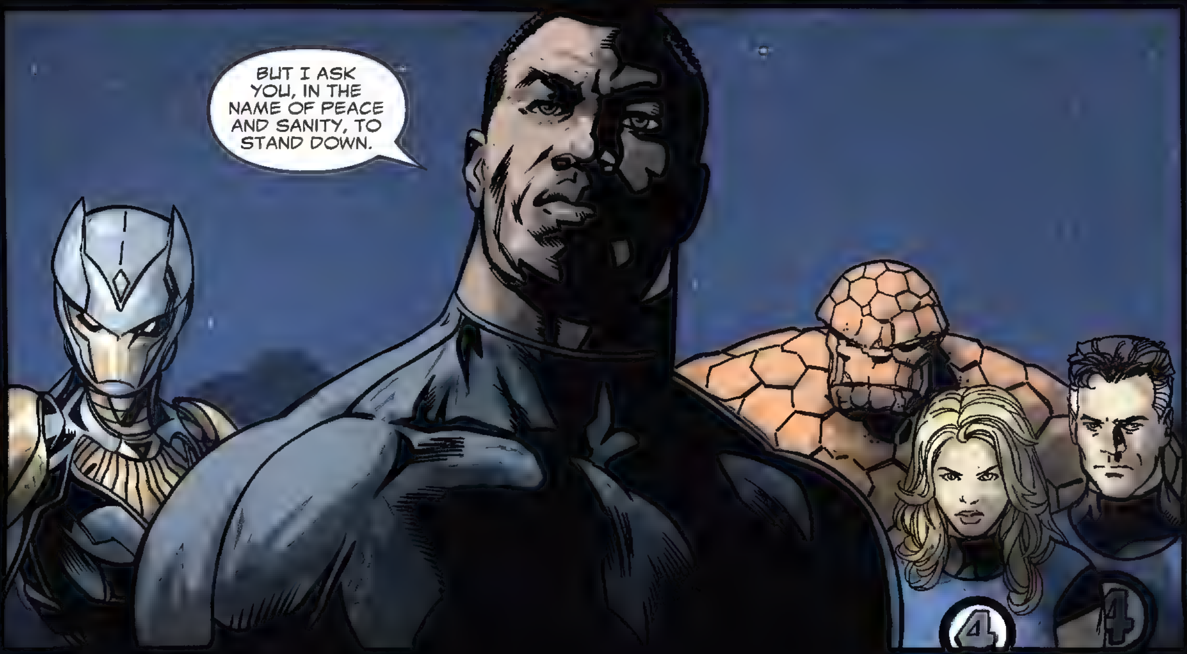

WAIT. DID YOU SAY **NO ONE'S** COMING TO HELP? I FIGURED WE'D AT LEAST GET THE AVENGERS...
THEY'RE ALREADY FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES. BRIDGES, CARGO SHIPS, WHOLE BUILDINGS ARE COMING TO LIFE.
IT'S DOWN TO US OR NO ONE.
WHAT'S THE **PLAN**, SHURI? I SIGNED ON TO HELP, BUT I DON'T THINK I WANT TO BE PART OF A FORMAL INVASION.
WE'RE NOT INVADING LATVERIA. THIS IS **SYMKARIA**. WE'VE BEEN **INVITED** TO ADVISE THEM ON MATTERS OF INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM.
THEY OWE WAKANDA BILLIONS. I'M IN A POSITION TO RENEGOTIATE THE TERMS OF THEIR LOAN.
MEANING, YOU **BRIBED** THEIR ASSES?
DIPLOMACY IS A MANY-FACETED JEWEL. MY BROTHER TAUGHT ME THAT.
THE BOTTOM LINE IS, WE CAN CONCENTRATE ALL OF OUR FORCES RIGHT ON THE BORDER OF LATVERIA.
AND IF DOOM DOESN'T WANT TO COME OUT AND PLAY?
"WE'LL USE **DIPLOMACY**."

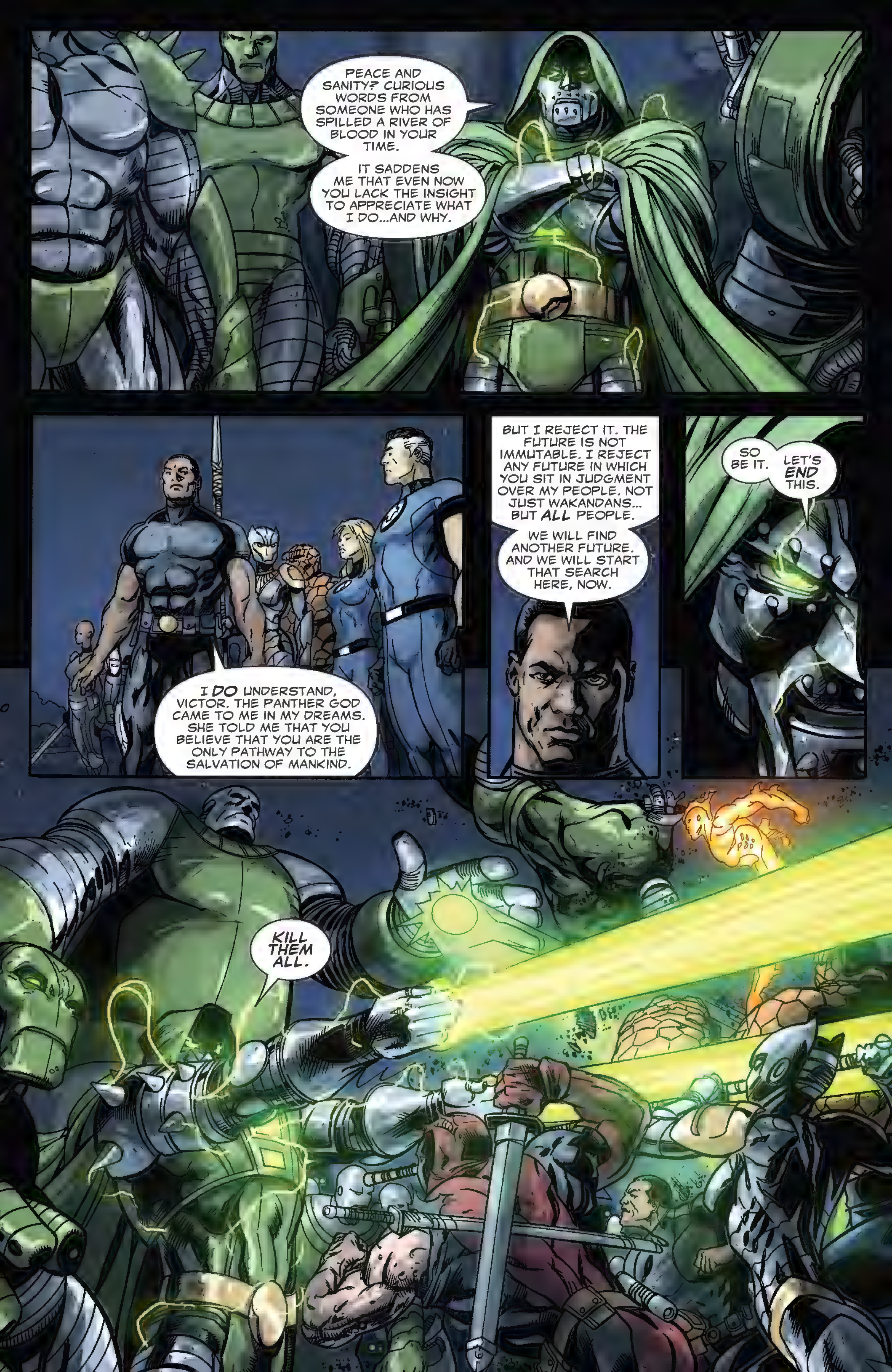

CASTLE DOOM, LATVERIA...
I'M IN. LOCKED IN ON DEADPOOL'S TRANSPONDER SIGNAL. SEND THE REST OF THE TEAM.
TEELA
MIDNIGHT ANGELS' TEAM LEADER.
TEAM DEPLOYED!
ENGAGING SHADOW MODE.
CA-RUNNCH!
SCANNERS INDICATE THOSE COMPUTERS ARE BOOSTING DOOM'S SIGNAL.
DESTROY THEM! DESTROY EVERYTHING!
KILL DOOM!

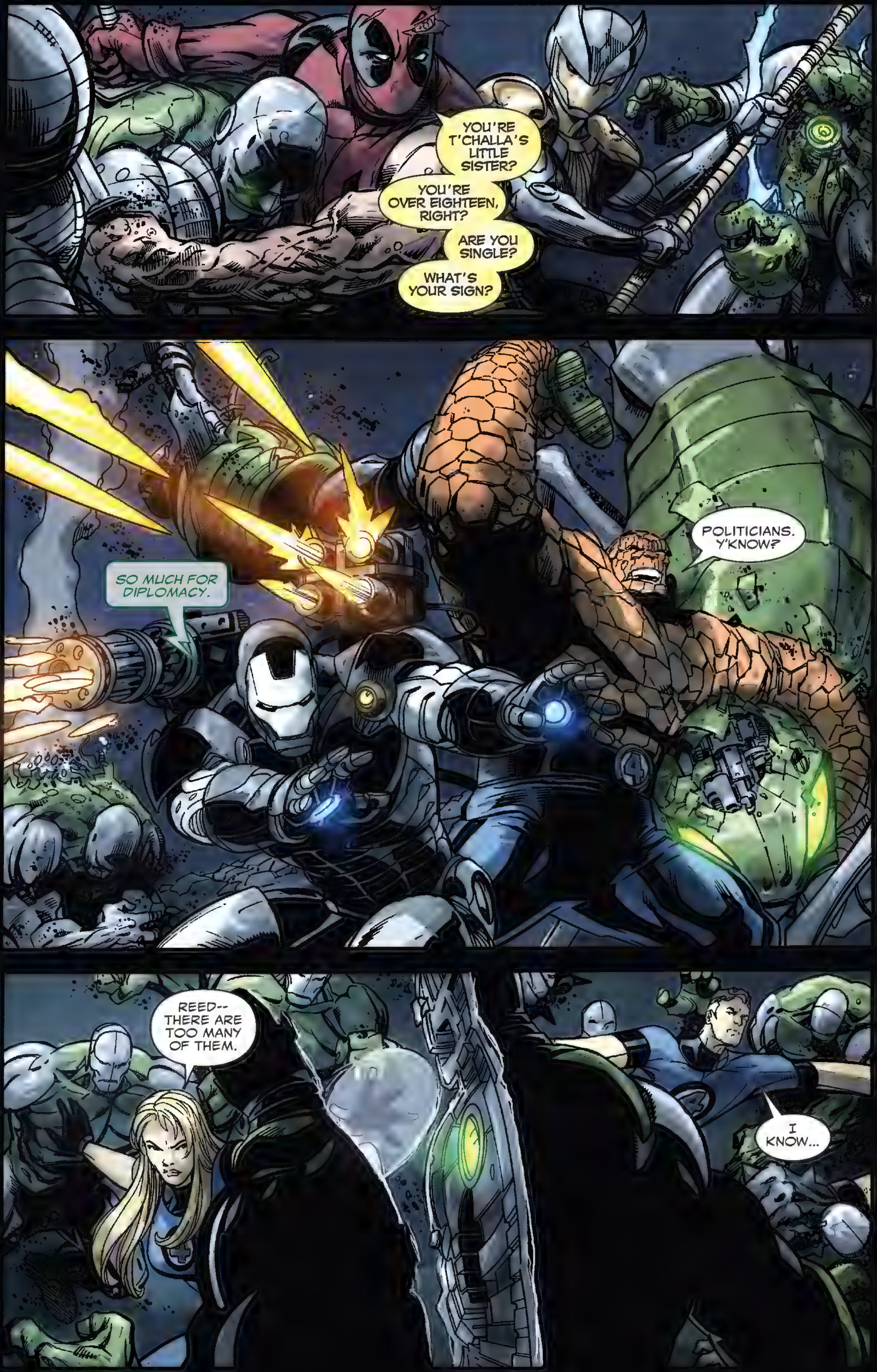

BOOM!
HOT BOSS CHICK SAYS DESTROY-- WHO'M I TO ARGUE?
SORRY, VIC.
NOT ONE TRACE OF VIBRANIUM IN ANY OF YOUR WEAPONS OR EQUIPMENT. STEEL SHEATHED IN SHADOW PARTICLES.
T'CHALLA MANAGED TO PLAY AN UNFORESEEN CARD. ADMIRABLE. POINTLESS AND FAR TOO LATE. BUT ADMIRABLE.
--URK--CALL FOR YOU ON LINE ONE-- OUCH--
T'CHALLA... I EXPECTED SOME KIND OF GRANDIOSE CHALLENGE LONG BEFORE THIS.
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, DOOM--
--BUT THIS IS NOT T'CHALLA.

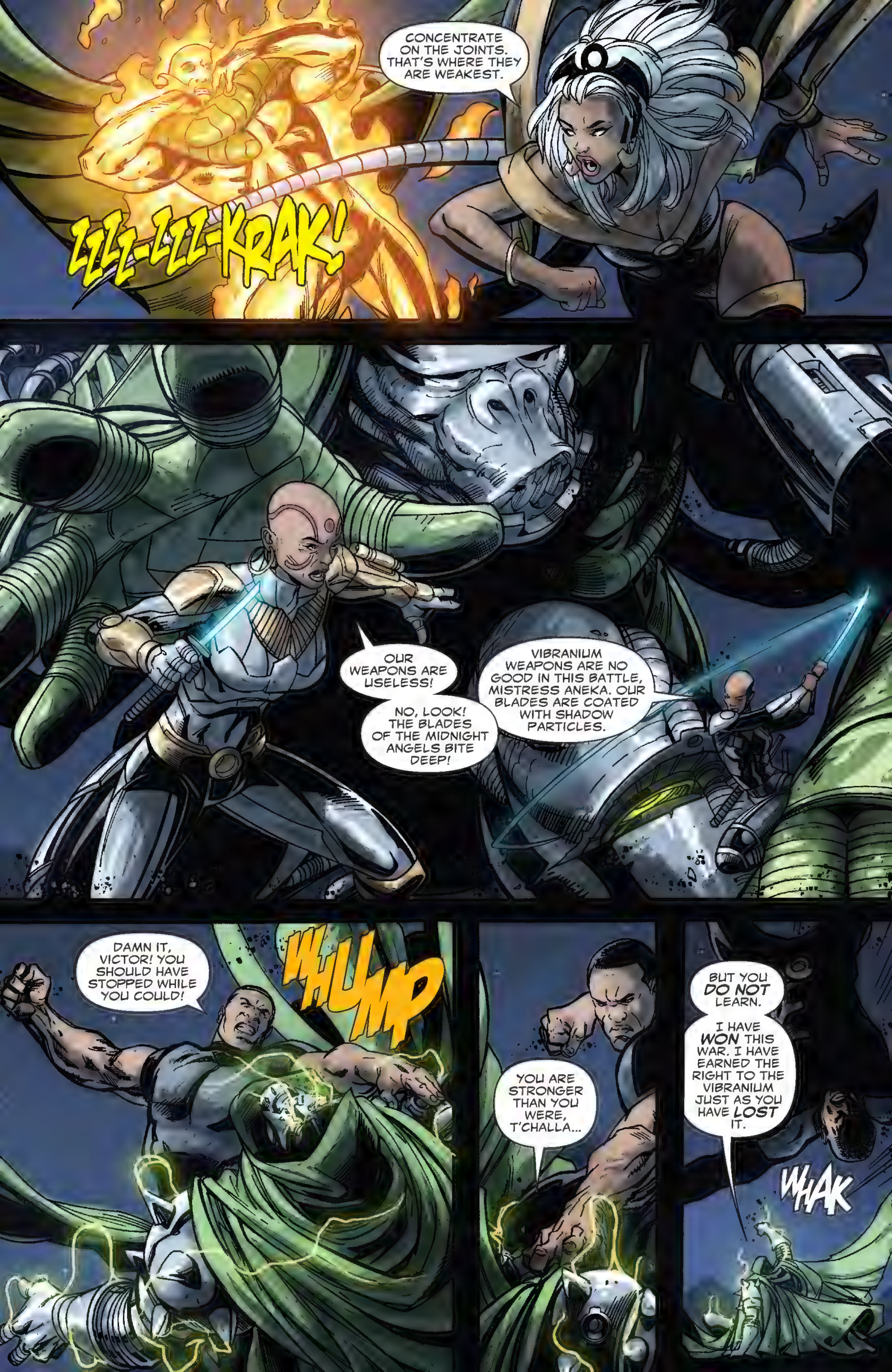

THIS IS **SHURI**, PRINCESS REGENT OF WAKANDA AND RIGHTFUL HEIR TO THE MANTLE OF THE BLACK PANTHER. I CHALLENGE YOU, RULER TO RULER: RETURN WHAT YOU HAVE STOLEN OR DEFEND ITS POSSESSION WITH YOUR LIFE. STOP HIDING BEHIND DECEIT AND TRAITORS, BEHIND PLOTS AND LIES.
COME OUT AND FIGHT!
DON'T DO IT, DOOM! IT'S A TRAP.
OF ***COURSE*** IT IS. BUT ONE SET BY RABBITS TO CATCH A TIGER.
I AM WEARY OF GAMES. IT IS TIME TO CLEAR THE BOARD.

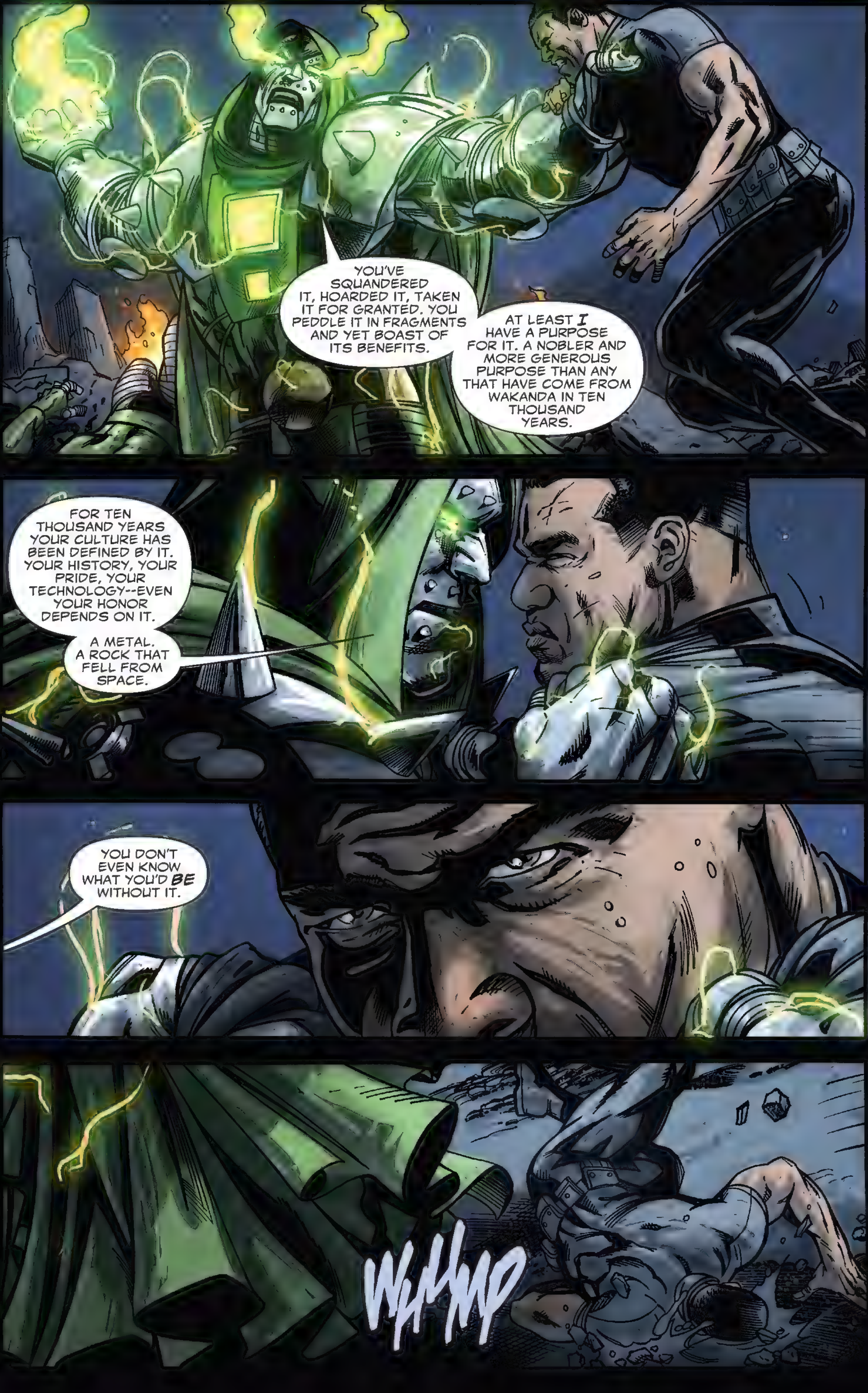

THE FIELD OF LOTHO, SYMKARIA...
YOU ARE ONE OF THE GREATEST MINDS ON THE PLANET, VICTOR. YOU TREAT YOUR OWN PEOPLE WITH A DEGREE OF KINDNESS, AND YET YOU CONSTANTLY BRING HARM TO THE REST OF THE WORLD.
MOREOVER, YOU'VE ATTACKED MY PEOPLE. YOU MURDERED MY UNCLE, AND MY FRIENDS. I HAVE EVERY REASON TO WANT TO SEE YOU DEAD.

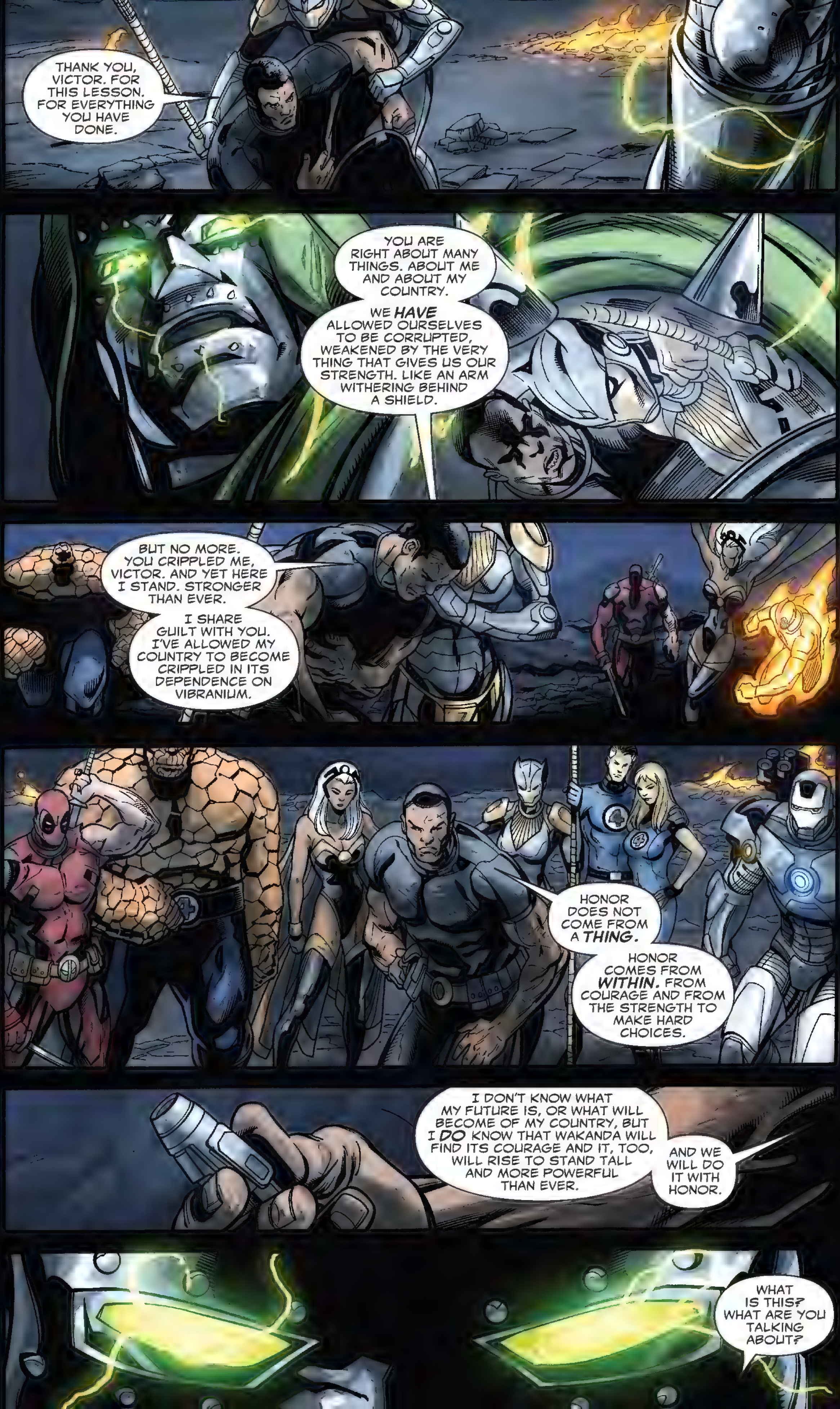

BUT I ASK YOU, IN THE NAME OF PEACE AND SANITY, TO STAND DOWN.
4
4

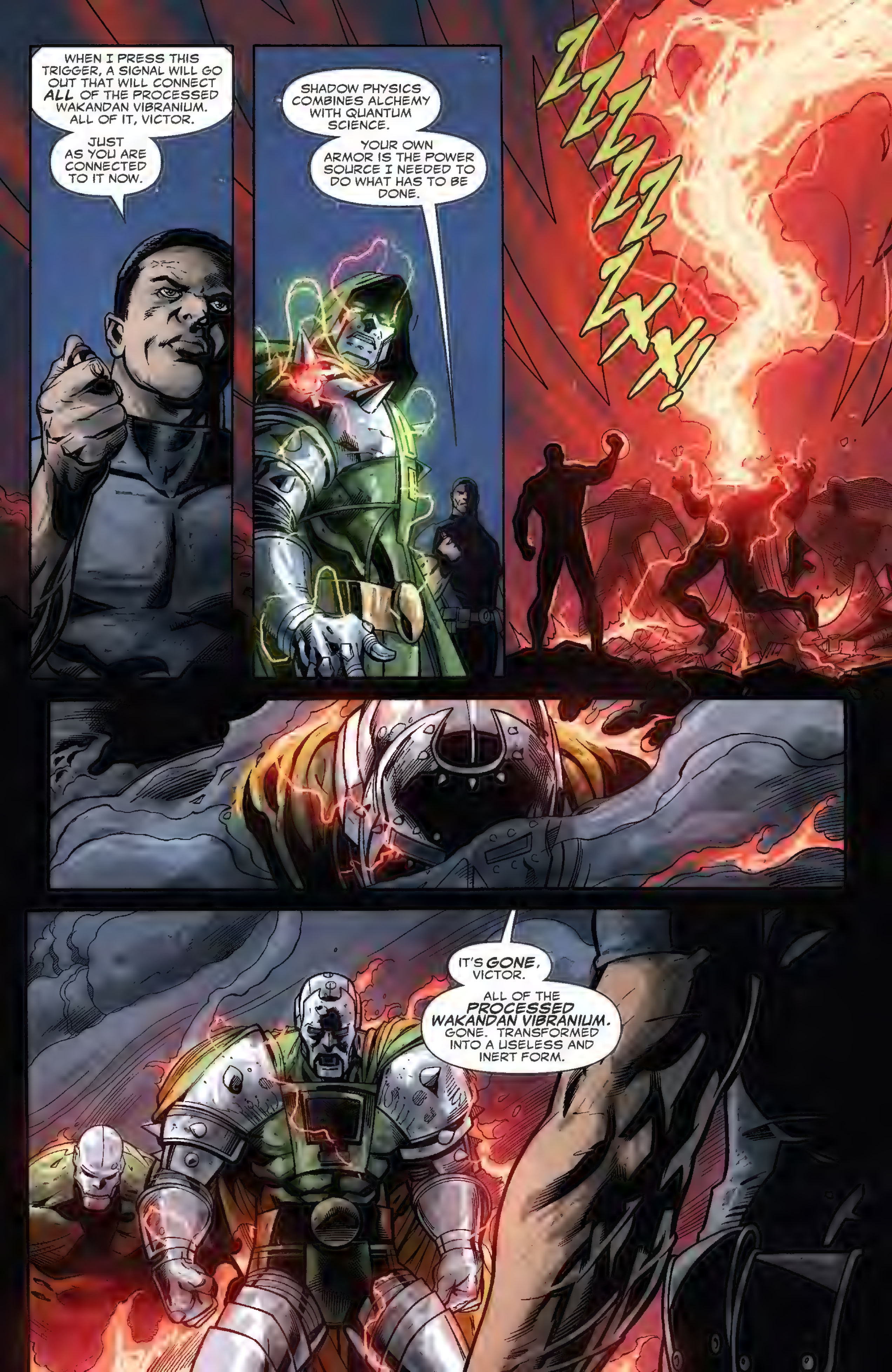

PEACE AND SANITY? CURIOUS WORDS FROM SOMEONE WHO HAS SPILLED A RIVER OF BLOOD IN YOUR TIME.
IT SADDENS ME THAT EVEN NOW YOU LACK THE INSIGHT TO APPRECIATE WHAT I DO...AND WHY.
I *DO* UNDERSTAND, VICTOR. THE PANTHER GOD CAME TO ME IN MY DREAMS. SHE TOLD ME THAT YOU BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE THE ONLY PATHWAY TO THE SALVATION OF MANKIND.
BUT I REJECT IT. THE FUTURE IS NOT IMMUTABLE. I REJECT ANY FUTURE IN WHICH YOU SIT IN JUDGMENT OVER MY PEOPLE. NOT JUST WAKANDANS... BUT *ALL* PEOPLE.
WE WILL FIND ANOTHER FUTURE. AND WE WILL START THAT SEARCH HERE, NOW.
SO BE IT.
LET'S *END* THIS.
KILL THEM ALL.

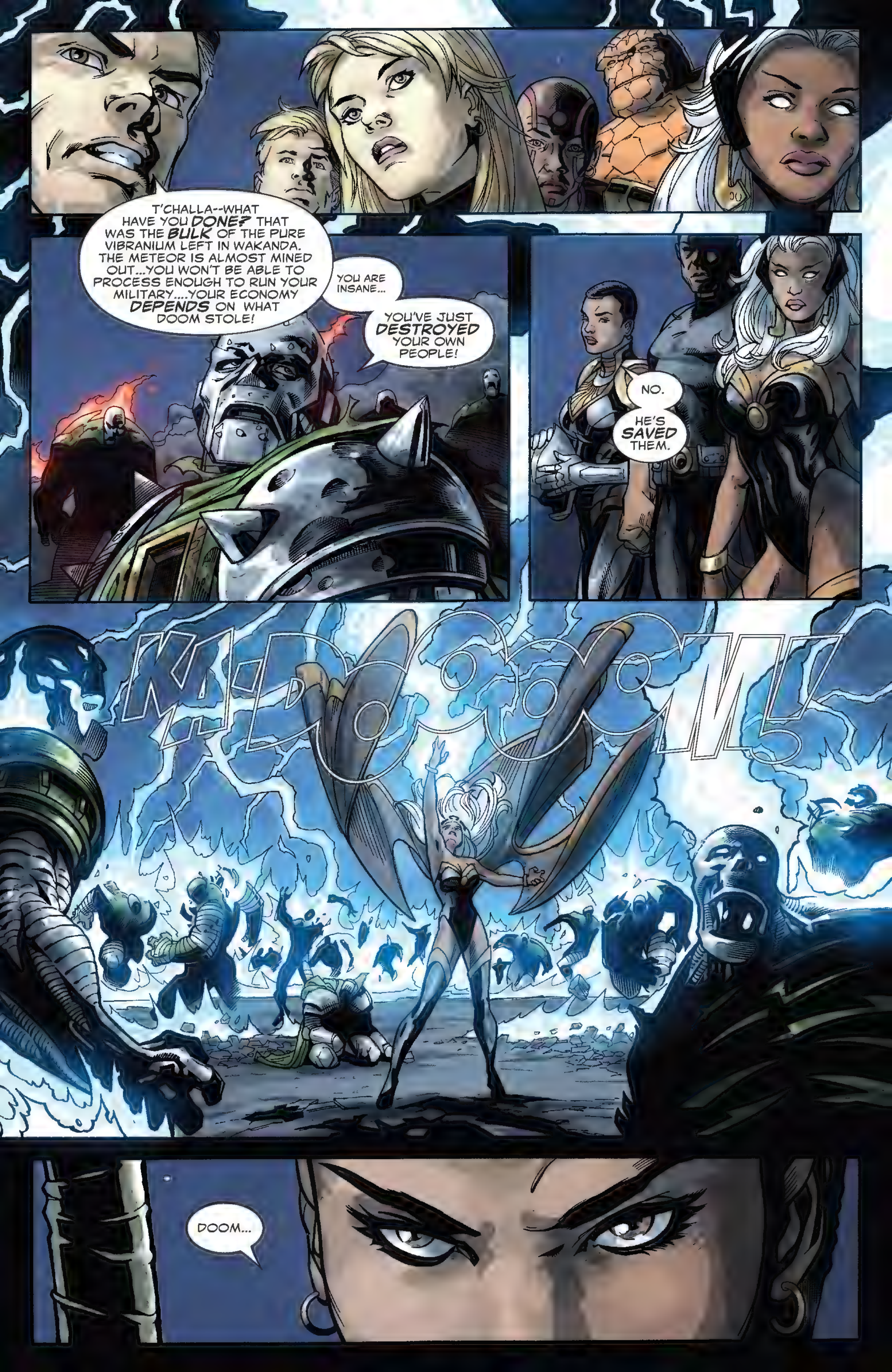

YOU'RE T'CHALLA'S LITTLE SISTER?
YOU'RE OVER EIGHTEEN, RIGHT?
ARE YOU SINGLE?
WHAT'S YOUR SIGN?
SO MUCH FOR DIPLOMACY.
POLITICIANS. Y'KNOW?
REED-- THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM.
I KNOW...

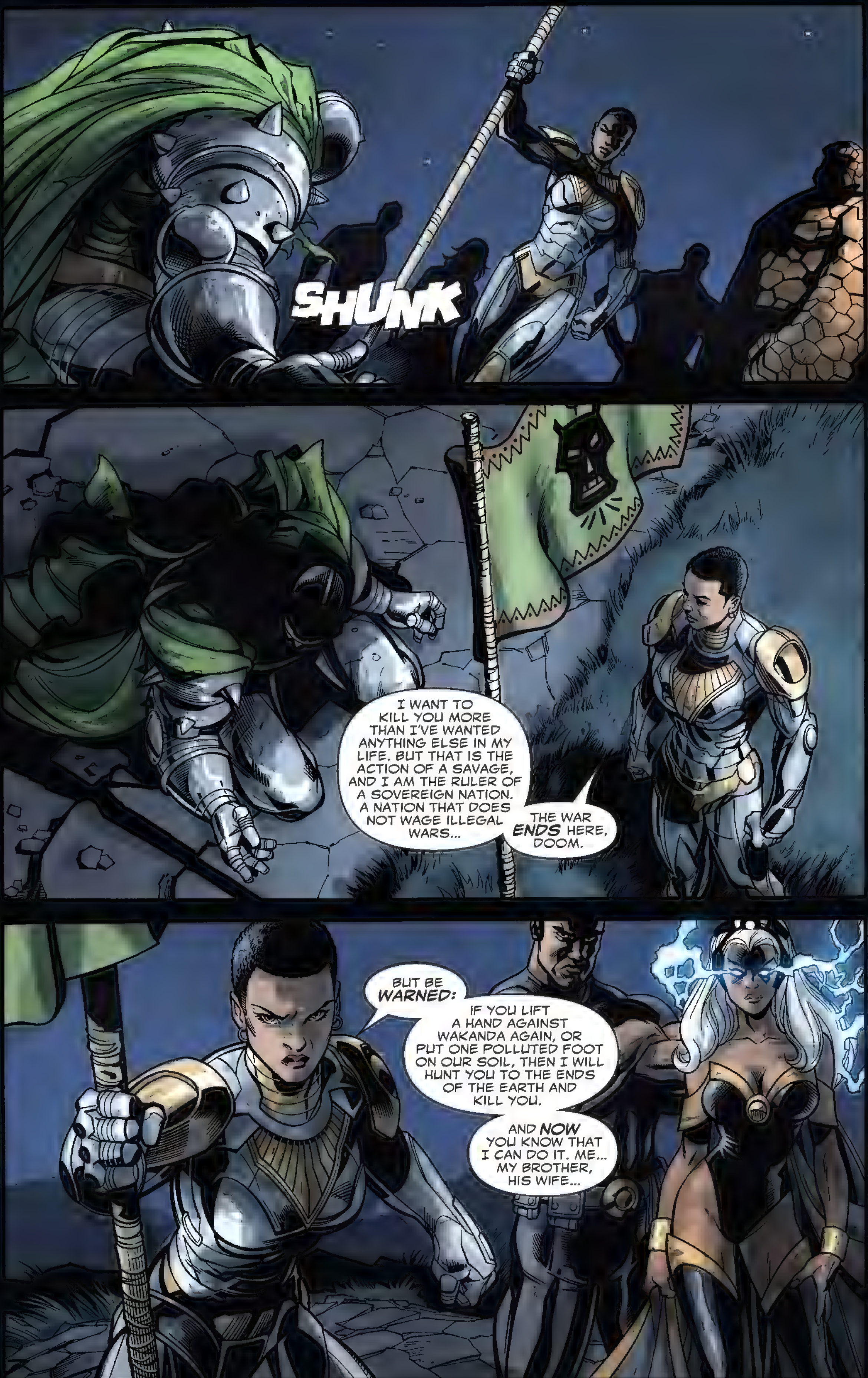

CONCENTRATE ON THE JOINTS. THAT'S WHERE THEY ARE WEAKEST.
ZZZZ-ZZZ-KRAK!
OUR WEAPONS ARE USELESS!
NO, LOOK! THE BLADES OF THE MIDNIGHT ANGELS BITE DEEP!
VIBRANIUM WEAPONS ARE NO GOOD IN THIS BATTLE, MISTRESS ANEKA. OUR BLADES ARE COATED WITH SHADOW PARTICLES.
DAMN IT, VICTOR! YOU SHOULD HAVE STOPPED WHILE YOU COULD!
WHUMP
YOU ARE STRONGER THAN YOU WERE, T'CHALLA...
BUT YOU DO NOT LEARN.
I HAVE WON THIS WAR. I HAVE EARNED THE RIGHT TO THE VIBRANIUM JUST AS YOU HAVE LOST IT.
WHAK

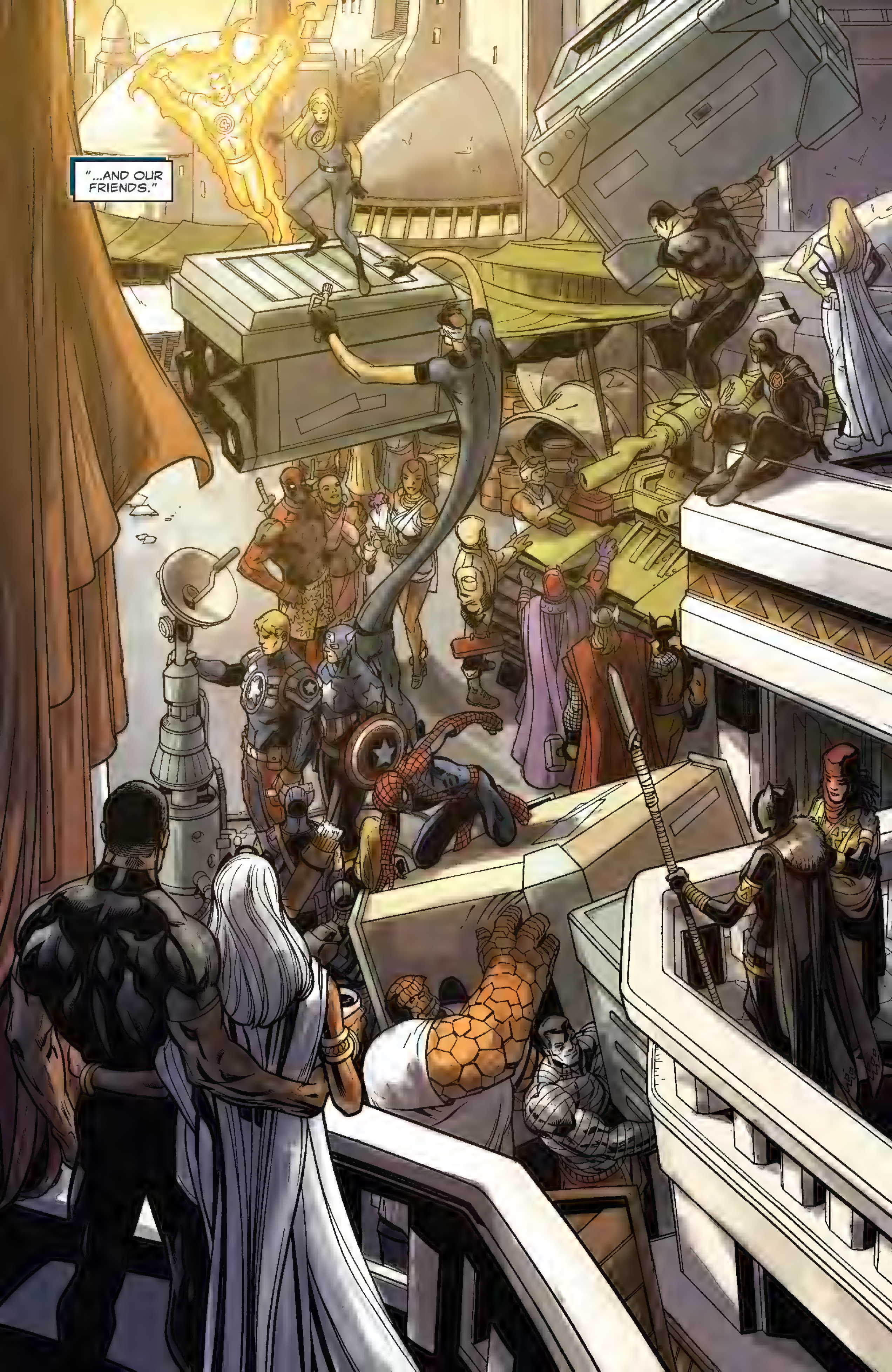

YOU'VE SQUANDERED IT, HOARDED IT, TAKEN IT FOR GRANTED. YOU PEDDLE IT IN FRAGMENTS AND YET BOAST OF ITS BENEFITS.
AT LEAST *I* HAVE A PURPOSE FOR IT. A NOBLER AND MORE GENEROUS PURPOSE THAN ANY THAT HAVE COME FROM WAKANDA IN TEN THOUSAND YEARS.
FOR TEN THOUSAND YEARS YOUR CULTURE HAS BEEN DEFINED BY IT. YOUR HISTORY, YOUR PRIDE, YOUR TECHNOLOGY--EVEN YOUR HONOR DEPENDS ON IT.
A METAL. A ROCK THAT FELL FROM SPACE.
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'D ***BE*** WITHOUT IT.
WHUMP


THANK YOU, VICTOR. FOR THIS LESSON. FOR EVERYTHING YOU HAVE DONE.
YOU ARE RIGHT ABOUT MANY THINGS. ABOUT ME AND ABOUT MY COUNTRY.
WE *HAVE* ALLOWED OURSELVES TO BE CORRUPTED, WEAKENED BY THE VERY THING THAT GIVES US OUR STRENGTH. LIKE AN ARM WITHERING BEHIND A SHIELD.
BUT NO MORE. YOU CRIPPLED ME, VICTOR. AND YET HERE I STAND. STRONGER THAN EVER.
I SHARE GUILT WITH YOU. I'VE ALLOWED MY COUNTRY TO BECOME CRIPPLED IN ITS DEPENDENCE ON VIBRANIUM.
HONOR DOES NOT COME FROM A ***THING.***
HONOR COMES FROM ***WITHIN.*** FROM COURAGE AND FROM THE STRENGTH TO MAKE HARD CHOICES.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT MY FUTURE IS, OR WHAT WILL BECOME OF MY COUNTRY, BUT I *DO* KNOW THAT WAKANDA WILL FIND ITS COURAGE AND IT, TOO, WILL RISE TO STAND TALL AND MORE POWERFUL THAN EVER.
AND WE WILL DO IT WITH HONOR.
WHAT IS THIS? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

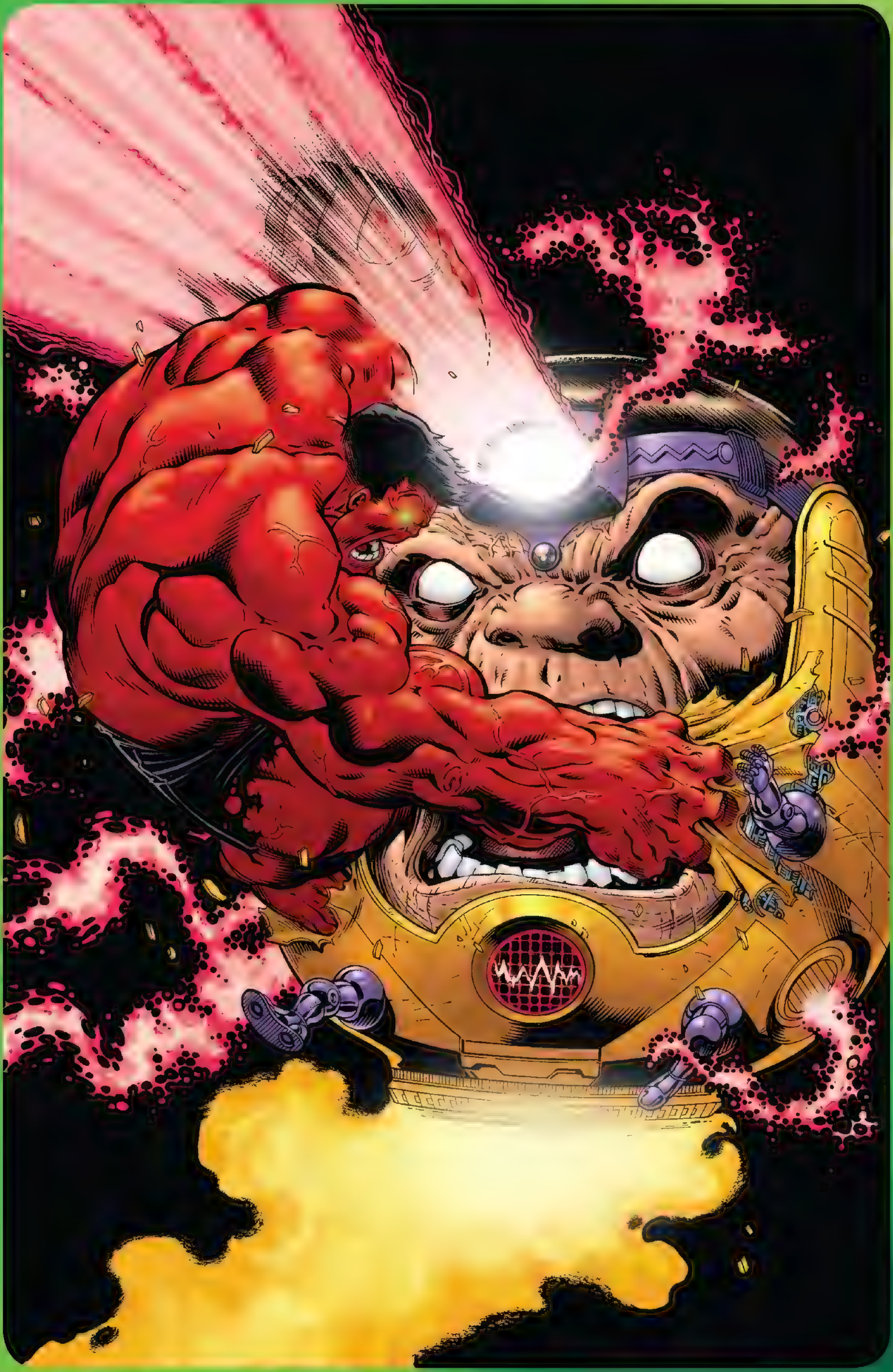

WHEN I PRESS THIS TRIGGER, A SIGNAL WILL GO OUT THAT WILL CONNECT ***ALL*** OF THE PROCESSED WAKANDAN VIBRANIUM. ALL OF IT, VICTOR.
JUST AS YOU ARE CONNECTED TO IT NOW.
SHADOW PHYSICS COMBINES ALCHEMY WITH QUANTUM SCIENCE.
YOUR OWN ARMOR IS THE POWER SOURCE I NEEDED TO DO WHAT HAS TO BE DONE.
ZZZZZZXX!
IT'S ***GONE***, VICTOR.
ALL OF THE ***PROCESSED WAKANDAN VIBRANIUM.*** GONE. TRANSFORMED INTO A USELESS AND INERT FORM.


T'CHALLA--WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? THAT WAS THE BULK OF THE PURE VIBRANIUM LEFT IN WAKANDA. THE METEOR IS ALMOST MINED OUT...YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PROCESS ENOUGH TO RUN YOUR MILITARY....YOUR ECONOMY DEPENDS ON WHAT DOOM STOLE!
YOU ARE INSANE...
YOU'VE JUST DESTROYED YOUR OWN PEOPLE!
NO.
HE'S SAVED THEM.
KA-DOOOOOM!
DOOM...


SHUNK
I WANT TO KILL YOU MORE THAN I'VE WANTED ANYTHING ELSE IN MY LIFE. BUT THAT IS THE ACTION OF A SAVAGE, AND I AM THE RULER OF A SOVEREIGN NATION. A NATION THAT DOES NOT WAGE ILLEGAL WARS...
THE WAR **ENDS** HERE, DOOM.
BUT BE **WARNED:**
IF YOU LIFT A HAND AGAINST WAKANDA AGAIN, OR PUT ONE POLLUTED FOOT ON OUR SOIL, THEN I WILL HUNT YOU TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH AND KILL YOU.
AND **NOW** YOU KNOW THAT I CAN DO IT. ME... MY BROTHER, HIS WIFE...

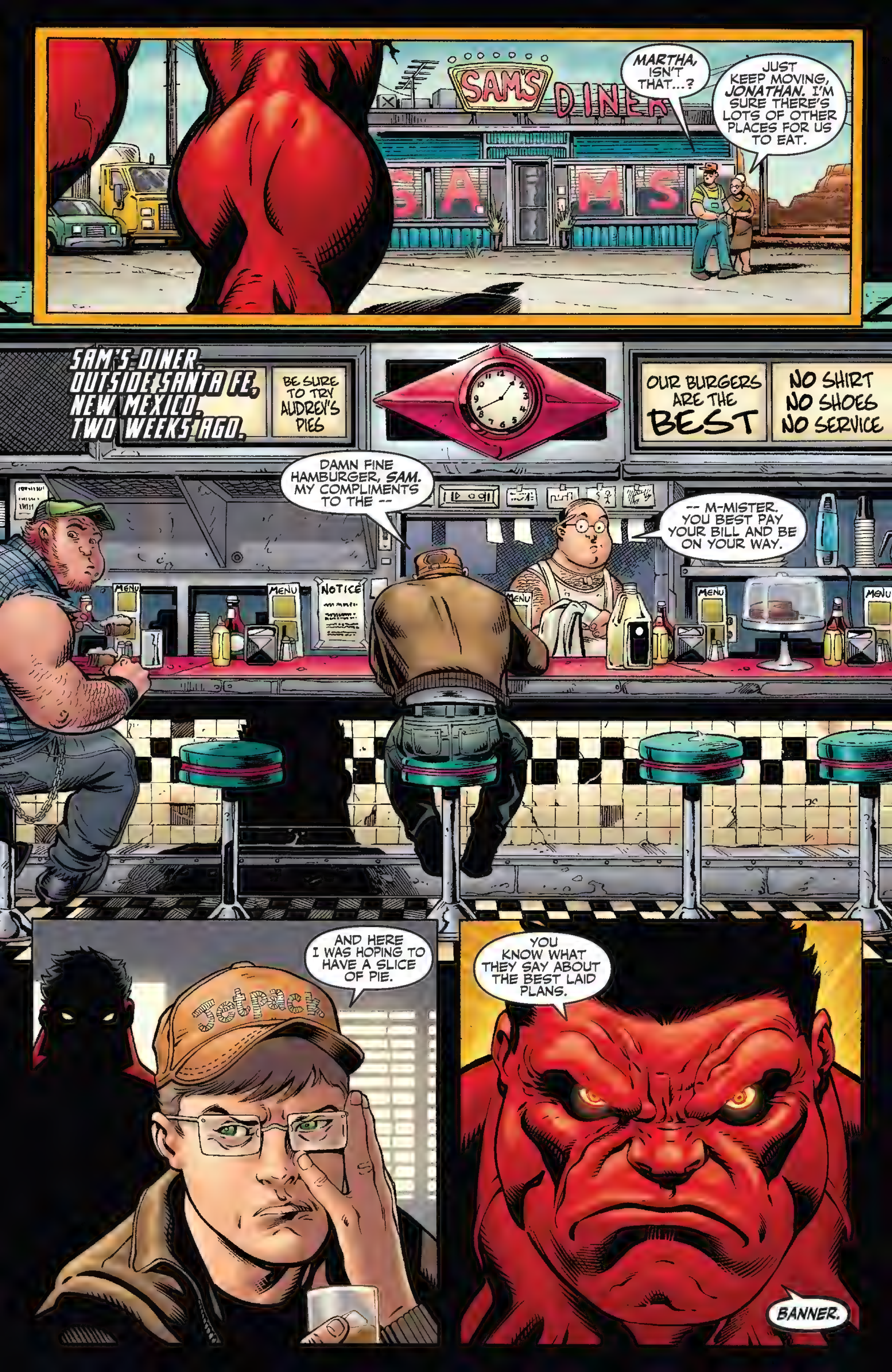

"...AND OUR FRIENDS."

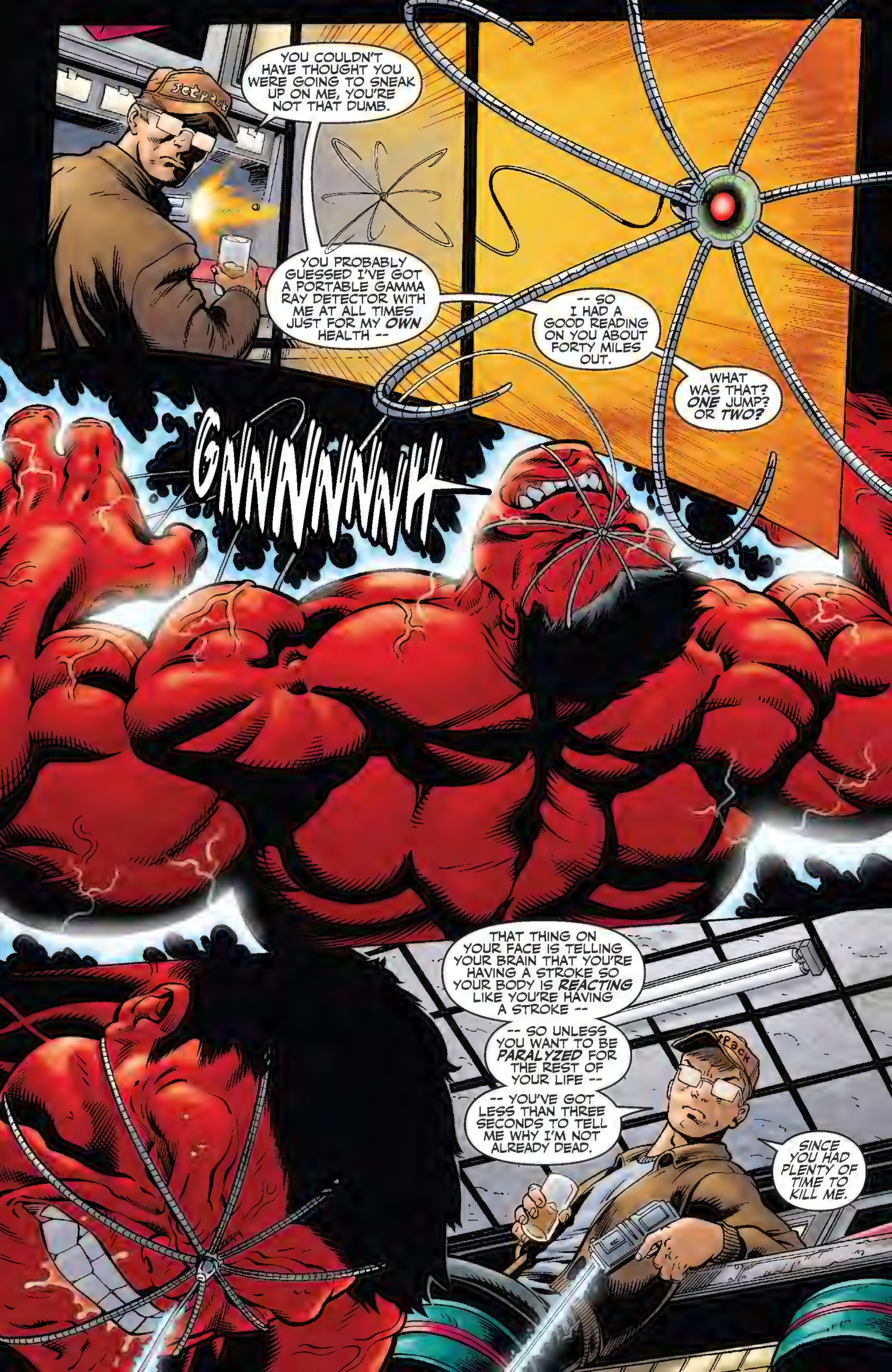
Although Red Hulk had turned on his creators, the Intelligencia, their plans continued. They began kidnapping the world's smartest men, including Mr. Fantastic, Beast and Black Panther — angering the Fantastic Four, X-Men and Avengers. Red Hulk convinced the heroes to join his mission against the Intelligencia — but he had other more unexpected allies up his sleeve…

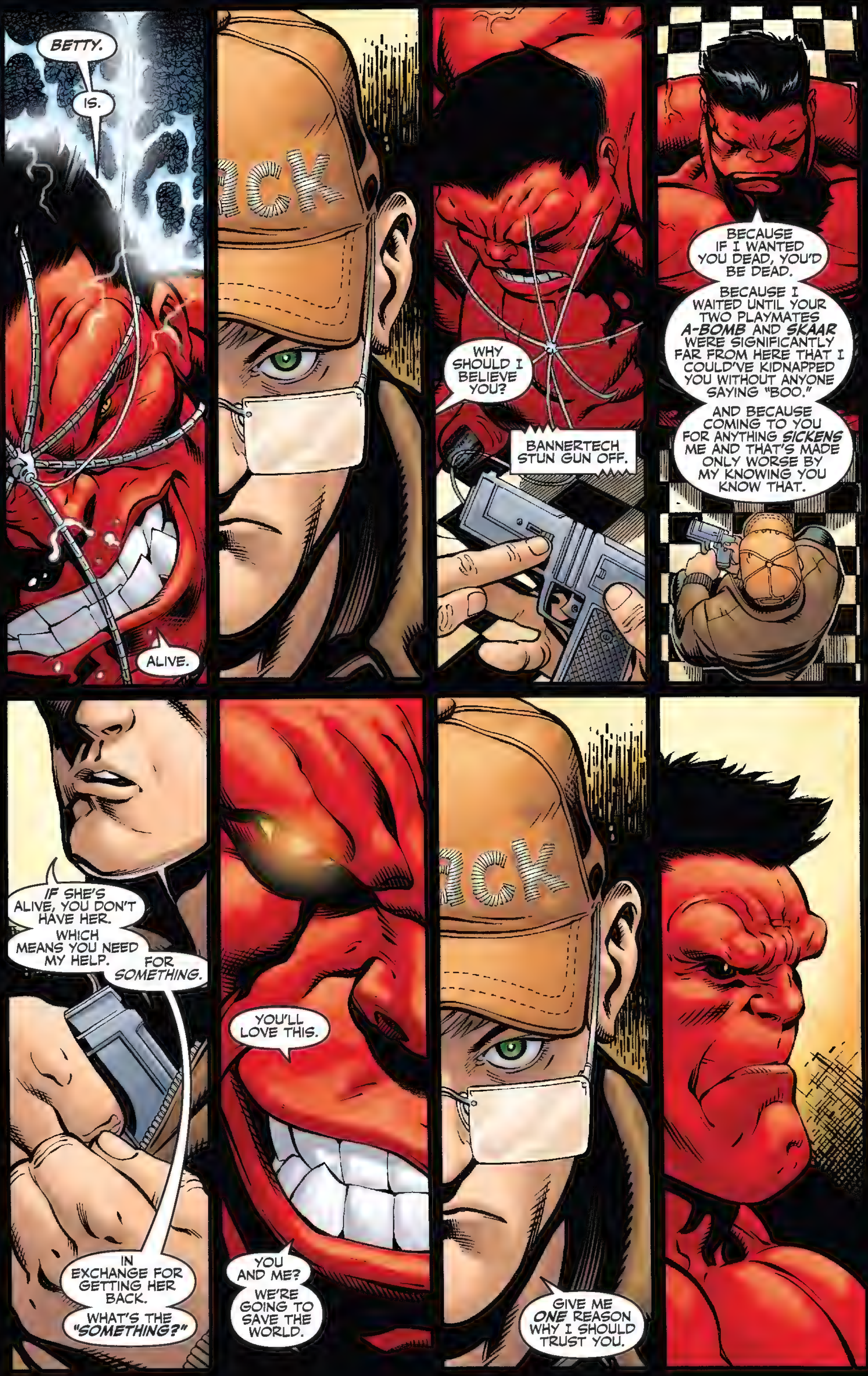


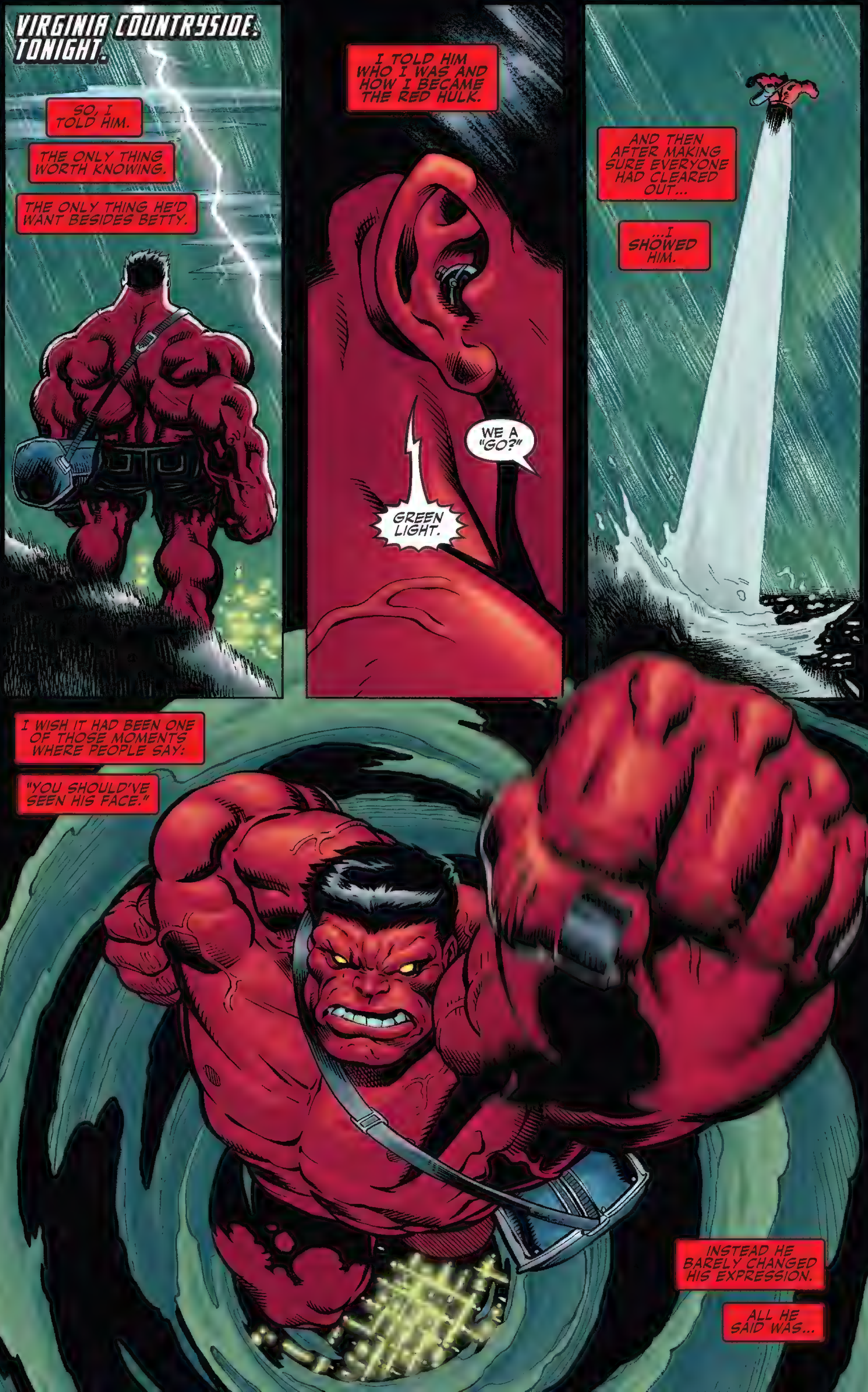
HULK (2008) #21

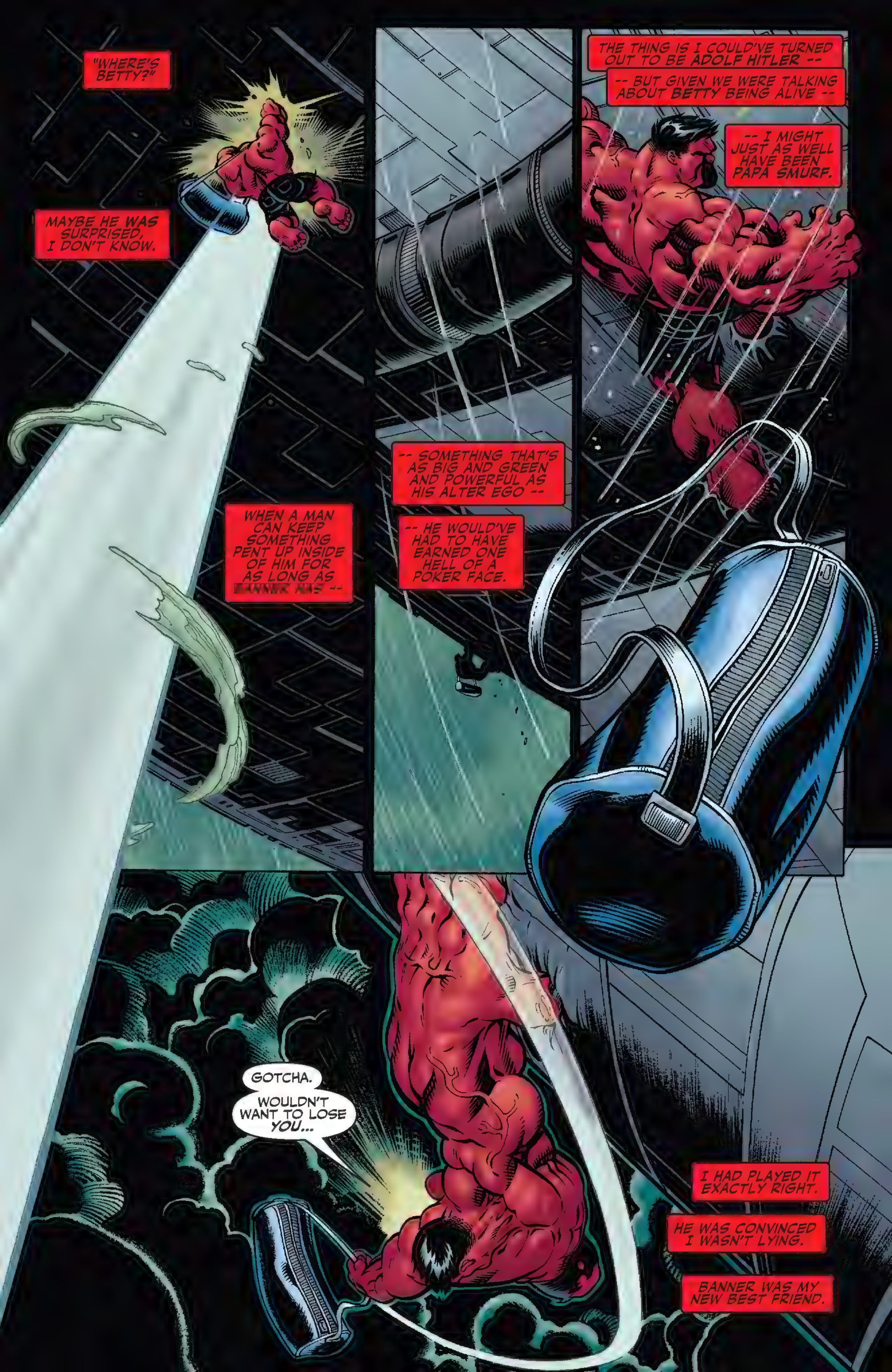
"THE BEST LAID PLANS"

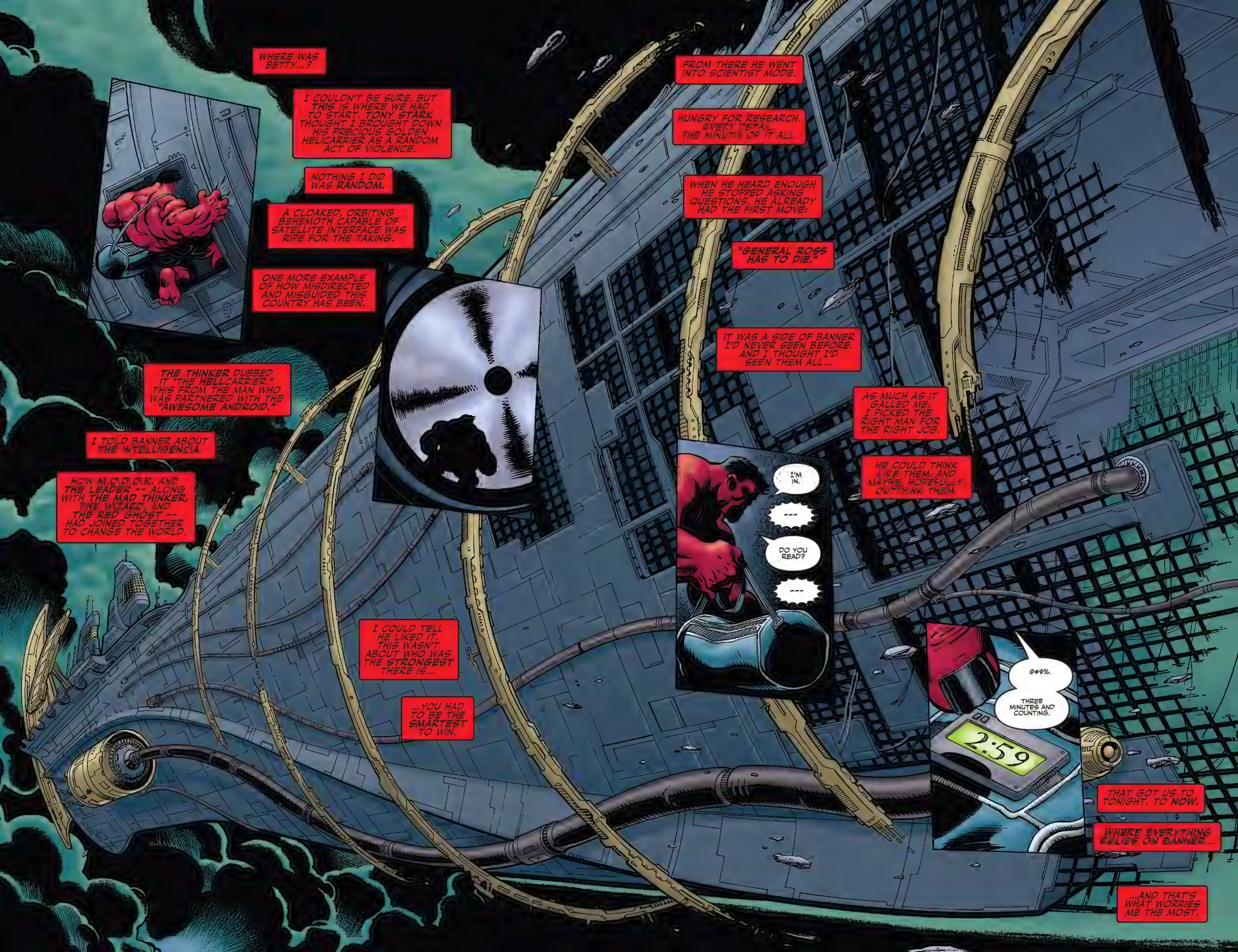

SAM'S DINER
SAM'S
MARTHA, ISN'T THAT...?
JUST KEEP MOVING, JONATHAN. I'M SURE THERE'S LOTS OF OTHER PLACES FOR US TO EAT.
SAM'S DINER. OUTSIDE SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO. TWO WEEKS AGO.
BE SURE TO TRY AUDREY'S PIES
OUR BURGERS ARE THE BEST
NO SHIRT NO SHOES NO SERVICE
DAMN FINE HAMBURGER, SAM. MY COMPLIMENTS TO THE --
-- M-MISTER. YOU BEST PAY YOUR BILL AND BE ON YOUR WAY.
MENU
MENU
NOTICE
MENU
MENU
MENU
AND HERE I WAS HOPING TO HAVE A SLICE OF PIE.
Jetpack
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE BEST LAID PLANS.
BANNER.


YOU COULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO SNEAK UP ON ME, YOU'RE NOT THAT DUMB.
YOU PROBABLY GUESSED I'VE GOT A PORTABLE GAMMA RAY DETECTOR WITH ME AT ALL TIMES JUST FOR MY *OWN* HEALTH --
-- SO I HAD A GOOD READING ON YOU ABOUT FORTY MILES OUT.
WHAT WAS THAT? *ONE* JUMP? OR *TWO?*
GNNNNNNNH
THAT THING ON YOUR FACE IS TELLING YOUR BRAIN THAT YOU'RE HAVING A STROKE SO YOUR BODY IS *REACTING* LIKE YOU'RE HAVING A STROKE --
-- SO UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE *PARALYZED* FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE --
-- YOU'VE GOT LESS THAN THREE SECONDS TO TELL ME WHY I'M NOT ALREADY DEAD.
SINCE YOU HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO KILL ME.


BETTY.
IS.
ALIVE.
WHY SHOULD I BELIEVE YOU?
BANNERTECH STUN GUN OFF.
BECAUSE IF I WANTED YOU DEAD, YOU'D BE DEAD.
BECAUSE I WAITED UNTIL YOUR TWO PLAYMATES *A-BOMB* AND *SKAAR* WERE SIGNIFICANTLY FAR FROM HERE THAT I COULD'VE KIDNAPPED YOU WITHOUT ANYONE SAYING "BOO."
AND BECAUSE COMING TO YOU FOR ANYTHING *SICKENS* ME AND THAT'S MADE ONLY WORSE BY MY KNOWING YOU KNOW THAT.
IF SHE'S ALIVE, YOU DON'T HAVE HER.
WHICH MEANS YOU NEED MY HELP.
FOR *SOMETHING.*
IN EXCHANGE FOR GETTING HER BACK.
WHAT'S THE *"SOMETHING?"*
YOU'LL LOVE THIS.
YOU AND ME?
WE'RE GOING TO SAVE THE WORLD.
GIVE ME *ONE* REASON WHY I SHOULD TRUST YOU.

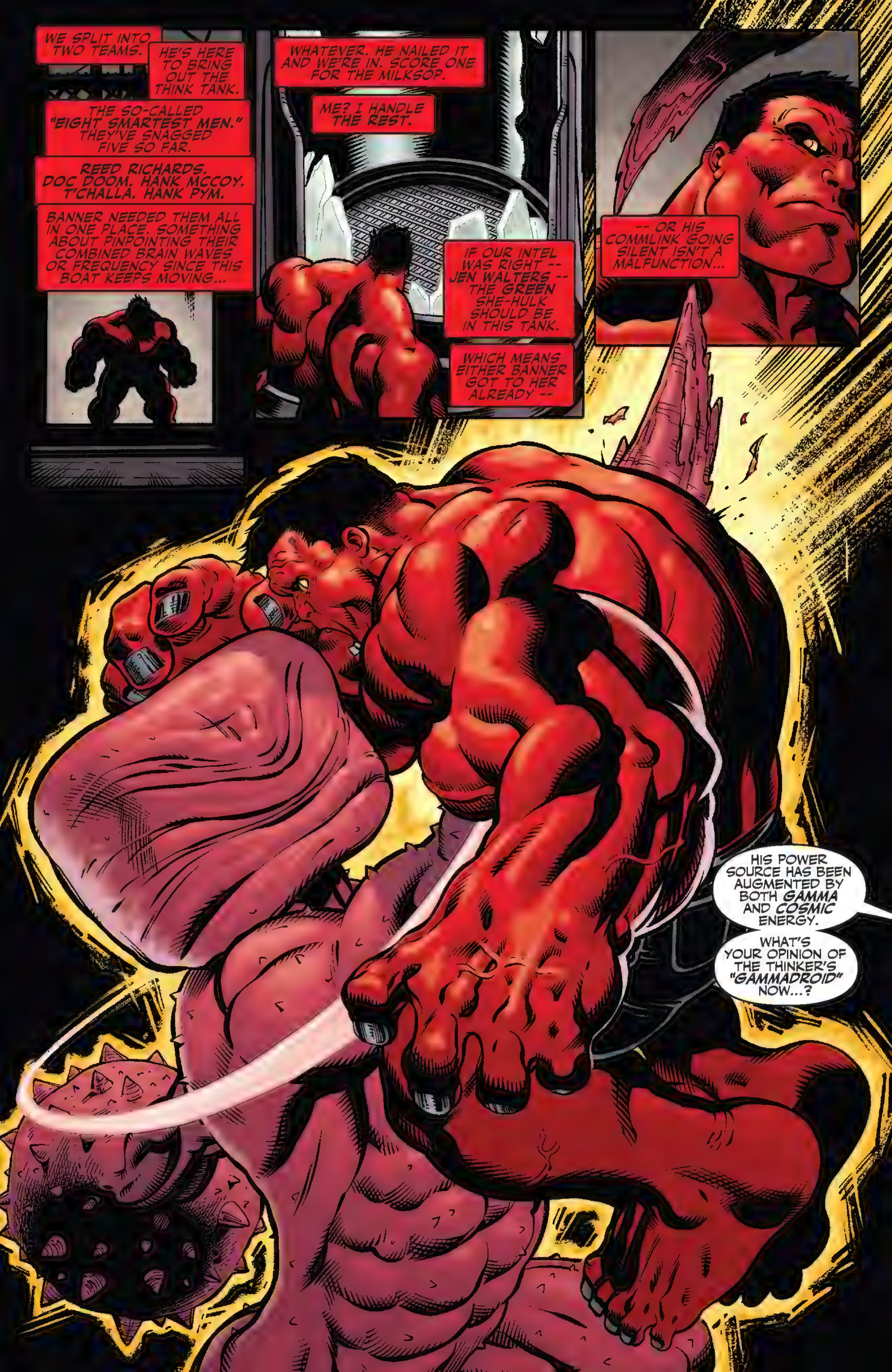

VIRGINIA COUNTRYSIDE: TONIGHT.
SO, I TOLD HIM.
THE ONLY THING WORTH KNOWING.
THE ONLY THING HE'D WANT BESIDES BETTY.
I TOLD HIM WHO I WAS AND HOW I BECAME THE RED HULK.
WE A "GO?"
GREEN LIGHT.
AND THEN AFTER MAKING SURE EVERYONE HAD CLEARED OUT...
...I SHOWED HIM.
I WISH IT HAD BEEN ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS WHERE PEOPLE SAY:
"YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN HIS FACE."
INSTEAD HE BARELY CHANGED HIS EXPRESSION.
ALL HE SAID WAS...

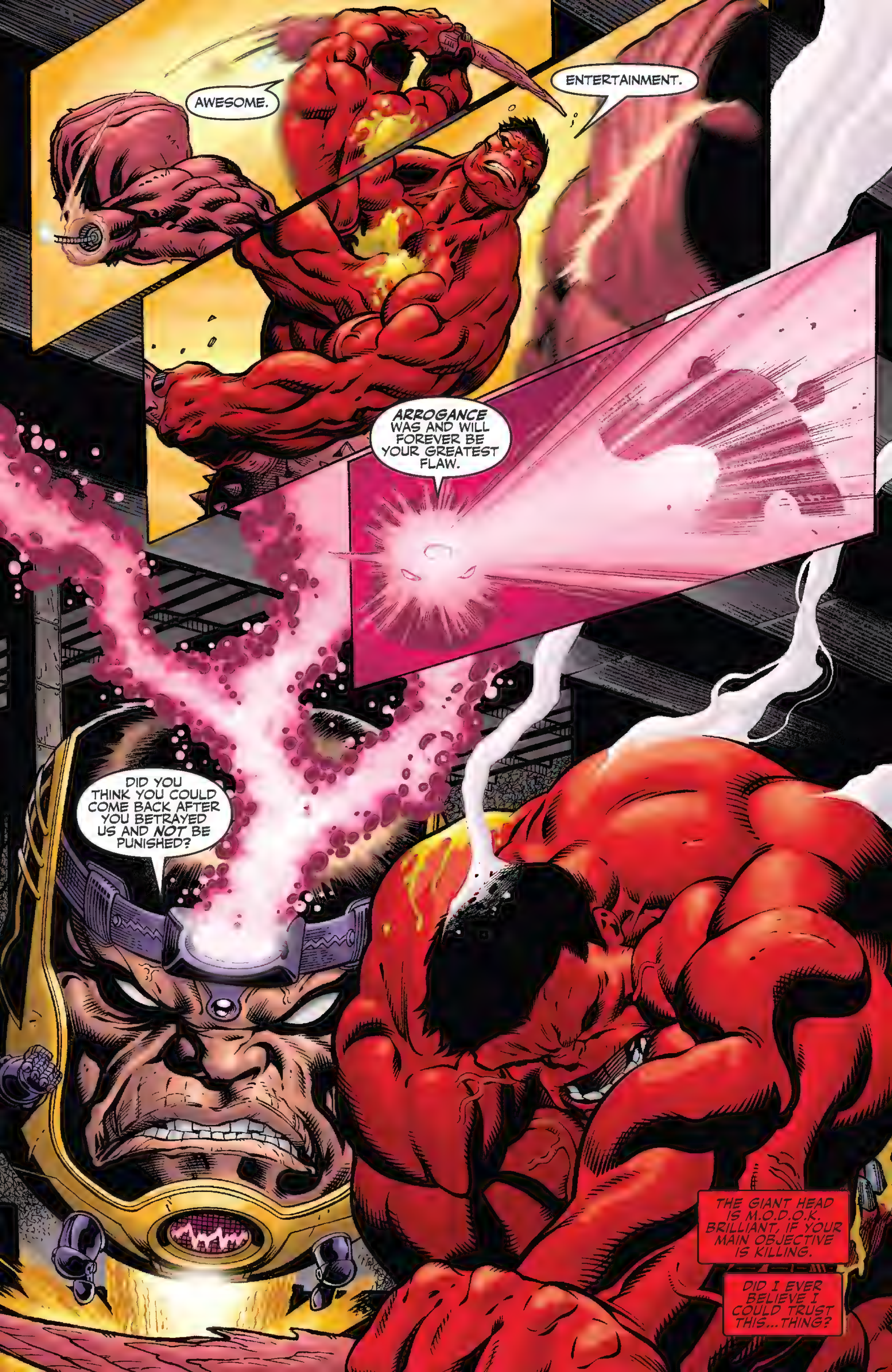

"WHERE'S BETTY?"
MAYBE HE WAS SURPRISED, I DON'T KNOW.
WHEN A MAN CAN KEEP SOMETHING PENT UP INSIDE OF HIM FOR AS LONG AS BANNER HAS --
-- SOMETHING THAT'S AS BIG AND GREEN AND POWERFUL AS HIS ALTER EGO --
-- HE WOULD'VE HAD TO HAVE EARNED ONE HELL OF A POKER FACE.
THE THING IS I COULD'VE TURNED OUT TO BE ADOLF HITLER --
-- BUT GIVEN WE WERE TALKING ABOUT BETTY BEING ALIVE --
-- I MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE BEEN PAPA SMURF.
GOTCHA.
WOULDN'T WANT TO LOSE YOU...
I HAD PLAYED IT EXACTLY RIGHT.
HE WAS CONVINCED I WASN'T LYING.
BANNER WAS MY NEW BEST FRIEND.

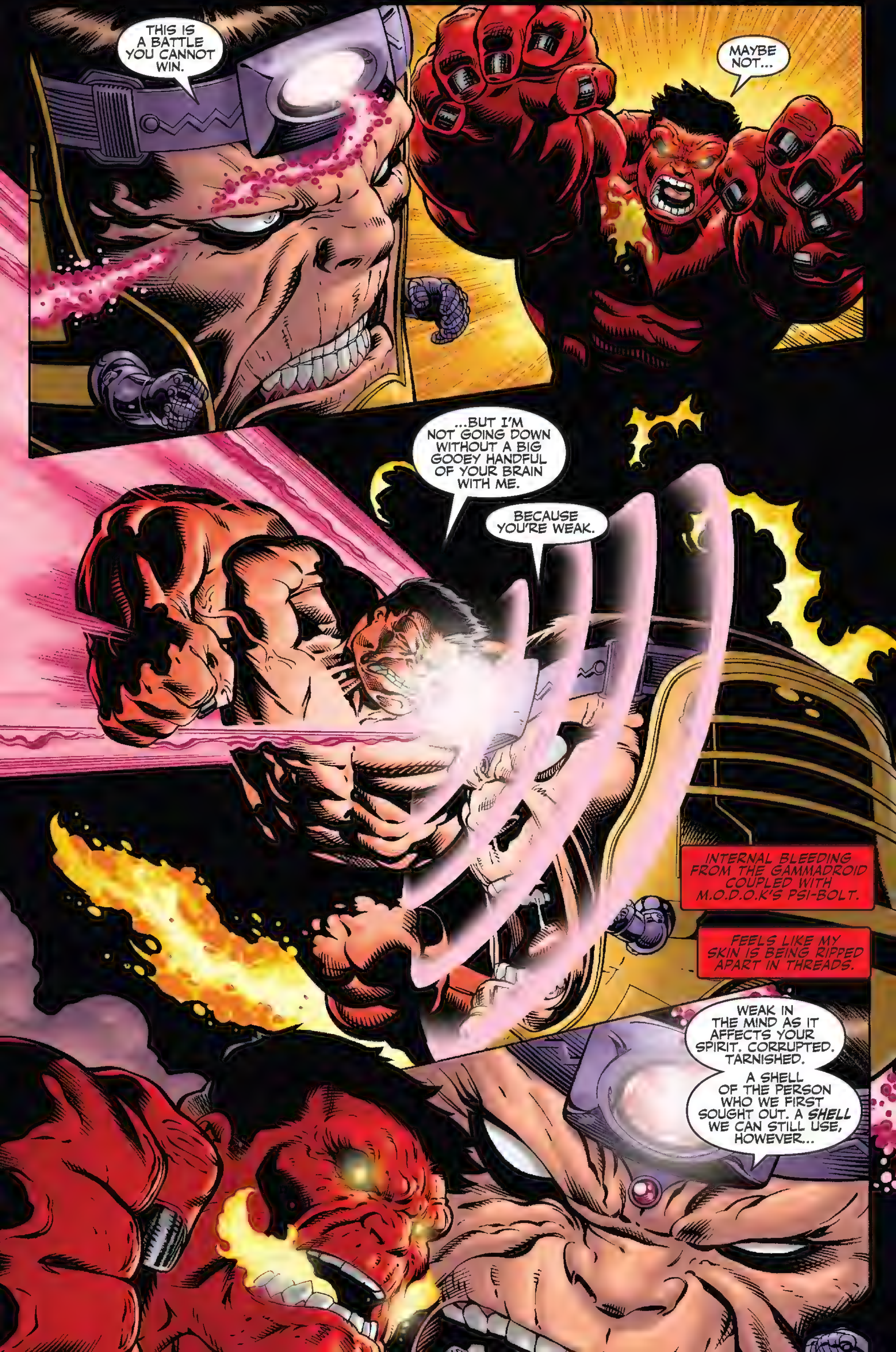

WHERE WAS BETTY...?
I COULDN'T BE SURE, BUT THIS IS WHERE WE HAD TO START. TONY STARK THOUGHT I BROUGHT DOWN HIS PRECIOUS GOLDEN HELICARRIER AS A RANDOM ACT OF VIOLENCE.
NOTHING I DID WAS RANDOM.
A CLOAKED, ORBITING BEHEMOTH CAPABLE OF SATELLITE INTERFACE WAS RIPE FOR THE TAKING.
ONE MORE EXAMPLE OF HOW MISDIRECTED AND MISGUIDED THIS COUNTRY HAS BEEN.
THE THINKER DUBBED IT "THE HELLCARRIER." THIS FROM THE MAN WHO WAS PARTNERED WITH THE "AWESOME ANDROID."
I TOLD BANNER ABOUT THE INTELLIGENCIA.
HOW M.O.D.O.K. AND THE LEADER -- ALONG WITH THE MAD THINKER, THE WIZARD, AND THE RED GHOST -- HAD JOINED TOGETHER TO CHANGE THE WORLD.
I COULD TELL HE LIKED IT. THIS WASN'T ABOUT WHO WAS THE STRONGEST THERE IS...
...YOU HAD TO BE THE SMARTEST TO WIN.
FROM THERE HE WENT INTO SCIENTIST MODE.
HUNGRY FOR RESEARCH. EVERY DETAIL. THE MINUTIA OF IT ALL.
WHEN HE HEARD ENOUGH HE STOPPED ASKING QUESTIONS. HE ALREADY HAD THE FIRST MOVE:
"GENERAL ROSS HAS TO DIE."
IT WAS A SIDE OF BANNER I'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE. AND I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THEM ALL...
AS MUCH AS IT GALLED ME, I PICKED THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE RIGHT JOB.
HE COULD THINK LIKE THEM. AND MAYBE, HOPEFULLY, OUTTHINK THEM.
I'M IN.

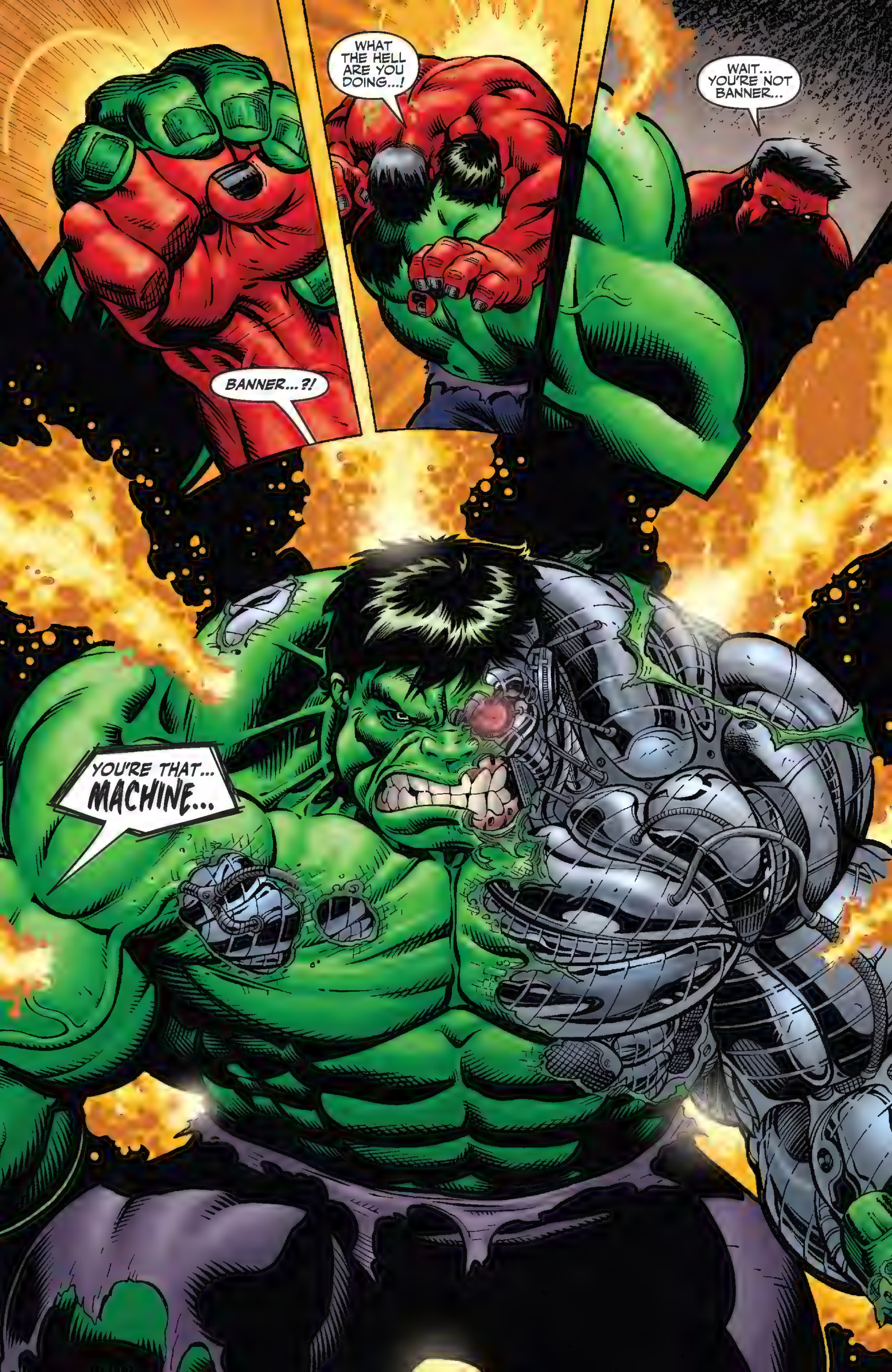
DO YOU READ?

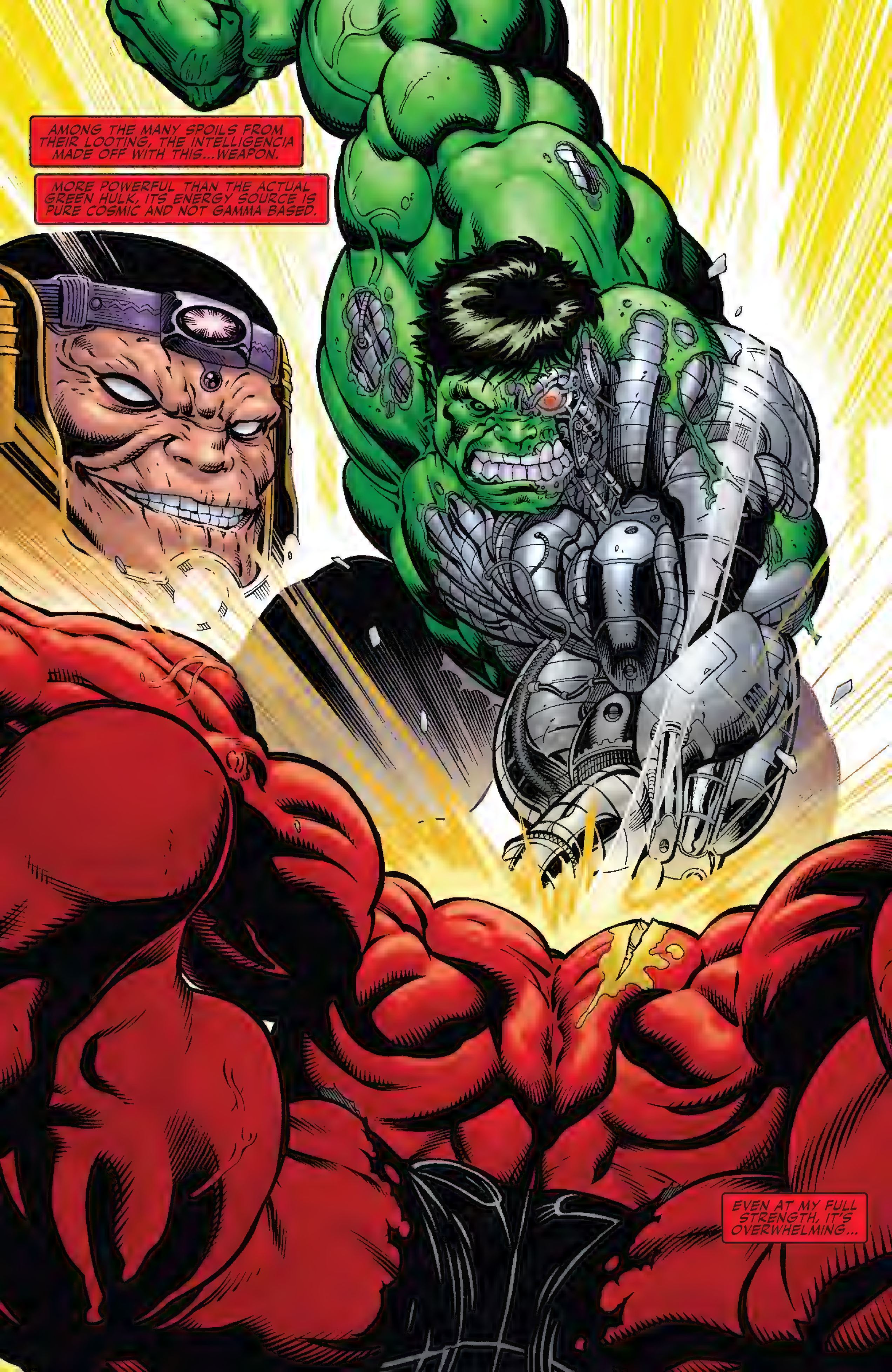
@#$%.
THREE MINUTES AND COUNTING.
2:59
THAT GOT US TO TONIGHT. TO NOW.
WHERE EVERYTHING RELIES ON BANNER...
...AND THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME THE MOST.

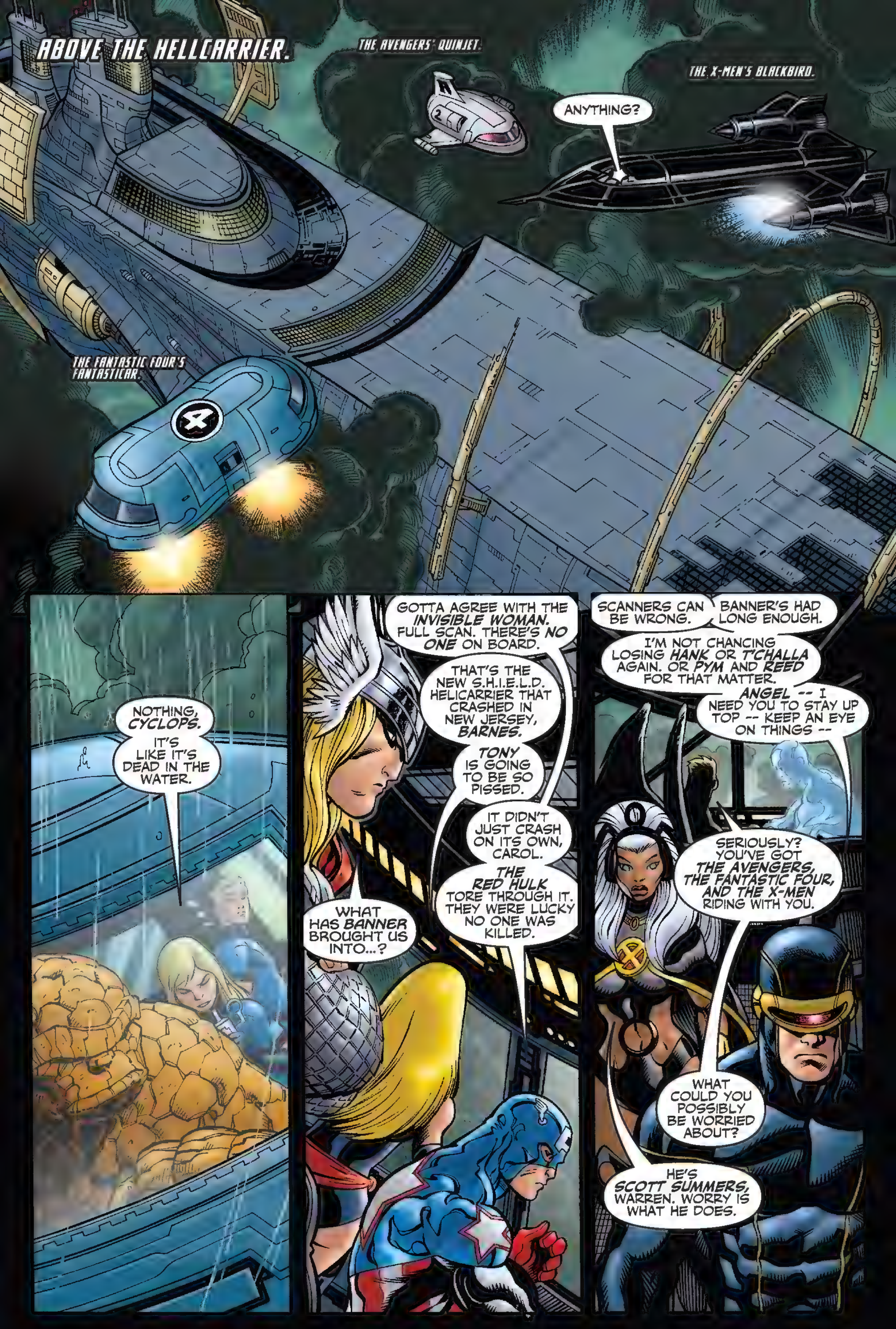

WE SPLIT INTO TWO TEAMS.
HE'S HERE TO BRING OUT THE THINK TANK.
THE SO-CALLED "EIGHT SMARTEST MEN." THEY'VE SNAGGED FIVE SO FAR.
REED RICHARDS. DOC DOOM. HANK MCCOY. T'CHALLA. HANK PYM.
BANNER NEEDED THEM ALL IN ONE PLACE. SOMETHING ABOUT PINPOINTING THEIR COMBINED BRAIN WAVES OR FREQUENCY SINCE THIS BOAT KEEPS MOVING...
WHATEVER. HE NAILED IT AND WE'RE IN. SCORE ONE FOR THE MILKSOP.
ME? I HANDLE THE REST.
IF OUR INTEL WAS RIGHT -- JEN WALTERS -- THE GREEN SHE-HULK SHOULD BE IN THIS TANK.
WHICH MEANS EITHER BANNER GOT TO HER ALREADY --
-- OR HIS COMMLINK GOING SILENT ISN'T A MALFUNCTION...
HIS POWER SOURCE HAS BEEN AUGMENTED BY BOTH GAMMA AND COSMIC ENERGY.
WHAT'S YOUR OPINION OF THE THINKER'S "GAMMADROID" NOW...?

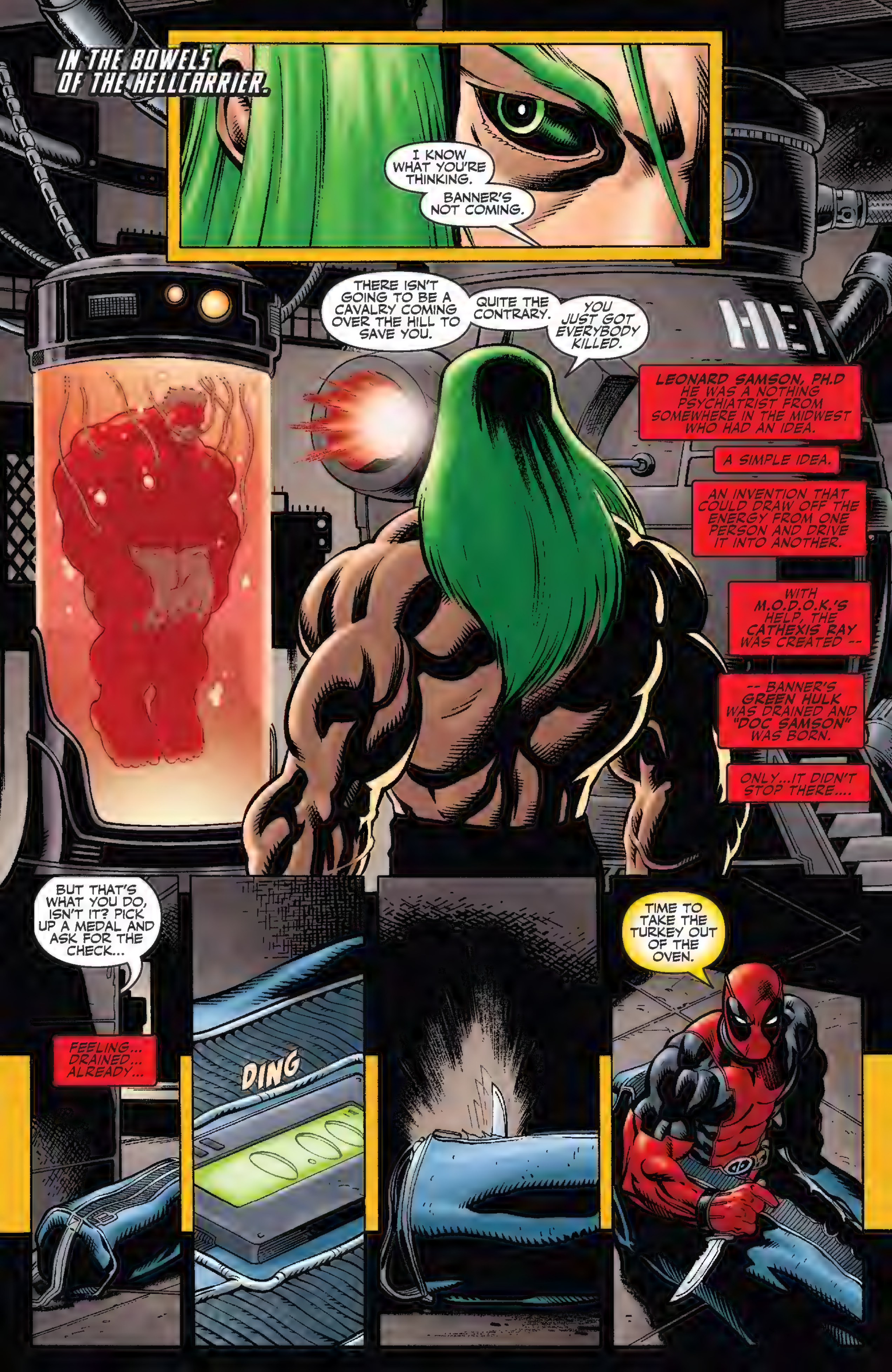

AWESOME.
ENTERTAINMENT.
ARROGANCE WAS AND WILL FOREVER BE YOUR GREATEST FLAW.
DID YOU THINK YOU COULD COME BACK AFTER YOU BETRAYED US AND *NOT* BE PUNISHED?
THE GIANT HEAD IS M.O.D.O.K. BRILLIANT, IF YOUR MAIN OBJECTIVE IS KILLING.
DID I EVER BELIEVE I COULD TRUST THIS...THING?

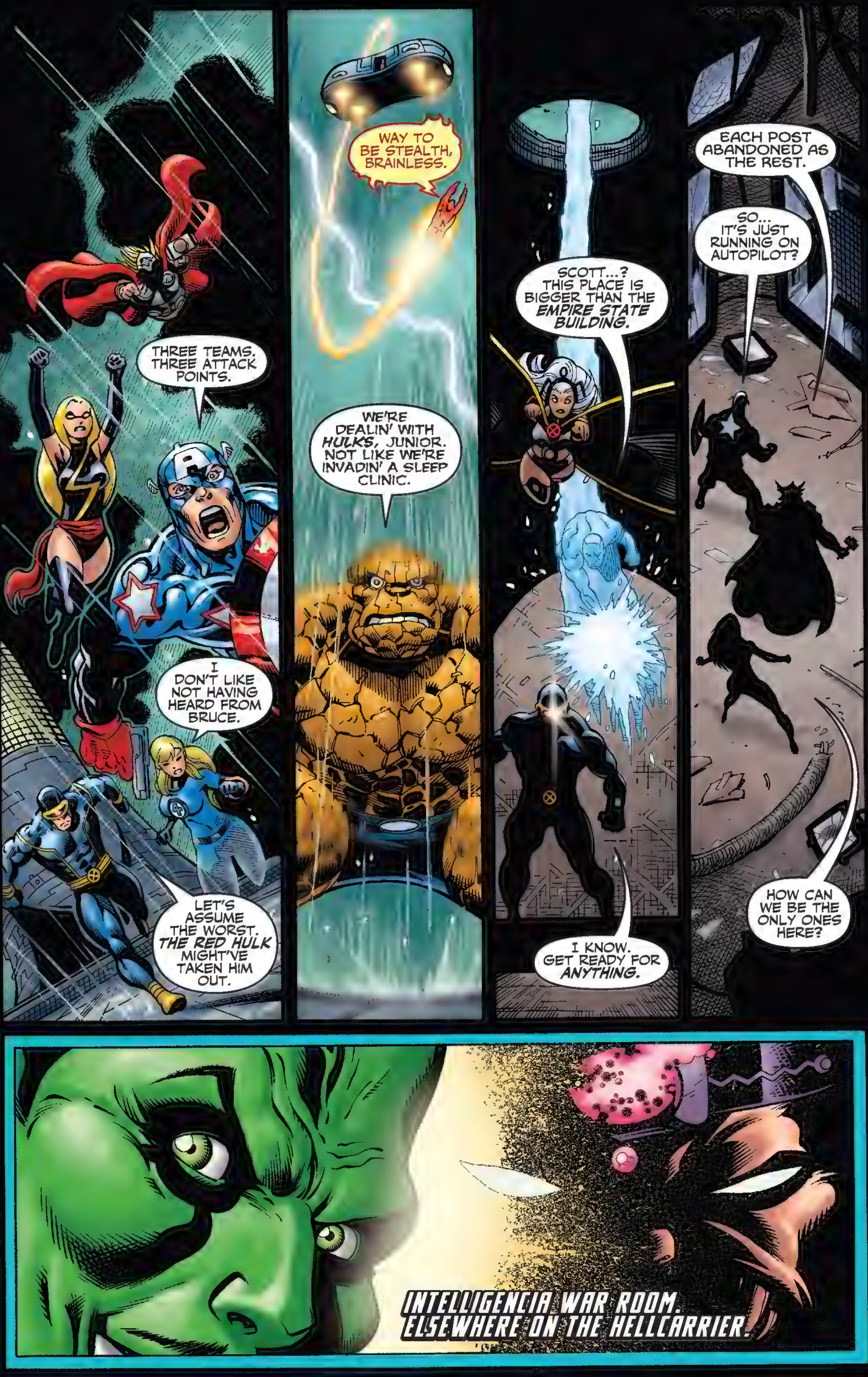

THIS IS A BATTLE YOU CANNOT WIN.
MAYBE NOT...
...BUT I'M NOT GOING DOWN WITHOUT A BIG GOOEY HANDFUL OF YOUR BRAIN WITH ME.
BECAUSE YOU'RE WEAK.
INTERNAL BLEEDING FROM THE GAMMADROID COUPLED WITH M.O.D.O.K'S PSI-BOLT.
FEELS LIKE MY SKIN IS BEING RIPPED APART IN THREADS.
WEAK IN THE MIND AS IT AFFECTS YOUR SPIRIT. CORRUPTED. TARNISHED.
A SHELL OF THE PERSON WHO WE FIRST SOUGHT OUT. A *SHELL* WE CAN STILL USE, HOWEVER...

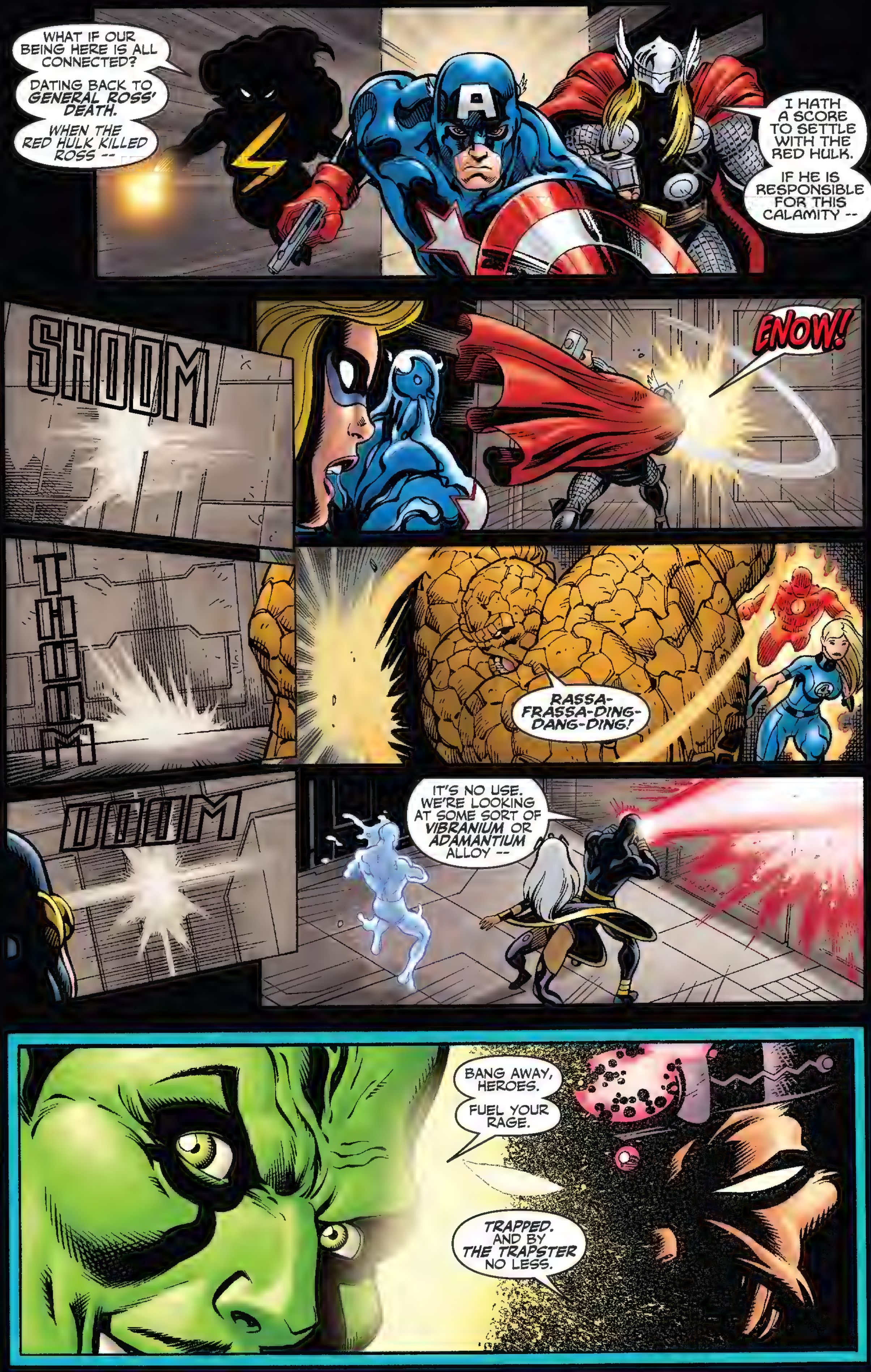

BANNER...?!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING...!
WAIT... YOU'RE NOT BANNER...
YOU'RE THAT... MACHINE...

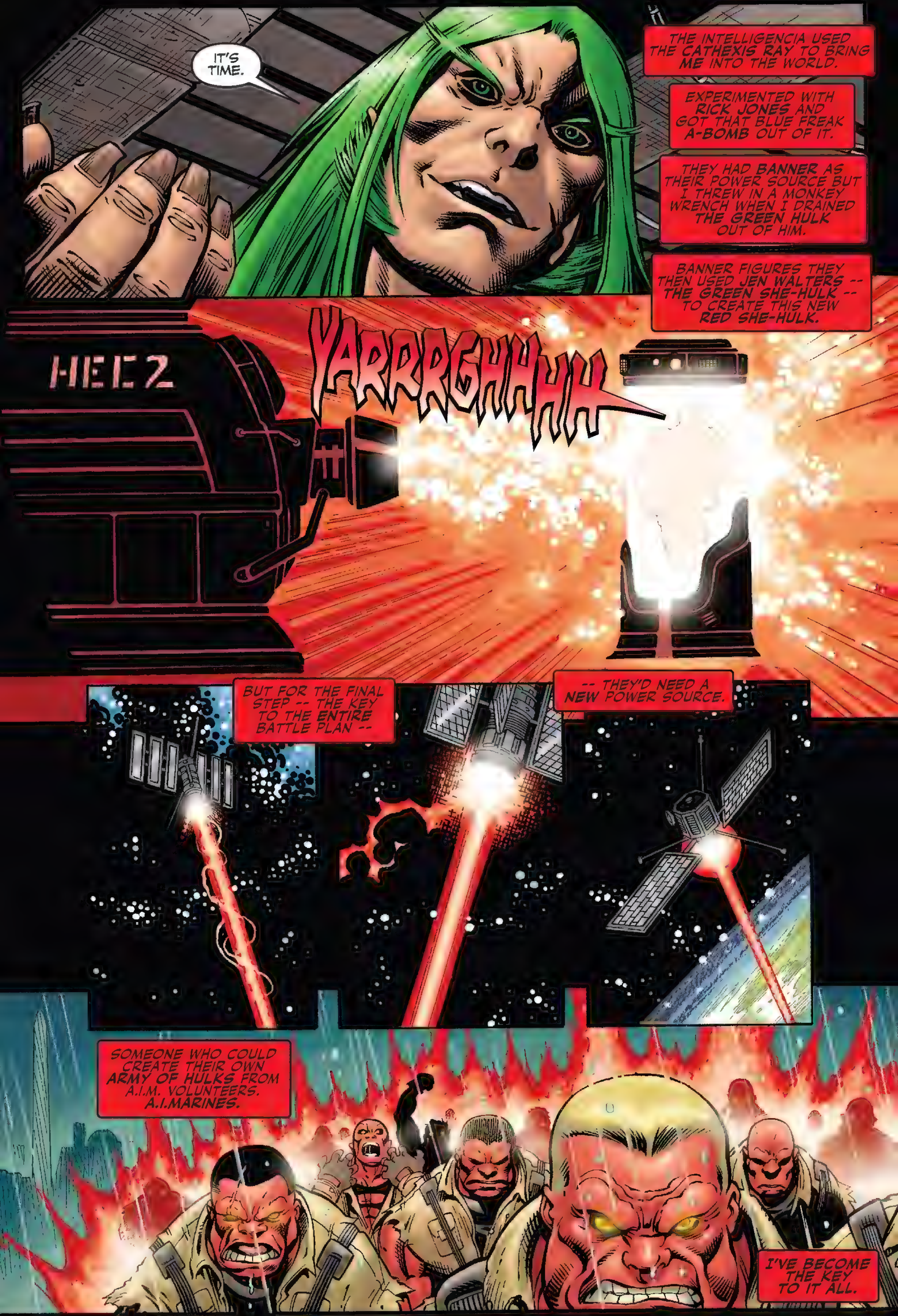

AMONG THE MANY SPOILS FROM THEIR LOOTING, THE INTELLIGENCIA MADE OFF WITH THIS...WEAPON.
MORE POWERFUL THAN THE ACTUAL GREEN HULK, ITS ENERGY SOURCE IS PURE COSMIC AND NOT GAMMA BASED.
EVEN AT MY FULL STRENGTH, IT'S OVERWHELMING...

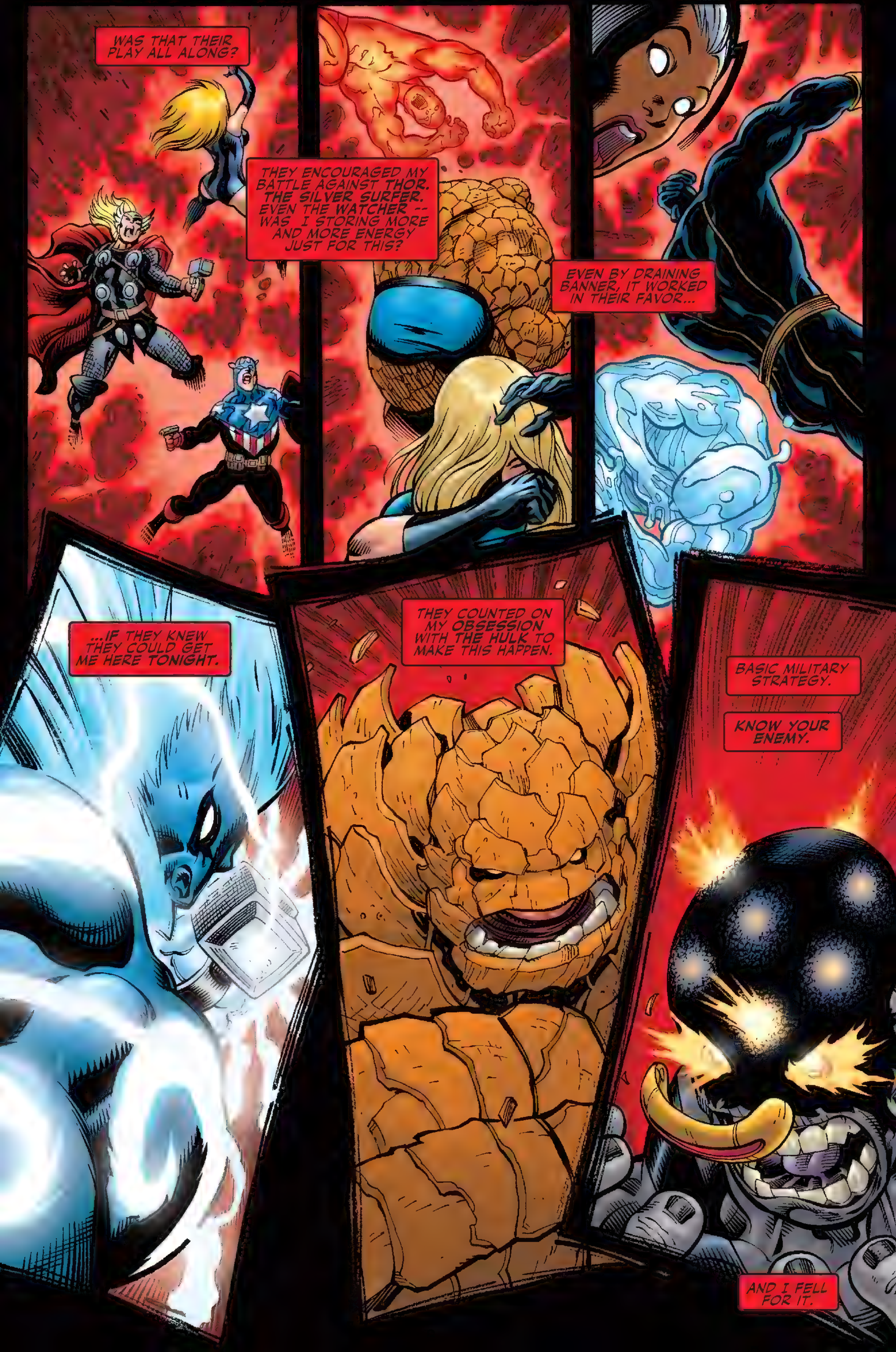

ABOVE THE HELLCARRIER.
THE AVENGERS' QUINJET.
THE X-MEN'S BLACKBIRD.
ANYTHING?
THE FANTASTIC FOUR'S FANTASTICAR.
NOTHING, CYCLOPS.
IT'S LIKE IT'S DEAD IN THE WATER.
GOTTA AGREE WITH THE INVISIBLE WOMAN. FULL SCAN. THERE'S NO ONE ON BOARD.
THAT'S THE NEW S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER THAT CRASHED IN NEW JERSEY, BARNES.
TONY IS GOING TO BE SO PISSED.
IT DIDN'T JUST CRASH ON ITS OWN, CAROL.
THE RED HULK TORE THROUGH IT. THEY WERE LUCKY NO ONE WAS KILLED.
WHAT HAS BANNER BROUGHT US INTO...?
SCANNERS CAN BE WRONG.
BANNER'S HAD LONG ENOUGH.
I'M NOT CHANCING LOSING HANK OR T'CHALLA AGAIN. OR PYM AND REED FOR THAT MATTER.
ANGEL -- I NEED YOU TO STAY UP TOP -- KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS --
SERIOUSLY? YOU'VE GOT THE AVENGERS, THE FANTASTIC FOUR, AND THE X-MEN RIDING WITH YOU.
WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY BE WORRIED ABOUT?
HE'S SCOTT SUMMERS, WARREN. WORRY IS WHAT HE DOES.

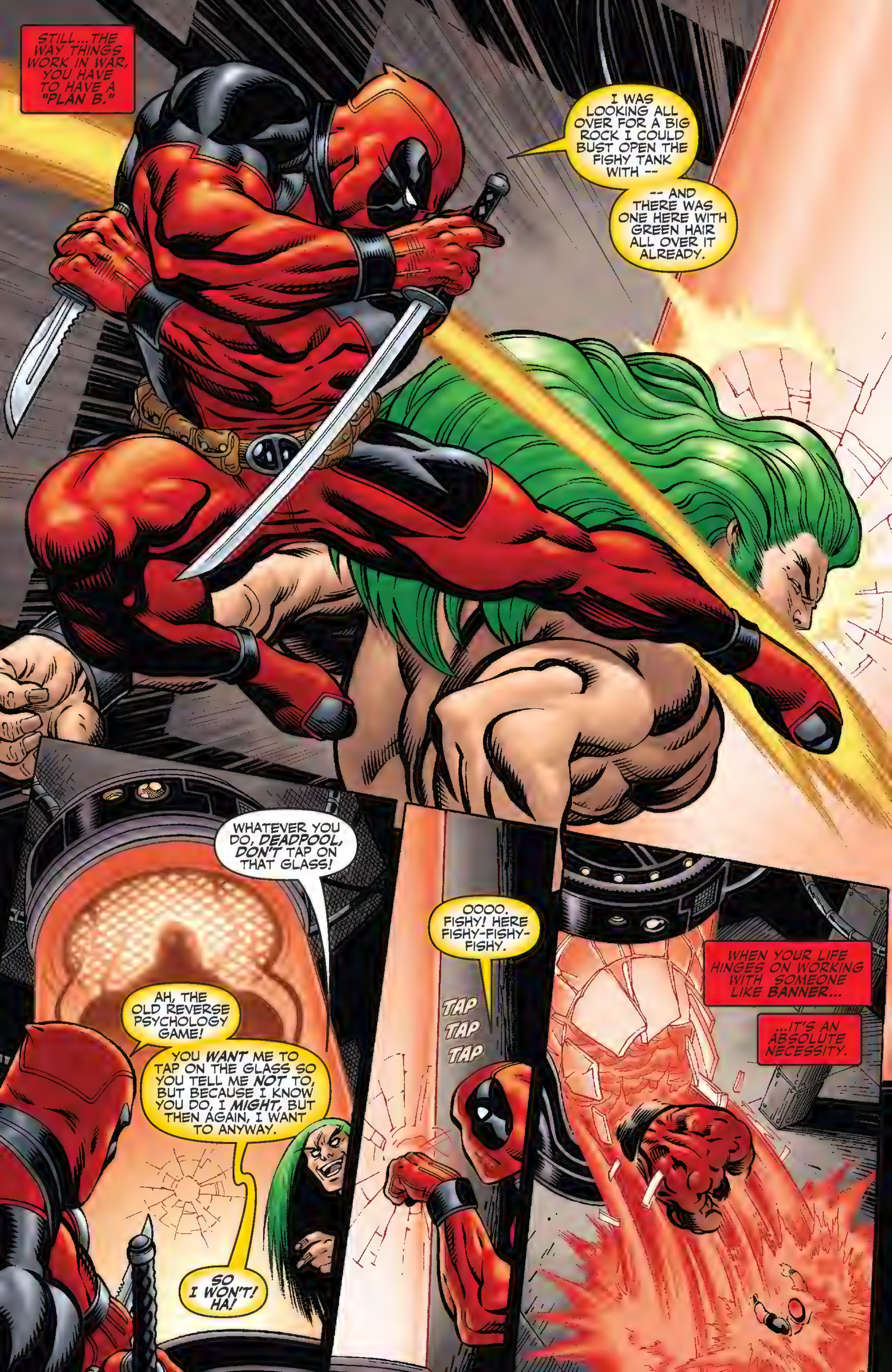

IN THE BOWELS OF THE HELLCARRIER.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.
BANNER'S NOT COMING.
THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE A CAVALRY COMING OVER THE HILL TO SAVE YOU.
QUITE THE CONTRARY.
YOU JUST GOT EVERYBODY KILLED.
HEL
LEONARD SAMSON, PH.D HE WAS A NOTHING PSYCHIATRIST FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDWEST WHO HAD AN IDEA.
A SIMPLE IDEA.
AN INVENTION THAT COULD DRAW OFF THE ENERGY FROM ONE PERSON AND DRIVE IT INTO ANOTHER.
WITH M.O.D.O.K.'S HELP, THE CATHEXIS RAY WAS CREATED --
-- BANNER'S GREEN HULK WAS DRAINED AND "DOC SAMSON" WAS BORN.
ONLY...IT DIDN'T STOP THERE....
BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU DO, ISN'T IT? PICK UP A MEDAL AND ASK FOR THE CHECK...
FEELING... DRAINED... ALREADY...
DING
TIME TO TAKE THE TURKEY OUT OF THE OVEN.

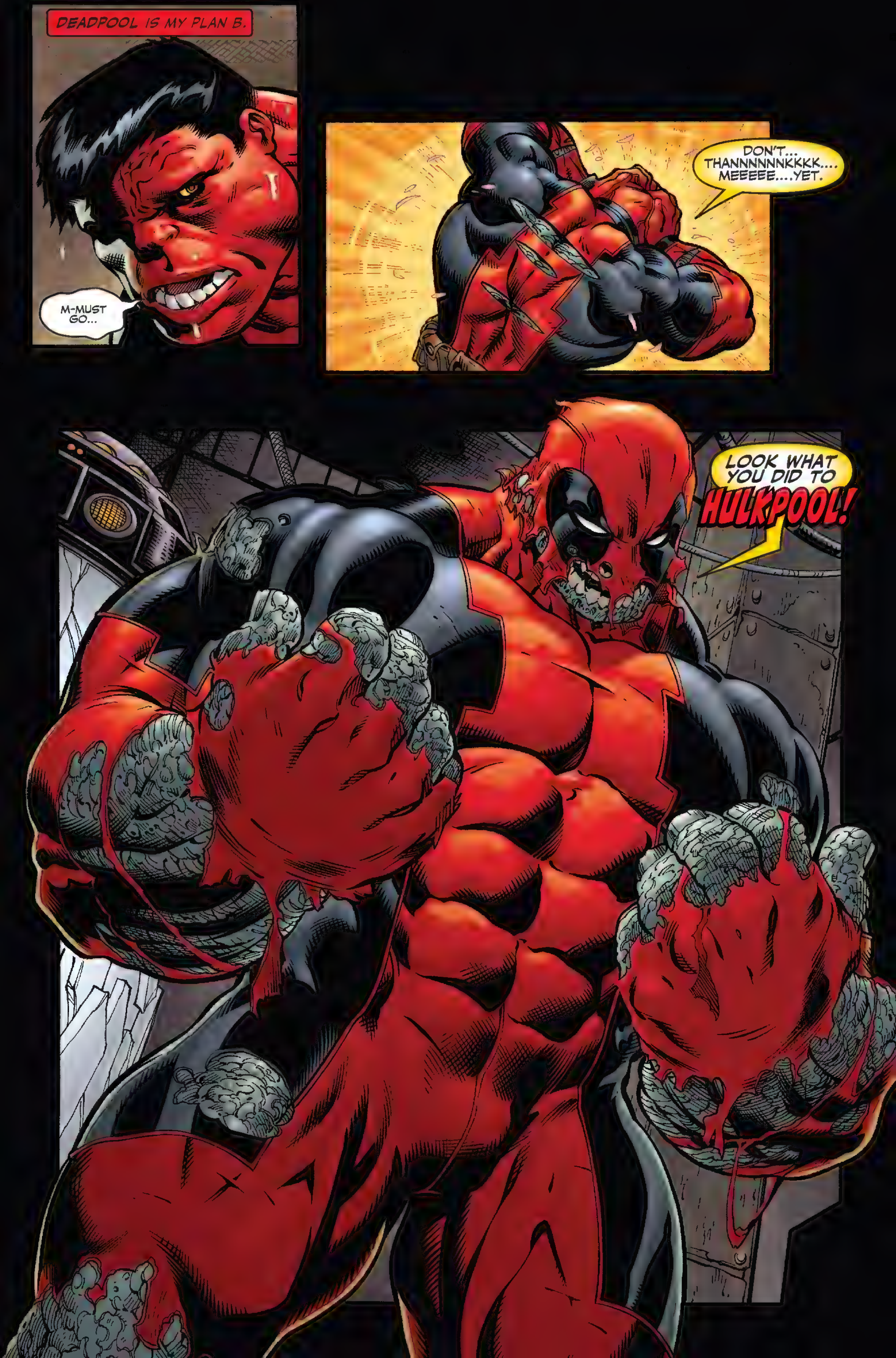

THREE TEAMS. THREE ATTACK POINTS.
I DON'T LIKE NOT HAVING HEARD FROM BRUCE.
LET'S ASSUME THE WORST. *THE RED HULK* MIGHT'VE TAKEN HIM OUT.
WAY TO BE STEALTH, BRAINLESS.
WE'RE DEALIN' WITH *HULKS,* JUNIOR. NOT LIKE WE'RE INVADIN' A SLEEP CLINIC.
SCOTT...? THIS PLACE IS BIGGER THAN THE *EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.*
I KNOW. GET READY FOR *ANYTHING.*
EACH POST ABANDONED AS THE REST.
SO... IT'S JUST RUNNING ON AUTOPILOT?
HOW CAN WE BE THE ONLY ONES HERE?
INTELLIGENCIA WAR ROOM. ELSEWHERE ON THE HELLCARRIER.

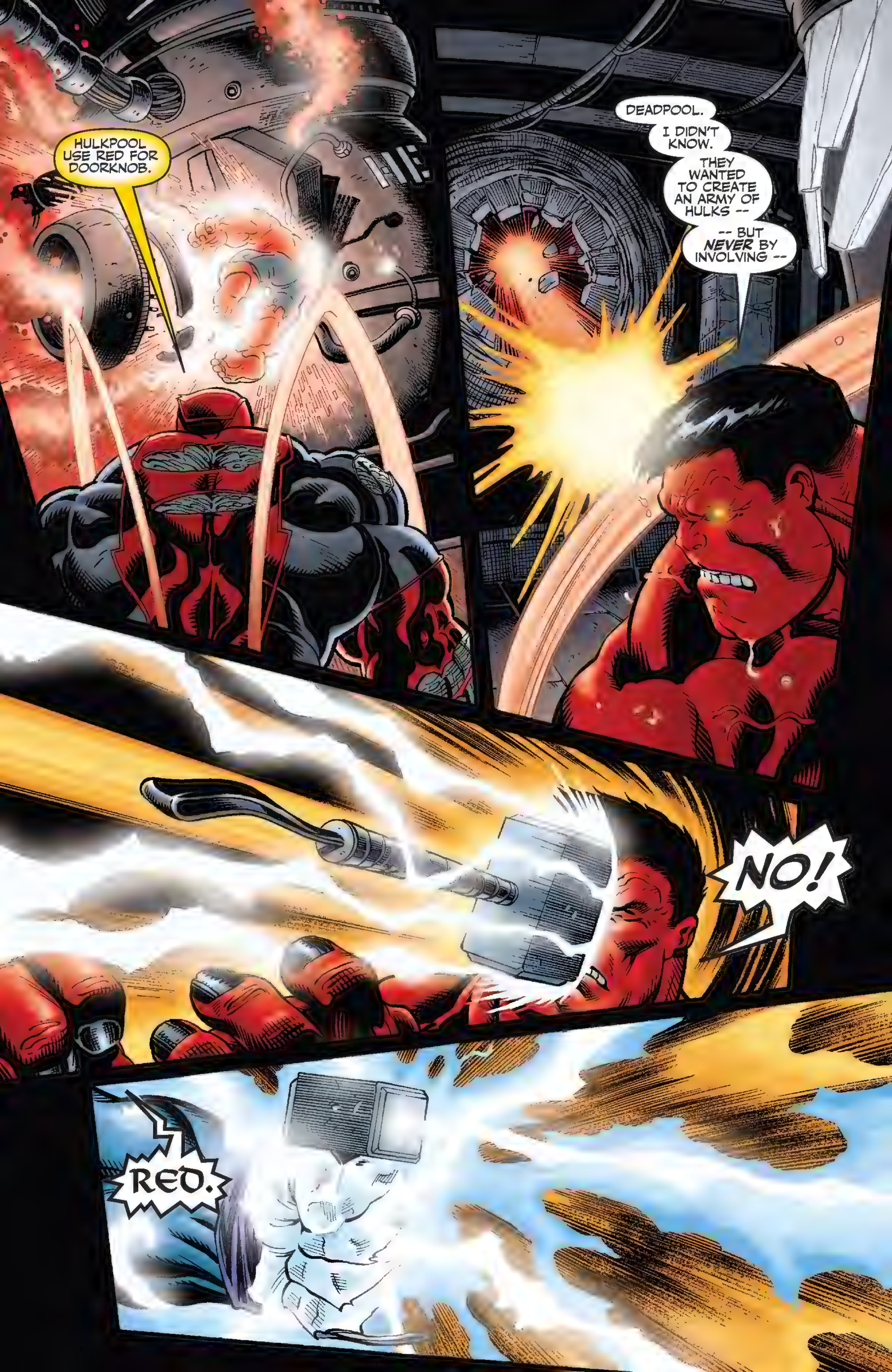

WHAT IF OUR BEING HERE IS ALL CONNECTED?
DATING BACK TO *GENERAL ROSS'* *DEATH.*
WHEN THE *RED HULK KILLED* *ROSS* --
I HATH A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THE RED HULK.
IF HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS CALAMITY --
SHOOM
ENOW!
THOOM
RASSA-FRASSA-DING-DANG-DING!
DOOM
IT'S NO USE. WE'RE LOOKING AT SOME SORT OF *VIBRANIUM* OR *ADAMANTIUM* ALLOY --
BANG AWAY, HEROES.
FUEL YOUR RAGE.
TRAPPED. AND BY *THE TRAPSTER* NO LESS.

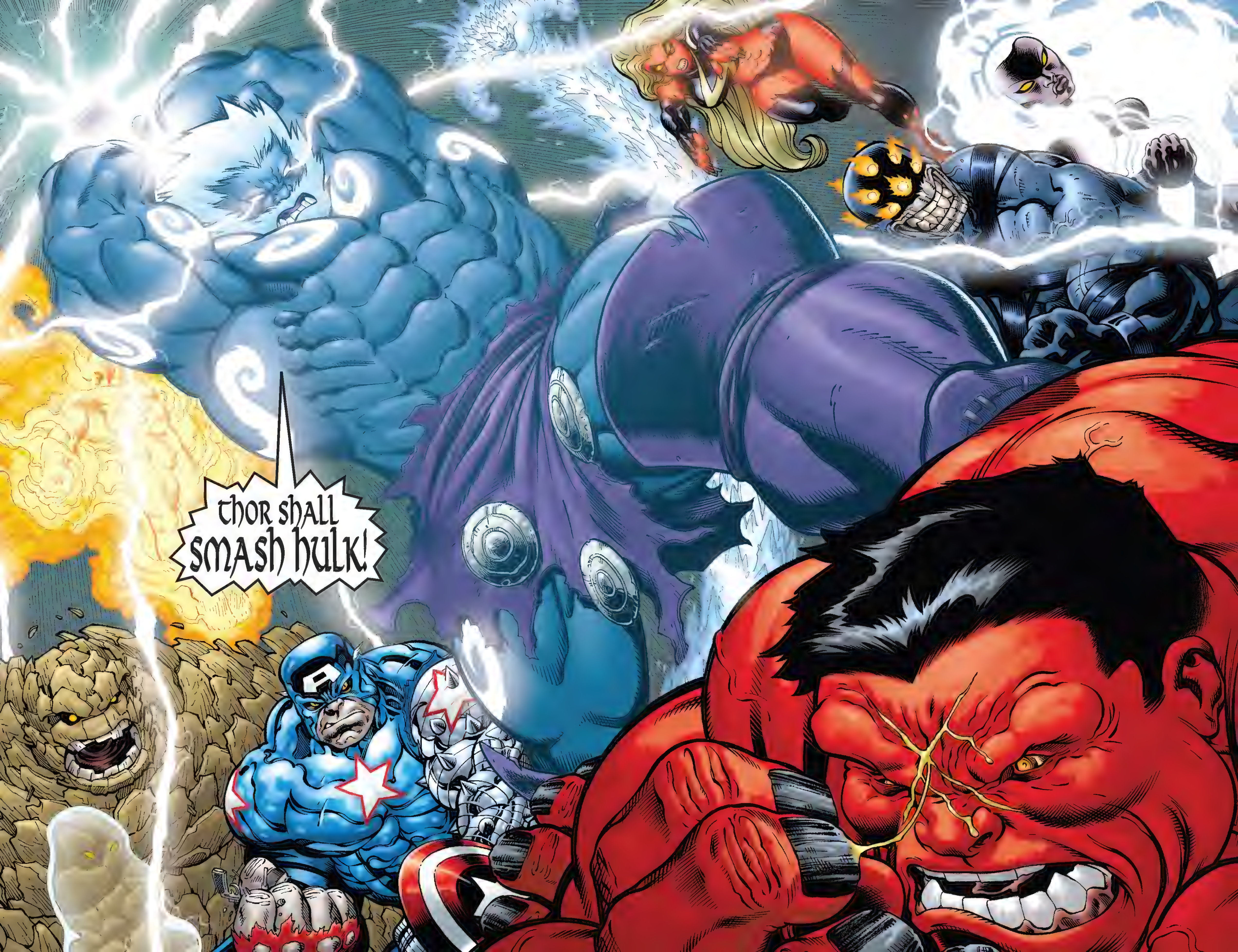

IT'S TIME.
THE INTELLIGENCIA USED THE CATHEXIS RAY TO BRING ME INTO THE WORLD.
EXPERIMENTED WITH RICK JONES AND GOT THAT BLUE FREAK A-BOMB OUT OF IT.
THEY HAD BANNER AS THEIR POWER SOURCE BUT I THREW IN A MONKEY WRENCH WHEN I DRAINED THE GREEN HULK OUT OF HIM.
BANNER FIGURES THEY THEN USED JEN WALTERS -- THE GREEN SHE-HULK -- TO CREATE THIS NEW RED SHE-HULK.
HEC 2
YARRRGHHHH
BUT FOR THE FINAL STEP -- THE KEY TO THE ENTIRE BATTLE PLAN --
-- THEY'D NEED A NEW POWER SOURCE.
SOMEONE WHO COULD CREATE THEIR OWN ARMY OF HULKS FROM A.I.M. VOLUNTEERS. A.I.MARINES.
I'VE BECOME THE KEY TO IT ALL.

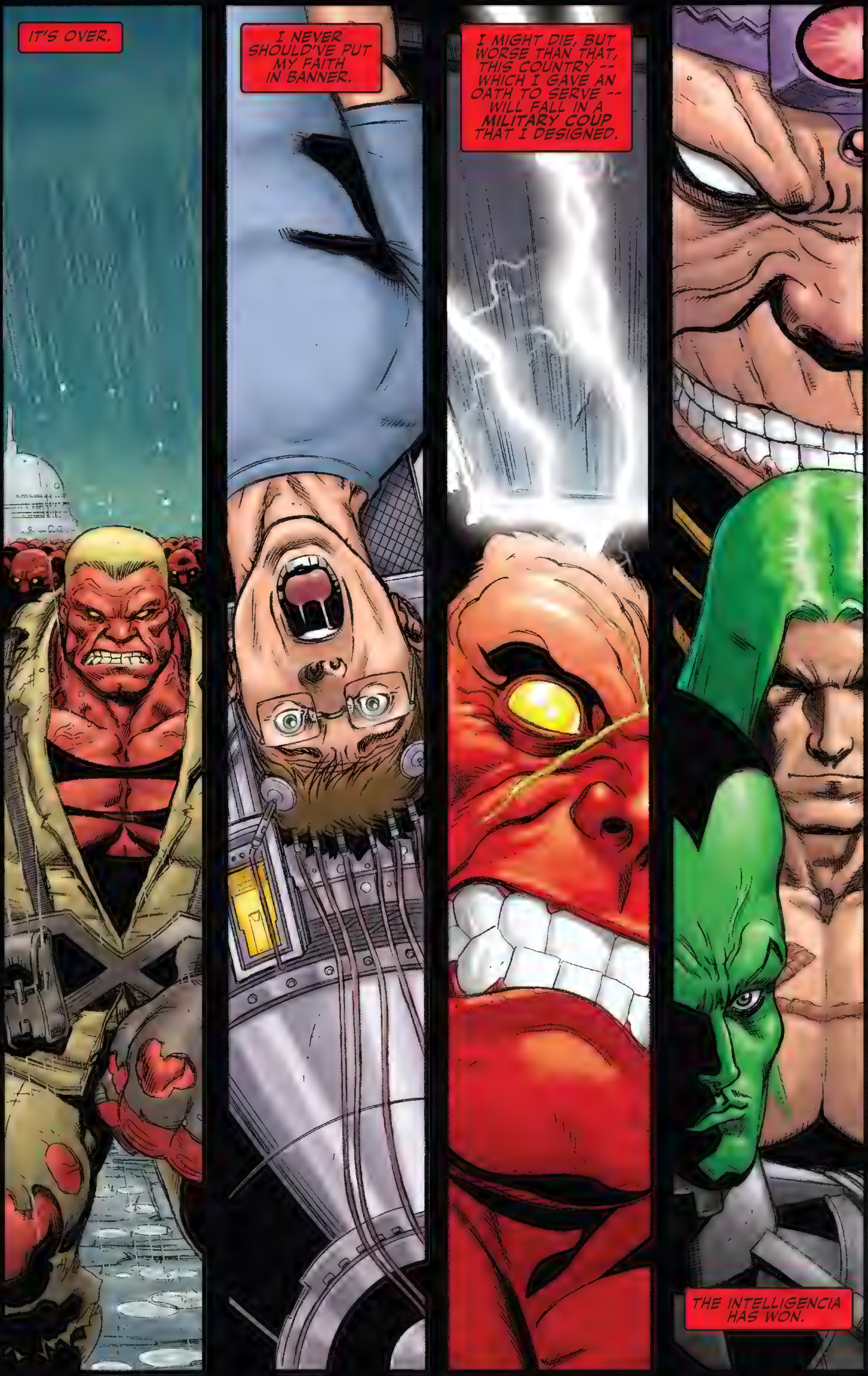

WAS THAT THEIR PLAY ALL ALONG?
THEY ENCOURAGED MY BATTLE AGAINST **THOR. THE SILVER SURFER.** EVEN THE **WATCHER** -- WAS I STORING MORE AND MORE ENERGY JUST FOR THIS?
EVEN BY DRAINING BANNER, IT WORKED IN THEIR FAVOR...
...IF THEY KNEW THEY COULD GET ME HERE **TONIGHT.**
THEY COUNTED ON MY **OBSESSION** WITH **THE HULK** TO MAKE THIS HAPPEN.
BASIC MILITARY STRATEGY.
KNOW YOUR ENEMY.
AND I FELL FOR IT.

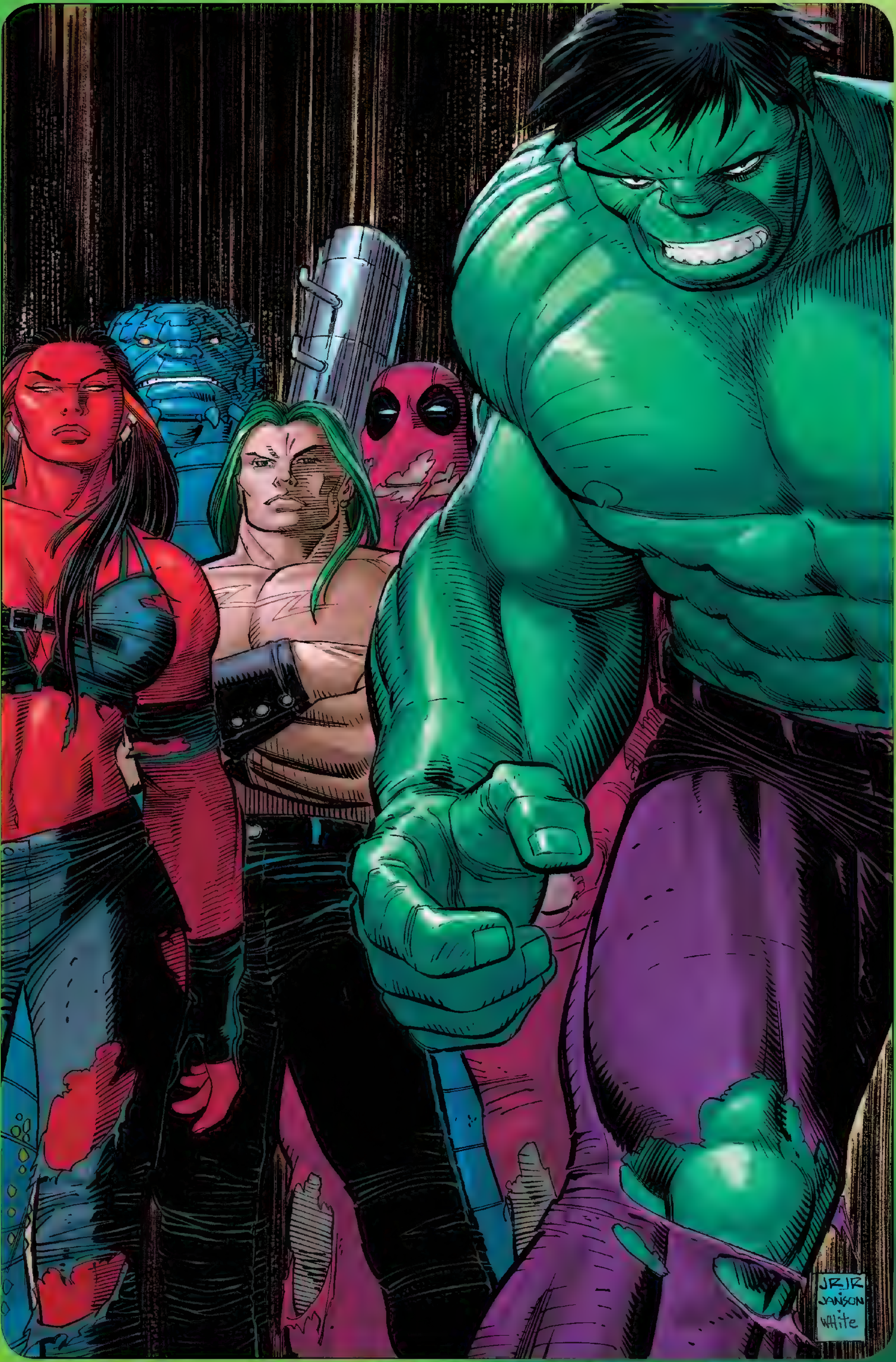

STILL... THE WAY THINGS WORK IN WAR, YOU HAVE TO HAVE A "PLAN B."
I WAS LOOKING ALL OVER FOR A BIG ROCK I COULD BUST OPEN THE FISHY TANK WITH --
-- AND THERE WAS ONE HERE WITH GREEN HAIR ALL OVER IT ALREADY.
WHATEVER YOU DO, DEADPOOL, DON'T TAP ON THAT GLASS!
AH, THE OLD REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY GAME!
YOU WANT ME TO TAP ON THE GLASS SO YOU TELL ME NOT TO, BUT BECAUSE I KNOW YOU DO, I MIGHT, BUT THEN AGAIN, I WANT TO ANYWAY.
SO I WON'T! HA!
OOOO. FISHY! HERE FISHY-FISHY-FISHY.
TAP TAP TAP
WHEN YOUR LIFE HINGES ON WORKING WITH SOMEONE LIKE BANNER...
...IT'S AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY.


DEADPOOL IS MY PLAN B.
M-MUST GO...
DON'T... THANNNNNNKKKK.... MEEEEEE....YET.
LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO HULKPOOL!

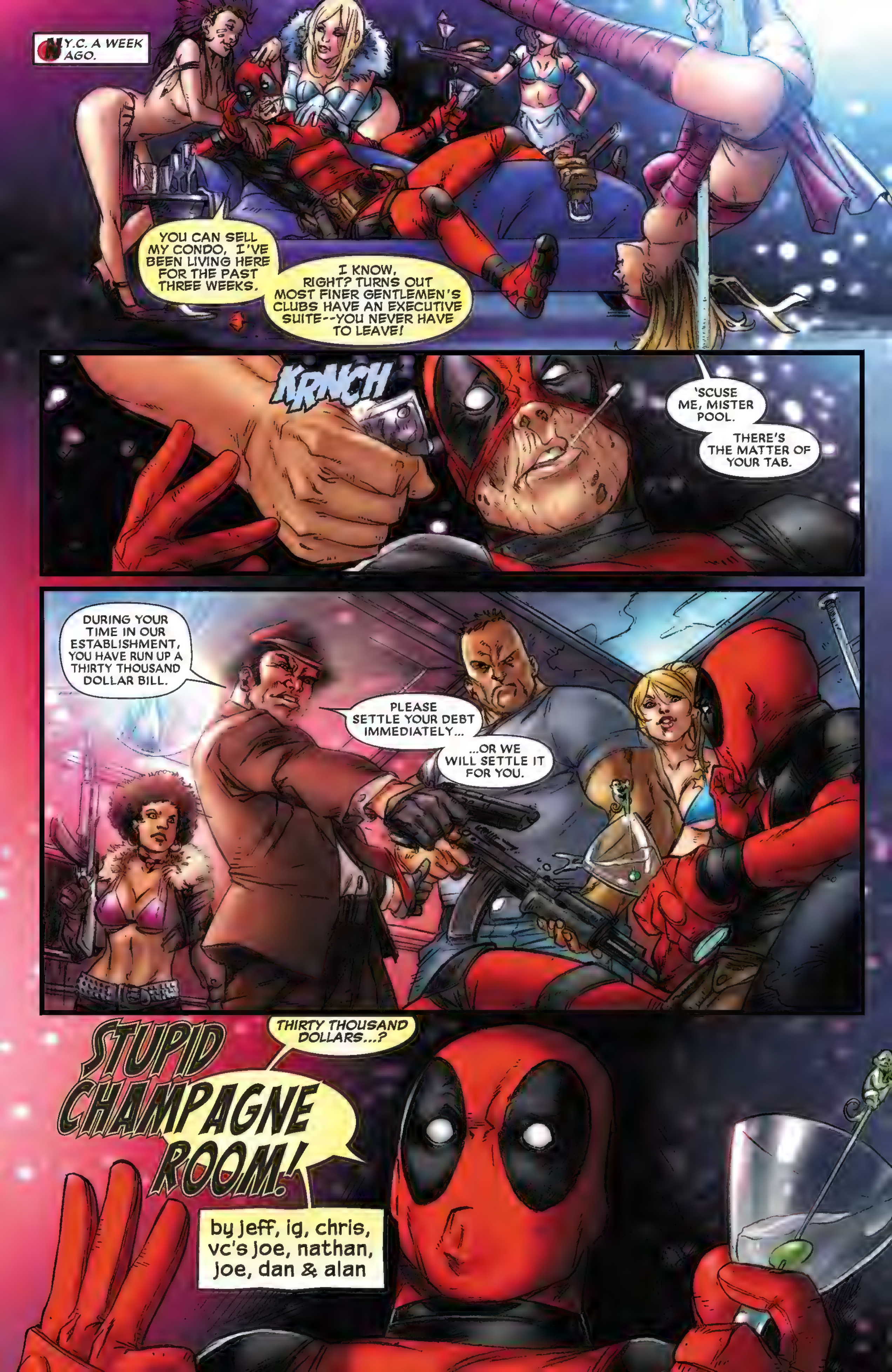

HULKPOOL USE RED FOR DOORKNOB.
DEADPOOL.
I DIDN'T KNOW.
THEY WANTED TO CREATE AN ARMY OF HULKS --
-- BUT *NEVER* BY INVOLVING --
NO!
RED.

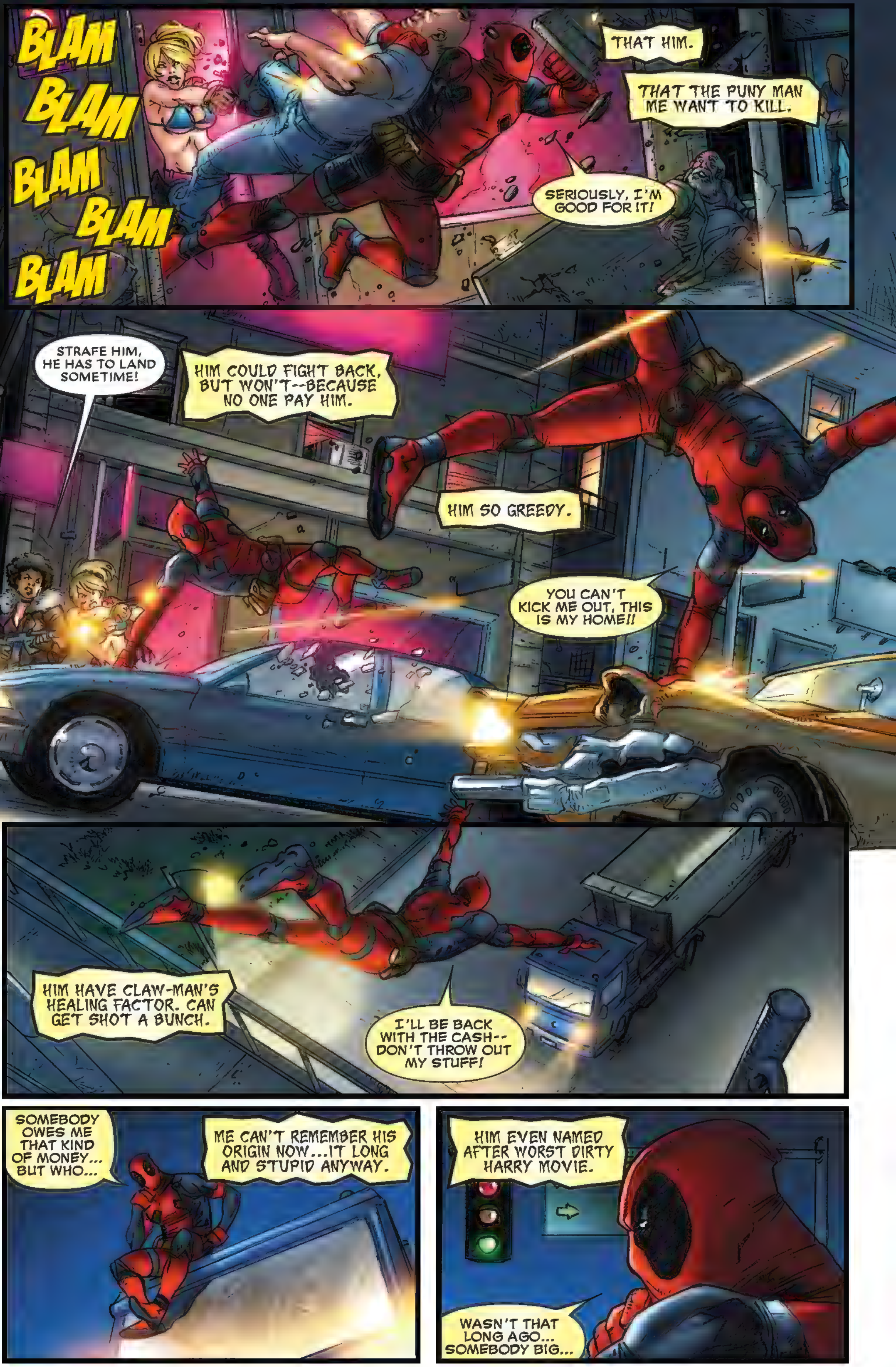

THOR SHALL SMASH HULK!

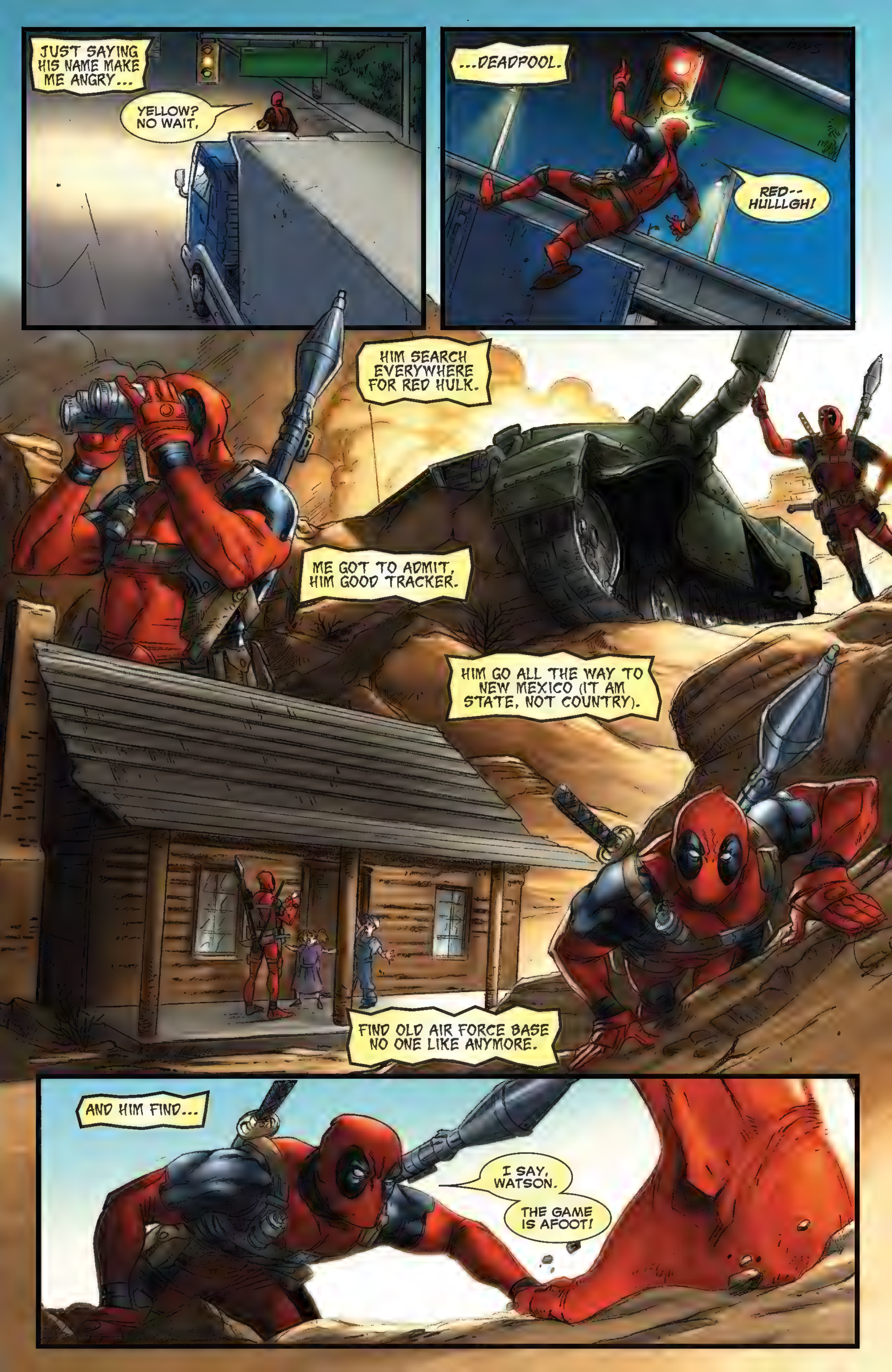

IT'S OVER.
I NEVER SHOULD'VE PUT MY FAITH IN BANNER.
I MIGHT DIE, BUT WORSE THAN THAT, THIS COUNTRY -- WHICH I GAVE AN OATH TO SERVE -- WILL FALL IN A MILITARY COUP THAT I DESIGNED.
THE INTELLIGENCIA HAS WON.

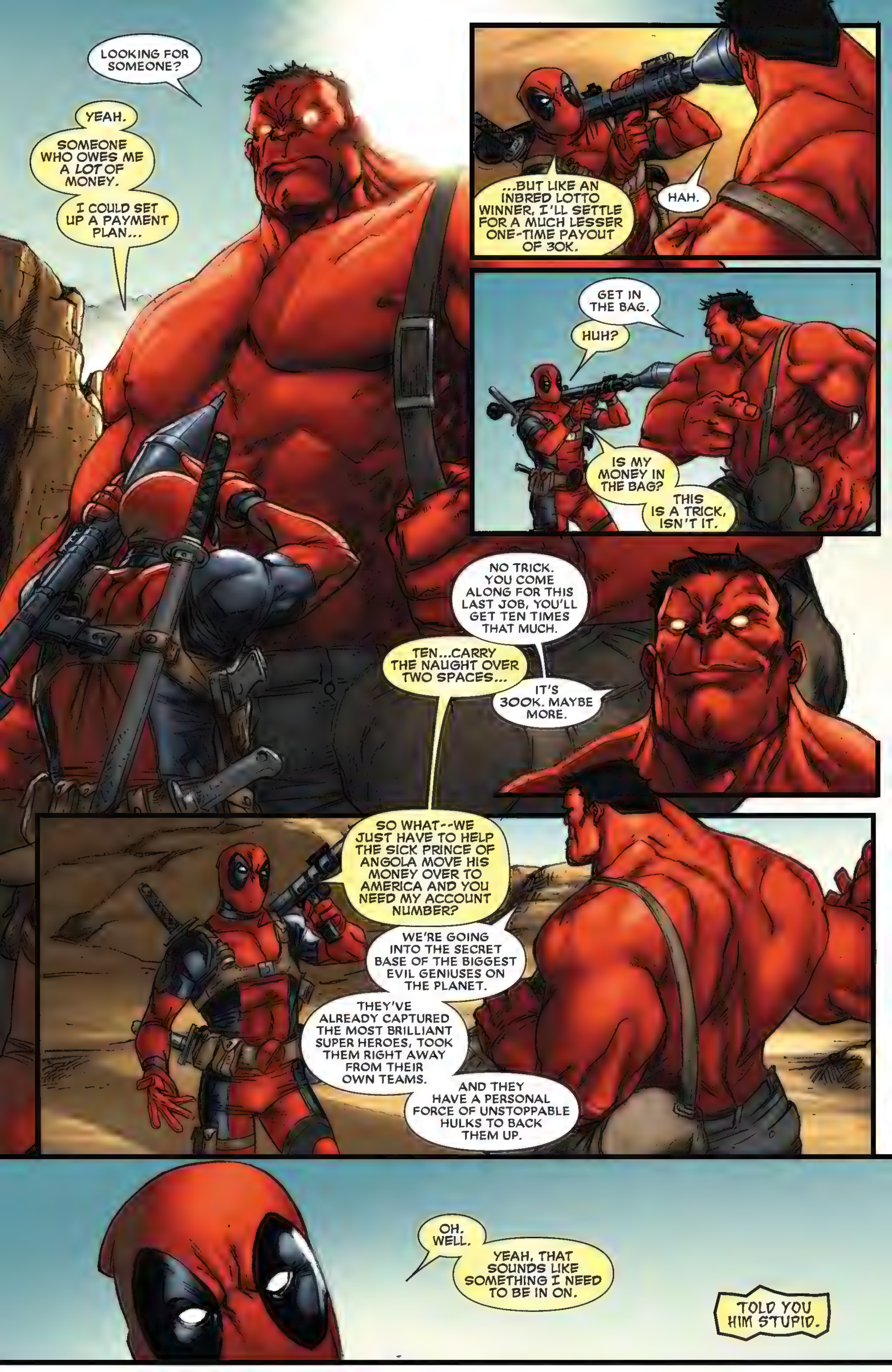

JRJR
JANSON
WHITE

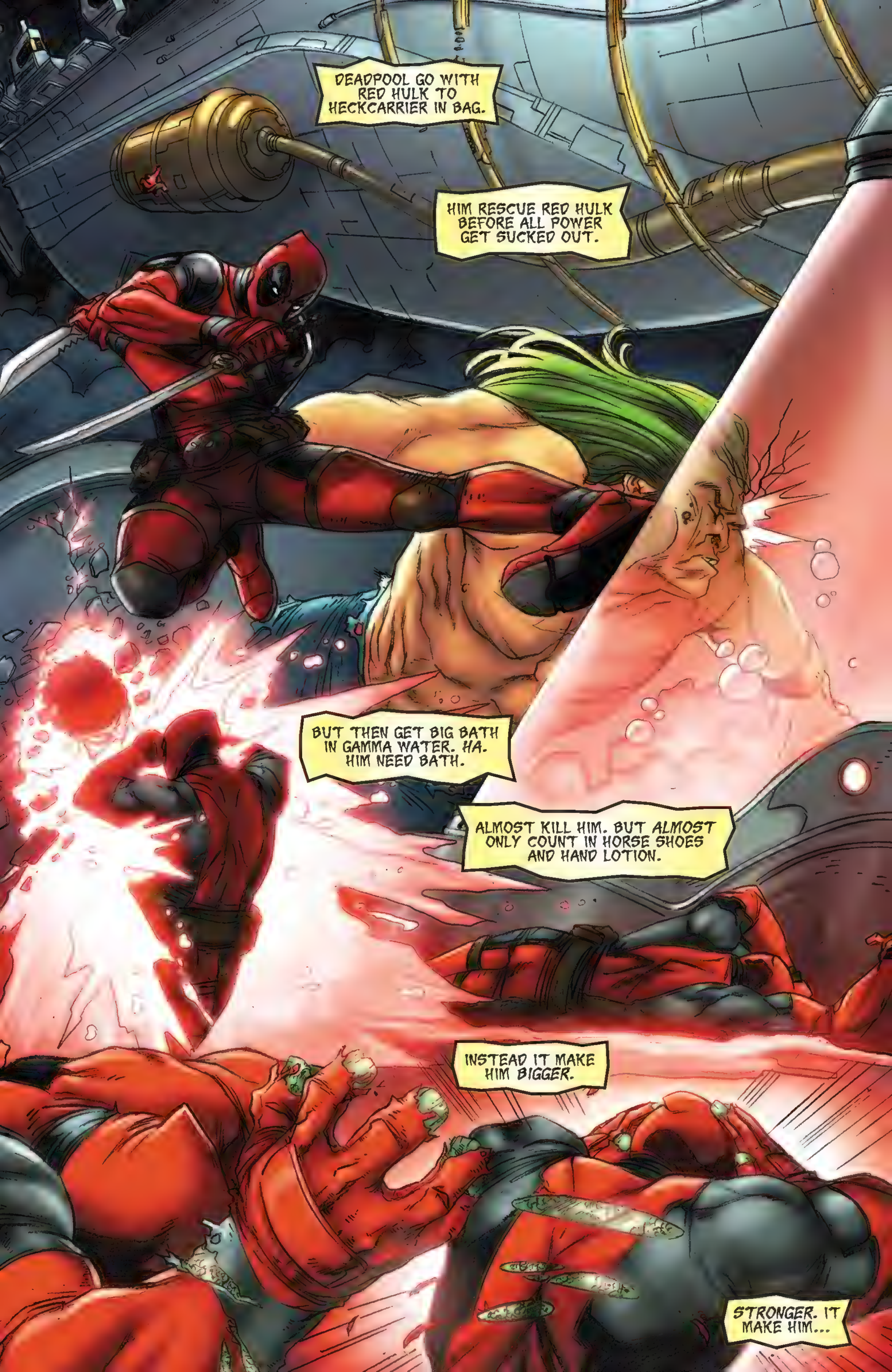
WORLD WAR HULKS #1

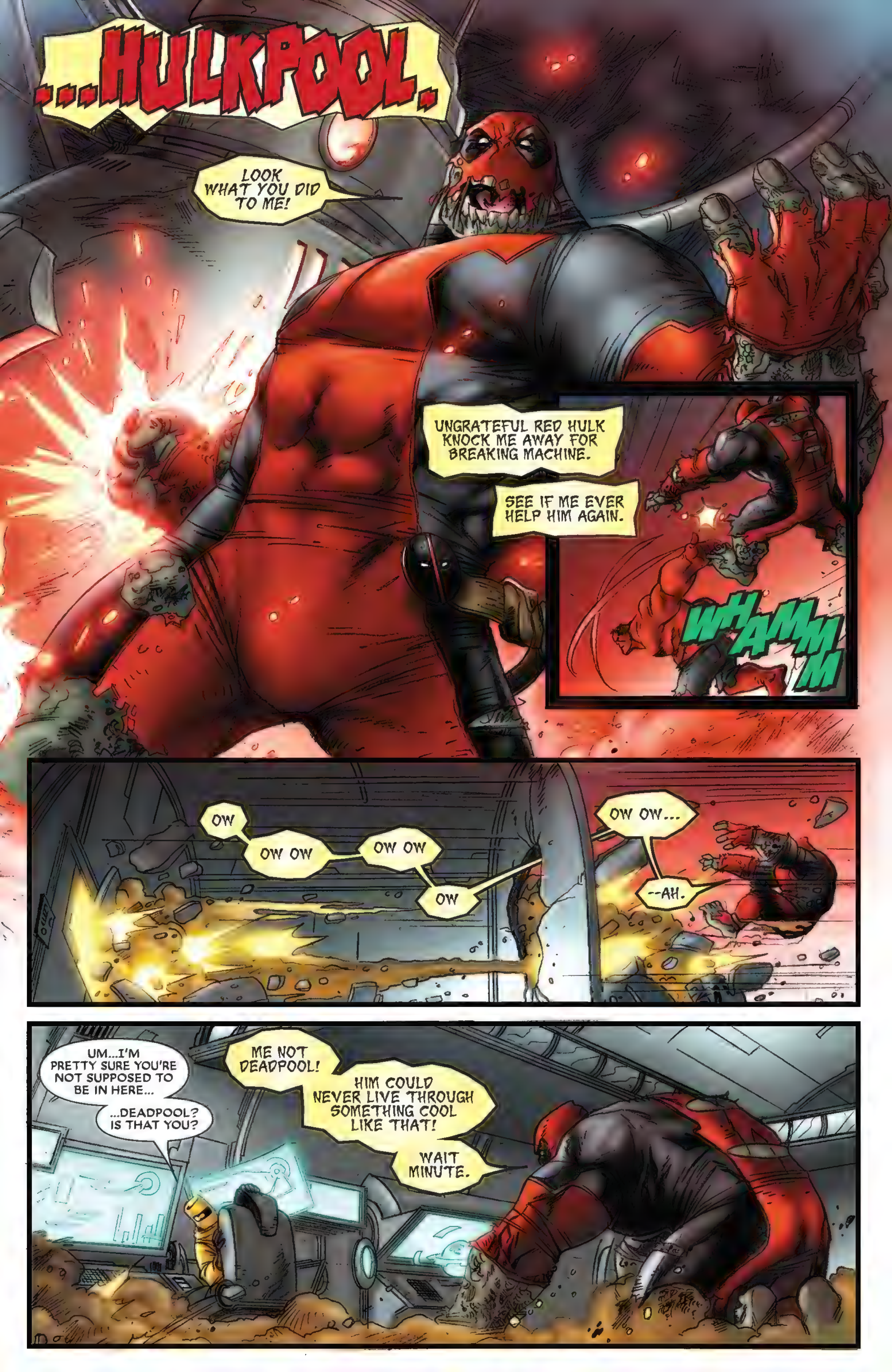

N.Y.C. A WEEK AGO.
YOU CAN SELL MY CONDO, I'VE BEEN LIVING HERE FOR THE PAST THREE WEEKS.
I KNOW, RIGHT? TURNS OUT MOST FINER GENTLEMEN'S CLUBS HAVE AN EXECUTIVE SUITE--YOU NEVER HAVE TO LEAVE!
KRNCH
'SCUSE ME, MISTER POOL.
THERE'S THE MATTER OF YOUR TAB.
DURING YOUR TIME IN OUR ESTABLISHMENT, YOU HAVE RUN UP A THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL.
PLEASE SETTLE YOUR DEBT IMMEDIATELY...
...OR WE WILL SETTLE IT FOR YOU.
THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS...?
STUPID CHAMPAGNE ROOM!
by jeff, ig, chris, vc's joe, nathan, joe, dan & alan

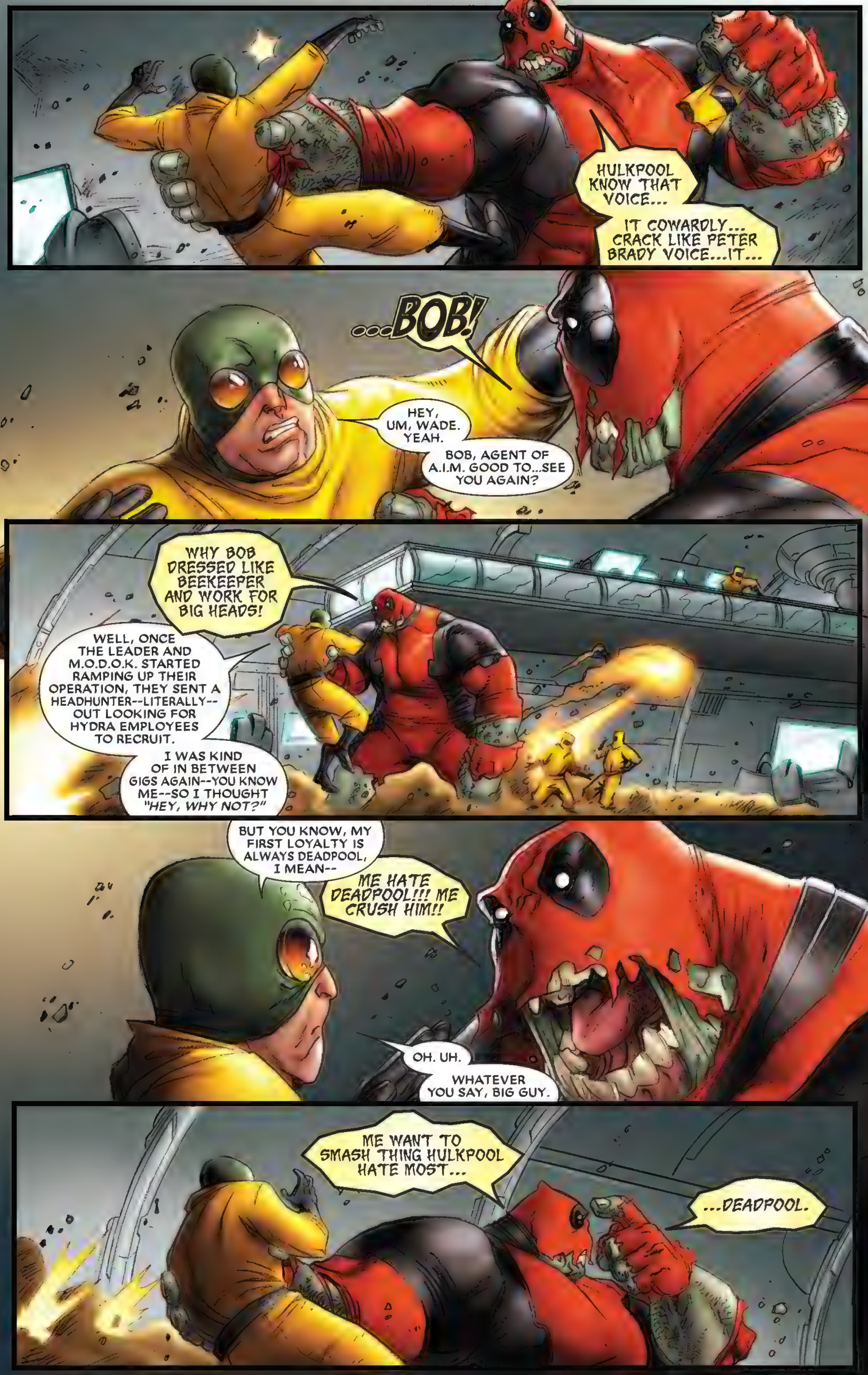

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
THAT HIM.
THAT THE PUNY MAN ME WANT TO KILL.
SERIOUSLY, I'M GOOD FOR IT!
STRAFE HIM, HE HAS TO LAND SOMETIME!
HIM COULD FIGHT BACK, BUT WON'T--BECAUSE NO ONE PAY HIM.
HIM SO GREEDY.
YOU CAN'T KICK ME OUT, THIS IS MY HOME!!
HIM HAVE CLAW-MAN'S HEALING FACTOR. CAN GET SHOT A BUNCH.
I'LL BE BACK WITH THE CASH--DON'T THROW OUT MY STUFF!
SOMEBODY OWES ME THAT KIND OF MONEY... BUT WHO...
ME CAN'T REMEMBER HIS ORIGIN NOW...IT LONG AND STUPID ANYWAY.
HIM EVEN NAMED AFTER WORST DIRTY HARRY MOVIE.
WASN'T THAT LONG AGO... SOMEBODY BIG...

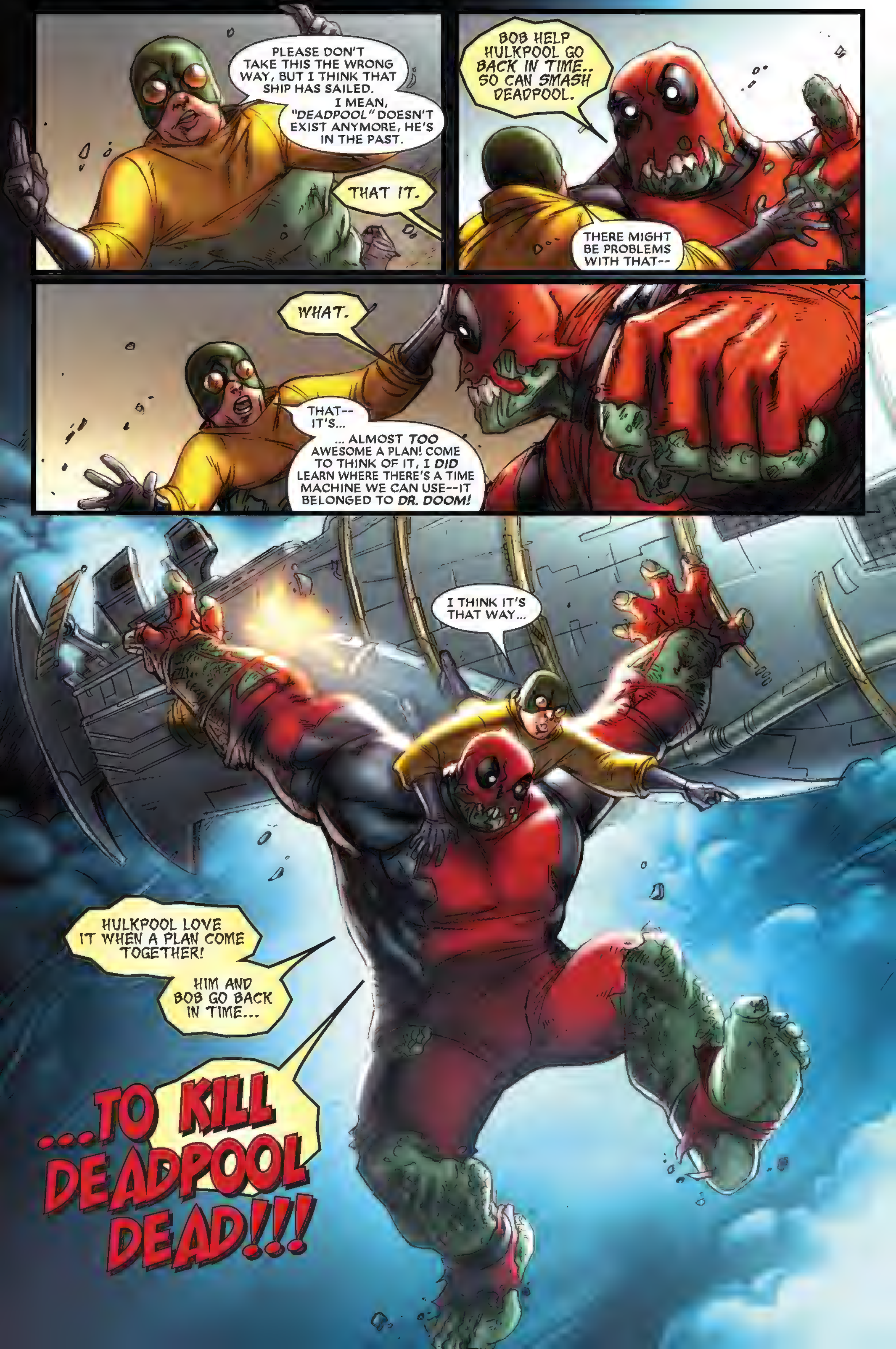

JUST SAYING HIS NAME MAKE ME ANGRY...
YELLOW? NO WAIT,
...DEADPOOL.
RED-- HULLLGH!
HIM SEARCH EVERYWHERE FOR RED HULK.
ME GOT TO ADMIT, HIM GOOD TRACKER.
HIM GO ALL THE WAY TO NEW MEXICO (IT AM STATE, NOT COUNTRY).
FIND OLD AIR FORCE BASE NO ONE LIKE ANYMORE.
AND HIM FIND...
I SAY, WATSON.
THE GAME IS AFOOT!

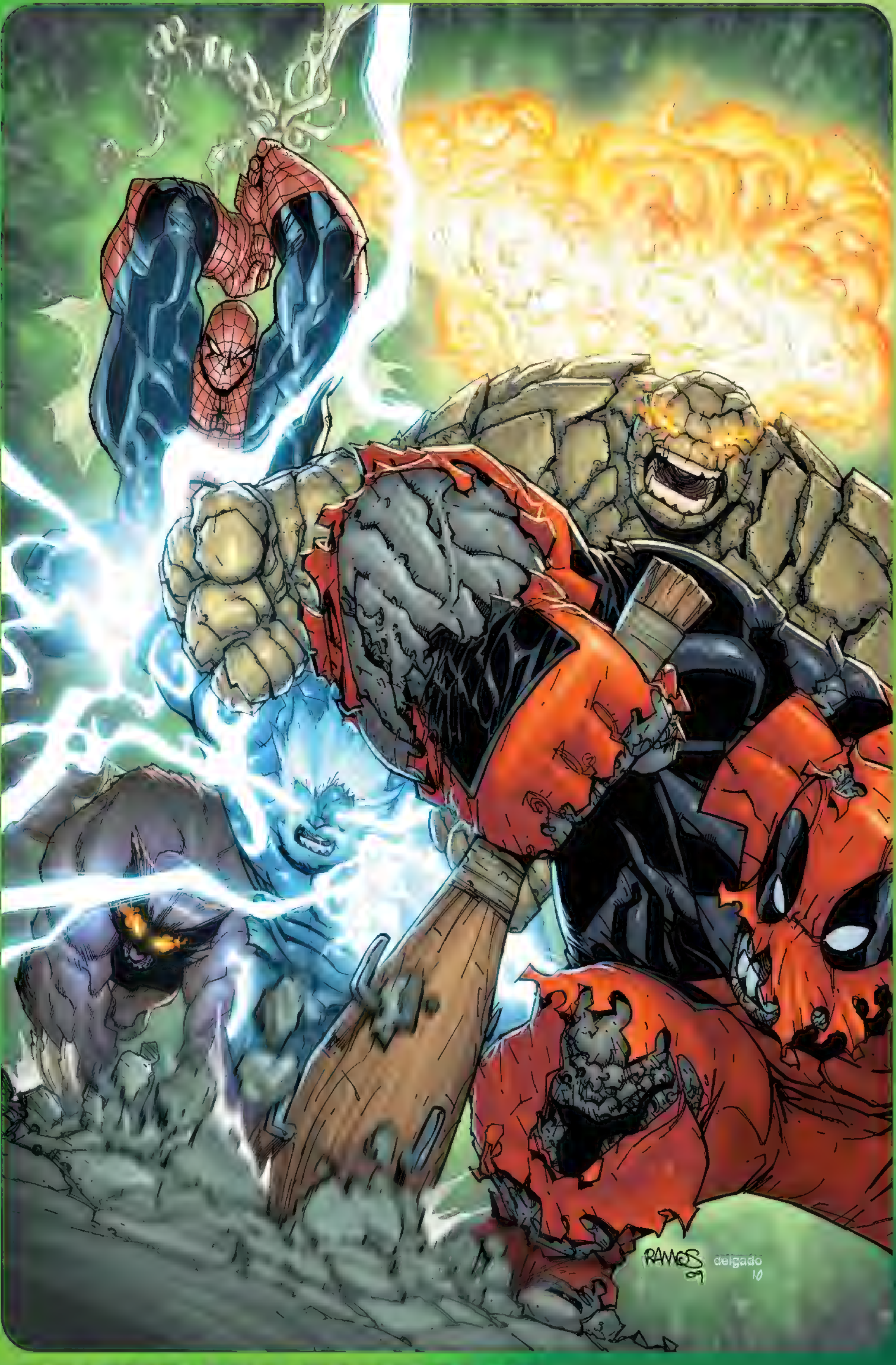

LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?
YEAH.
SOMEONE WHO OWES ME A *LOT* OF MONEY.
I COULD SET UP A PAYMENT PLAN...
...BUT LIKE AN INBRED LOTTO WINNER, I'LL SETTLE FOR A MUCH LESSER ONE-TIME PAYOUT OF 30K.
HAH.
GET IN THE BAG.
HUH?
IS MY MONEY IN THE BAG?
THIS IS A TRICK, ISN'T IT.
NO TRICK. YOU COME ALONG FOR THIS LAST JOB, YOU'LL GET TEN TIMES THAT MUCH.
TEN...CARRY THE NAUGHT OVER TWO SPACES...
IT'S 300K. MAYBE MORE.
SO WHAT--WE JUST HAVE TO HELP THE SICK PRINCE OF ANGOLA MOVE HIS MONEY OVER TO AMERICA AND YOU NEED MY ACCOUNT NUMBER?
WE'RE GOING INTO THE SECRET BASE OF THE BIGGEST EVIL GENIUSES ON THE PLANET.
THEY'VE ALREADY CAPTURED THE MOST BRILLIANT SUPER HEROES, TOOK THEM RIGHT AWAY FROM THEIR OWN TEAMS.
AND THEY HAVE A PERSONAL FORCE OF UNSTOPPABLE HULKS TO BACK THEM UP.
OH. WELL.
YEAH, THAT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING I NEED TO BE IN ON.
TOLD YOU HIM STUPID.


DEADPOOL GO WITH RED HULK TO HECKCARRIER IN BAG.
HIM RESCUE RED HULK BEFORE ALL POWER GET SUCKED OUT.
BUT THEN GET BIG BATH IN GAMMA WATER. HA. HIM NEED BATH.
ALMOST KILL HIM. BUT ALMOST ONLY COUNT IN HORSE SHOES AND HAND LOTION.
INSTEAD IT MAKE HIM BIGGER.
STRONGER. IT MAKE HIM...

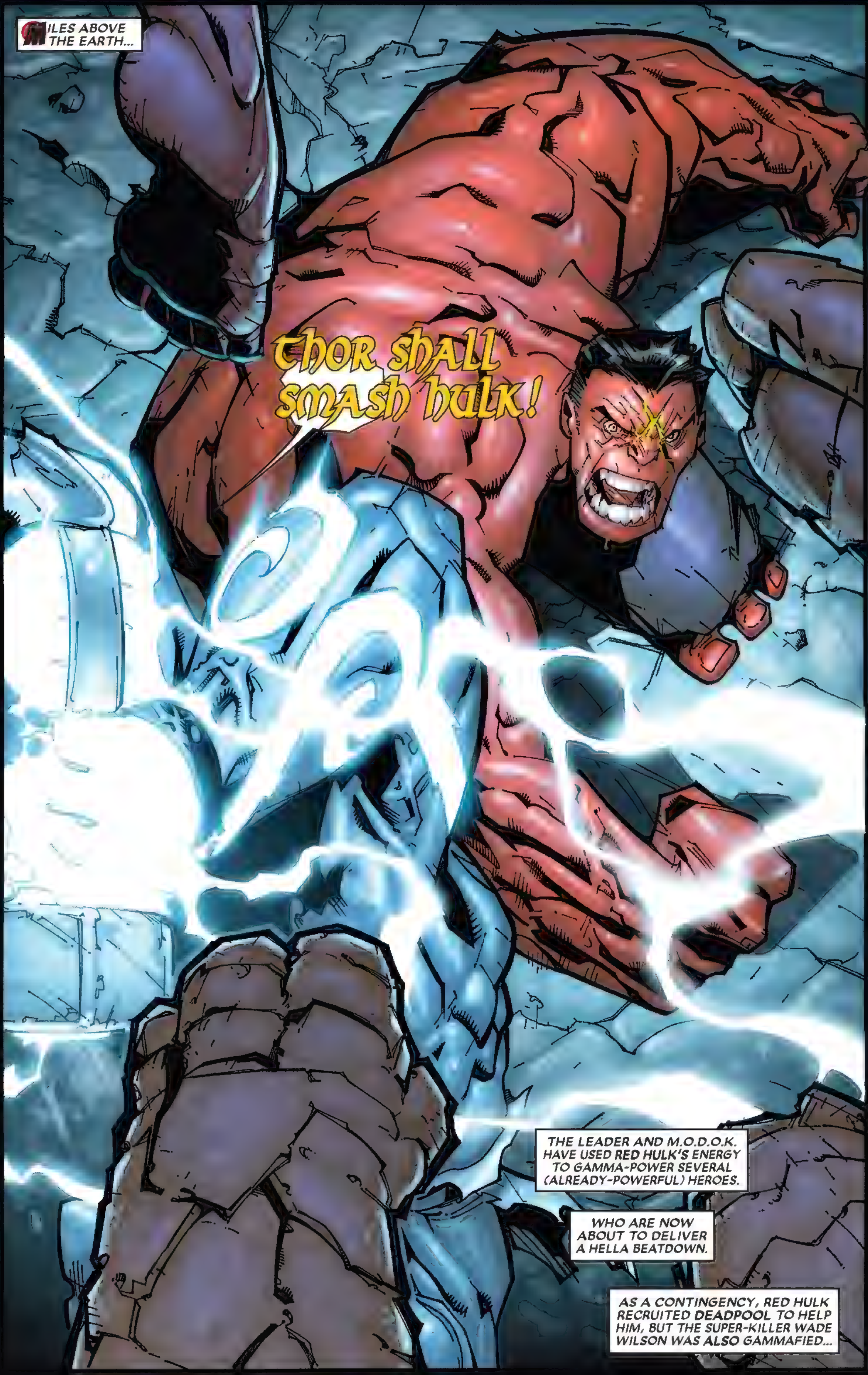

...HULKPOOL.
LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO ME!
UNGRATEFUL RED HULK KNOCK ME AWAY FOR BREAKING MACHINE.
SEE IF ME EVER HELP HIM AGAIN.
WHAMMM
OW
OW OW
OW OW
OW
OW OW...
--AH.
UM...I'M PRETTY SURE YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE IN HERE...
...DEADPOOL? IS THAT YOU?
ME NOT DEADPOOL!
HIM COULD NEVER LIVE THROUGH SOMETHING COOL LIKE THAT!
WAIT MINUTE.

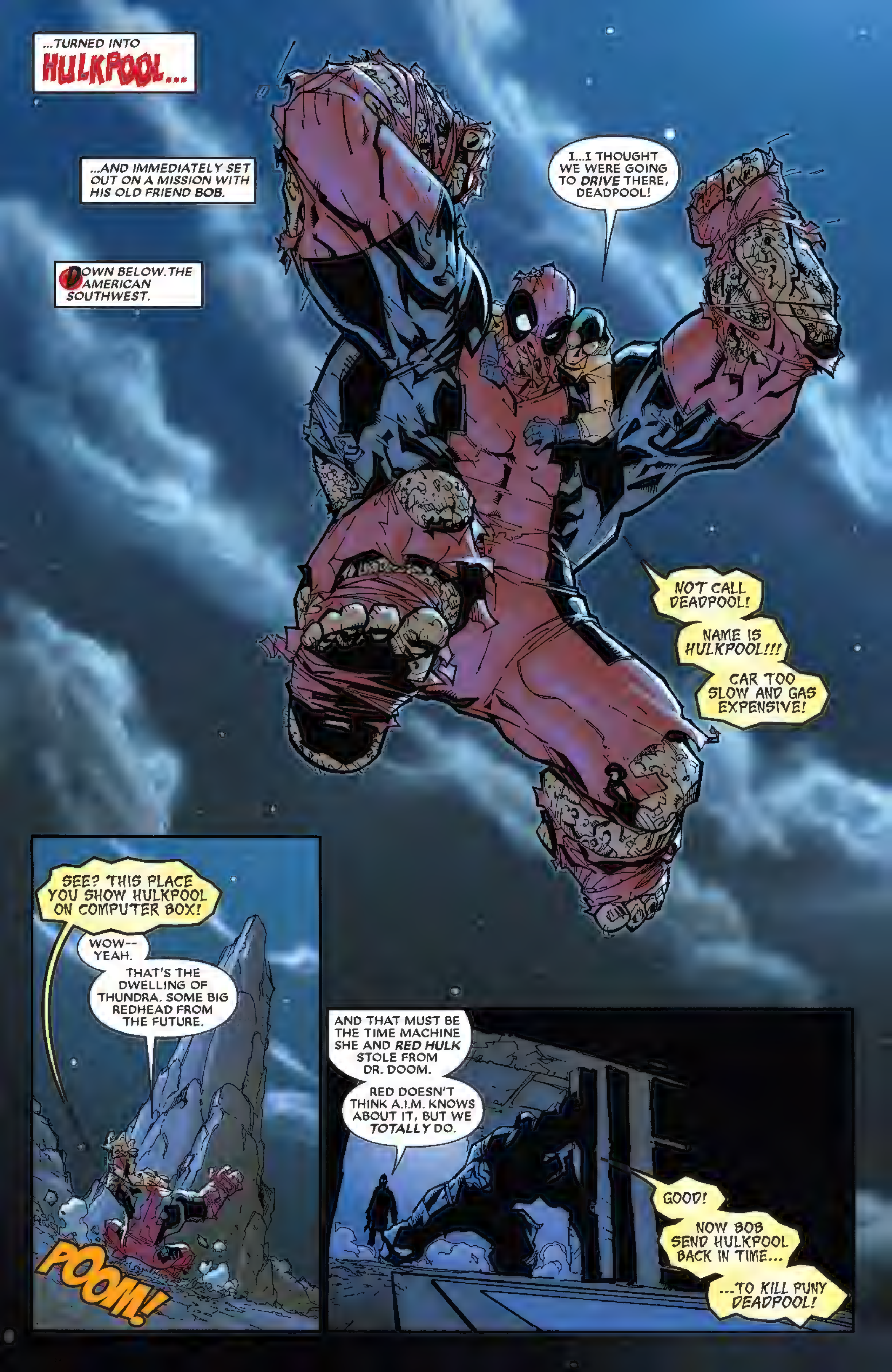

HULKPOOL KNOW THAT VOICE...
IT COWARDLY... CRACK LIKE PETER BRADY VOICE...IT...
...BOB!
HEY, UM, WADE. YEAH.
BOB, AGENT OF A.I.M. GOOD TO...SEE YOU AGAIN?
WHY BOB DRESSED LIKE BEEKEEPER AND WORK FOR BIG HEADS!
WELL, ONCE THE LEADER AND M.O.D.O.K. STARTED RAMPING UP THEIR OPERATION, THEY SENT A HEADHUNTER--LITERALLY--OUT LOOKING FOR HYDRA EMPLOYEES TO RECRUIT.
I WAS KIND OF IN BETWEEN GIGS AGAIN--YOU KNOW ME--SO I THOUGHT *"HEY, WHY NOT?"*
BUT YOU KNOW, MY FIRST LOYALTY IS ALWAYS DEADPOOL, I MEAN--
ME HATE DEADPOOL!!! ME CRUSH HIM!!
OH. UH.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, BIG GUY.
ME WANT TO SMASH THING HULKPOOL HATE MOST...
...DEADPOOL.

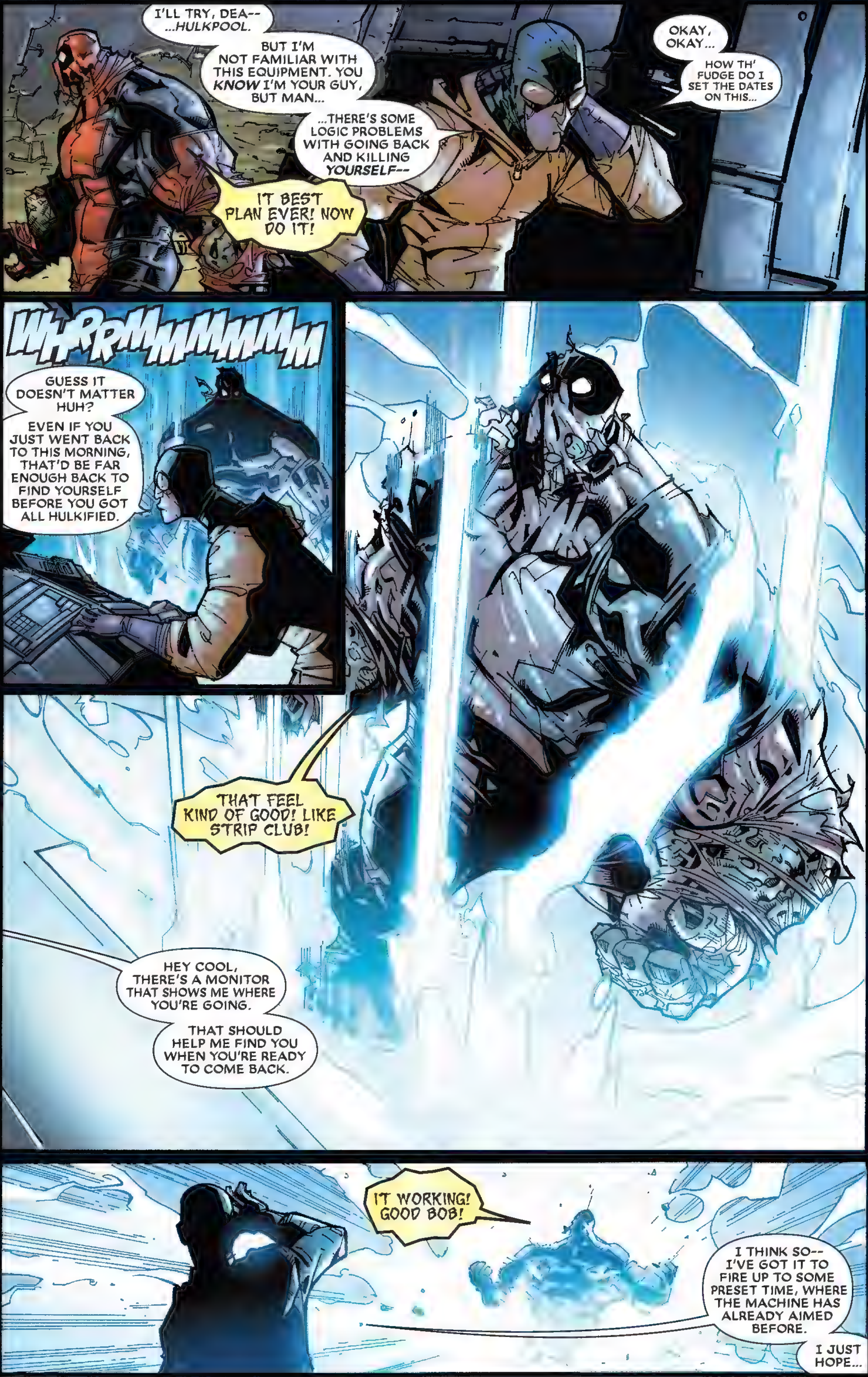

PLEASE DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, BUT I THINK THAT SHIP HAS SAILED.
I MEAN, "DEADPOOL" DOESN'T EXIST ANYMORE, HE'S IN THE PAST.
THAT IT.
BOB HELP HULKPOOL GO BACK IN TIME.. SO CAN SMASH DEADPOOL.
THERE MIGHT BE PROBLEMS WITH THAT--
WHAT.
THAT-- IT'S...
... ALMOST TOO AWESOME A PLAN! COME TO THINK OF IT, I DID LEARN WHERE THERE'S A TIME MACHINE WE CAN USE--IT BELONGED TO DR. DOOM!
I THINK IT'S THAT WAY...
HULKPOOL LOVE IT WHEN A PLAN COME TOGETHER!
HIM AND BOB GO BACK IN TIME...
...TO KILL DEADPOOL DEAD!!!

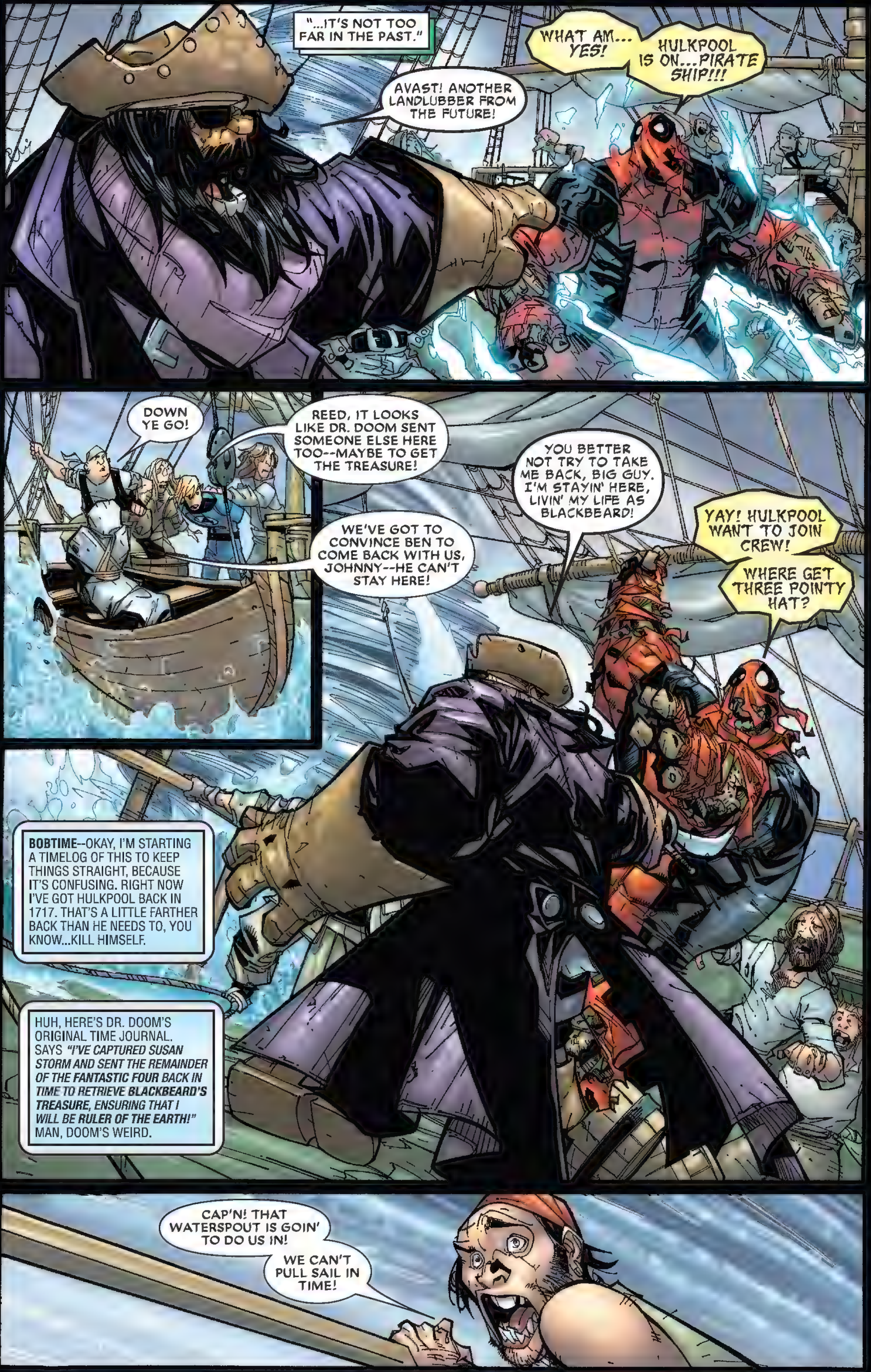

RAMOS 09
delgado 10

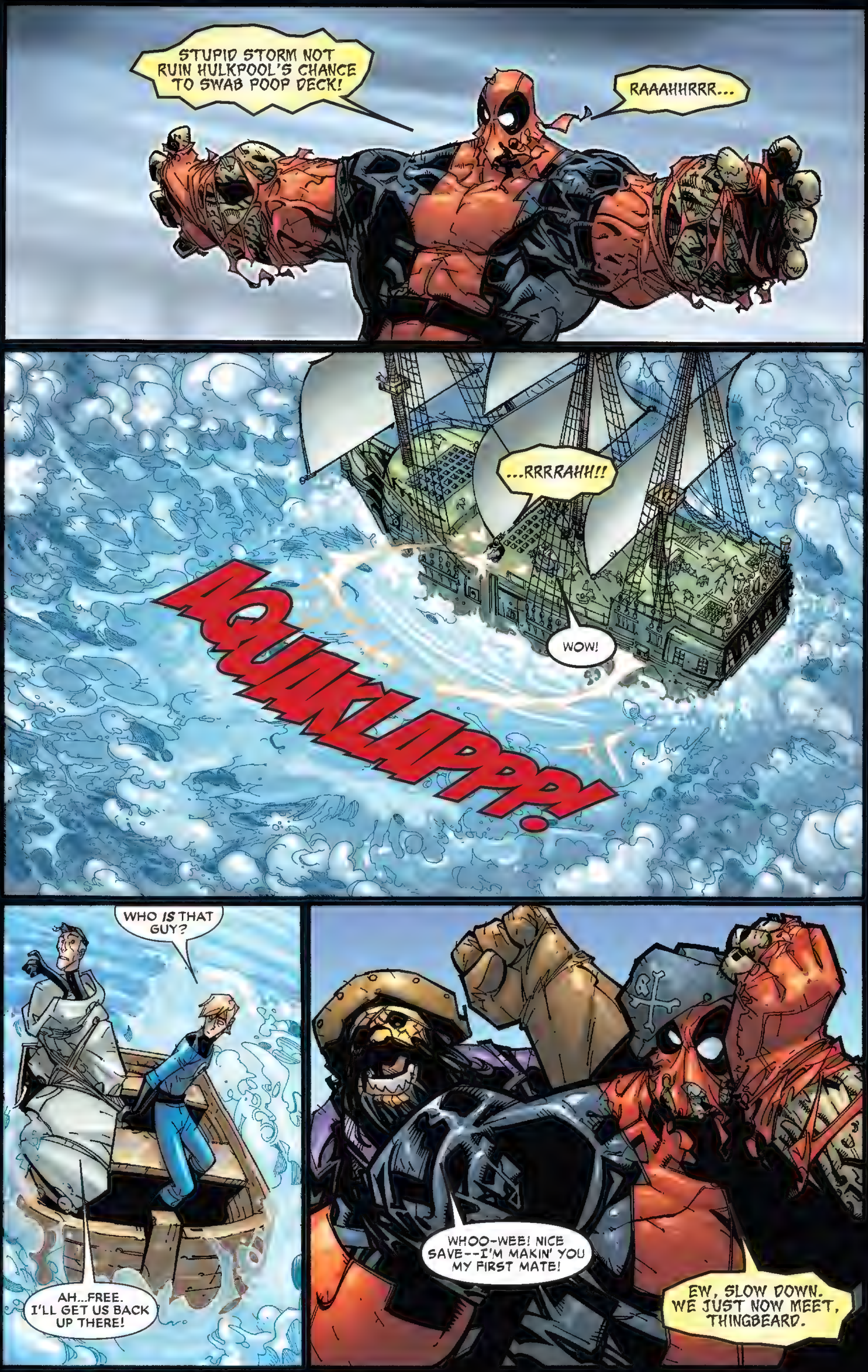
HULKED-OUT HEROES #1

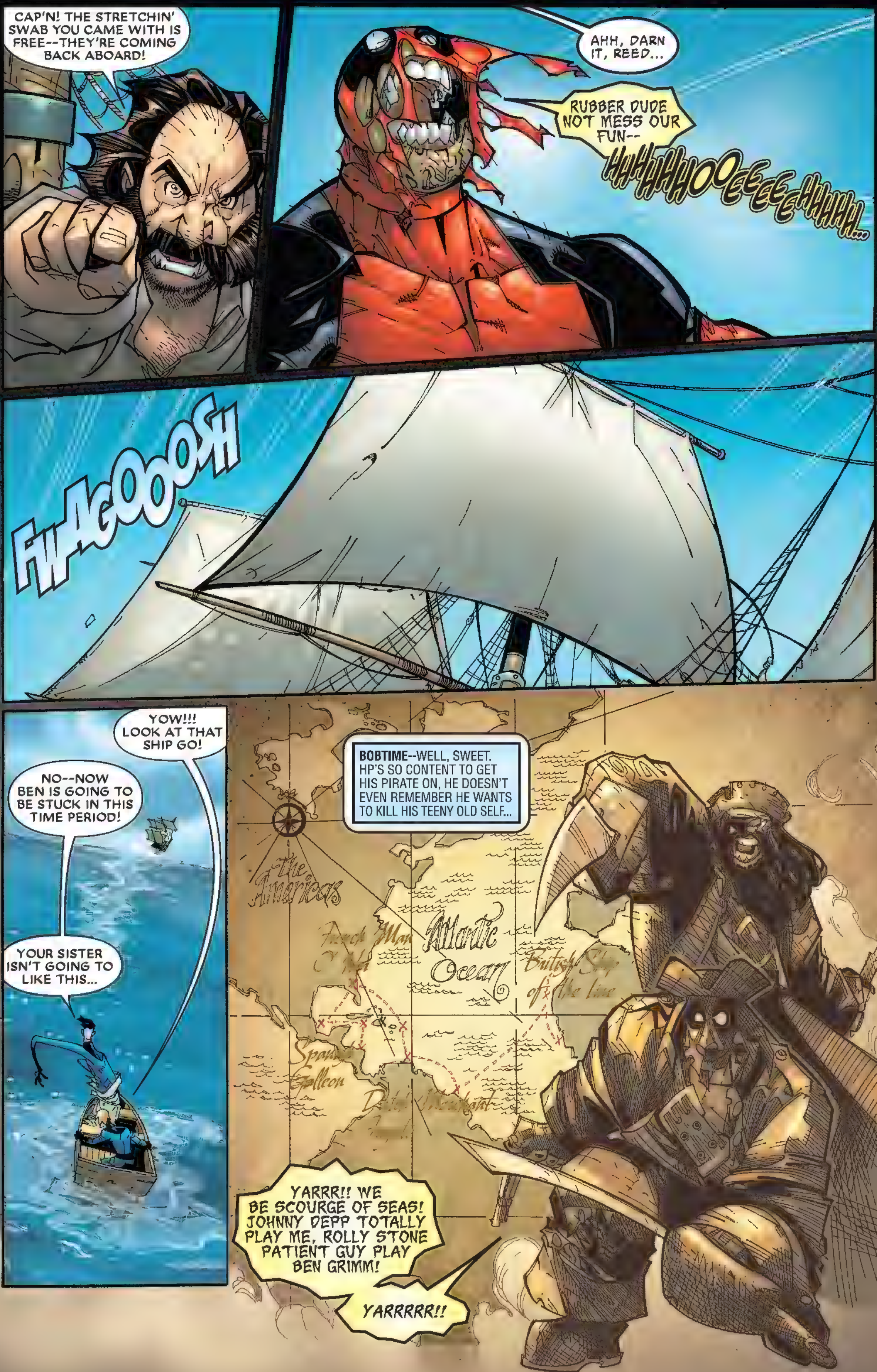

MILES ABOVE THE EARTH...
THOR SHALL SMASH HULK!
THE LEADER AND M.O.D.O.K. HAVE USED RED HULK'S ENERGY TO GAMMA-POWER SEVERAL (ALREADY-POWERFUL) HEROES.
WHO ARE NOW ABOUT TO DELIVER A HELLA BEATDOWN.
AS A CONTINGENCY, RED HULK RECRUITED DEADPOOL TO HELP HIM, BUT THE SUPER-KILLER WADE WILSON WAS ALSO GAMMAFIED...

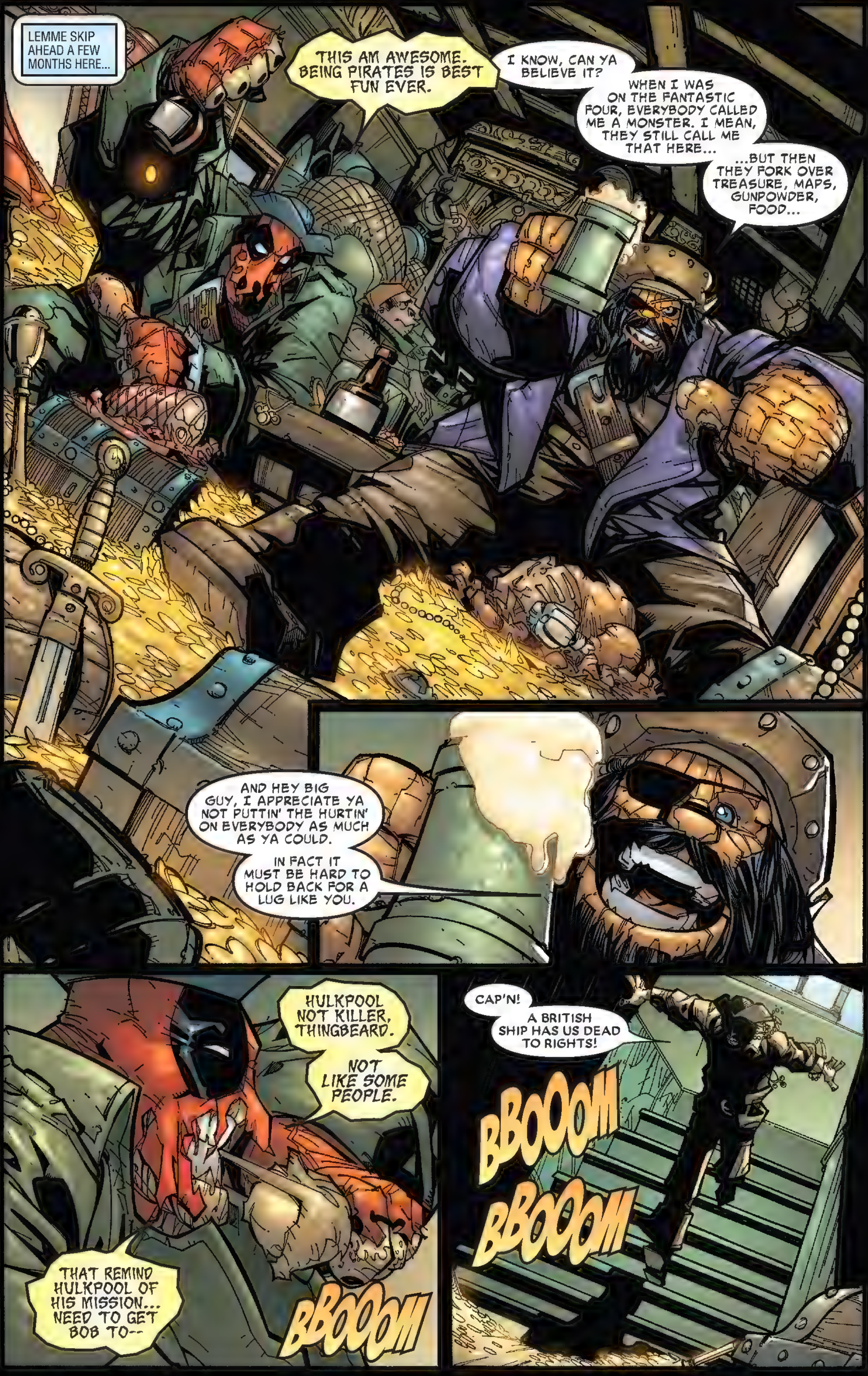

...TURNED INTO HULKPOOL...
...AND IMMEDIATELY SET OUT ON A MISSION WITH HIS OLD FRIEND BOB.
DOWN BELOW. THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST.
I...I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO DRIVE THERE, DEADPOOL!
NOT CALL DEADPOOL!
NAME IS HULKPOOL!!!
CAR TOO SLOW AND GAS EXPENSIVE!
SEE? THIS PLACE YOU SHOW HULKPOOL ON COMPUTER BOX!
WOW--YEAH.
THAT'S THE DWELLING OF THUNDRA. SOME BIG REDHEAD FROM THE FUTURE.
POOM!
AND THAT MUST BE THE TIME MACHINE SHE AND RED HULK STOLE FROM DR. DOOM.
RED DOESN'T THINK A.I.M. KNOWS ABOUT IT, BUT WE TOTALLY DO.
GOOD!
NOW BOB SEND HULKPOOL BACK IN TIME...
...TO KILL PUNY DEADPOOL!

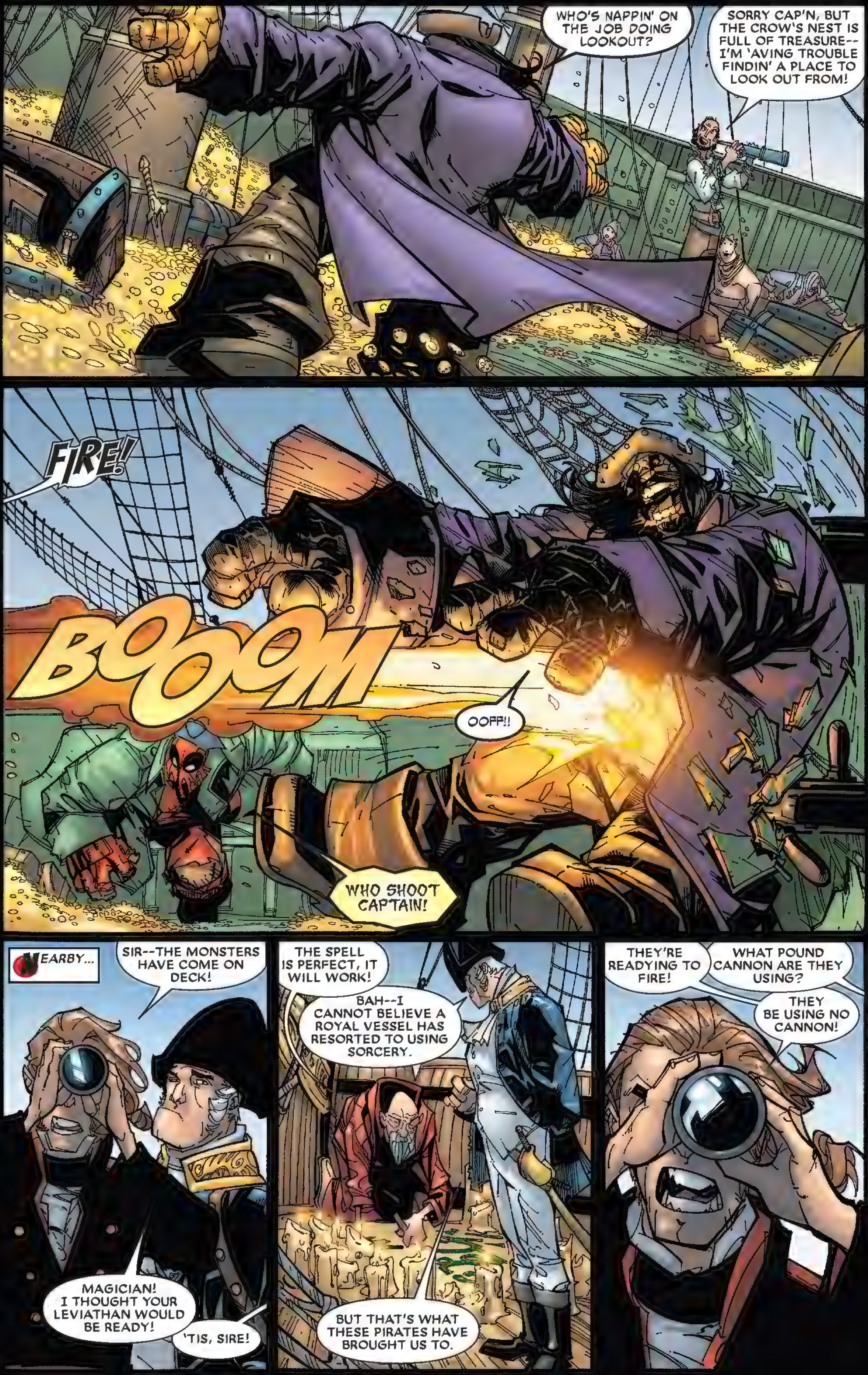

I'LL TRY, DEA-- ...*HULKPOOL*.
BUT I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH THIS EQUIPMENT. YOU *KNOW* I'M YOUR GUY, BUT MAN...
...THERE'S SOME LOGIC PROBLEMS WITH GOING BACK AND KILLING *YOURSELF*--
IT BEST PLAN EVER! NOW DO IT!
OKAY, OKAY...
HOW TH' FUDGE DO I SET THE DATES ON THIS...
WHRRMMMMMMMM
GUESS IT DOESN'T MATTER HUH?
EVEN IF YOU JUST WENT BACK TO THIS MORNING, THAT'D BE FAR ENOUGH BACK TO FIND YOURSELF BEFORE YOU GOT ALL HULKIFIED.
THAT FEEL KIND OF GOOD! LIKE STRIP CLUB!
HEY COOL, THERE'S A MONITOR THAT SHOWS ME WHERE YOU'RE GOING.
THAT SHOULD HELP ME FIND YOU WHEN YOU'RE READY TO COME BACK.
IT WORKING! GOOD BOB!
I THINK SO-- I'VE GOT IT TO FIRE UP TO SOME PRESET TIME, WHERE THE MACHINE HAS ALREADY AIMED BEFORE.
I JUST HOPE...

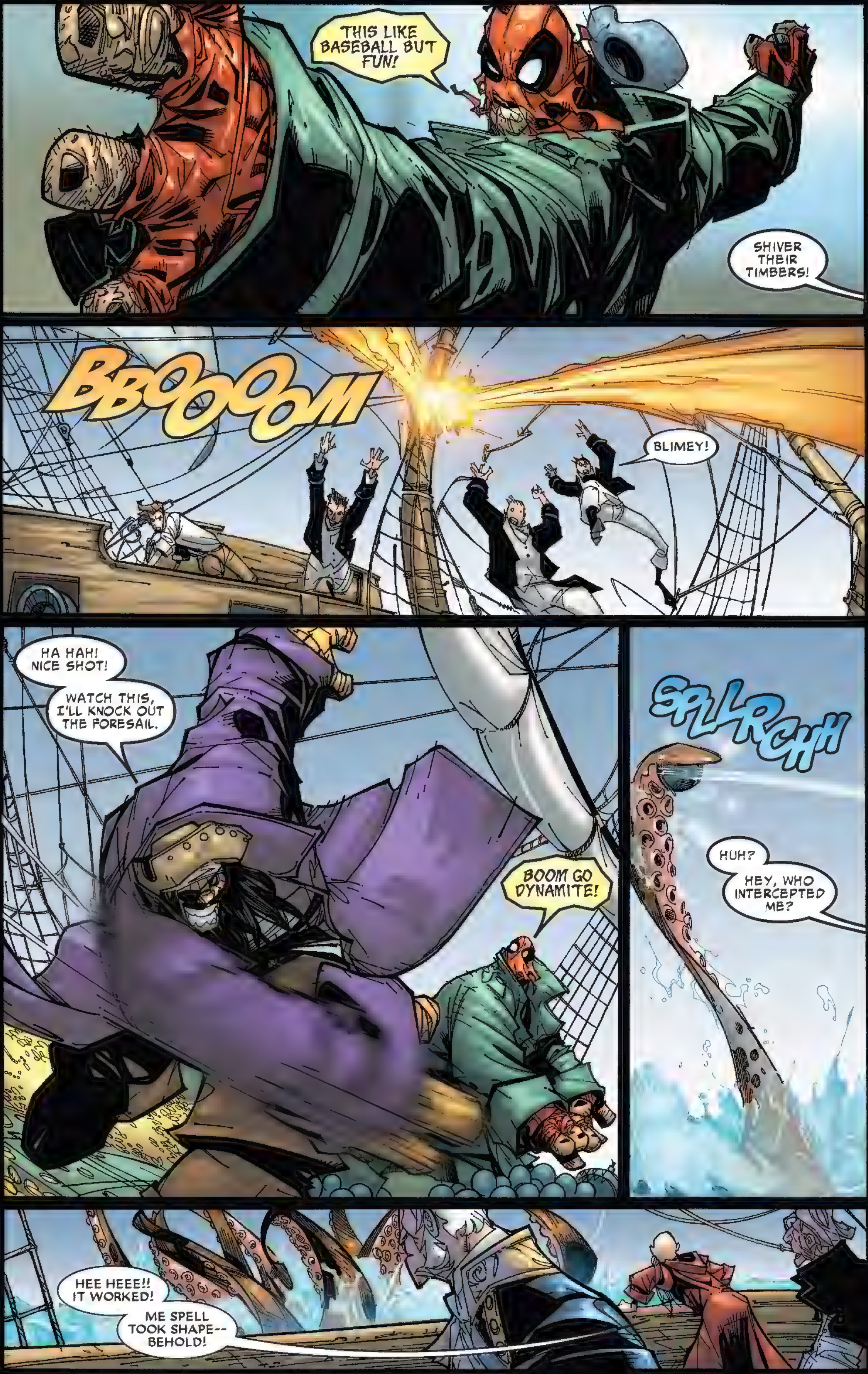

"...IT'S NOT TOO FAR IN THE PAST."
AVAST! ANOTHER LANDLUBBER FROM THE FUTURE!
WHAT AM... YES!
HULKPOOL IS ON...PIRATE SHIP!!!
DOWN YE GO!
REED, IT LOOKS LIKE DR. DOOM SENT SOMEONE ELSE HERE TOO--MAYBE TO GET THE TREASURE!
WE'VE GOT TO CONVINCE BEN TO COME BACK WITH US, JOHNNY--HE CAN'T STAY HERE!
YOU BETTER NOT TRY TO TAKE ME BACK, BIG GUY. I'M STAYIN' HERE, LIVIN' MY LIFE AS BLACKBEARD!
YAY! HULKPOOL WANT TO JOIN CREW!
WHERE GET THREE POINTY HAT?
BOBTIME--OKAY, I'M STARTING A TIMELOG OF THIS TO KEEP THINGS STRAIGHT, BECAUSE IT'S CONFUSING. RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT HULKPOOL BACK IN 1717. THAT'S A LITTLE FARTHER BACK THAN HE NEEDS TO, YOU KNOW...KILL HIMSELF.
HUH, HERE'S DR. DOOM'S ORIGINAL TIME JOURNAL. SAYS "I'VE CAPTURED SUSAN STORM AND SENT THE REMAINDER OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR BACK IN TIME TO RETRIEVE BLACKBEARD'S TREASURE, ENSURING THAT I WILL BE RULER OF THE EARTH!" MAN, DOOM'S WEIRD.
CAP'N! THAT WATERSPOUT IS GOIN' TO DO US IN!
WE CAN'T PULL SAIL IN TIME!

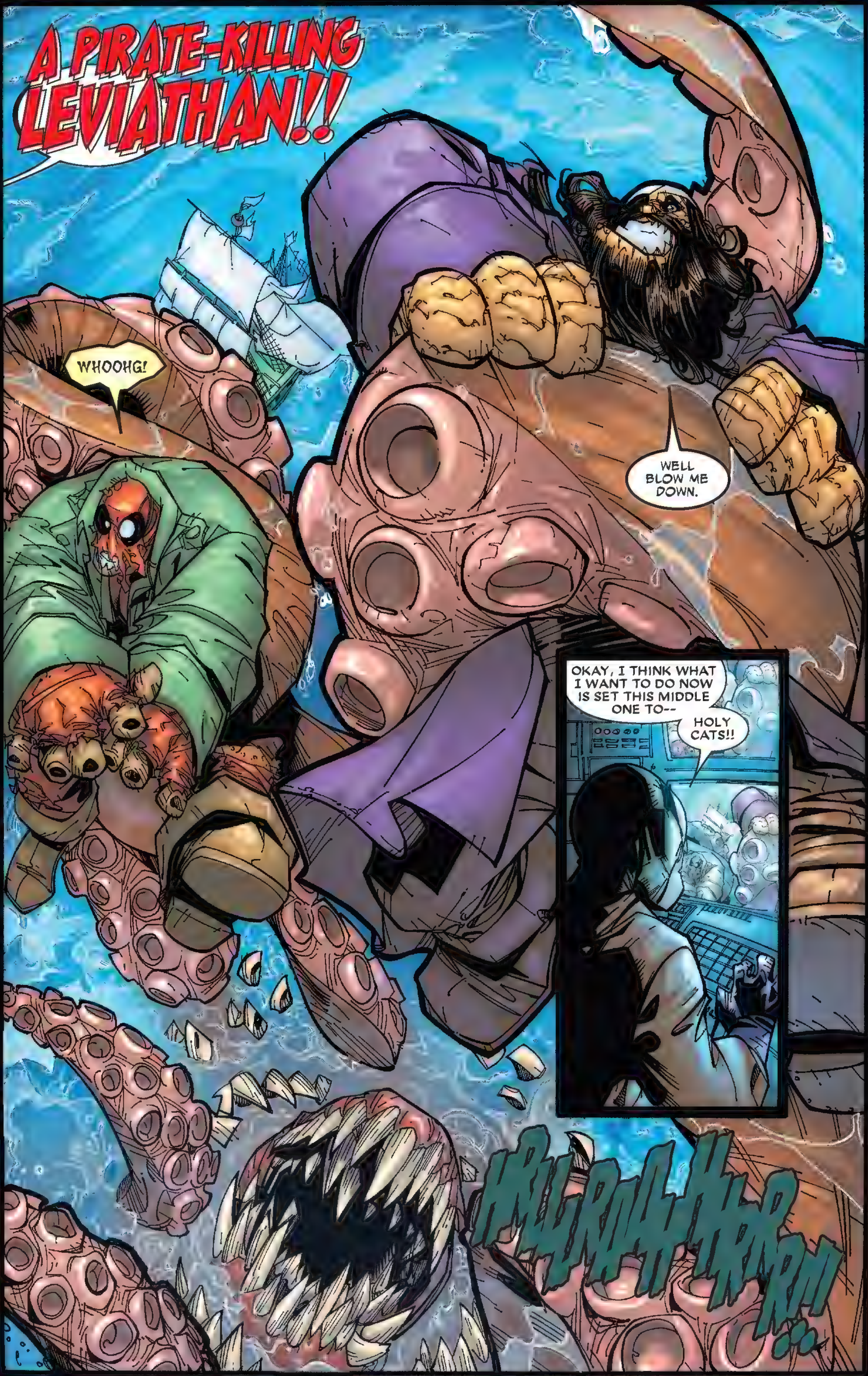

STUPID STORM NOT RUIN HULKPOOL'S CHANCE TO SWAB POOP DECK!
RAAAHHRRR...
...RRRRAHH!!
AQUAKLAPPP!
WOW!
WHO *IS* THAT GUY?
AH...FREE. I'LL GET US BACK UP THERE!
WHOO-WEE! NICE SAVE--I'M MAKIN' YOU MY FIRST MATE!
EW, SLOW DOWN. WE JUST NOW MEET, THINGBEARD.

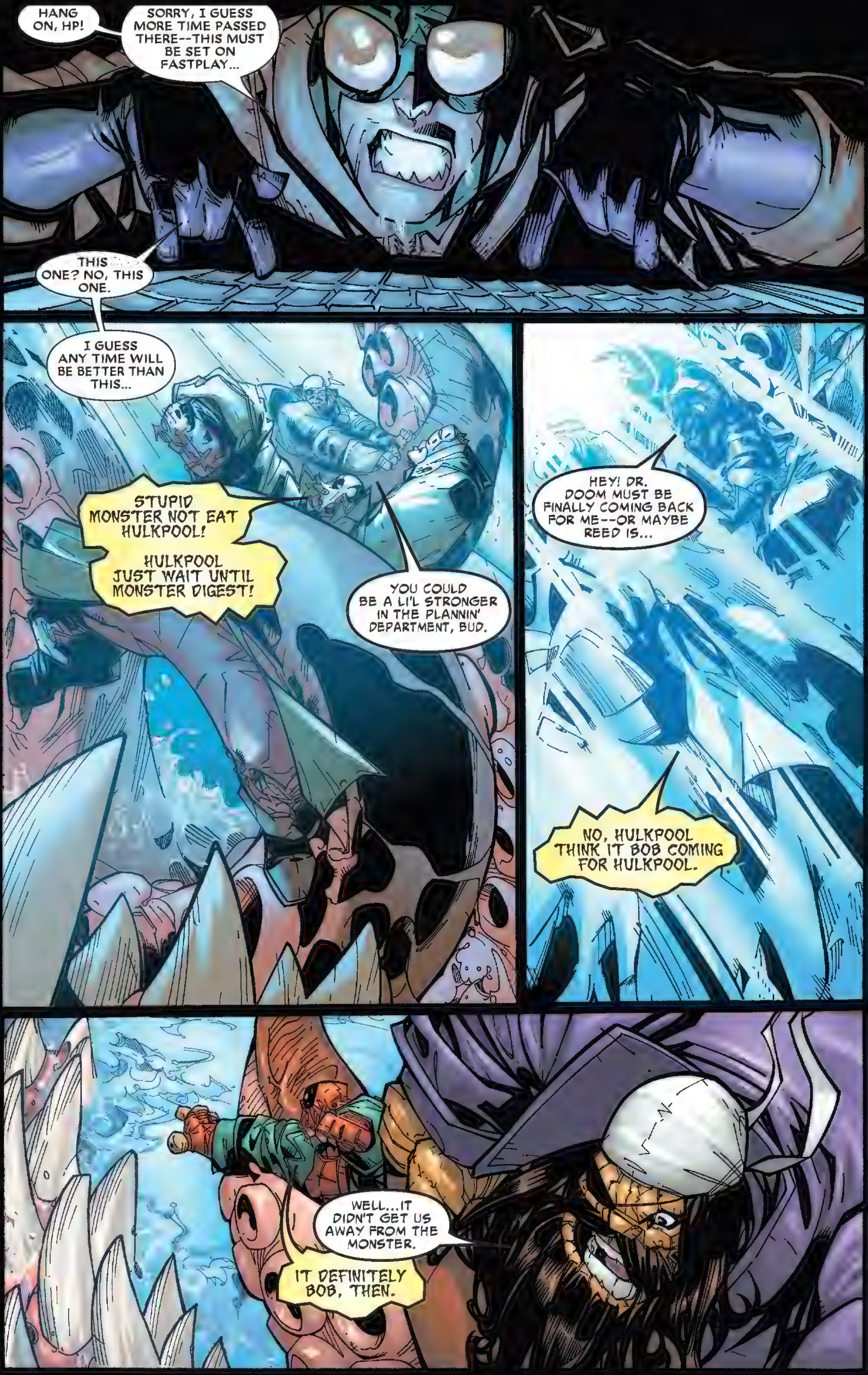

CAP'N! THE STRETCHIN' SWAB YOU CAME WITH IS FREE--THEY'RE COMING BACK ABOARD!
AHH, DARN IT, REED...
RUBBER DUDE NOT MESS OUR FUN--
HHHHHHOOEEEEHHHHH...
FWAGOOOSH
YOW!!! LOOK AT THAT SHIP GO!
NO--NOW BEN IS GOING TO BE STUCK IN THIS TIME PERIOD!
YOUR SISTER ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS...
BOBTIME--WELL, SWEET. HP'S SO CONTENT TO GET HIS PIRATE ON, HE DOESN'T EVEN REMEMBER HE WANTS TO KILL HIS TEENY OLD SELF...
the Americas
French Man O' War
Atlantic Ocean
British Ship of the line
Spanish Galleon
Dutch Merchant
YARRR!! WE BE SCOURGE OF SEAS! JOHNNY DEPP TOTALLY PLAY ME, ROLLY STONE PATIENT GUY PLAY BEN GRIMM!
YARRRRR!!

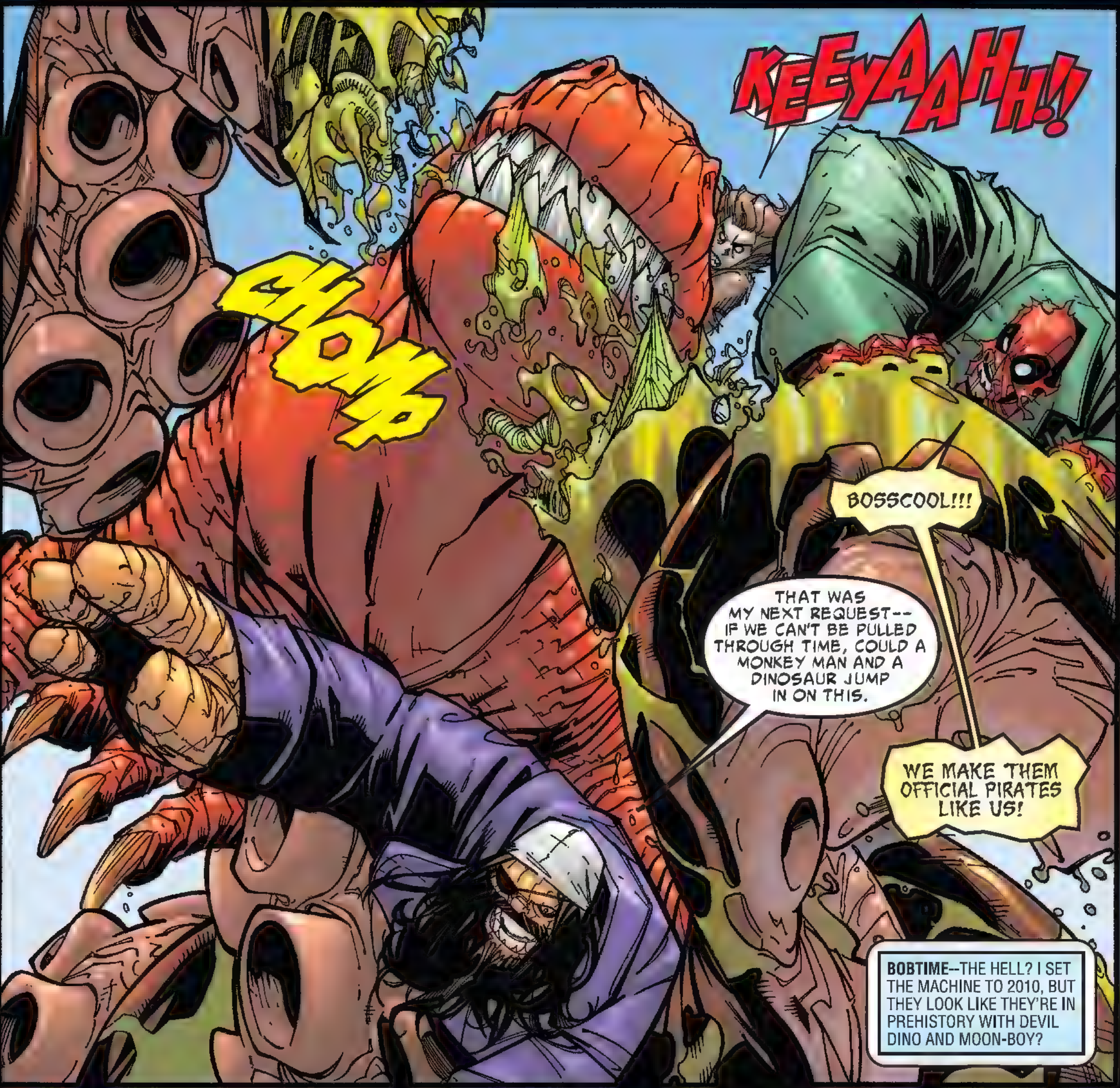

LEMME SKIP AHEAD A FEW MONTHS HERE...
THIS AM AWESOME. BEING PIRATES IS BEST FUN EVER.
I KNOW, CAN YA BELIEVE IT?
WHEN I WAS ON THE FANTASTIC FOUR, EVERYBODY CALLED ME A MONSTER. I MEAN, THEY STILL CALL ME THAT HERE...
...BUT THEN THEY FORK OVER TREASURE, MAPS, GUNPOWDER, FOOD...
AND HEY BIG GUY, I APPRECIATE YA NOT PUTTIN' THE HURTIN' ON EVERYBODY AS MUCH AS YA COULD.
IN FACT IT MUST BE HARD TO HOLD BACK FOR A LUG LIKE YOU.
HULKPOOL NOT KILLER, THINGBEARD.
NOT LIKE SOME PEOPLE.
THAT REMIND HULKPOOL OF HIS MISSION... NEED TO GET BOB TO--
BBOOOM
CAP'N!
A BRITISH SHIP HAS US DEAD TO RIGHTS!
BBOOOM
BBOOOM

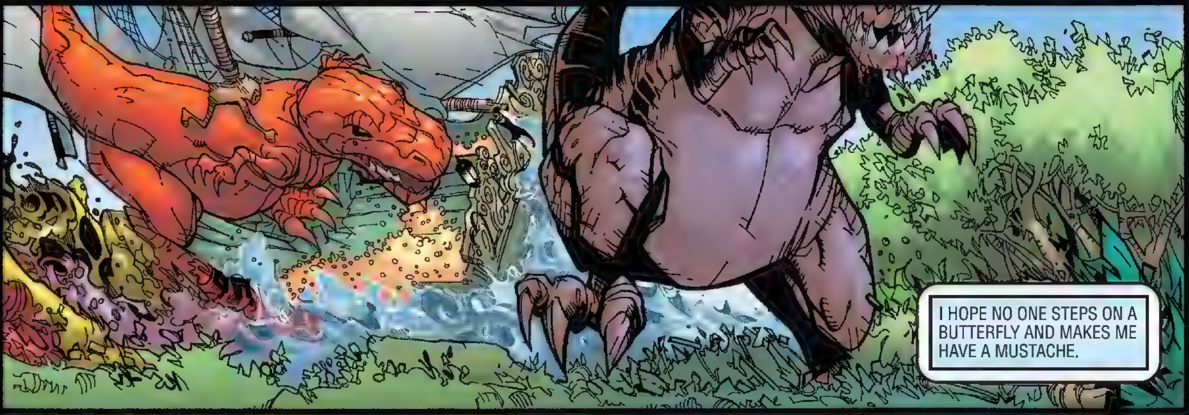

WHO'S NAPPIN' ON THE JOB DOING LOOKOUT?
SORRY CAP'N, BUT THE CROW'S NEST IS FULL OF TREASURE-- I'M 'AVING TROUBLE FINDIN' A PLACE TO LOOK OUT FROM!
FIRE!
BOOOM
OOFF!!
WHO SHOOT CAPTAIN!
NEARBY...
SIR--THE MONSTERS HAVE COME ON DECK!
MAGICIAN! I THOUGHT YOUR LEVIATHAN WOULD BE READY!
'TIS, SIRE!
THE SPELL IS PERFECT, IT WILL WORK!
BAH--I CANNOT BELIEVE A ROYAL VESSEL HAS RESORTED TO USING SORCERY.
BUT THAT'S WHAT THESE PIRATES HAVE BROUGHT US TO.
THEY'RE READYING TO FIRE!
WHAT POUND CANNON ARE THEY USING?
THEY BE USING NO CANNON!

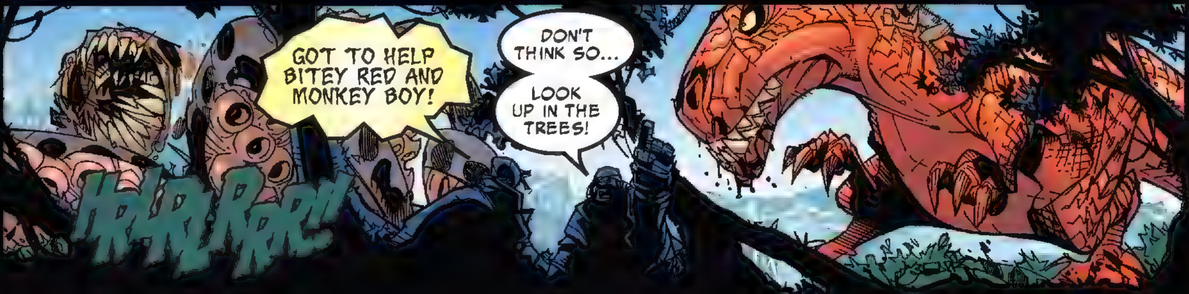

THIS LIKE BASEBALL BUT FUN!
SHIVER THEIR TIMBERS!
BBOOOOM
BLIMEY!
HA HAH! NICE SHOT!
WATCH THIS, I'LL KNOCK OUT THE FORESAIL.
BOOM GO DYNAMITE!
SPLLRCHH
HUH?
HEY, WHO INTERCEPTED ME?
HEE HEEE!! IT WORKED!
ME SPELL TOOK SHAPE-- BEHOLD!

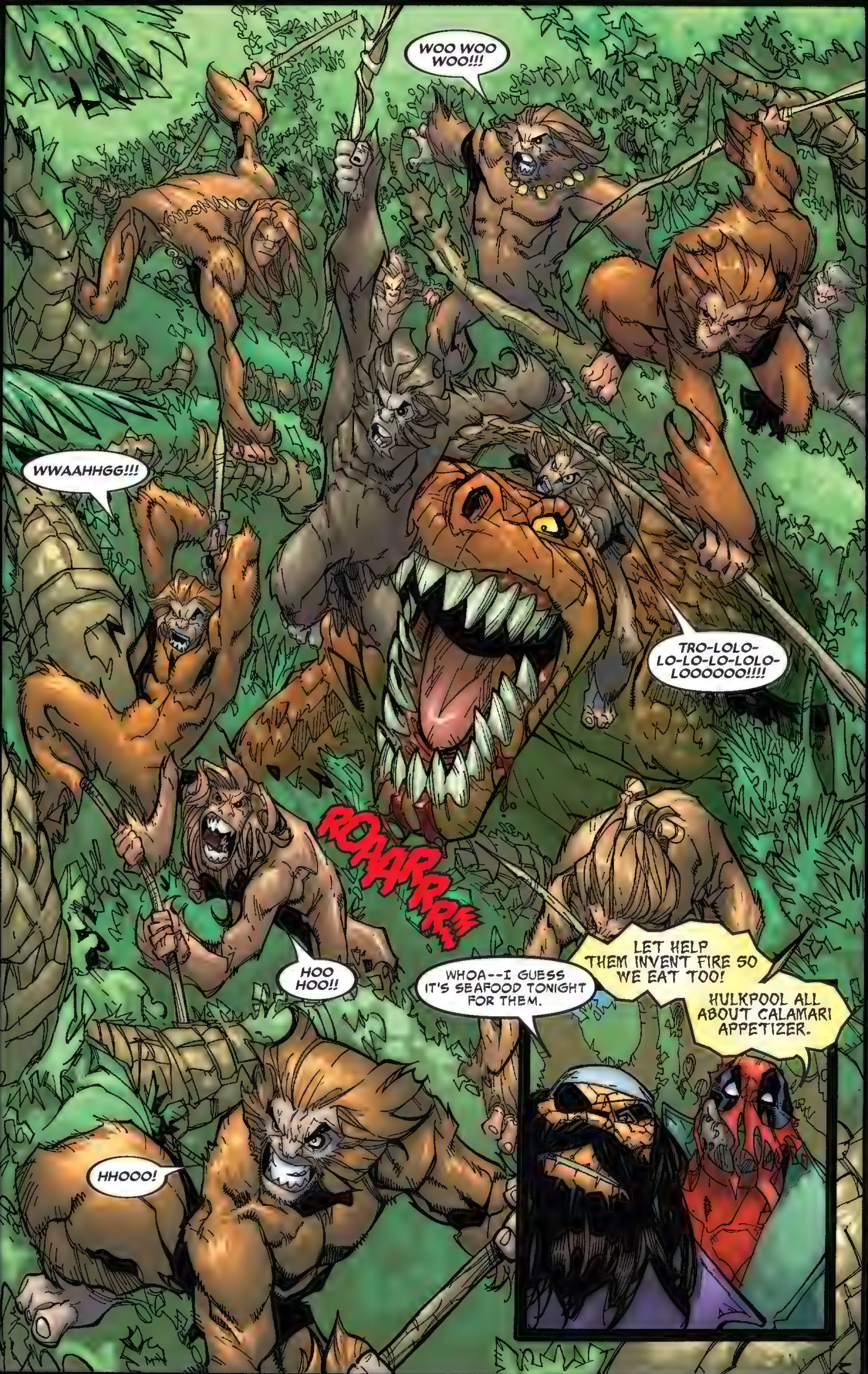

A PIRATE-KILLING LEVIATHAN!!
WHOOHG!
WELL BLOW ME DOWN.
OKAY, I THINK WHAT I WANT TO DO NOW IS SET THIS MIDDLE ONE TO--
HOLY CATS!!
HRURAHHRRR!!...

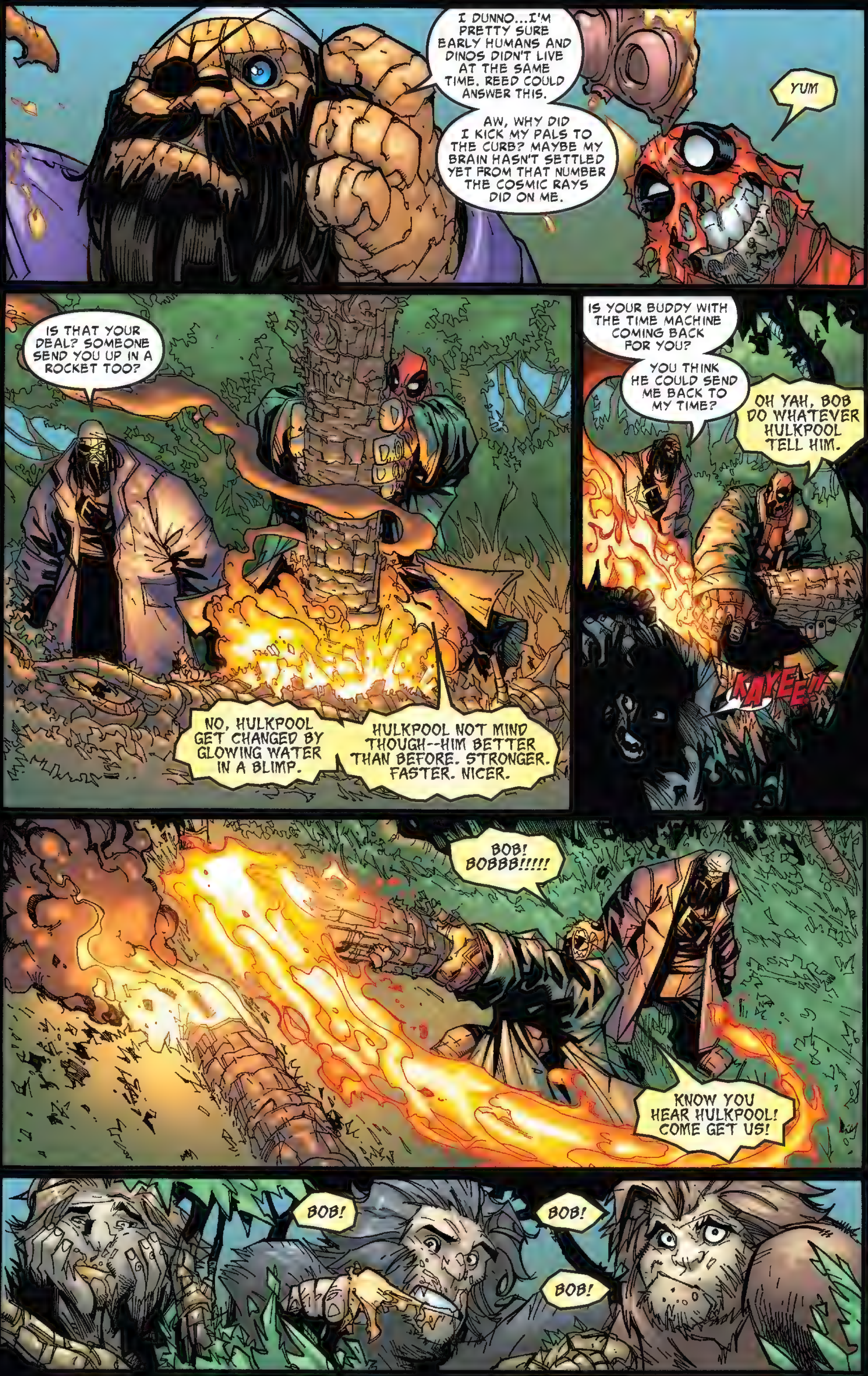

HANG ON, HP!
SORRY, I GUESS MORE TIME PASSED THERE--THIS MUST BE SET ON FASTPLAY...
THIS [illegible] ONE? NO, THIS ONE.
I GUESS ANY TIME WILL BE BETTER THAN THIS...
STUPID MONSTER NOT EAT HULKPOOL!
HULKPOOL JUST WAIT UNTIL MONSTER DIGEST!
YOU COULD BE A LI'L STRONGER IN THE PLANNIN' DEPARTMENT, BUD.
HEY! DR. DOOM MUST BE FINALLY COMING BACK FOR ME--OR MAYBE REED IS...
NO, HULKPOOL THINK IT BOB COMING FOR HULKPOOL.
WELL...IT DIDN'T GET US AWAY FROM THE MONSTER.
IT DEFINITELY BOB, THEN.

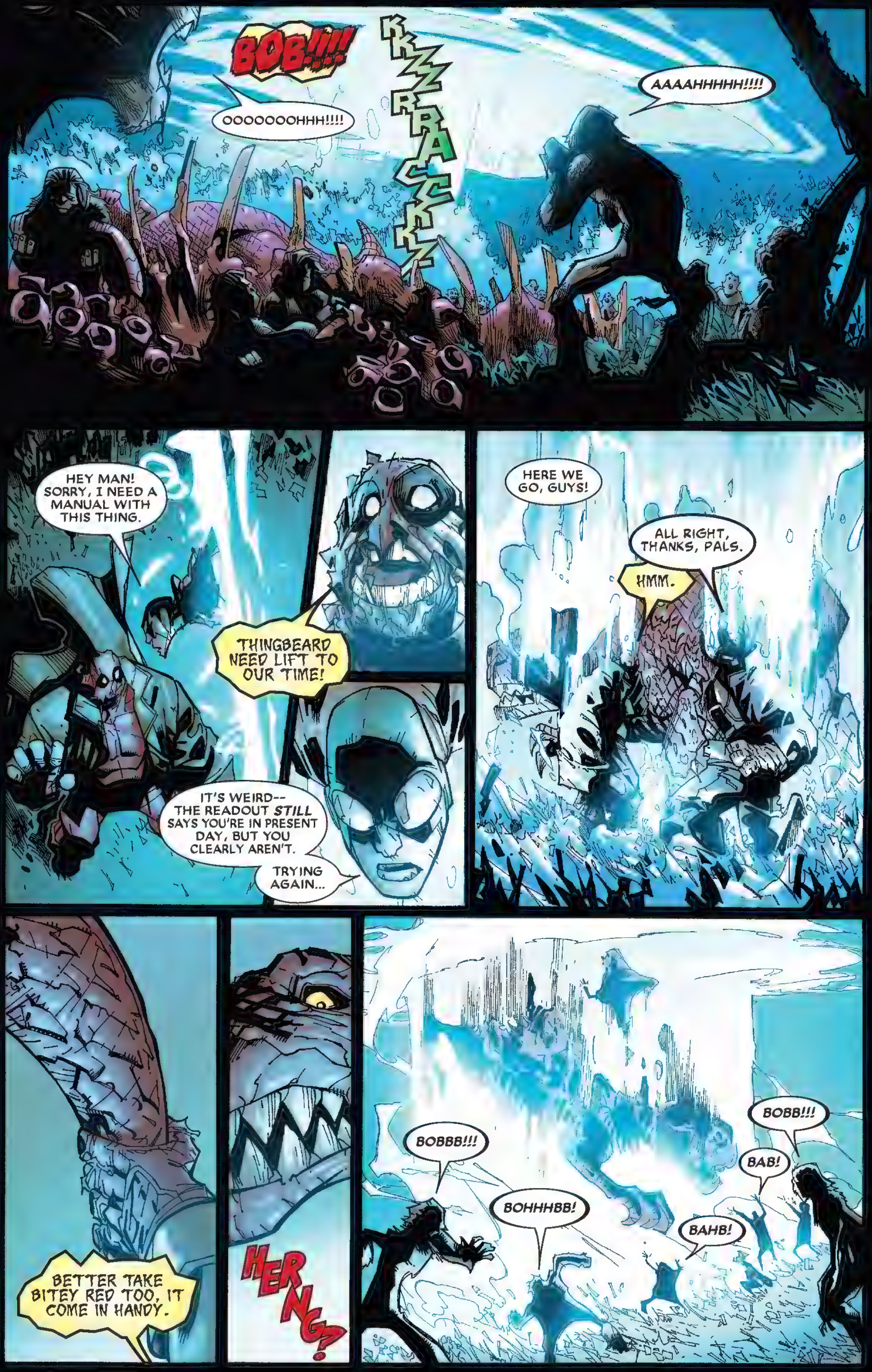

KEEYAAHH!!
CHOMP
BOSSCOOL!!!
THAT WAS MY NEXT REQUEST-- IF WE CAN'T BE PULLED THROUGH TIME, COULD A MONKEY MAN AND A DINOSAUR JUMP IN ON THIS.
WE MAKE THEM OFFICIAL PIRATES LIKE US!
BOBTIME--THE HELL? I SET THE MACHINE TO 2010, BUT THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE IN PREHISTORY WITH DEVIL DINO AND MOON-BOY?

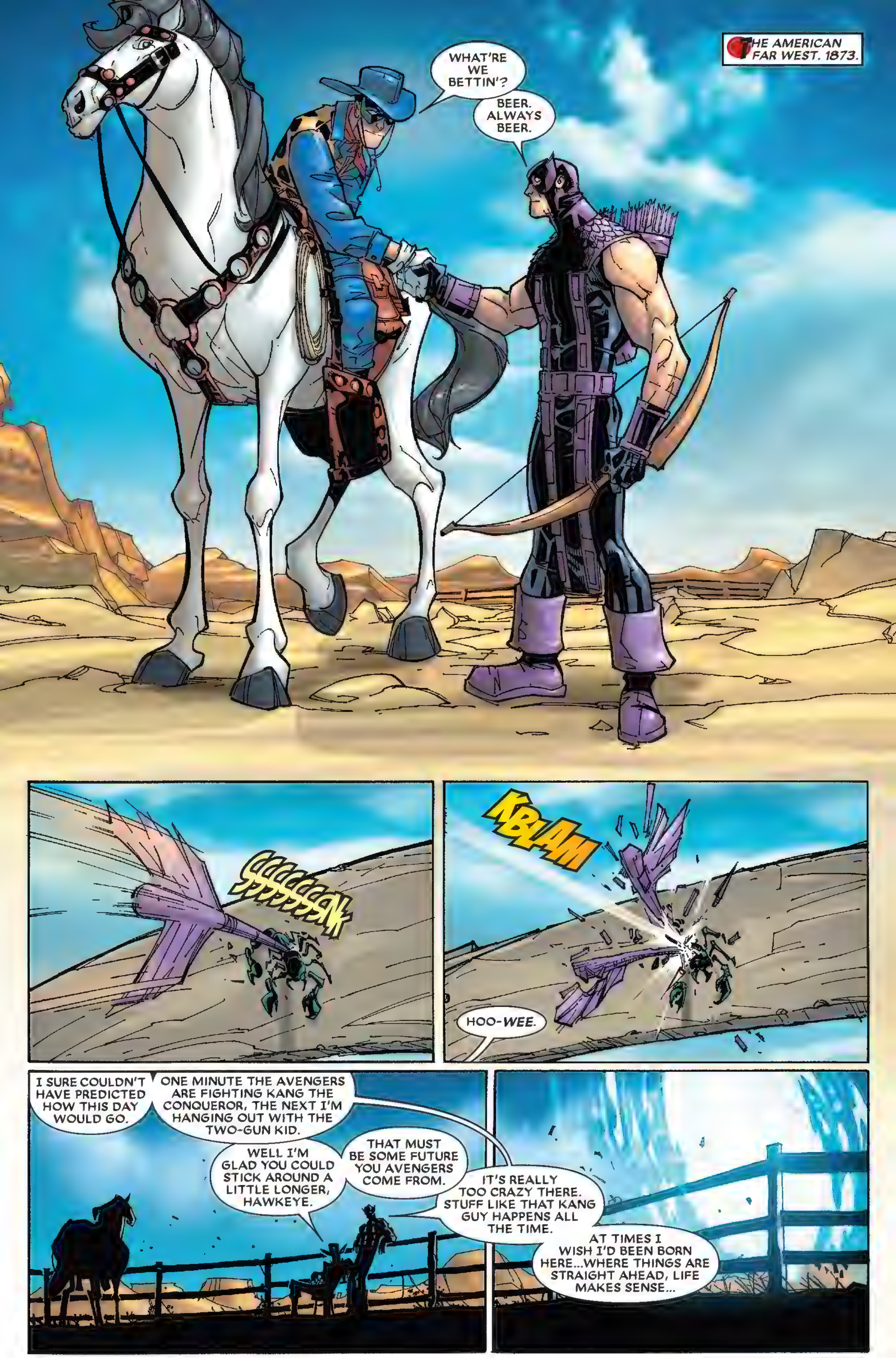

I HOPE NO ONE STEPS ON A BUTTERFLY AND MAKES ME HAVE A MUSTACHE.

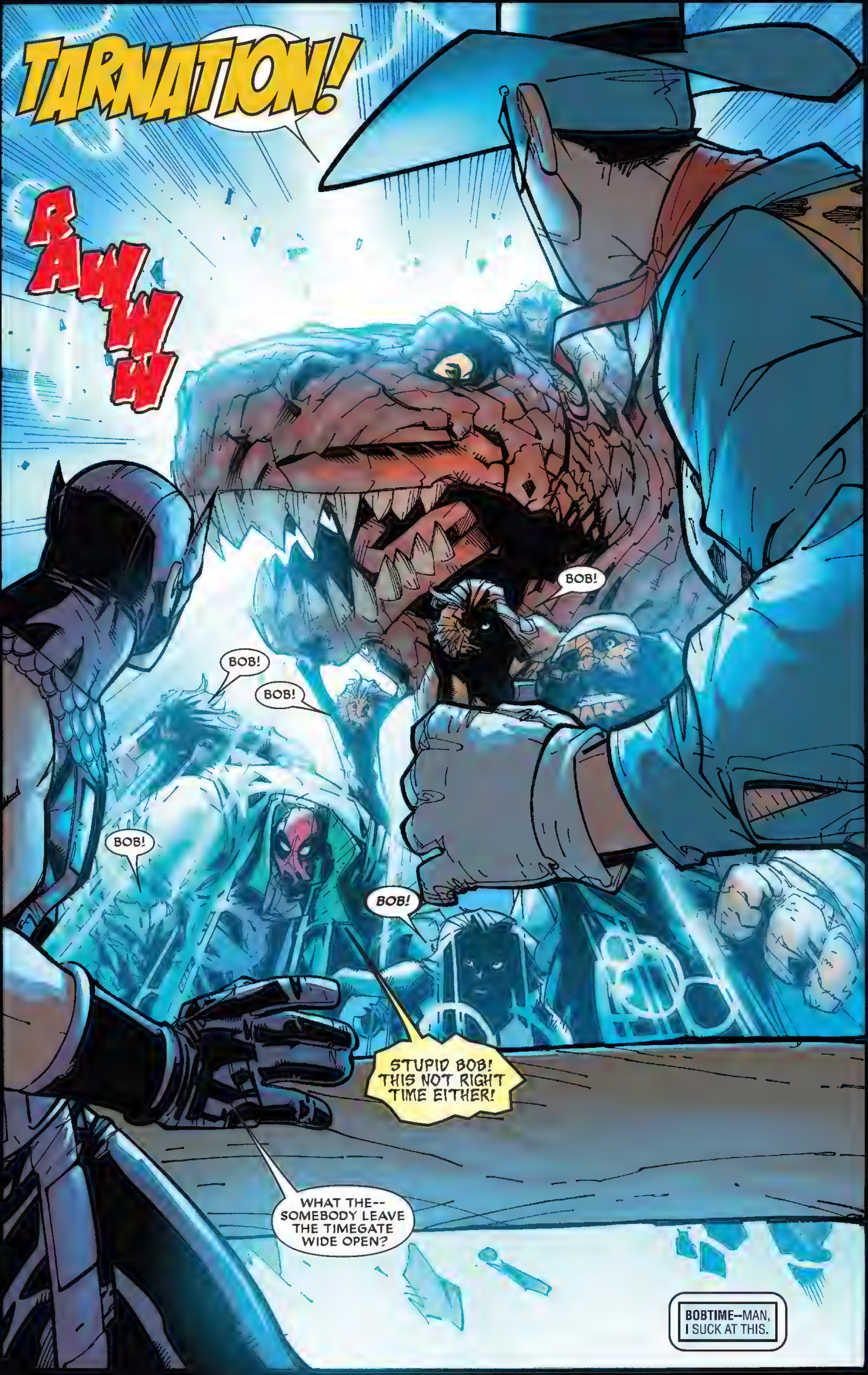

GOT TO HELP BITEY RED AND MONKEY BOY!
DON'T THINK SO...
LOOK UP IN THE TREES!
HRRRRR!

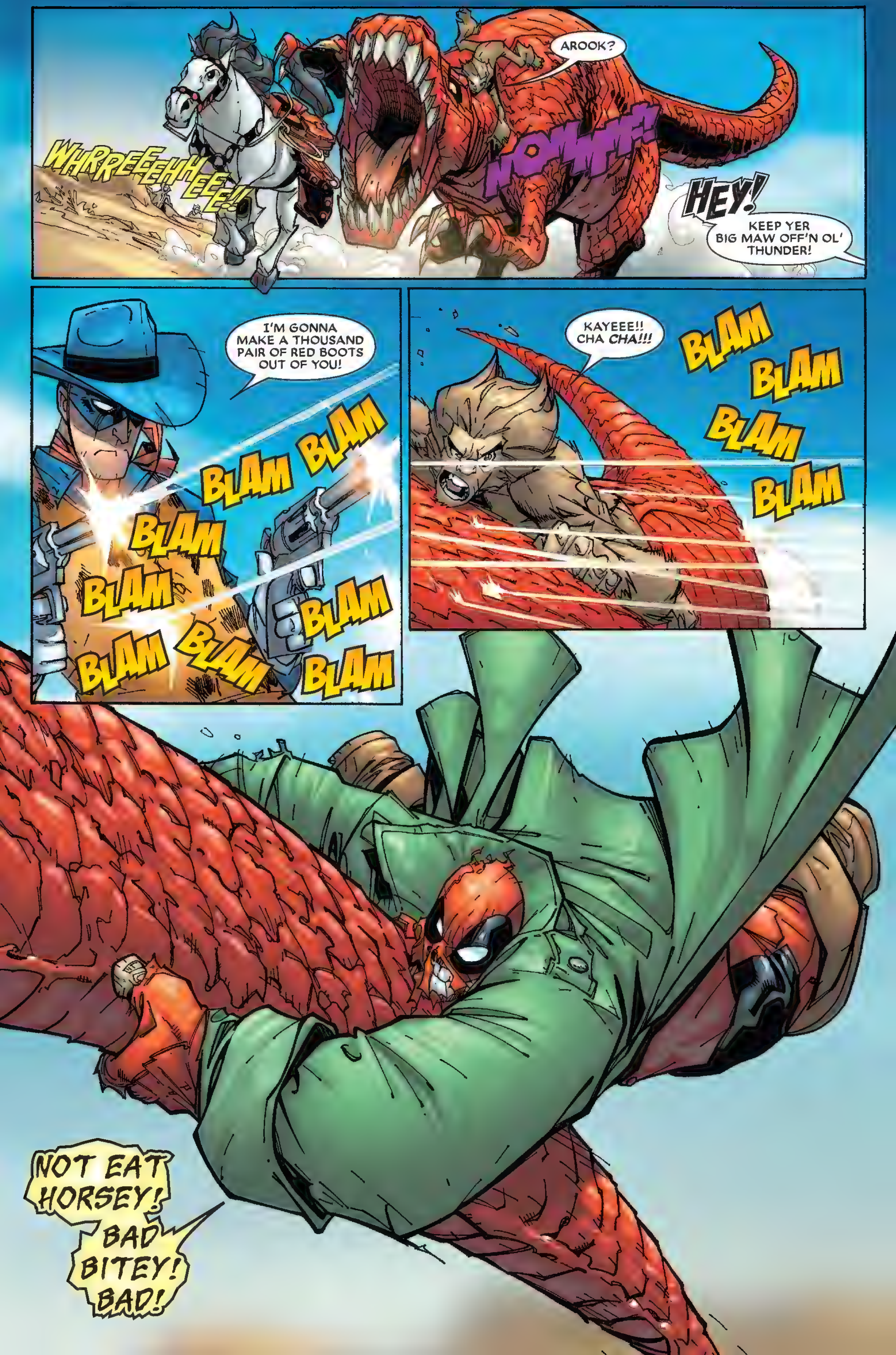

WOO WOO WOO!!!
WWAAHHGG!!!
TRO-LOLO-LO-LO-LO-LOLO-LOOOOOO!!!!
ROAARRR!
HOO HOO!!
WHOA--I GUESS IT'S SEAFOOD TONIGHT FOR THEM.
LET HELP THEM INVENT FIRE SO WE EAT TOO!
HULKPOOL ALL ABOUT CALAMARI APPETIZER.
HHOOO!

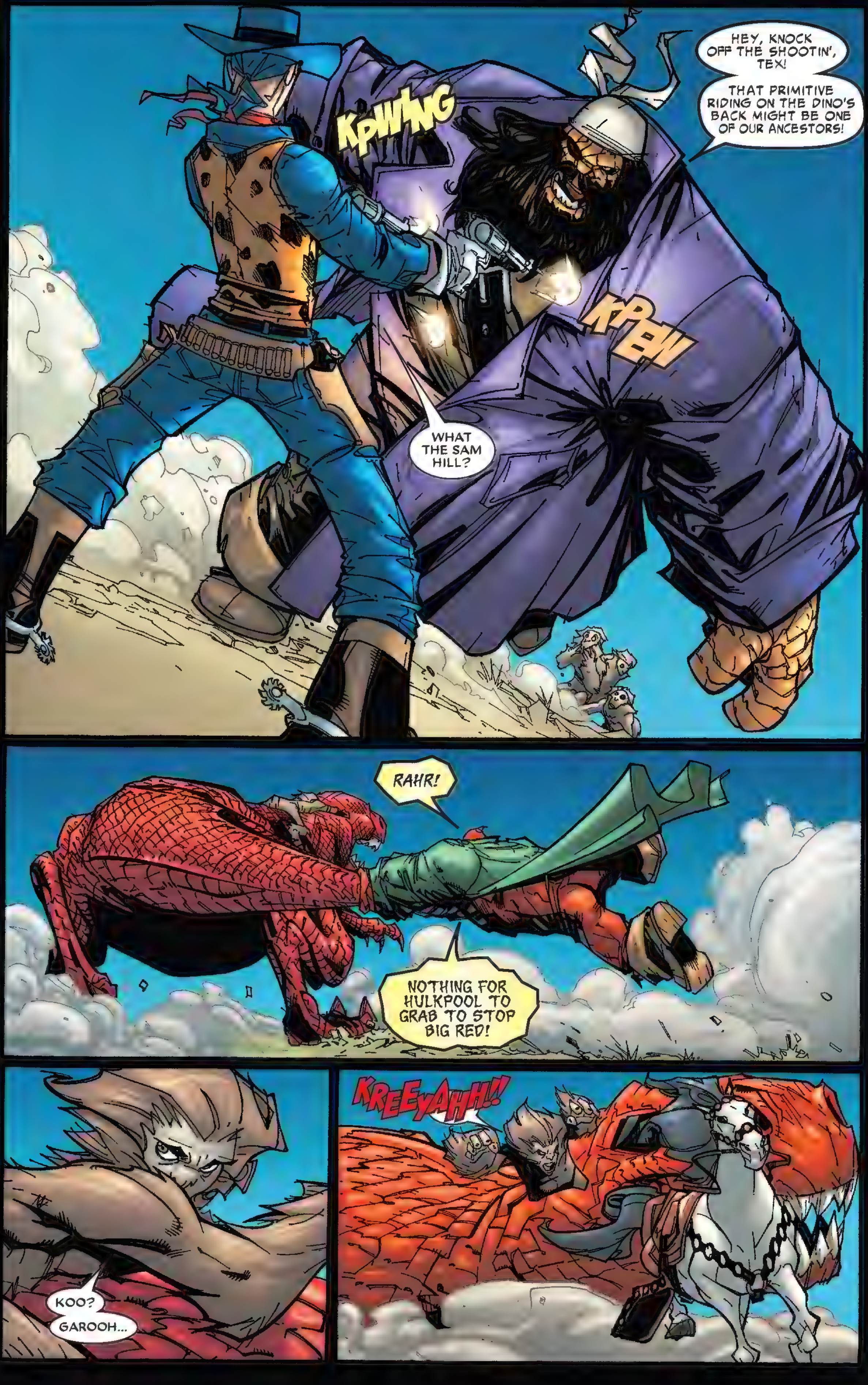

I DUNNO...I'M PRETTY SURE EARLY HUMANS AND DINOS DIDN'T LIVE AT THE SAME TIME. REED COULD ANSWER THIS.
AW, WHY DID I KICK MY PALS TO THE CURB? MAYBE MY BRAIN HASN'T SETTLED YET FROM THAT NUMBER THE COSMIC RAYS DID ON ME.
YUM
IS THAT YOUR DEAL? SOMEONE SEND YOU UP IN A ROCKET TOO?
NO, HULKPOOL GET CHANGED BY GLOWING WATER IN A BLIMP.
HULKPOOL NOT MIND THOUGH--HIM BETTER THAN BEFORE. STRONGER. FASTER. NICER.
IS YOUR BUDDY WITH THE TIME MACHINE COMING BACK FOR YOU?
YOU THINK HE COULD SEND ME BACK TO MY TIME?
OH YAH, BOB DO WHATEVER HULKPOOL TELL HIM.
KAYEE!!
BOB! BOBBB!!!!!
KNOW YOU HEAR HULKPOOL! COME GET US!
BOB!
BOB!
BOB!

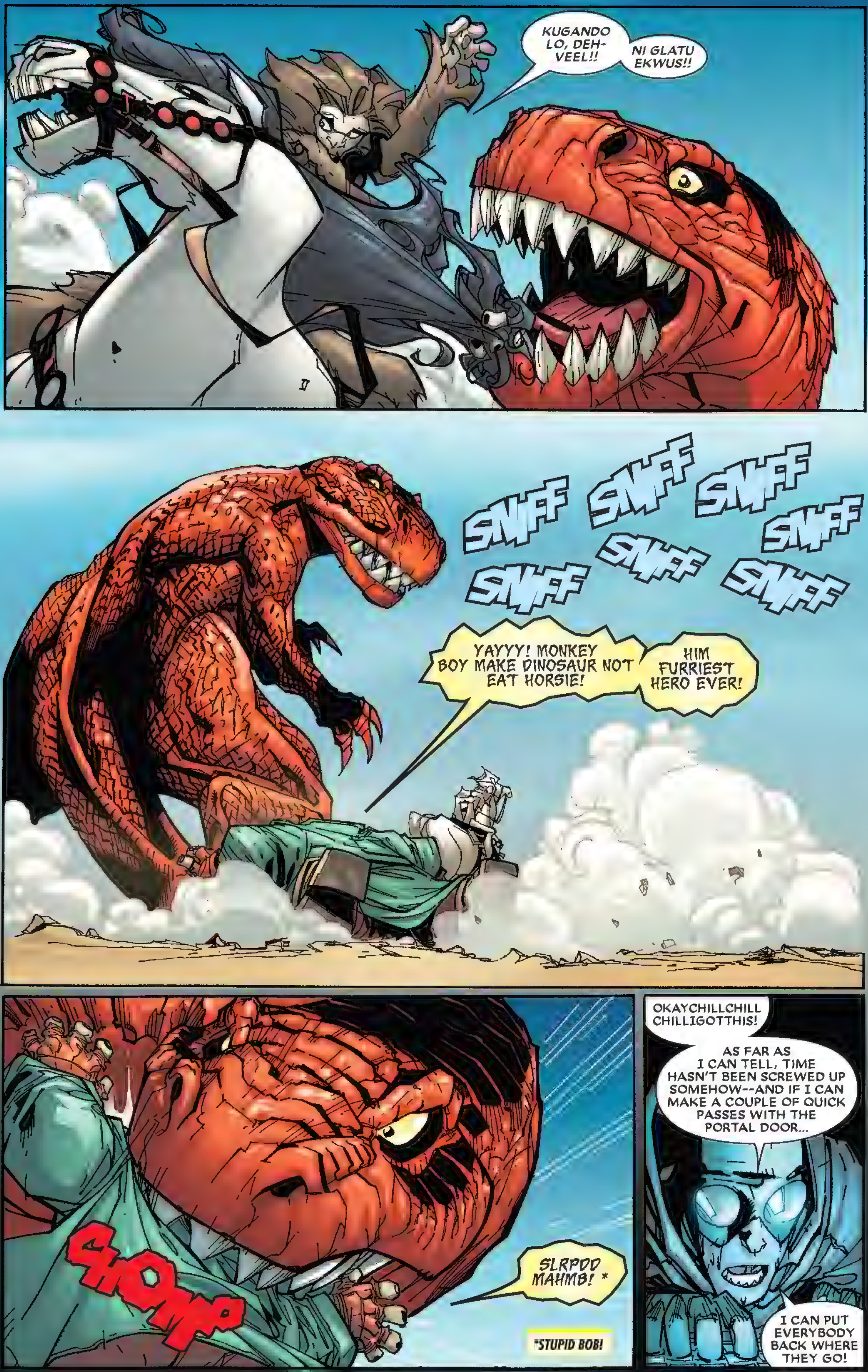

BOB!!!!
OOOOOOOHHH!!!!
KKZZRRACKKZ
AAAAHHHHH!!!!
HEY MAN! SORRY, I NEED A MANUAL WITH THIS THING.
THINGBEARD NEED LIFT TO OUR TIME!
IT'S WEIRD-- THE READOUT STILL SAYS YOU'RE IN PRESENT DAY, BUT YOU CLEARLY AREN'T.
TRYING AGAIN...
HERE WE GO, GUYS!
ALL RIGHT, THANKS, PALS.
HMM.
BETTER TAKE BITEY RED TOO, IT COME IN HANDY.
HERNG?
BOBBB!!!
BOHHHBB!
BAHB!
BAB!
BOBB!!!

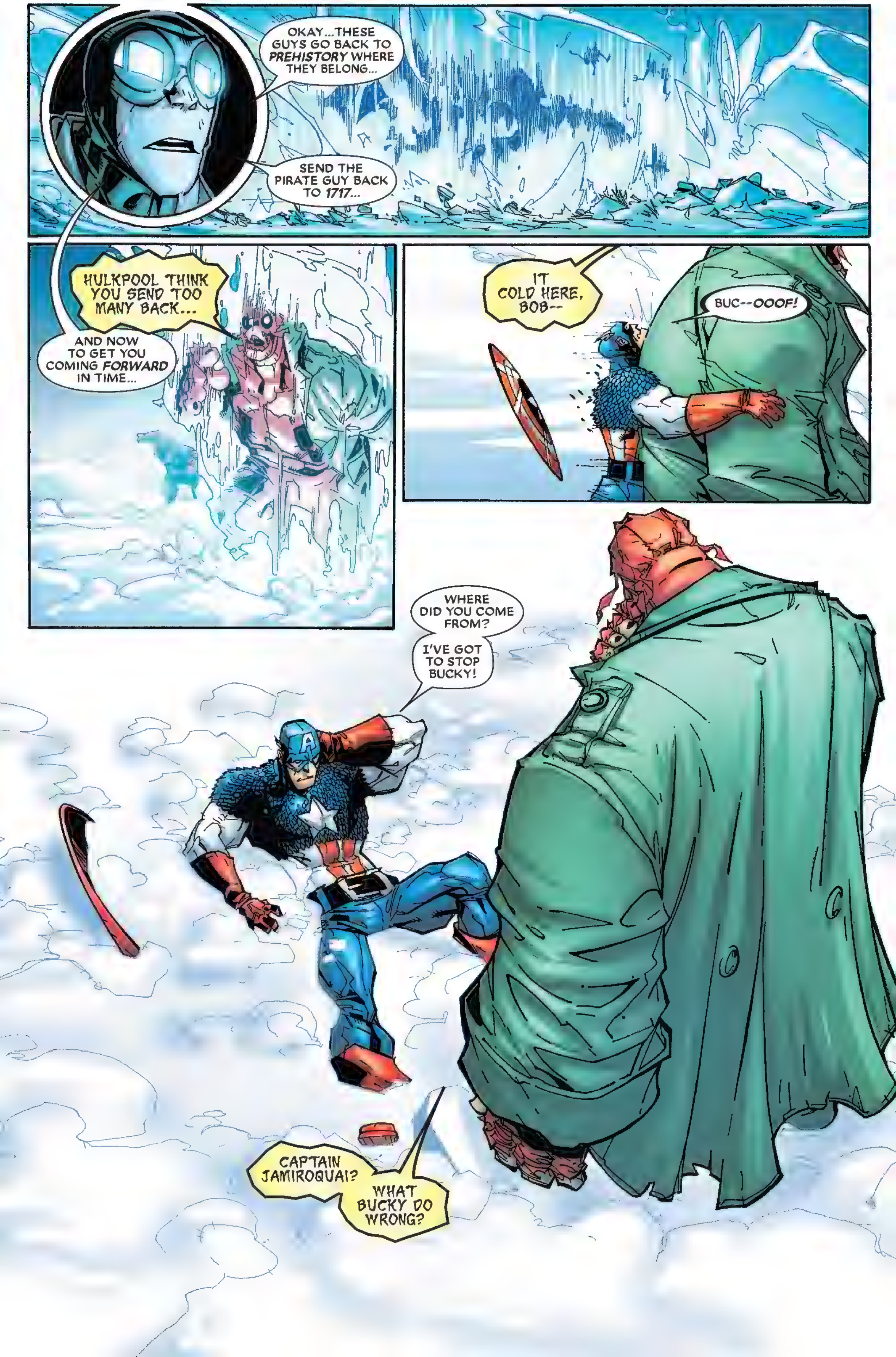

THE AMERICAN FAR WEST. 1873.
WHAT'RE WE BETTIN'?
BEER. ALWAYS BEER.
SSSSSSNK
KBLAM
HOO-*WEE*.
I SURE COULDN'T HAVE PREDICTED HOW THIS DAY WOULD GO.
ONE MINUTE THE AVENGERS ARE FIGHTING KANG THE CONQUEROR, THE NEXT I'M HANGING OUT WITH THE TWO-GUN KID.
WELL I'M GLAD YOU COULD STICK AROUND A LITTLE LONGER, HAWKEYE.
THAT MUST BE SOME FUTURE YOU AVENGERS COME FROM.
IT'S REALLY TOO CRAZY THERE. STUFF LIKE THAT KANG GUY HAPPENS ALL THE TIME.
AT TIMES I WISH I'D BEEN BORN HERE...WHERE THINGS ARE STRAIGHT AHEAD, LIFE MAKES SENSE...

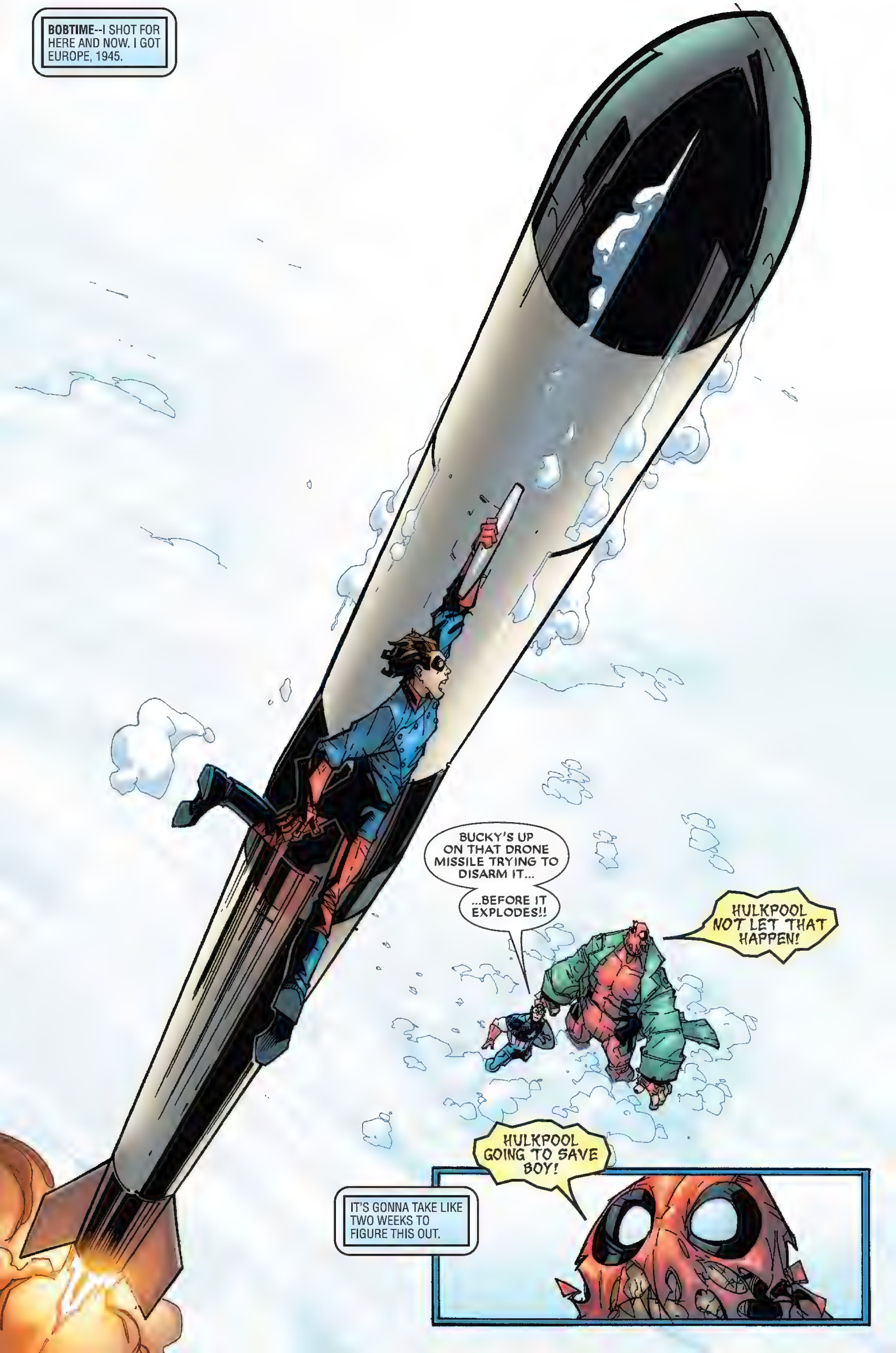

TARNATION!
RAWWW
BOB!
BOB!
BOB!
BOB!
BOB!
STUPID BOB! THIS NOT RIGHT TIME EITHER!
WHAT THE-- SOMEBODY LEAVE THE TIMEGATE WIDE OPEN?
BOBTIME--MAN, I SUCK AT THIS.


WHRREEEEHHEEE!!
AROOK?
NOMMF!
HEY!
KEEP YER BIG MAW OFF'N OL' THUNDER!
I'M GONNA MAKE A THOUSAND PAIR OF RED BOOTS OUT OF YOU!
BLAM BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
KAYEEE!! CHA *CHA*!!!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
NOT EAT HORSEY!
BAD BITEY! BAD!


KPWING
HEY, KNOCK OFF THE SHOOTIN', TEX!
THAT PRIMITIVE RIDING ON THE DINO'S BACK MIGHT BE ONE OF OUR ANCESTORS!
KPEW
WHAT THE SAM HILL?
RAHR!
NOTHING FOR HULKPOOL TO GRAB TO STOP BIG RED!
KOO?
GAROOH...
KREEYAHH!!

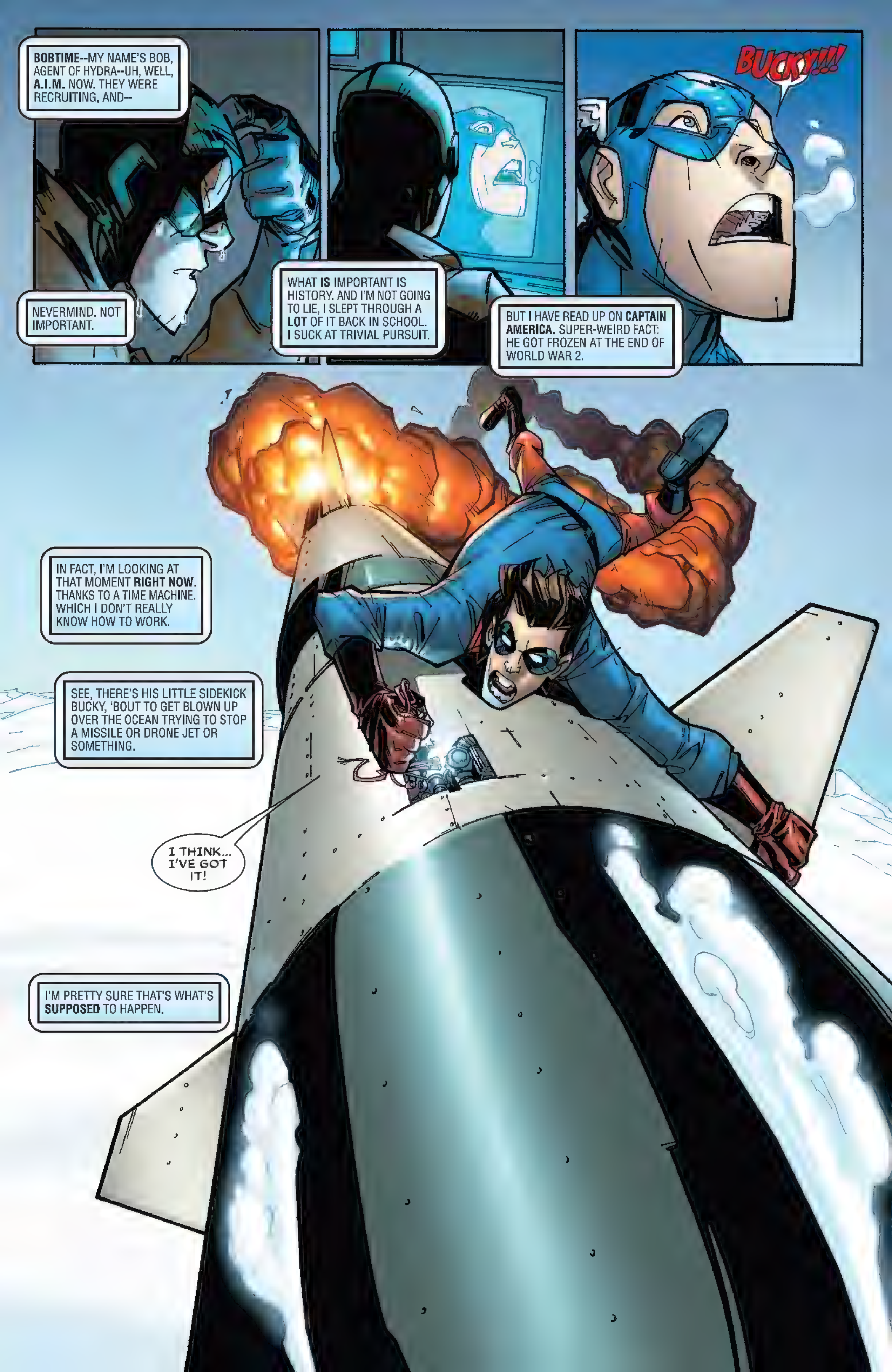

KUGANDO LO, DEH-VEEL!!
NI GLATU EKWUS!!
SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF
YAYYY! MONKEY BOY MAKE DINOSAUR NOT EAT HORSIE!
HIM FURRIEST HERO EVER!
CHOMP
SLRPDD MAHMB! *
*STUPID BOB!
OKAYCHILLCHILL CHILLIGOTTHIS!
AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, TIME HASN'T BEEN SCREWED UP SOMEHOW--AND IF I CAN MAKE A COUPLE OF QUICK PASSES WITH THE PORTAL DOOR...
I CAN PUT EVERYBODY BACK WHERE THEY GO!

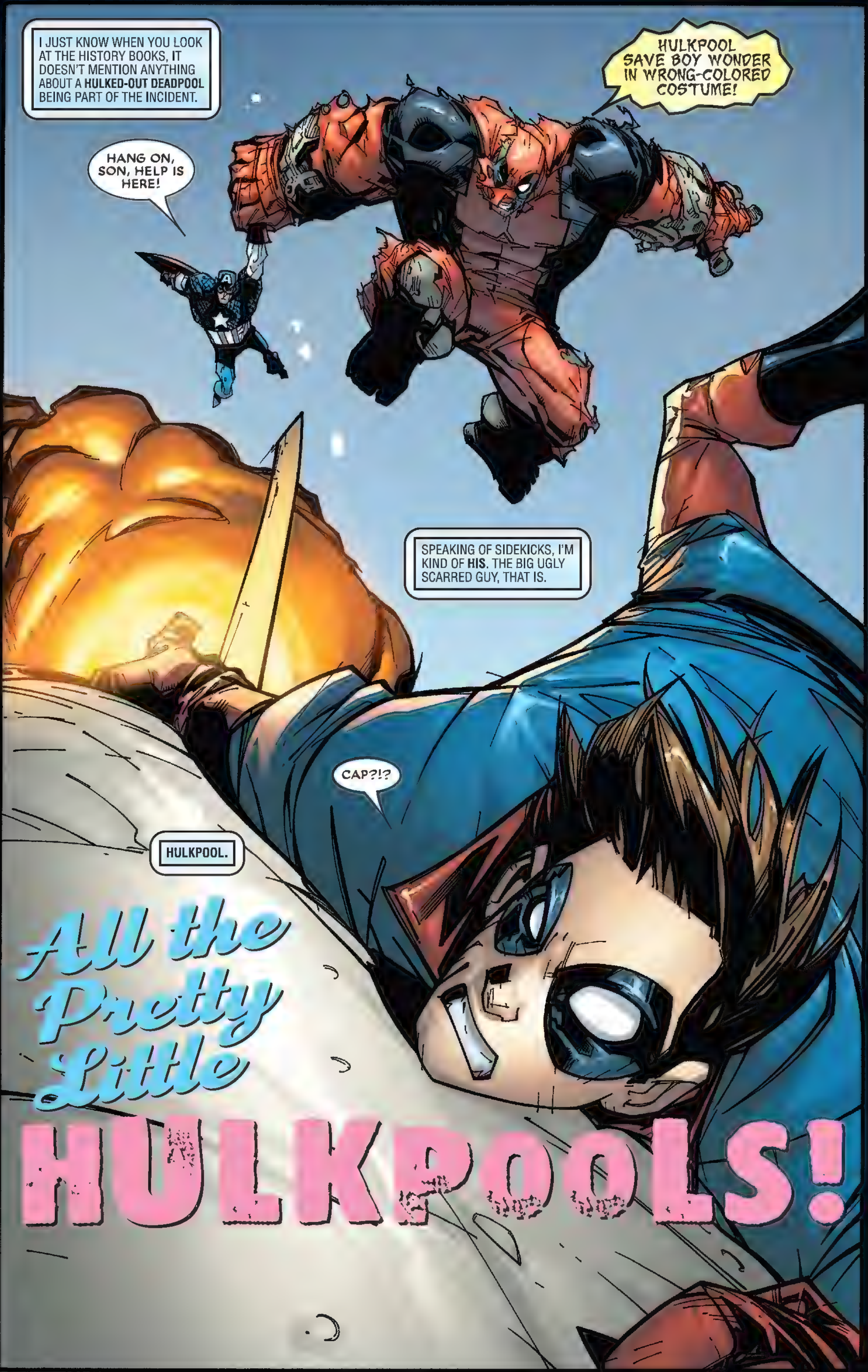

OKAY...THESE GUYS GO BACK TO *PREHISTORY* WHERE THEY BELONG...
SEND THE PIRATE GUY BACK TO *1717*...
AND NOW TO GET YOU COMING *FORWARD* IN TIME...
HULKPOOL THINK YOU SEND TOO MANY BACK...
IT COLD HERE, BOB--
BUC--*OOOF!*
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
I'VE GOT TO STOP BUCKY!
CAPTAIN JAMIROQUAI?
WHAT BUCKY DO WRONG?

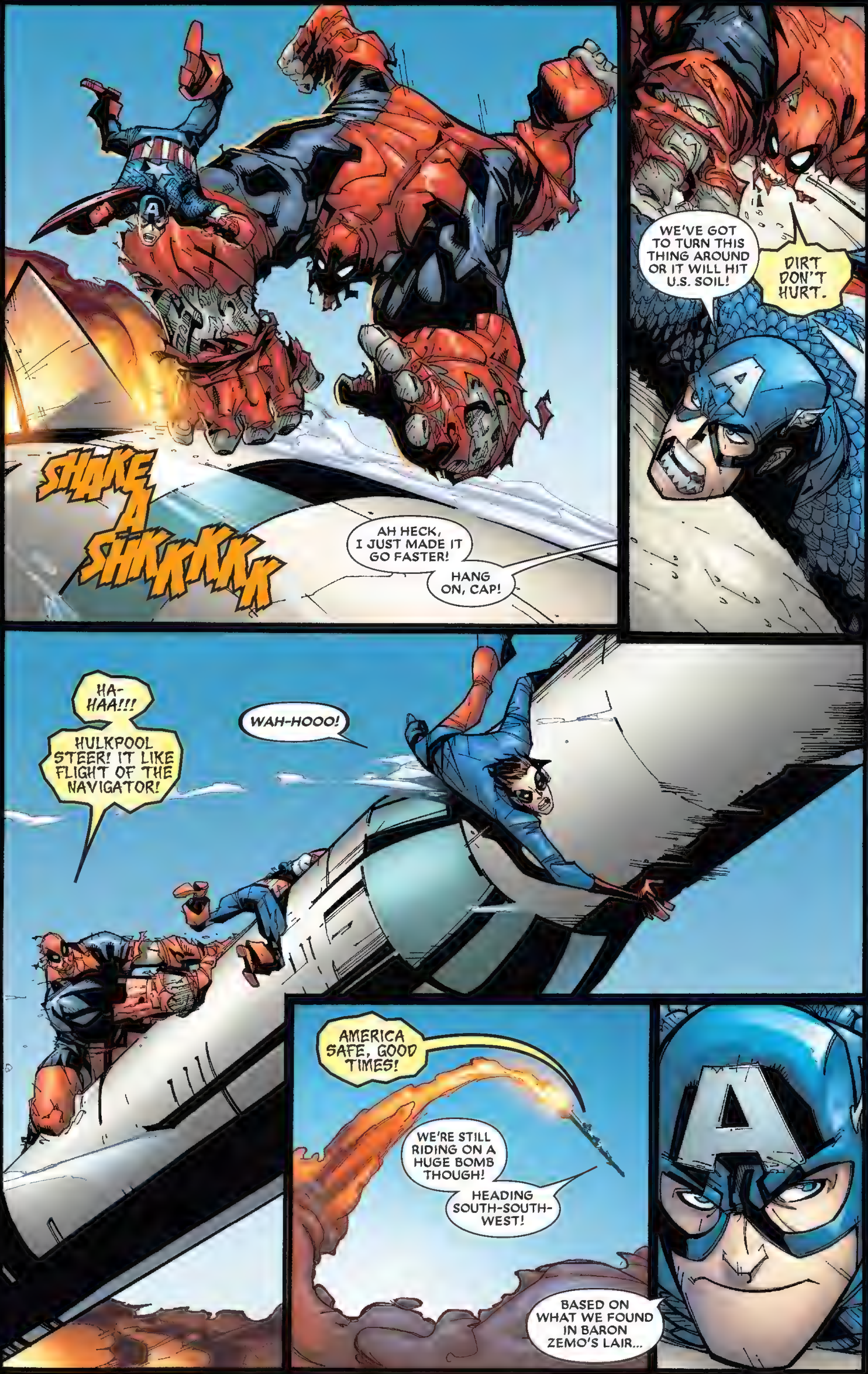

BOBTIME--I SHOT FOR HERE AND NOW. I GOT EUROPE, 1945.
BUCKY'S UP ON THAT DRONE MISSILE TRYING TO DISARM IT...
...BEFORE IT EXPLODES!!
HULKPOOL NOT LET THAT HAPPEN!
HULKPOOL GOING TO SAVE BOY!
IT'S GONNA TAKE LIKE TWO WEEKS TO FIGURE THIS OUT.

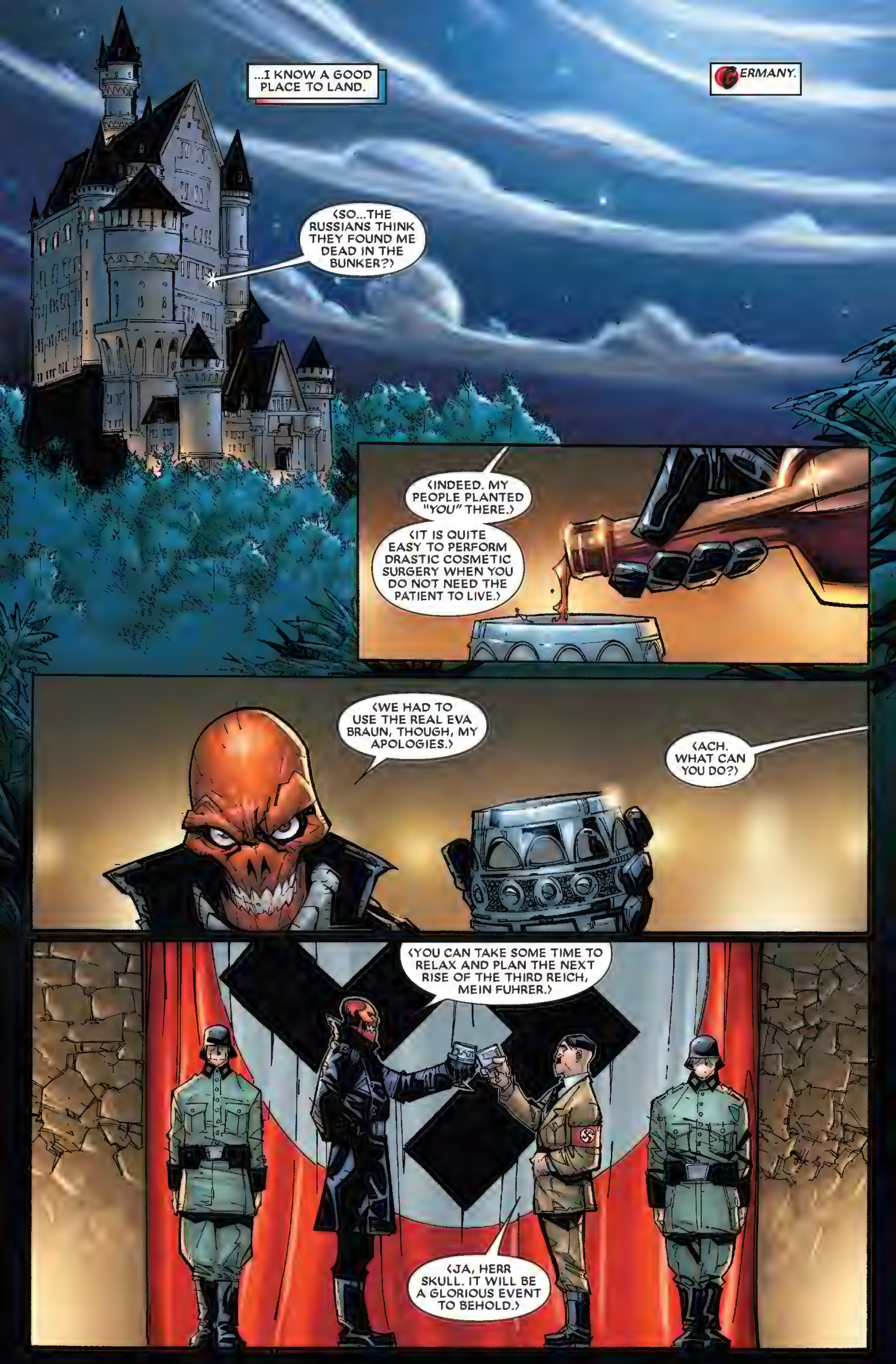
RAMOS
delgado 10

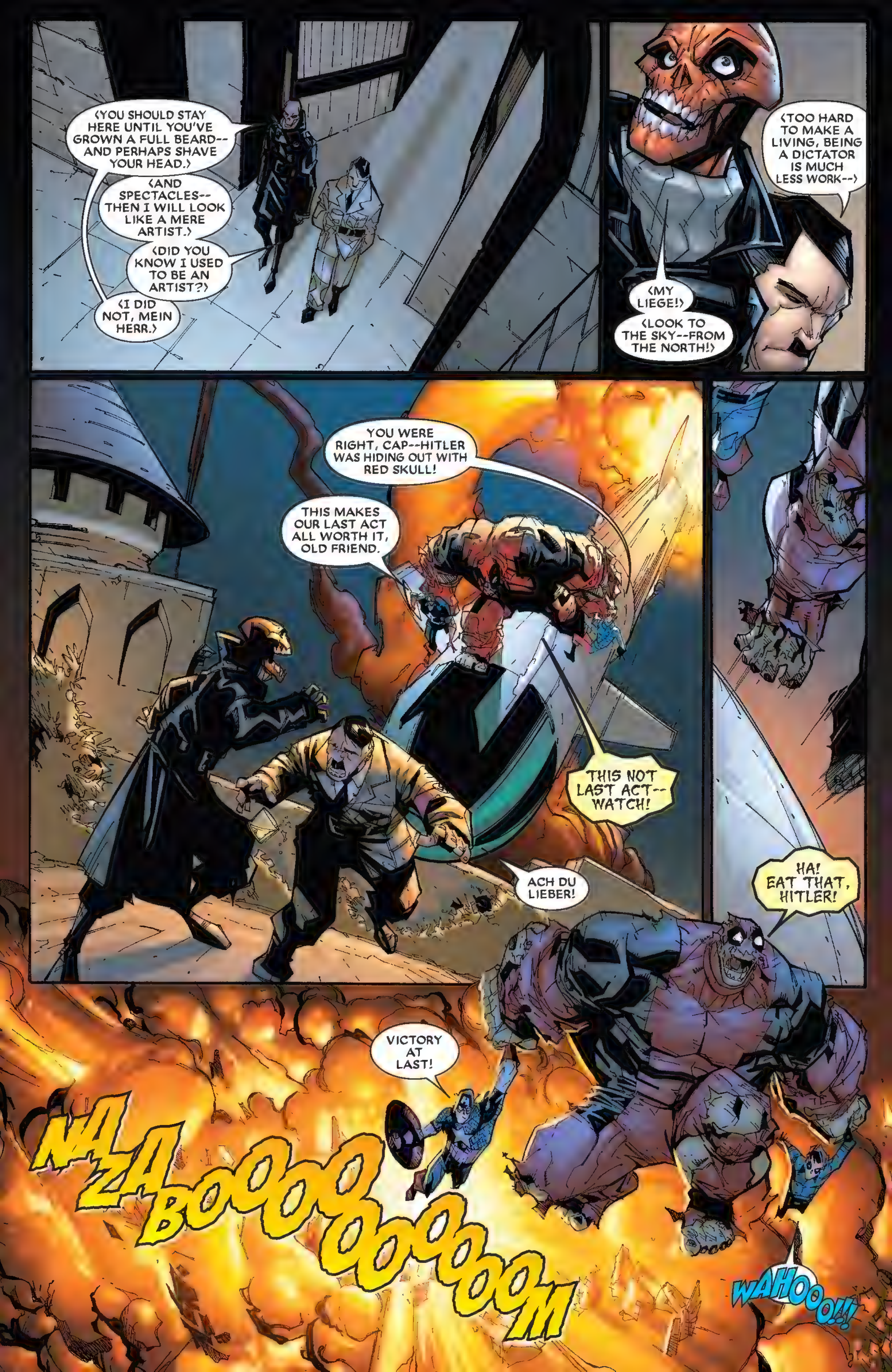
HULKED-OUT HEROES #2

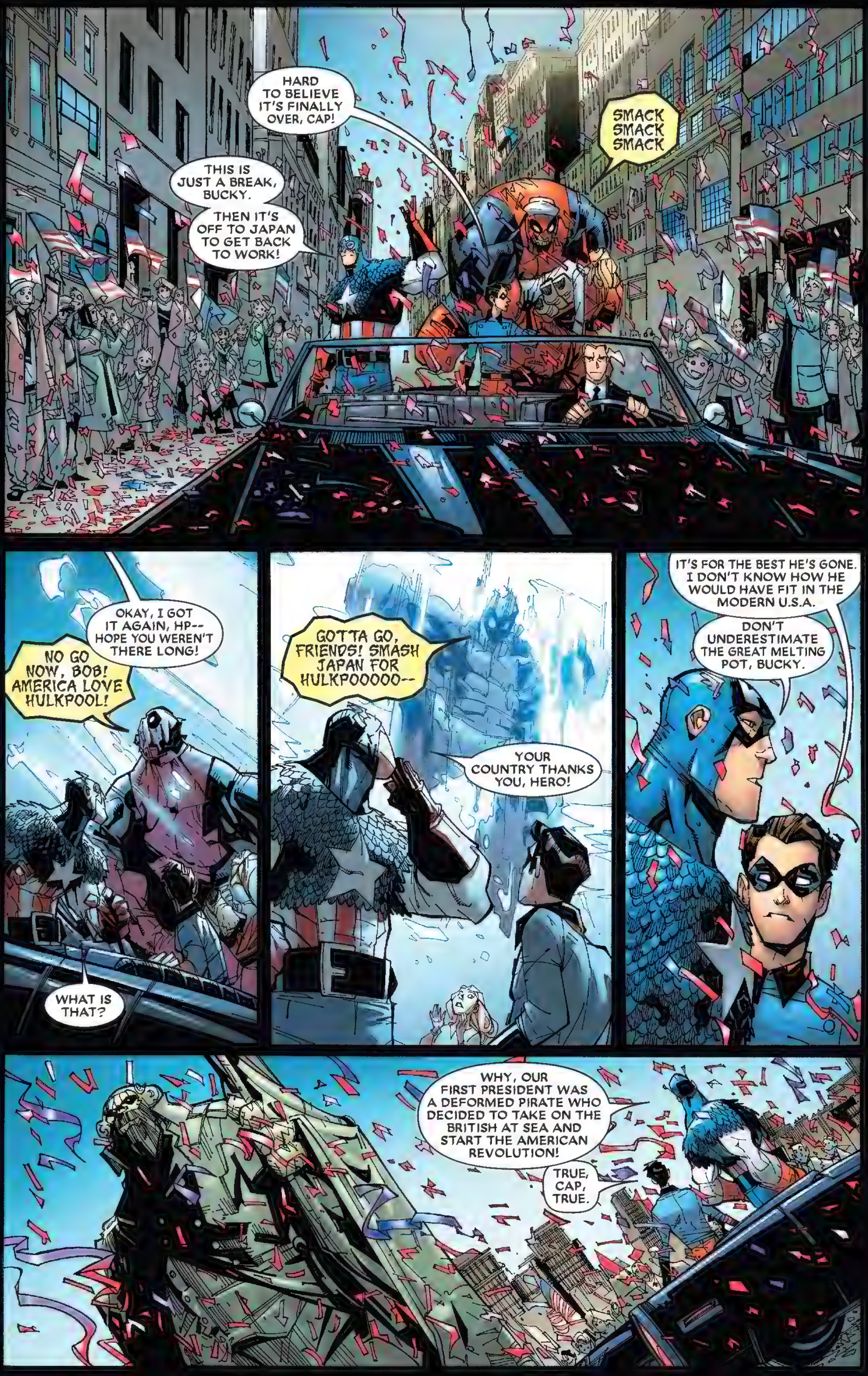

BOBTIME--MY NAME'S BOB, AGENT OF HYDRA--UH, WELL, A.I.M. NOW. THEY WERE RECRUITING, AND--
NEVERMIND. NOT IMPORTANT.
WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS HISTORY. AND I'M NOT GOING TO LIE, I SLEPT THROUGH A LOT OF IT BACK IN SCHOOL. I SUCK AT TRIVIAL PURSUIT.
BUCKY!!!
BUT I HAVE READ UP ON CAPTAIN AMERICA. SUPER-WEIRD FACT: HE GOT FROZEN AT THE END OF WORLD WAR 2.
IN FACT, I'M LOOKING AT THAT MOMENT RIGHT NOW. THANKS TO A TIME MACHINE. WHICH I DON'T REALLY KNOW HOW TO WORK.
SEE, THERE'S HIS LITTLE SIDEKICK BUCKY, 'BOUT TO GET BLOWN UP OVER THE OCEAN TRYING TO STOP A MISSILE OR DRONE JET OR SOMETHING.
I THINK... I'VE GOT IT!
I'M PRETTY SURE THAT'S WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN.

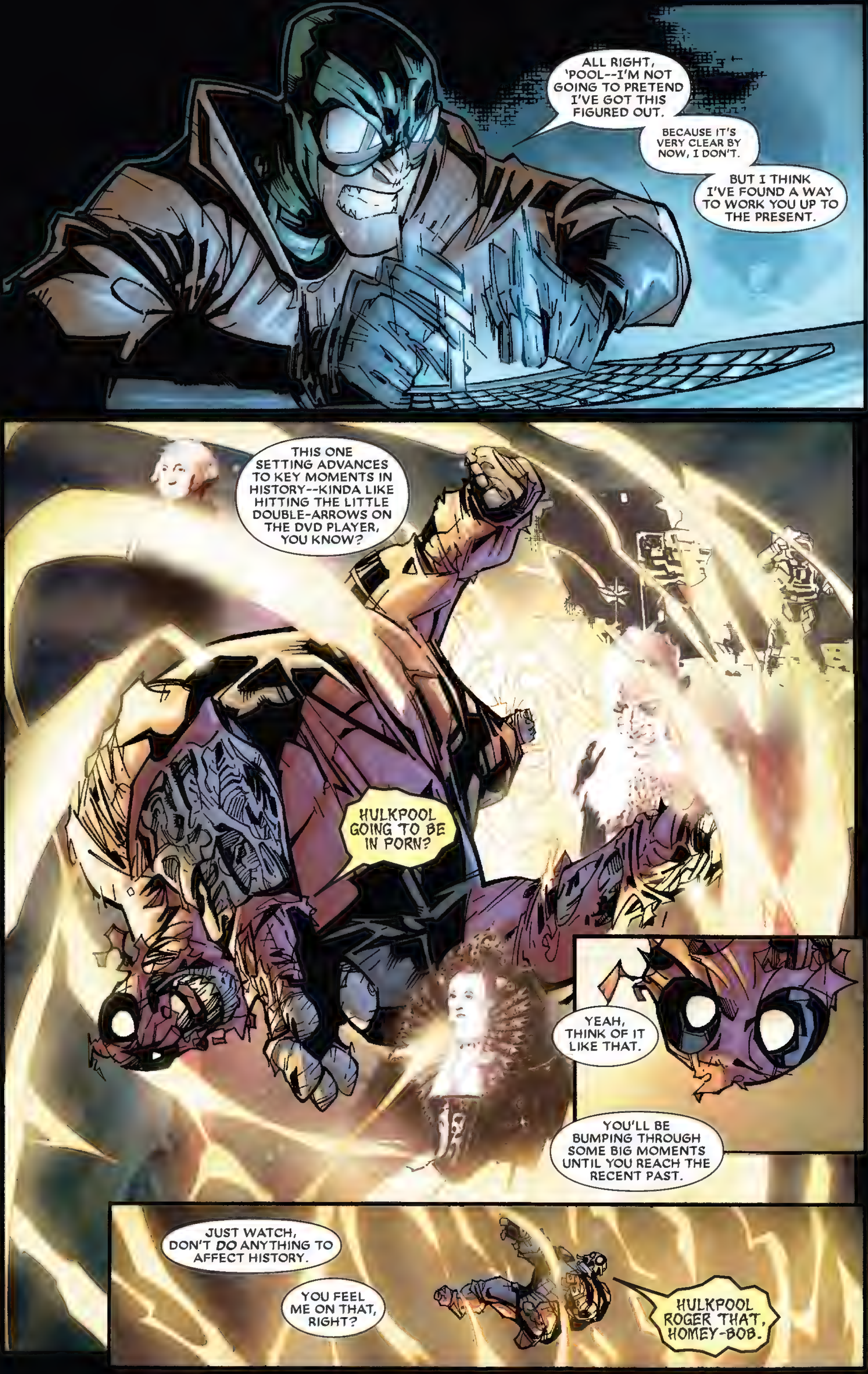

I JUST KNOW WHEN YOU LOOK AT THE HISTORY BOOKS, IT DOESN'T MENTION ANYTHING ABOUT A **HULKED-OUT DEADPOOL** BEING PART OF THE INCIDENT.
HULKPOOL SAVE BOY WONDER IN WRONG-COLORED COSTUME!
HANG ON, SON, HELP IS HERE!
SPEAKING OF SIDEKICKS, I'M KIND OF **HIS**. THE BIG UGLY SCARRED GUY, THAT IS.
CAP?!?
HULKPOOL.
All the Pretty Little
HULKPOOLS!

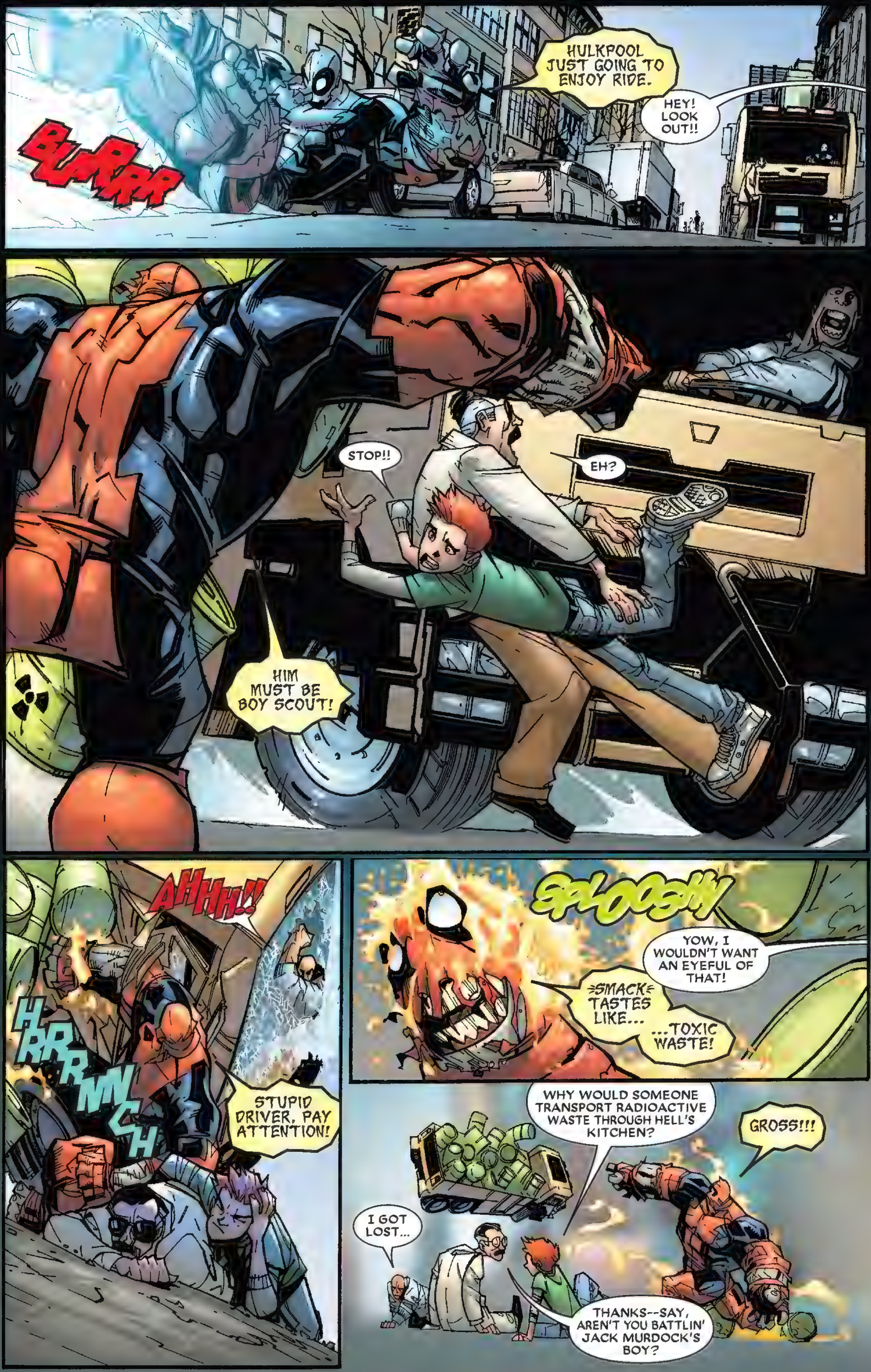

SHAKE A SHKKKKK
AH HECK, I JUST MADE IT GO FASTER!
HANG ON, CAP!
WE'VE GOT TO TURN THIS THING AROUND OR IT WILL HIT U.S. SOIL!
DIRT DON'T HURT.
HA-HAA!!!
HULKPOOL STEER! IT LIKE FLIGHT OF THE NAVIGATOR!
WAH-HOOO!
AMERICA SAFE, GOOD TIMES!
WE'RE STILL RIDING ON A HUGE BOMB THOUGH!
HEADING SOUTH-SOUTH-WEST!
BASED ON WHAT WE FOUND IN BARON ZEMO'S LAIR...

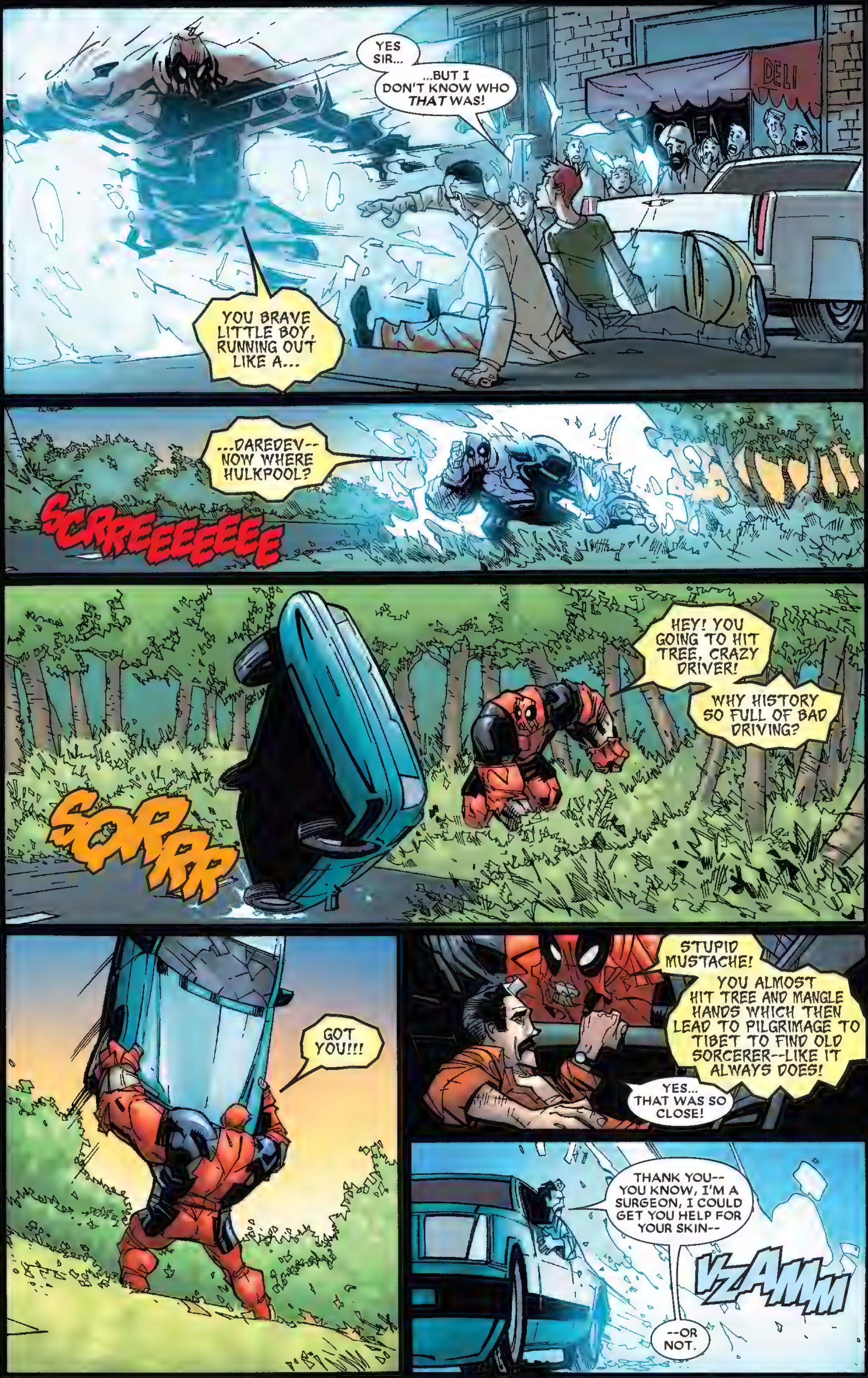

...I KNOW A GOOD PLACE TO LAND.
GERMANY.
‹SO...THE RUSSIANS THINK THEY FOUND ME DEAD IN THE BUNKER?›
‹INDEED. MY PEOPLE PLANTED "YOU" THERE.›
‹IT IS QUITE EASY TO PERFORM DRASTIC COSMETIC SURGERY WHEN YOU DO NOT NEED THE PATIENT TO LIVE.›
‹WE HAD TO USE THE REAL EVA BRAUN, THOUGH, MY APOLOGIES.›
‹ACH. WHAT CAN YOU DO?›
‹YOU CAN TAKE SOME TIME TO RELAX AND PLAN THE NEXT RISE OF THE THIRD REICH, MEIN FUHRER.›
‹JA, HERR SKULL. IT WILL BE A GLORIOUS EVENT TO BEHOLD.›

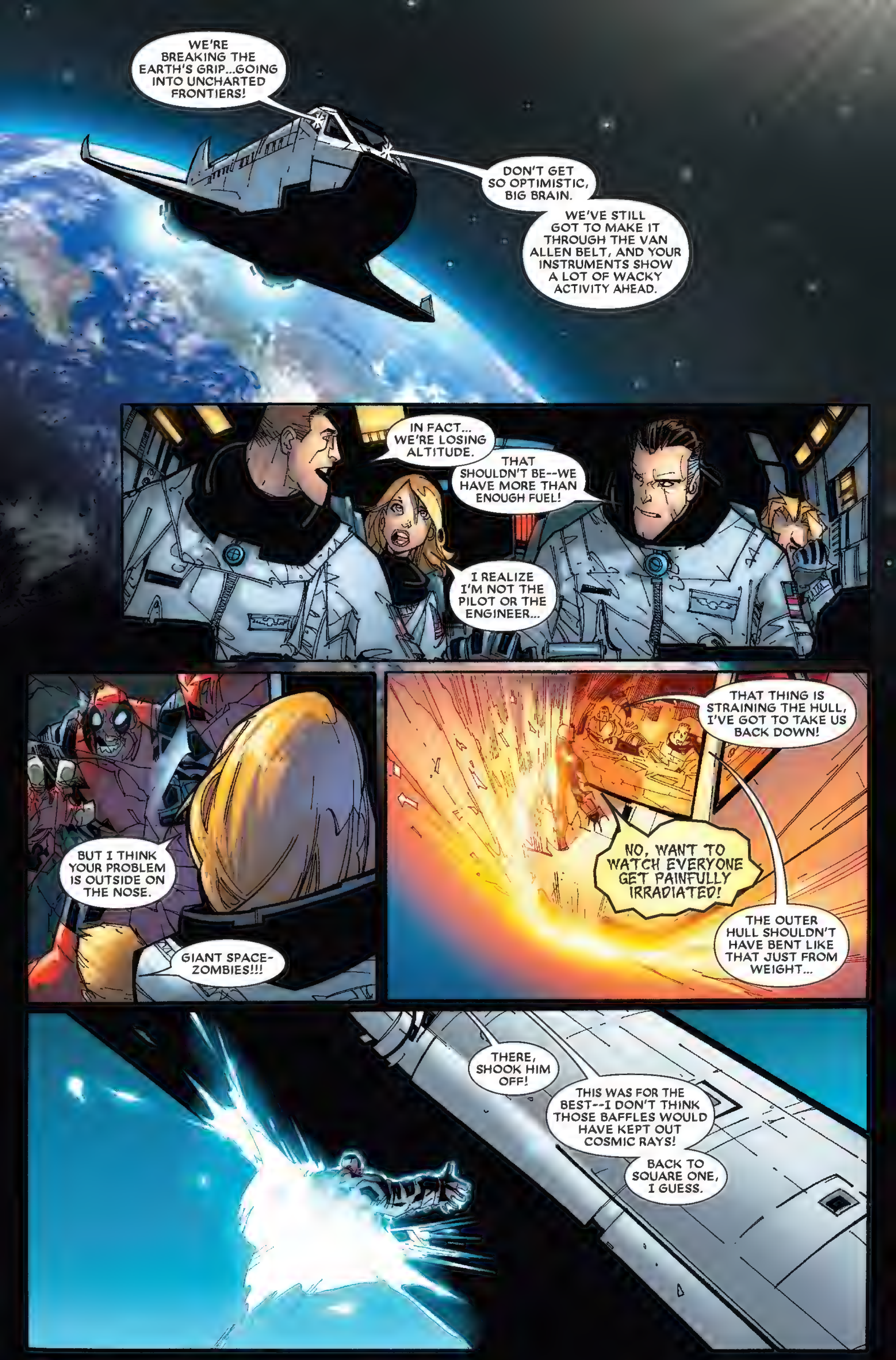

‹YOU SHOULD STAY HERE UNTIL YOU'VE GROWN A FULL BEARD--AND PERHAPS SHAVE YOUR HEAD.›
‹AND SPECTACLES--THEN I WILL LOOK LIKE A MERE ARTIST.›
‹DID YOU KNOW I USED TO BE AN ARTIST?›
‹I DID NOT, MEIN HERR.›
‹TOO HARD TO MAKE A LIVING, BEING A DICTATOR IS MUCH LESS WORK--›
‹MY LIEGE!›
‹LOOK TO THE SKY--FROM THE NORTH!›
YOU WERE RIGHT, CAP--HITLER WAS HIDING OUT WITH RED SKULL!
THIS MAKES OUR LAST ACT ALL WORTH IT, OLD FRIEND.
THIS NOT LAST ACT--WATCH!
ACH DU LIEBER!
HA! EAT THAT, HITLER!
VICTORY AT LAST!
NAZABOOOOOOOOOOM
WAHOOO!!!

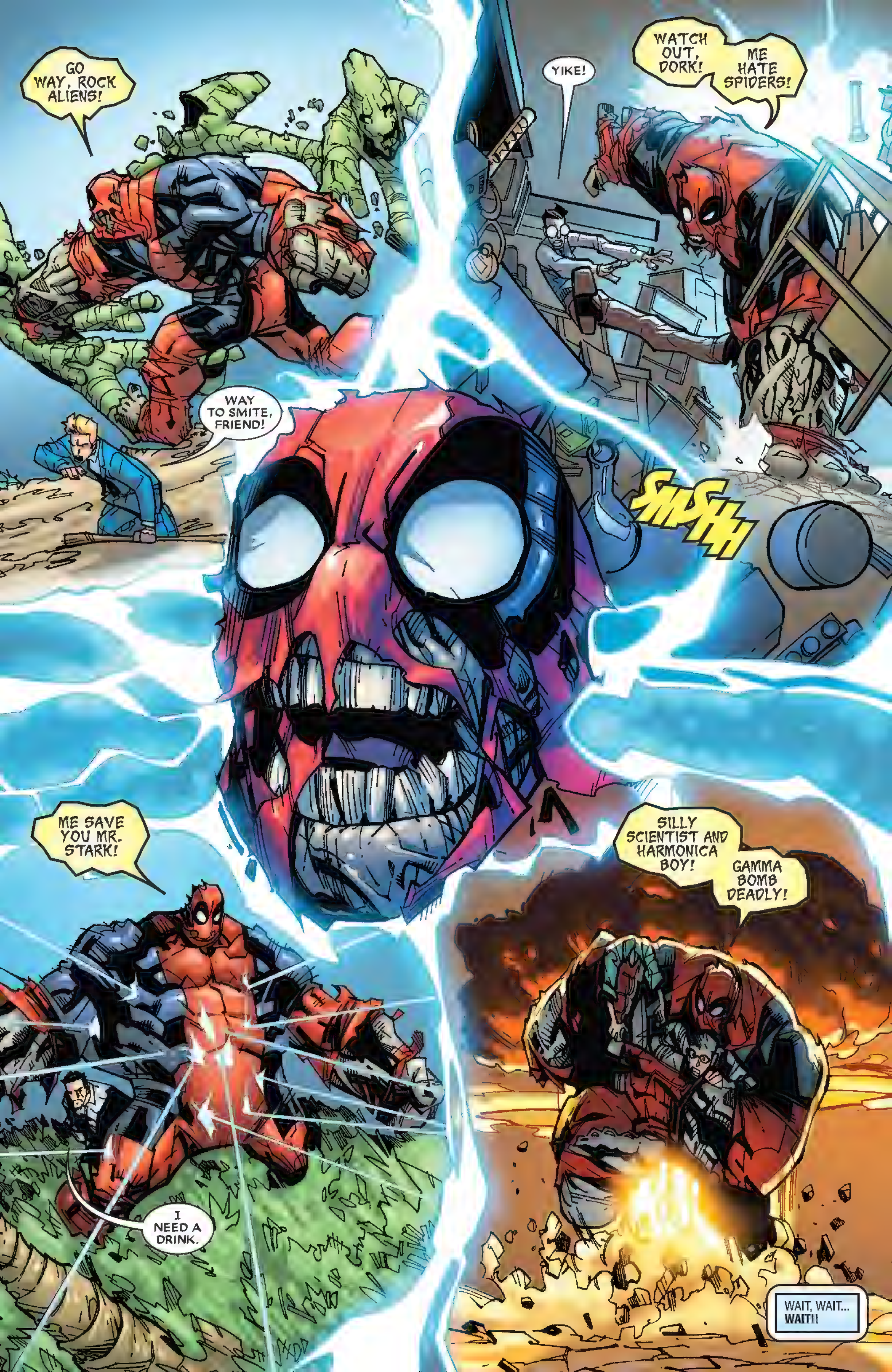

HARD TO BELIEVE IT'S FINALLY OVER, CAP!
THIS IS JUST A BREAK, BUCKY.
THEN IT'S OFF TO JAPAN TO GET BACK TO WORK!
SMACK SMACK SMACK
OKAY, I GOT IT AGAIN, HP-- HOPE YOU WEREN'T THERE LONG!
NO GO NOW, BOB! AMERICA LOVE HULKPOOL!
WHAT IS THAT?
GOTTA GO, FRIENDS! SMASH JAPAN FOR HULKPOOOOO--
YOUR COUNTRY THANKS YOU, HERO!
IT'S FOR THE BEST HE'S GONE. I DON'T KNOW HOW HE WOULD HAVE FIT IN THE MODERN U.S.A.
DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THE GREAT MELTING POT, BUCKY.
WHY, OUR FIRST PRESIDENT WAS A DEFORMED PIRATE WHO DECIDED TO TAKE ON THE BRITISH AT SEA AND START THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION!
TRUE, CAP, TRUE.

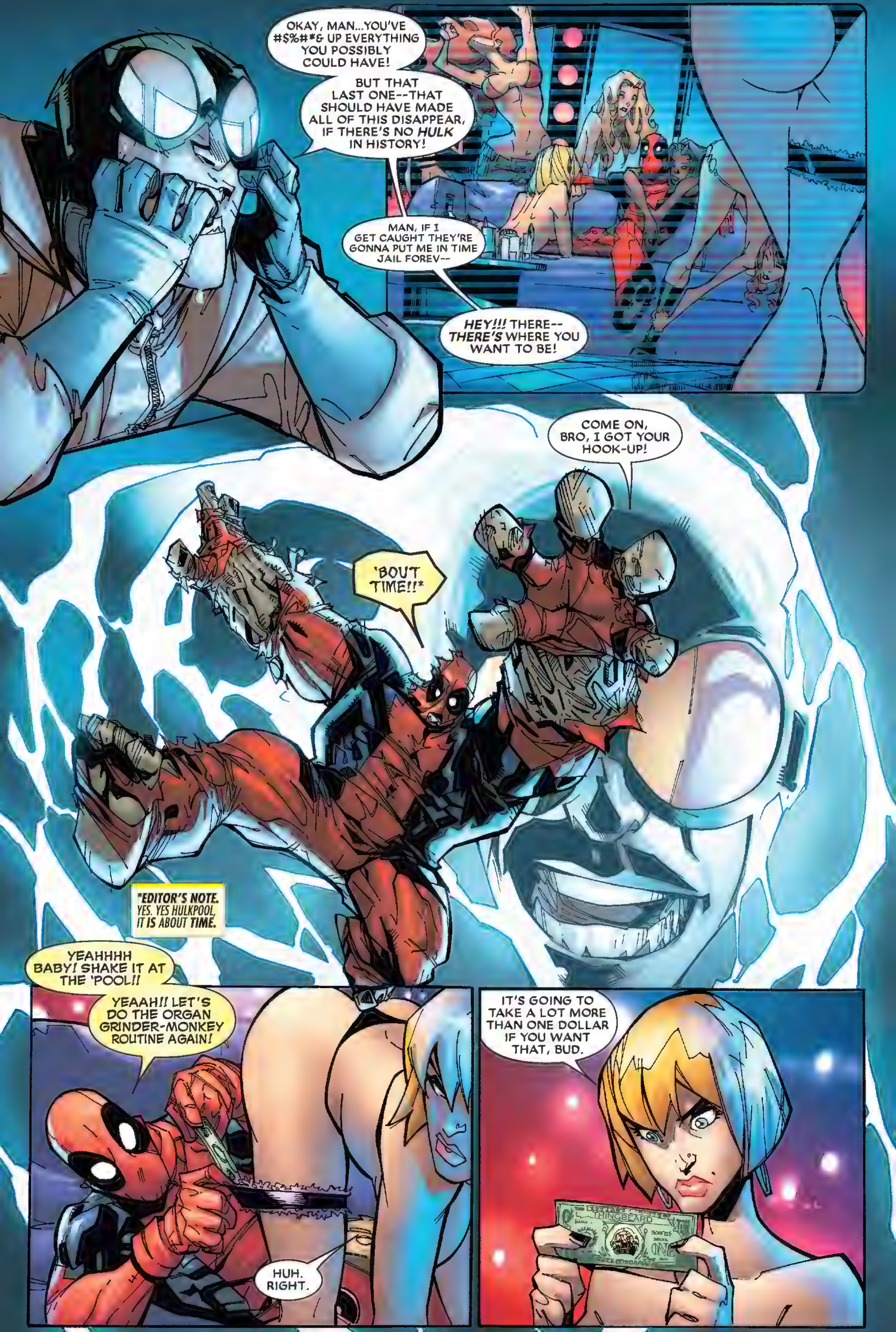

ALL RIGHT, 'POOL--I'M NOT GOING TO PRETEND I'VE GOT THIS FIGURED OUT.
BECAUSE IT'S VERY CLEAR BY NOW, I DON'T.
BUT I THINK I'VE FOUND A WAY TO WORK YOU UP TO THE PRESENT.
THIS ONE SETTING ADVANCES TO KEY MOMENTS IN HISTORY--KINDA LIKE HITTING THE LITTLE DOUBLE-ARROWS ON THE DVD PLAYER, YOU KNOW?
HULKPOOL GOING TO BE IN PORN?
YEAH, THINK OF IT LIKE THAT.
YOU'LL BE BUMPING THROUGH SOME BIG MOMENTS UNTIL YOU REACH THE RECENT PAST.
JUST WATCH, DON'T *DO* ANYTHING TO AFFECT HISTORY.
YOU FEEL ME ON THAT, RIGHT?
HULKPOOL ROGER THAT, HOMEY-BOB.

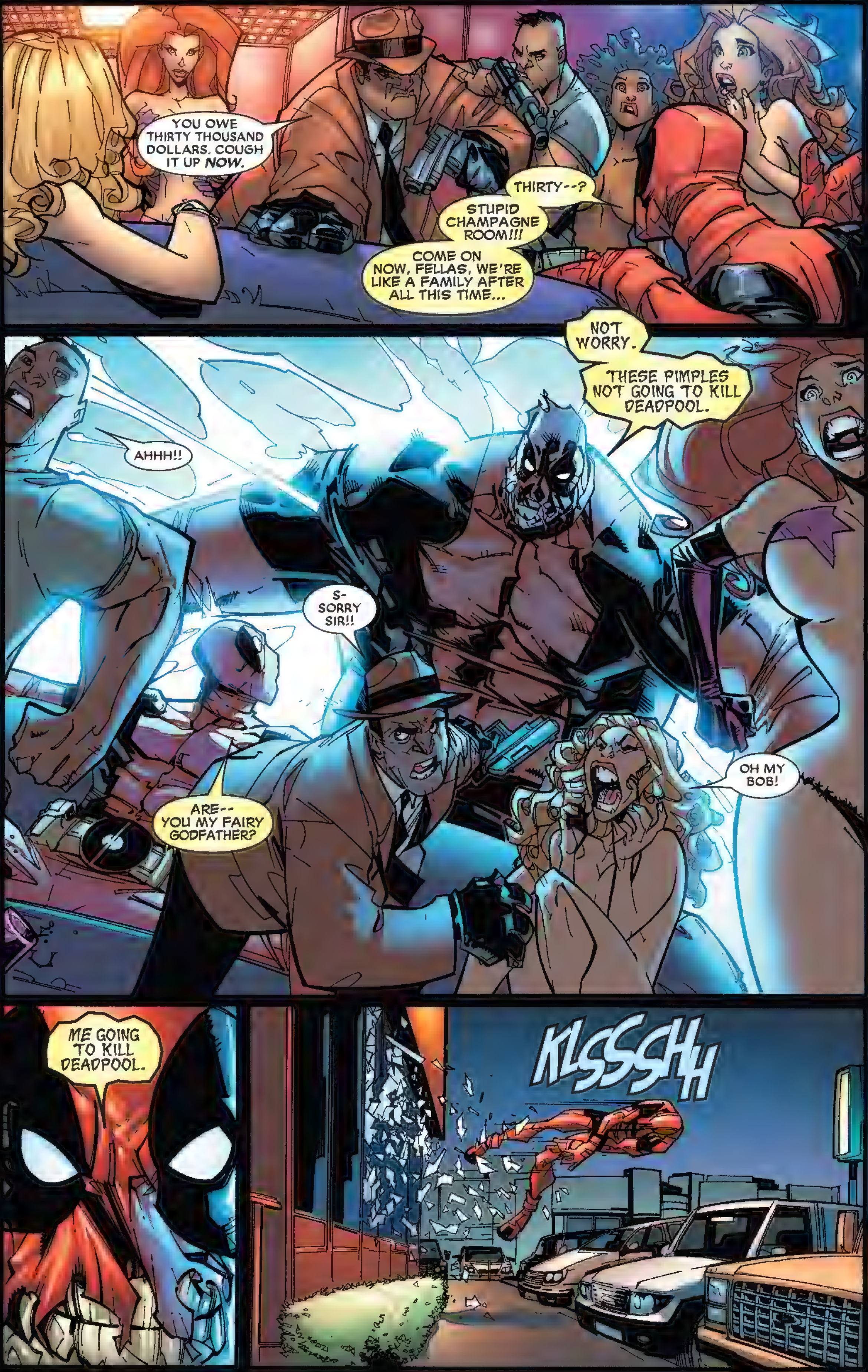

BURRR
HULKPOOL JUST GOING TO ENJOY RIDE.
HEY! LOOK OUT!!
STOP!!
EH?
HIM MUST BE BOY SCOUT!
AHHH!!
HRRRNNCH
STUPID DRIVER, PAY ATTENTION!
SPLOOSH
YOW, I WOULDN'T WANT AN EYEFUL OF THAT!
SMACK TASTES LIKE...
...TOXIC WASTE!
WHY WOULD SOMEONE TRANSPORT RADIOACTIVE WASTE THROUGH HELL'S KITCHEN?
GROSS!!!
I GOT LOST...
THANKS--SAY, AREN'T YOU BATTLIN' JACK MURDOCK'S BOY?

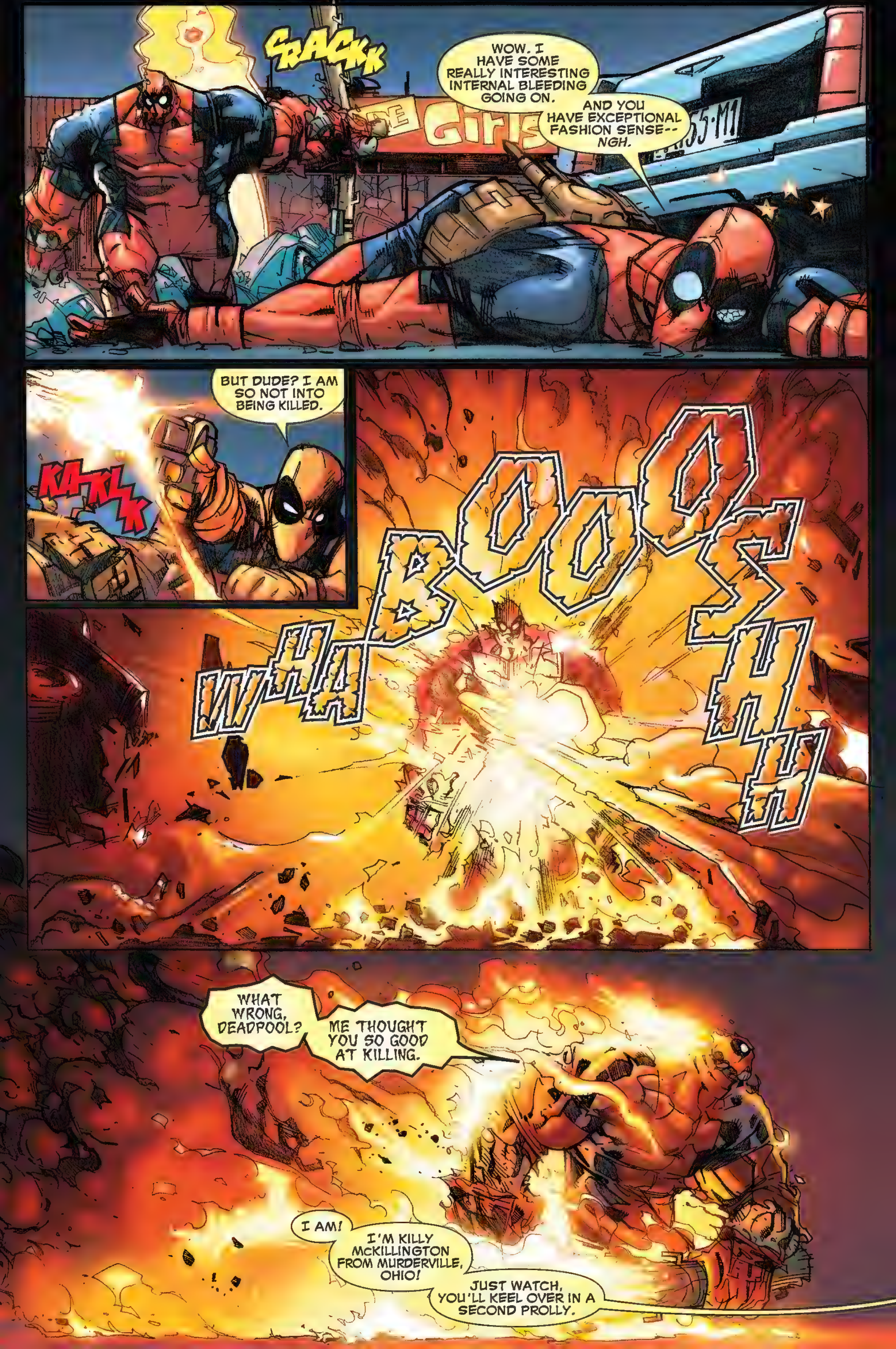

DELI
YES SIR...
...BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO *THAT* WAS!
YOU BRAVE LITTLE BOY, RUNNING OUT LIKE A...
...DAREDEV-- NOW WHERE HULKPOOL?
SCRREEEEEEEE
HEY! YOU GOING TO HIT TREE, CRAZY DRIVER!
WHY HISTORY SO FULL OF BAD DRIVING?
SCRRR
GOT YOU!!!
STUPID MUSTACHE!
YOU ALMOST HIT TREE AND MANGLE HANDS WHICH THEN LEAD TO PILGRIMAGE TO TIBET TO FIND OLD SORCERER--LIKE IT ALWAYS DOES!
YES... THAT WAS SO CLOSE!
THANK YOU-- YOU KNOW, I'M A SURGEON, I COULD GET YOU HELP FOR YOUR SKIN--
VZAMM
--OR NOT.

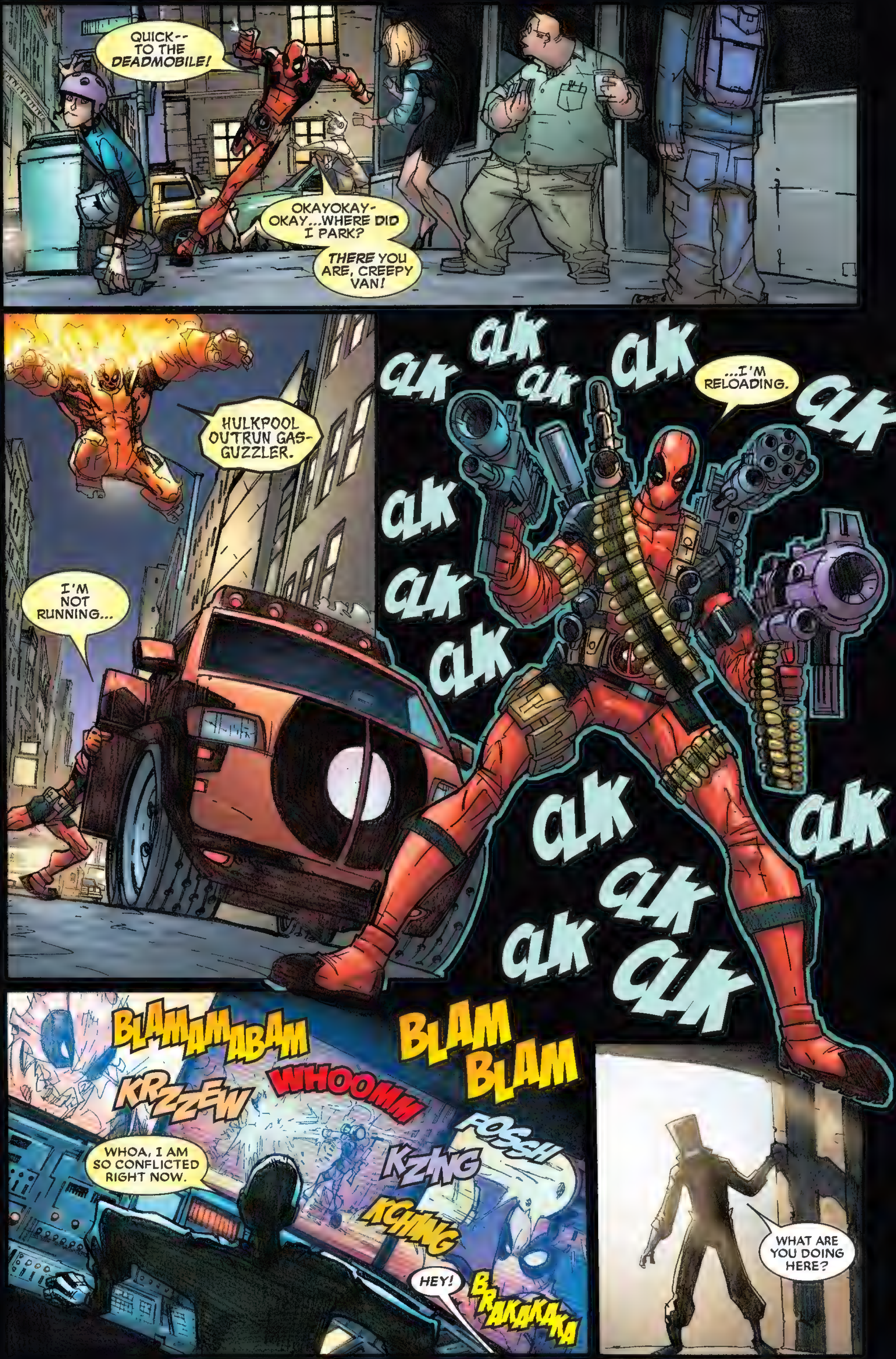

WE'RE BREAKING THE EARTH'S GRIP...GOING INTO UNCHARTED FRONTIERS!
DON'T GET SO OPTIMISTIC, BIG BRAIN.
WE'VE STILL GOT TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE VAN ALLEN BELT, AND YOUR INSTRUMENTS SHOW A LOT OF WACKY ACTIVITY AHEAD.
IN FACT... WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE.
THAT SHOULDN'T BE--WE HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH FUEL!
I REALIZE I'M NOT THE PILOT OR THE ENGINEER...
BUT I THINK YOUR PROBLEM IS OUTSIDE ON THE NOSE.
GIANT SPACE-ZOMBIES!!!
THAT THING IS STRAINING THE HULL, I'VE GOT TO TAKE US BACK DOWN!
NO, WANT TO WATCH EVERYONE GET PAINFULLY IRRADIATED!
THE OUTER HULL SHOULDN'T HAVE BENT LIKE THAT JUST FROM WEIGHT...
THERE, SHOOK HIM OFF!
THIS WAS FOR THE BEST--I DON'T THINK THOSE BAFFLES WOULD HAVE KEPT OUT COSMIC RAYS!
BACK TO SQUARE ONE, I GUESS.

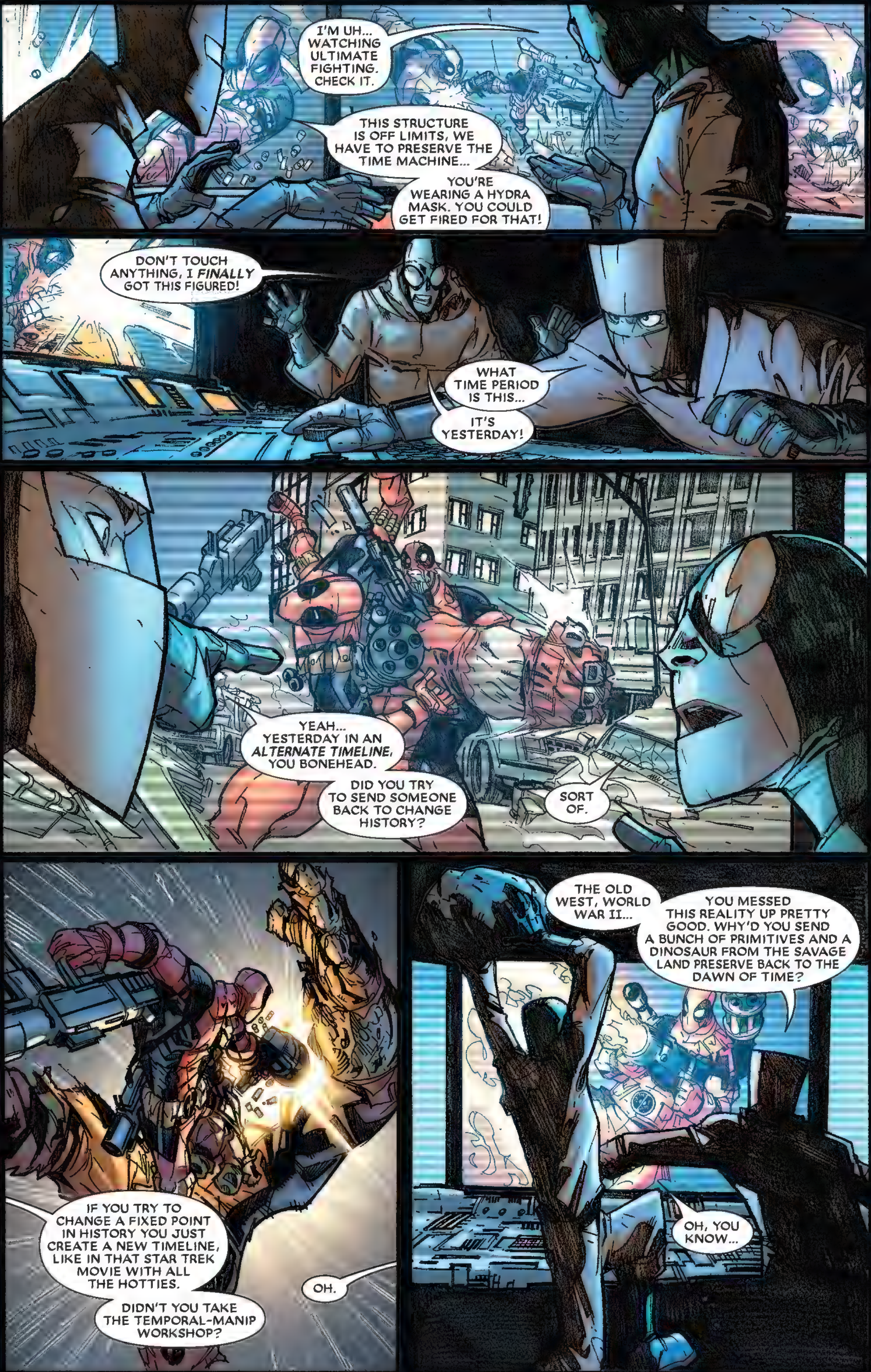

GO WAY, ROCK ALIENS!
WAY TO SMITE, FRIEND!
YIKE!
WATCH OUT, DORK!
ME HATE SPIDERS!
SMSHH
ME SAVE YOU MR. STARK!
I NEED A DRINK.
SILLY SCIENTIST AND HARMONICA BOY!
GAMMA BOMB DEADLY!
WAIT, WAIT... WAIT!!

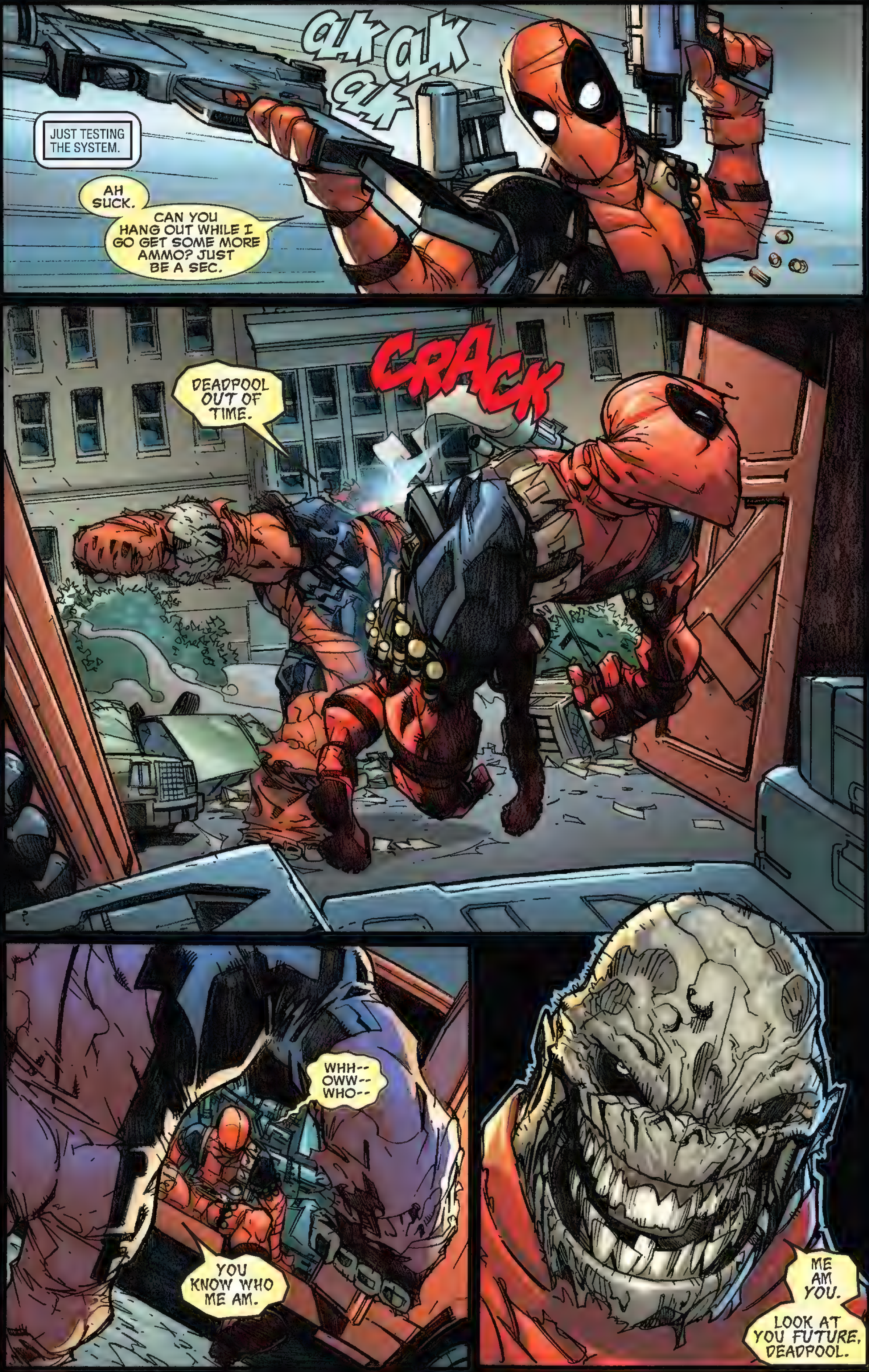

OKAY, MAN...YOU'VE #$%#*& UP EVERYTHING YOU POSSIBLY COULD HAVE!
BUT THAT LAST ONE--THAT SHOULD HAVE MADE ALL OF THIS DISAPPEAR, IF THERE'S NO *HULK* IN HISTORY!
MAN, IF I GET CAUGHT THEY'RE GONNA PUT ME IN TIME JAIL FOREV--
HEY!!! THERE-- *THERE'S* WHERE YOU WANT TO BE!
COME ON, BRO, I GOT YOUR HOOK-UP!
'BOUT TIME!!*
*EDITOR'S NOTE. YES. YES HULKPOOL, IT IS ABOUT TIME.
YEAHHHH BABY! SHAKE IT AT THE 'POOL!!
YEAAH!! LET'S DO THE ORGAN GRINDER-MONKEY ROUTINE AGAIN!
HUH. RIGHT.
IT'S GOING TO TAKE A LOT MORE THAN ONE DOLLAR IF YOU WANT THAT, BUD.
THINGBEARD
ONE

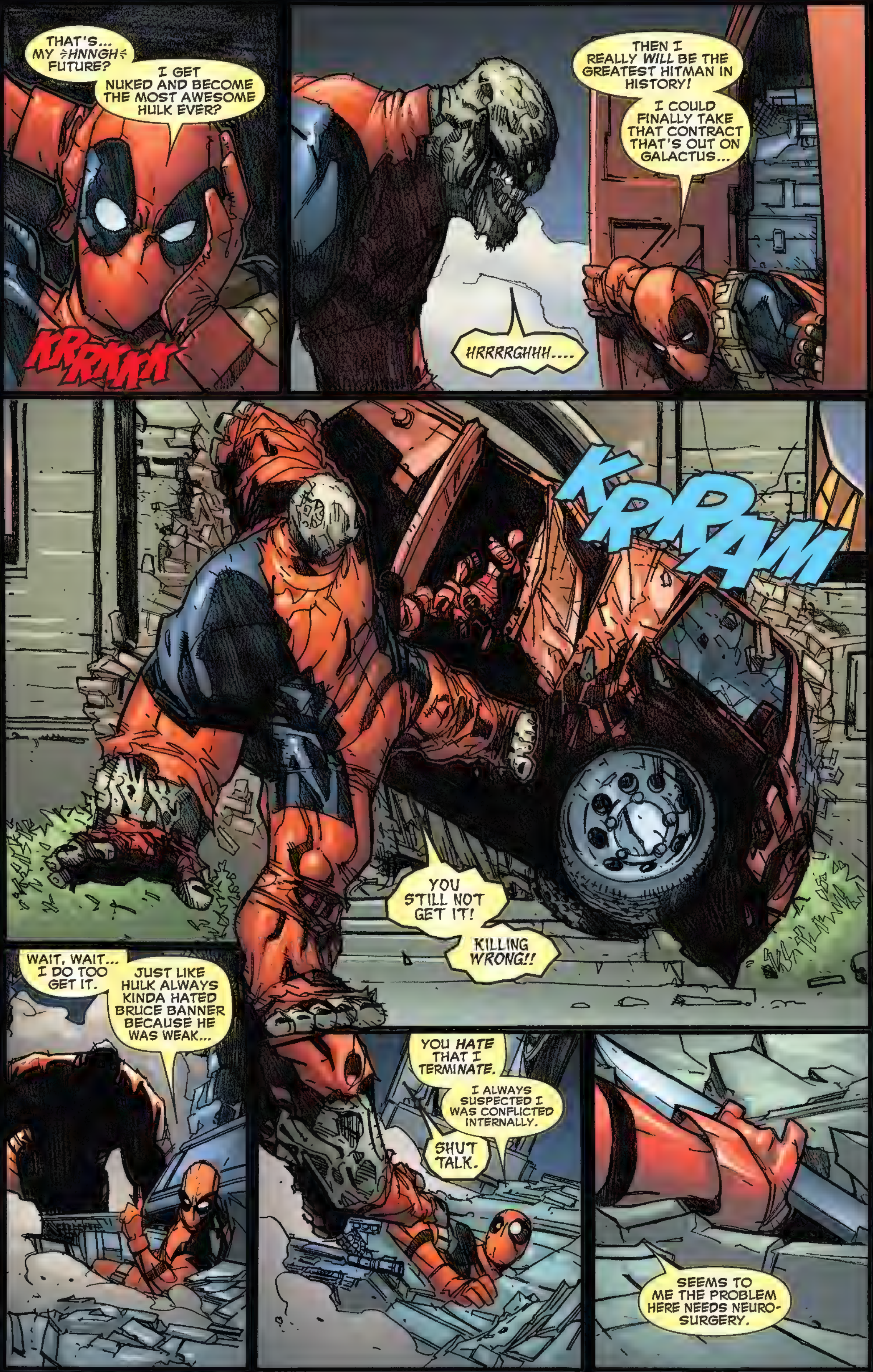

YOU OWE THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. COUGH IT UP *NOW*.
THIRTY--?
STUPID CHAMPAGNE ROOM!!!
COME ON NOW, FELLAS, WE'RE LIKE A FAMILY AFTER ALL THIS TIME...
NOT WORRY.
THESE PIMPLES NOT GOING TO KILL DEADPOOL.
AHHH!!
S-SORRY SIR!!
ARE-- YOU MY FAIRY GODFATHER?
OH MY BOB!
ME GOING TO KILL DEADPOOL.
KLSSSHH

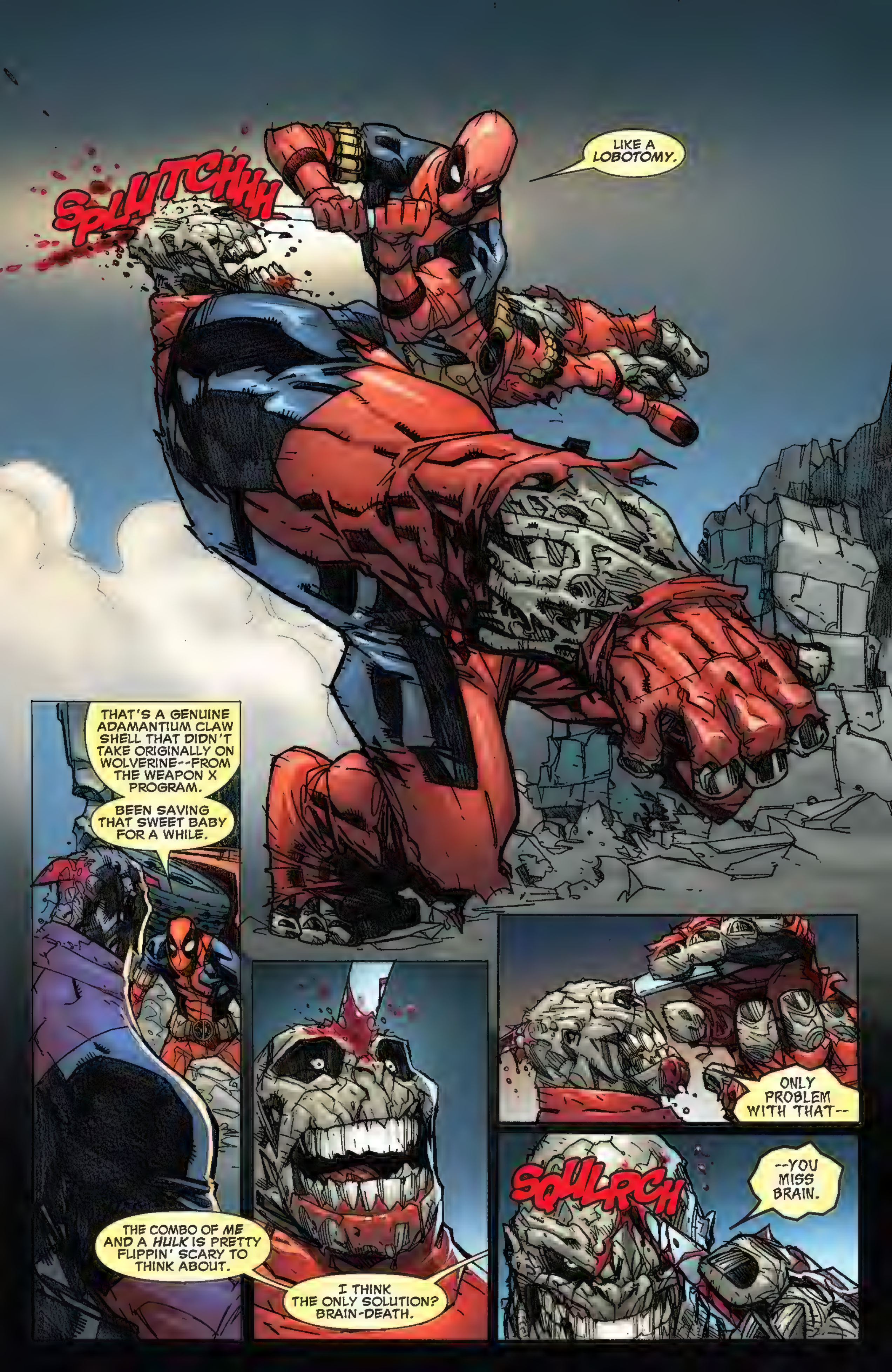

CRACKK
WOW. I HAVE SOME REALLY INTERESTING INTERNAL BLEEDING GOING ON.
AND YOU HAVE EXCEPTIONAL FASHION SENSE-- NGH.
GIFTS
BUT DUDE? I AM SO NOT INTO BEING KILLED.
KA-KLIK
WHABOOOSHH
WHAT WRONG, DEADPOOL?
ME THOUGHT YOU SO GOOD AT KILLING.
I AM!
I'M KILLY McKILLINGTON FROM MURDERVILLE, OHIO!
JUST WATCH, YOU'LL KEEL OVER IN A SECOND PROLLY.

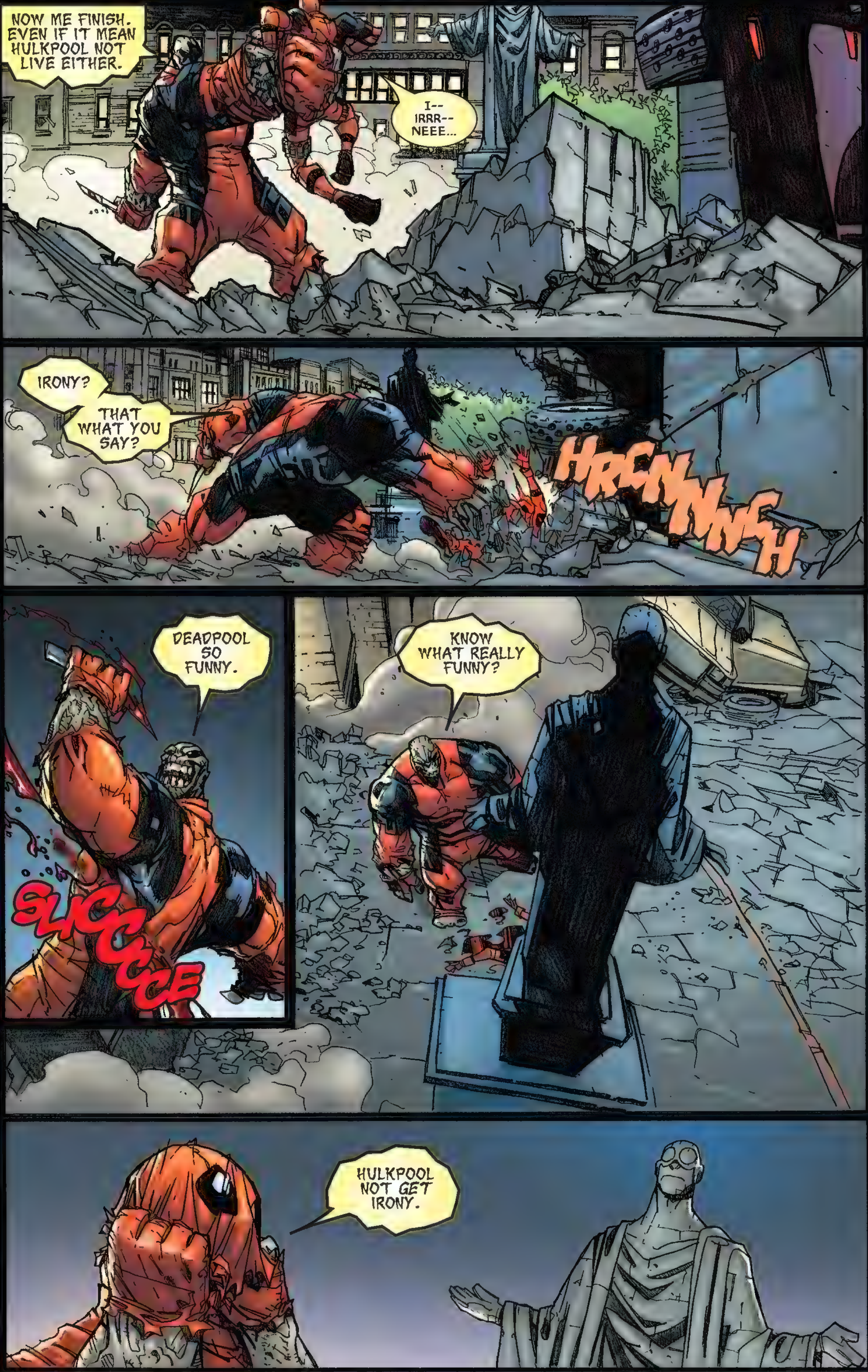

QUICK-- TO THE *DEADMOBILE!*
OKAYOKAY-OKAY...WHERE DID I PARK?
THERE YOU ARE, CREEPY VAN!
HULKPOOL OUTRUN GAS-GUZZLER.
I'M NOT RUNNING...
CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK
...I'M RELOADING.
CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK
BLAMAMABAM
KRZZZEW
WHOOMM
BLAM BLAM
FOSSH
KZING
KCHING
WHOA, I AM SO CONFLICTED RIGHT NOW.
HEY!
BRAKAKAKA
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

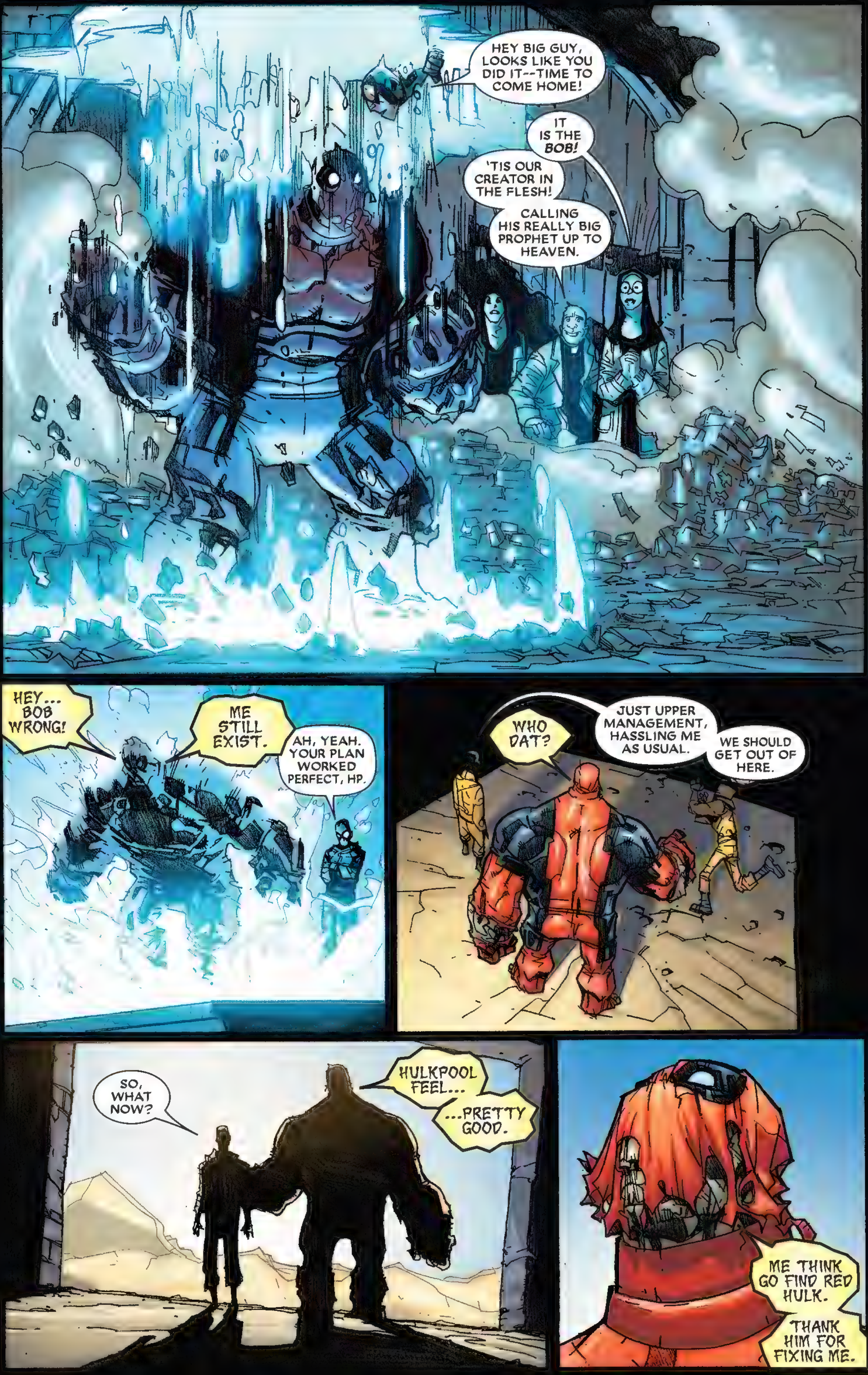

I'M UH... WATCHING ULTIMATE FIGHTING. CHECK IT.
THIS STRUCTURE IS OFF LIMITS, WE HAVE TO PRESERVE THE TIME MACHINE...
YOU'RE WEARING A HYDRA MASK. YOU COULD GET FIRED FOR THAT!
DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING, I *FINALLY* GOT THIS FIGURED!
WHAT TIME PERIOD IS THIS...
IT'S YESTERDAY!
YEAH... YESTERDAY IN AN *ALTERNATE TIMELINE,* YOU BONEHEAD.
DID YOU TRY TO SEND SOMEONE BACK TO CHANGE HISTORY?
SORT OF.
IF YOU TRY TO CHANGE A FIXED POINT IN HISTORY YOU JUST CREATE A NEW TIMELINE, LIKE IN THAT STAR TREK MOVIE WITH ALL THE HOTTIES.
OH.
DIDN'T YOU TAKE THE TEMPORAL-MANIP WORKSHOP?
THE OLD WEST, WORLD WAR II...
YOU MESSED THIS REALITY UP PRETTY GOOD. WHY'D YOU SEND A BUNCH OF PRIMITIVES AND A DINOSAUR FROM THE SAVAGE LAND PRESERVE BACK TO THE DAWN OF TIME?
OH, YOU KNOW...

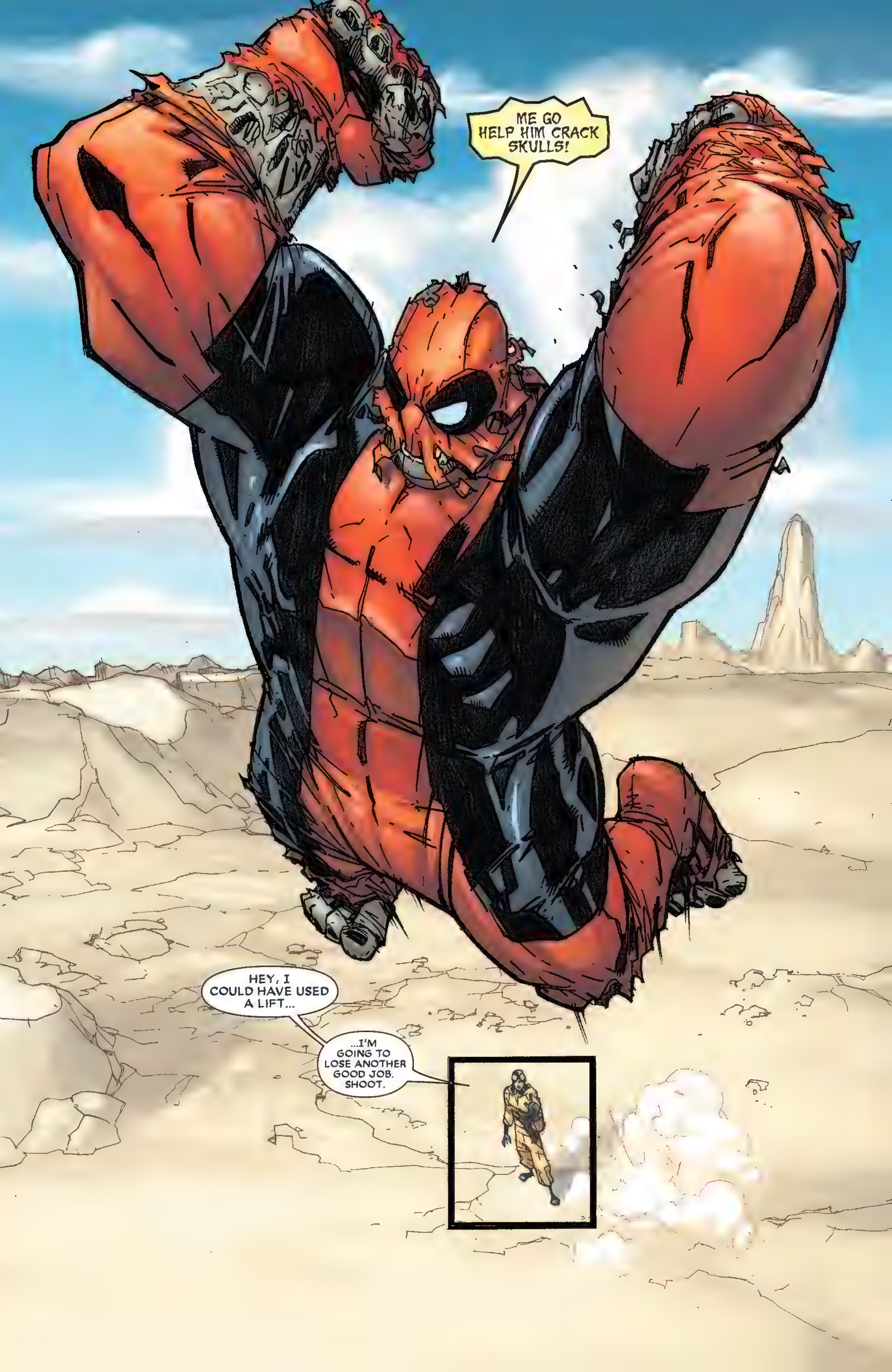

CLIK CLIK CLIK
JUST TESTING THE SYSTEM.
AH SUCK.
CAN YOU HANG OUT WHILE I GO GET SOME MORE AMMO? JUST BE A SEC.
CRACK
DEADPOOL OUT OF TIME.
WHH-- OWW-- WHO--
YOU KNOW WHO ME AM.
ME AM YOU.
LOOK AT YOU FUTURE, DEADPOOL.


THAT'S... MY ⫘HNNGH⫘ FUTURE?
I GET NUKED AND BECOME THE MOST AWESOME HULK EVER?
KRRKKK
THEN I REALLY *WILL* BE THE GREATEST HITMAN IN HISTORY!
I COULD FINALLY TAKE THAT CONTRACT THAT'S OUT ON GALACTUS...
HRRRRGHHH....
KRRAM
YOU STILL NOT GET IT!
KILLING *WRONG!!*
WAIT, WAIT... I DO TOO GET IT.
JUST LIKE HULK ALWAYS KINDA HATED BRUCE BANNER BECAUSE HE WAS WEAK...
YOU *HATE* THAT I *TERMINATE.*
I ALWAYS SUSPECTED I WAS CONFLICTED INTERNALLY.
SHUT TALK.
SEEMS TO ME THE PROBLEM HERE NEEDS NEUROSURGERY.


SPLUTCHHH
LIKE A LOBOTOMY.
THAT'S A GENUINE ADAMANTIUM CLAW SHELL THAT DIDN'T TAKE ORIGINALLY ON WOLVERINE--FROM THE WEAPON X PROGRAM.
BEEN SAVING THAT SWEET BABY FOR A WHILE.
THE COMBO OF *ME* AND A *HULK* IS PRETTY FLIPPIN' SCARY TO THINK ABOUT.
I THINK THE ONLY SOLUTION? BRAIN-DEATH.
ONLY PROBLEM WITH THAT--
SQULRCH
--YOU MISS BRAIN.


NOW ME FINISH. EVEN IF IT MEAN HULKPOOL NOT LIVE EITHER.
I-- IRRR-- NEEE...
IRONY?
THAT WHAT YOU SAY?
HRGNNNGH
DEADPOOL SO FUNNY.
SLICCCCE
KNOW WHAT REALLY FUNNY?
HULKPOOL NOT GET IRONY.


HEY BIG GUY, LOOKS LIKE YOU DID IT--TIME TO COME HOME!
IT IS THE *BOB!*
'TIS OUR CREATOR IN THE FLESH!
CALLING HIS REALLY BIG PROPHET UP TO HEAVEN.
HEY... BOB WRONG!
ME STILL EXIST.
AH, YEAH. YOUR PLAN WORKED PERFECT, HP.
WHO DAT?
JUST UPPER MANAGEMENT, HASSLING ME AS USUAL.
WE SHOULD GET OUT OF HERE.
SO, WHAT NOW?
HULKPOOL FEEL...
...PRETTY GOOD.
ME THINK GO FIND RED HULK.
THANK HIM FOR FIXING ME.


ME GO HELP HIM CRACK SKULLS!
HEY, I COULD HAVE USED A LIFT...
...I'M GOING TO LOSE ANOTHER GOOD JOB. SHOOT.

In the concluding chapters of *World War Hulks*, all the heroes were cured of their gamma-irradiated conditions — including Deadpool, off-panel — and the Intelligencia's plans to conquer the nation with a Hulk army were utterly disrupted.

In *X-Factor #200*, Deadpool's longtime crush Siryn recently lost both her father, Banshee, and her newborn son. Upset and angry, Siryn left X-Factor — and decided to do something she never had before…

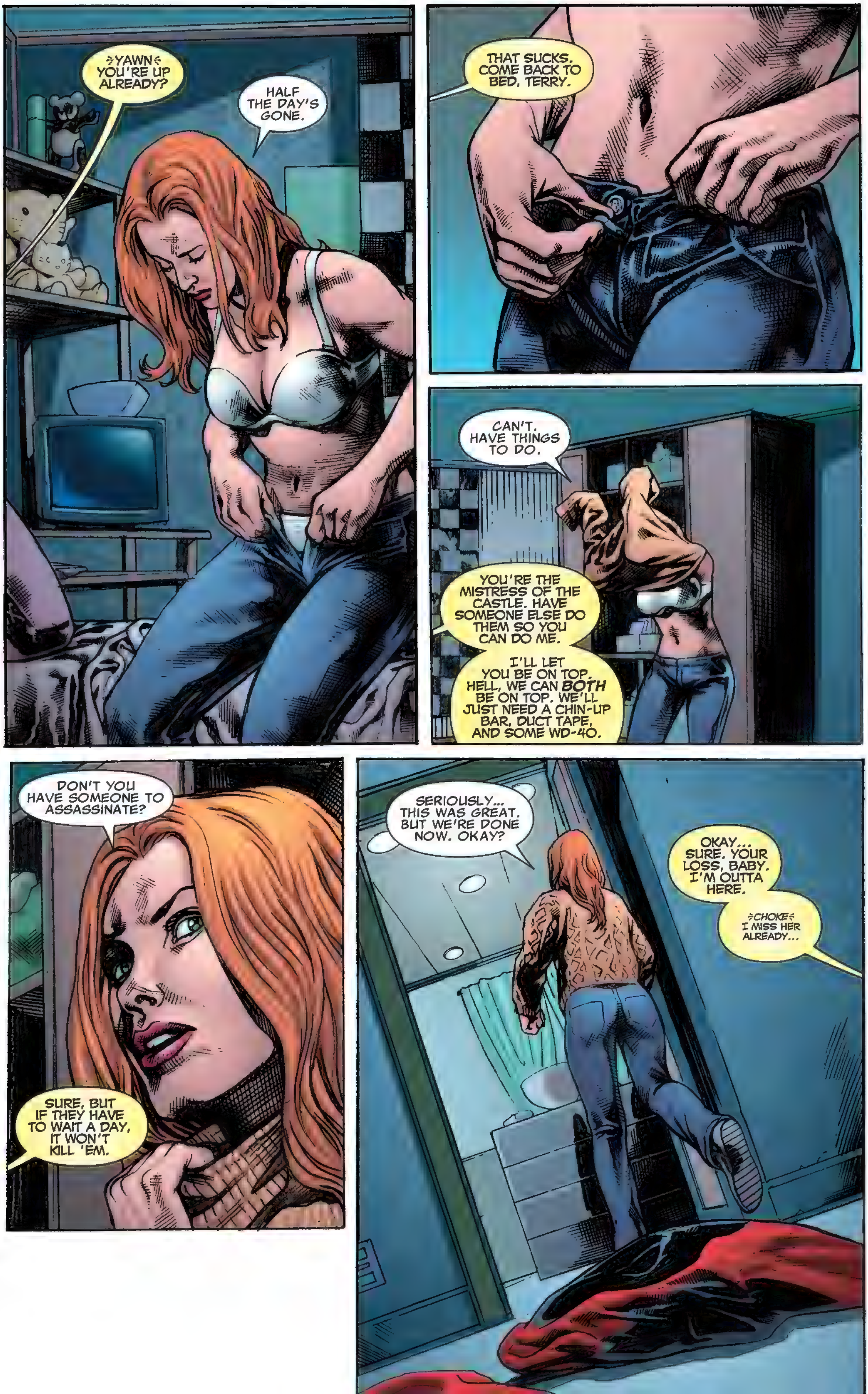
In a fourth wall–breaking backup feature in *Avengers Vs. Atlas #3*, the siren called Venus answers "reader mail" — including one from a certain merc with a mouth.

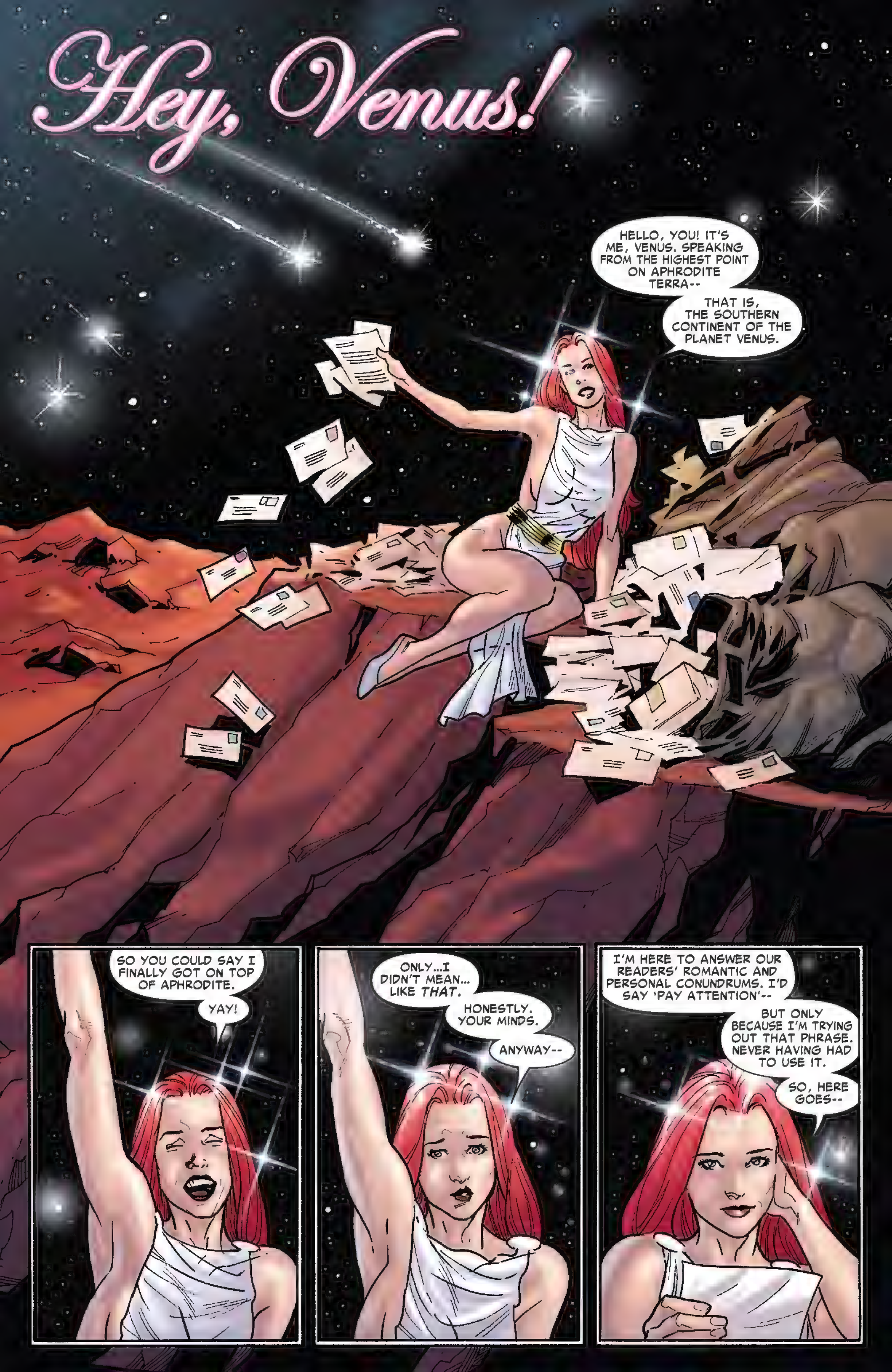
Finally, in *X-Men: Second Coming #2*, Cyclops and Wolverine's strike team, X-Force, was revealed to the rest of the X-Men, who reacted with disgust to the notion of a black-ops team of killers. During a massive battle against Bastion for the fate of mutantkind, Cable was seemingly killed — and in the aftermath of his one-time "partner's" death, Deadpool made a decision that would set the stage for the next phase of his life.

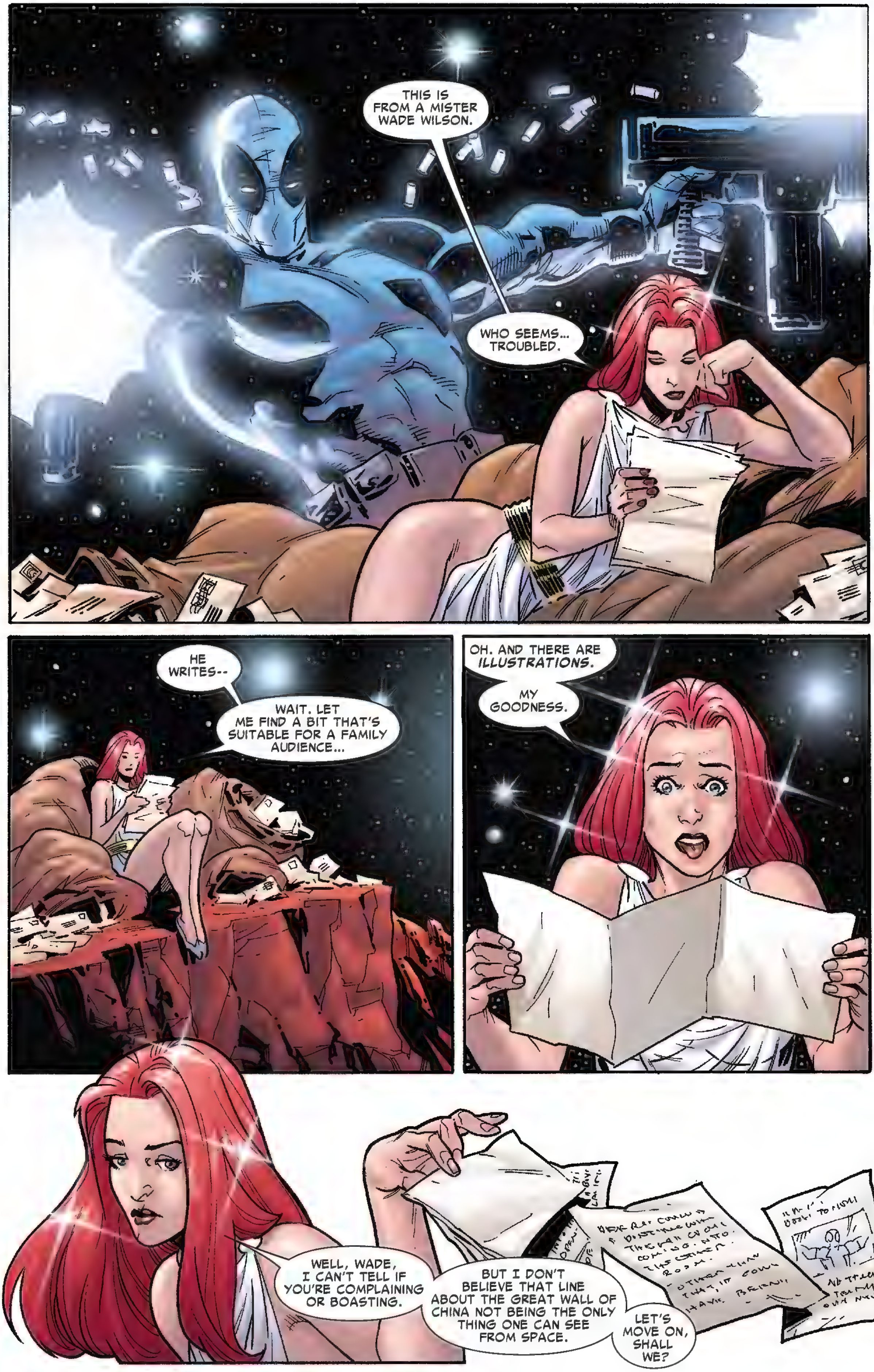
X-FACTOR #200 — Writer: Peter David • Pencilers: Bing Cansino with Marco Santucci • Inkers: Marco Santucci with Patrick Piazzalunga • Colorist: Jeromy Cox • Letterer: VC's Cory Petit • Editor: Jody LeHeup

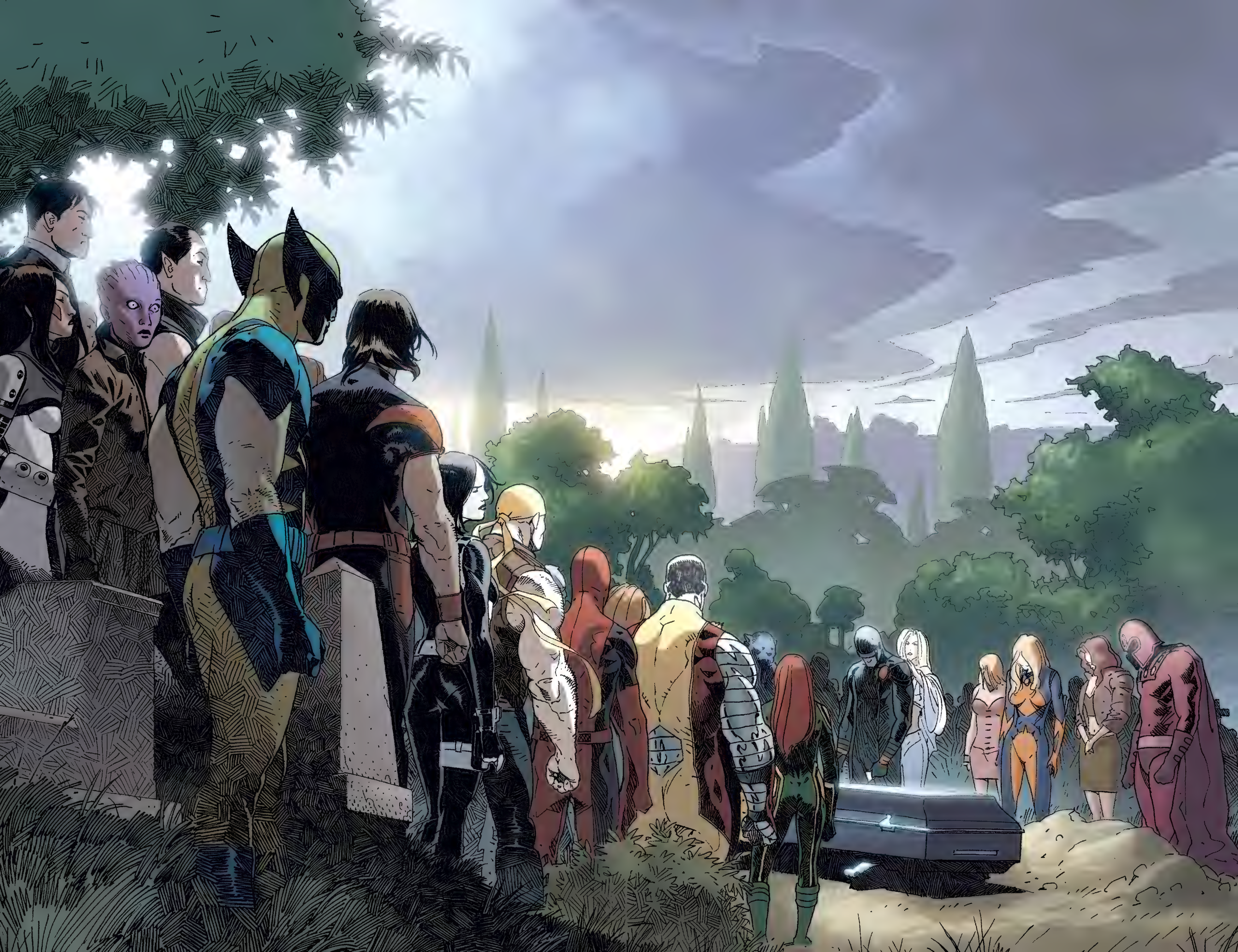
AVENGERS VS. ATLAS #3 — Writer: Paul Cornell • Artist: Leonard Kirk • Colorist: Brad Anderson • Letterer: VC's Joe Sabino • Associate Editor: Nathan Cosby • Senior Editor: Mark Paniccia

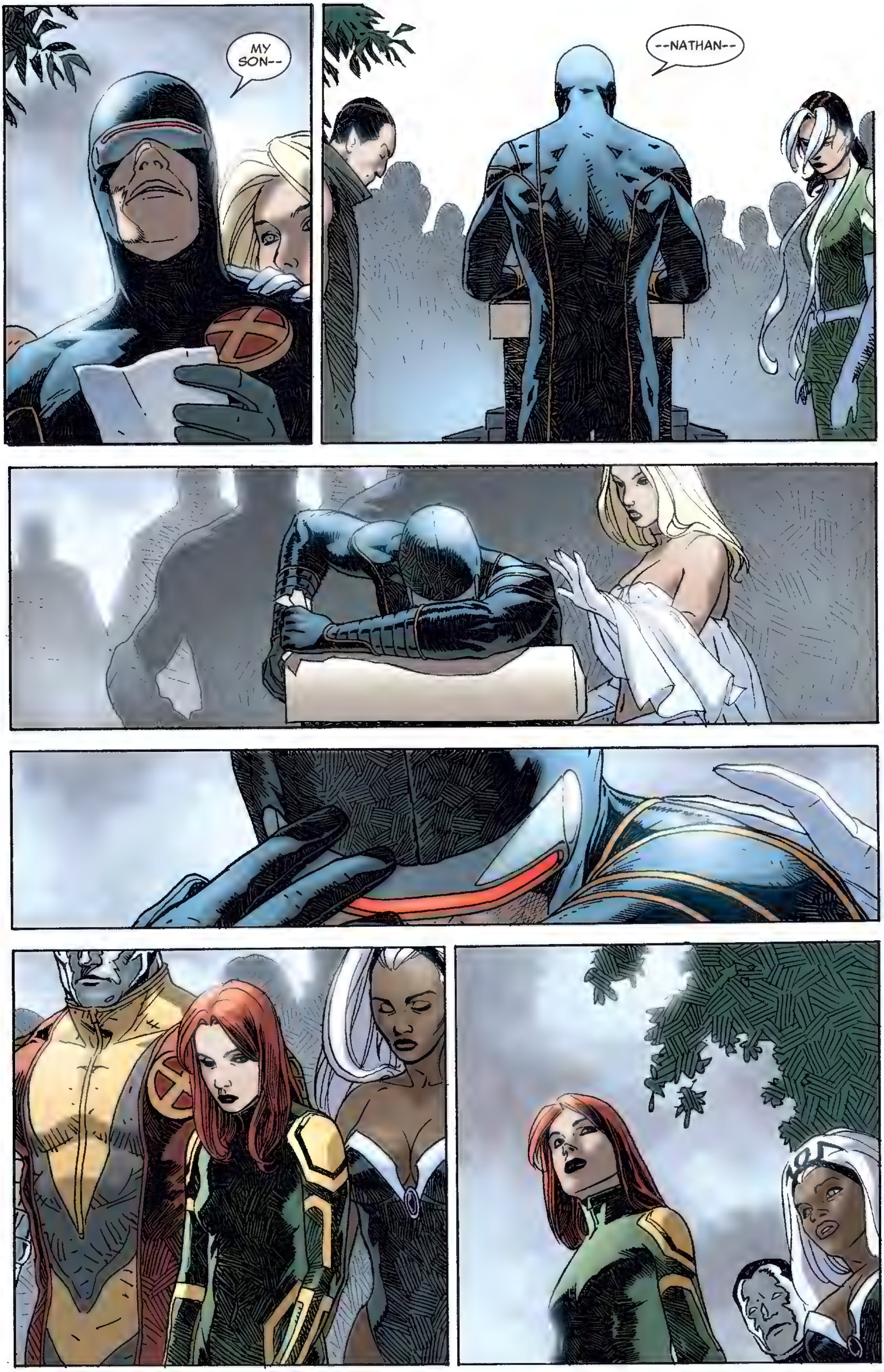
X-MEN: SECOND COMING #2 — Writers: Mike Carey, Craig Kyle & Christopher Yost • Pencilers: Esad Ribić & Greg Land • Inkers: Esad Ribić & Jay Leisten • Colorists: Matt Wilson & Frank Martin • Letterers: VC's Joe Caramagna, Clayton Cowles & Joe Sabino • Associate Editor: Daniel Ketchum • Editor: Nick Lowe • Consulting Editor: Jeanine Schaefer • Executive Editor: Axel Alonso • Cover Art: Adi Granov

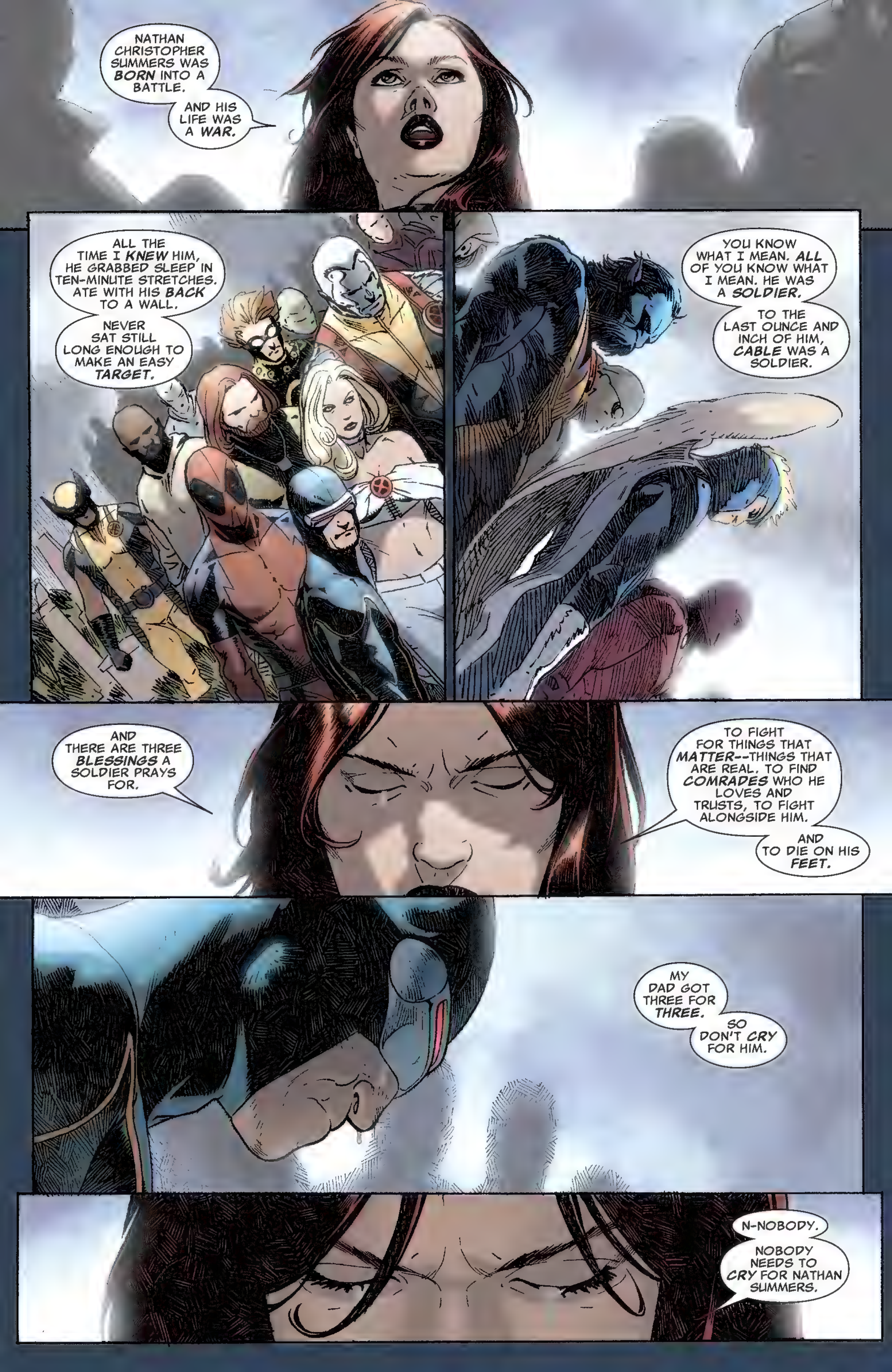

>YAWN< YOU'RE UP ALREADY?
HALF THE DAY'S GONE.
THAT SUCKS. COME BACK TO BED, TERRY.
CAN'T. HAVE THINGS TO DO.
YOU'RE THE MISTRESS OF THE CASTLE. HAVE SOMEONE ELSE DO THEM SO YOU CAN DO ME.
I'LL LET YOU BE ON TOP. HELL, WE CAN *BOTH* BE ON TOP. WE'LL JUST NEED A CHIN-UP BAR, DUCT TAPE, AND SOME WD-40.
DON'T YOU HAVE SOMEONE TO ASSASSINATE?
SURE, BUT IF THEY HAVE TO WAIT A DAY, IT WON'T KILL 'EM.
SERIOUSLY... THIS WAS GREAT. BUT WE'RE DONE NOW. OKAY?
OKAY... SURE. YOUR LOSS, BABY. I'M OUTTA HERE.
>CHOKE< I MISS HER ALREADY...

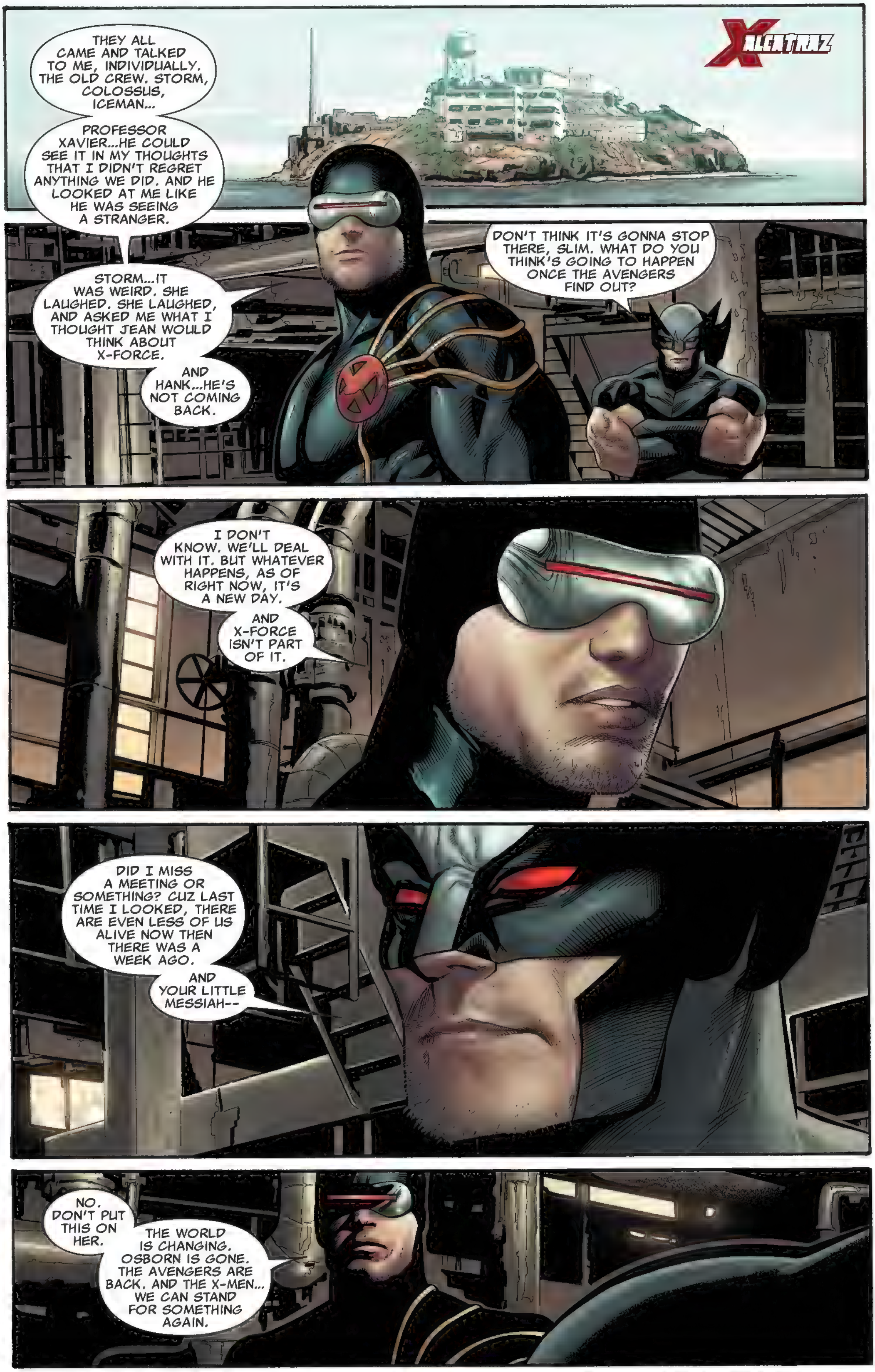

Hey, Venus!
HELLO, YOU! IT'S ME, VENUS. SPEAKING FROM THE HIGHEST POINT ON APHRODITE TERRA--
THAT IS, THE SOUTHERN CONTINENT OF THE PLANET VENUS.
SO YOU COULD SAY I FINALLY GOT ON TOP OF APHRODITE.
YAY!
ONLY...I DIDN'T MEAN... LIKE *THAT*.
HONESTLY. YOUR MINDS.
ANYWAY--
I'M HERE TO ANSWER OUR READERS' ROMANTIC AND PERSONAL CONUNDRUMS. I'D SAY 'PAY ATTENTION'--
BUT ONLY BECAUSE I'M TRYING OUT THAT PHRASE. NEVER HAVING HAD TO USE IT.
SO, HERE GOES--

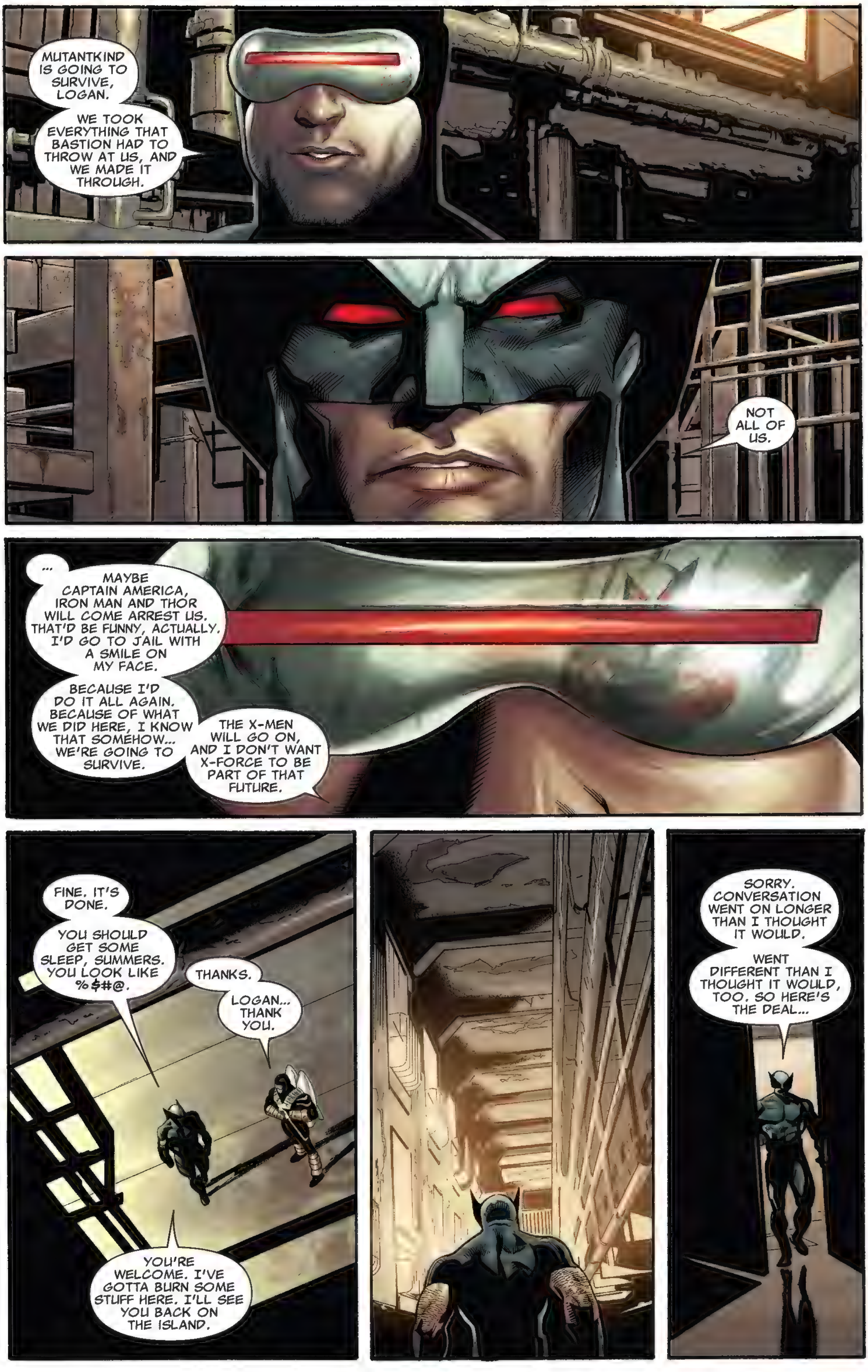

THIS IS FROM A MISTER WADE WILSON.
WHO SEEMS... TROUBLED.
HE WRITES--
WAIT. LET ME FIND A BIT THAT'S SUITABLE FOR A FAMILY AUDIENCE...
OH. AND THERE ARE *ILLUSTRATIONS*.
MY GOODNESS.
WELL, WADE, I CAN'T TELL IF YOU'RE COMPLAINING OR BOASTING.
BUT I DON'T BELIEVE THAT LINE ABOUT THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA NOT BEING THE ONLY THING ONE CAN SEE FROM SPACE.
LET'S MOVE ON, SHALL WE?

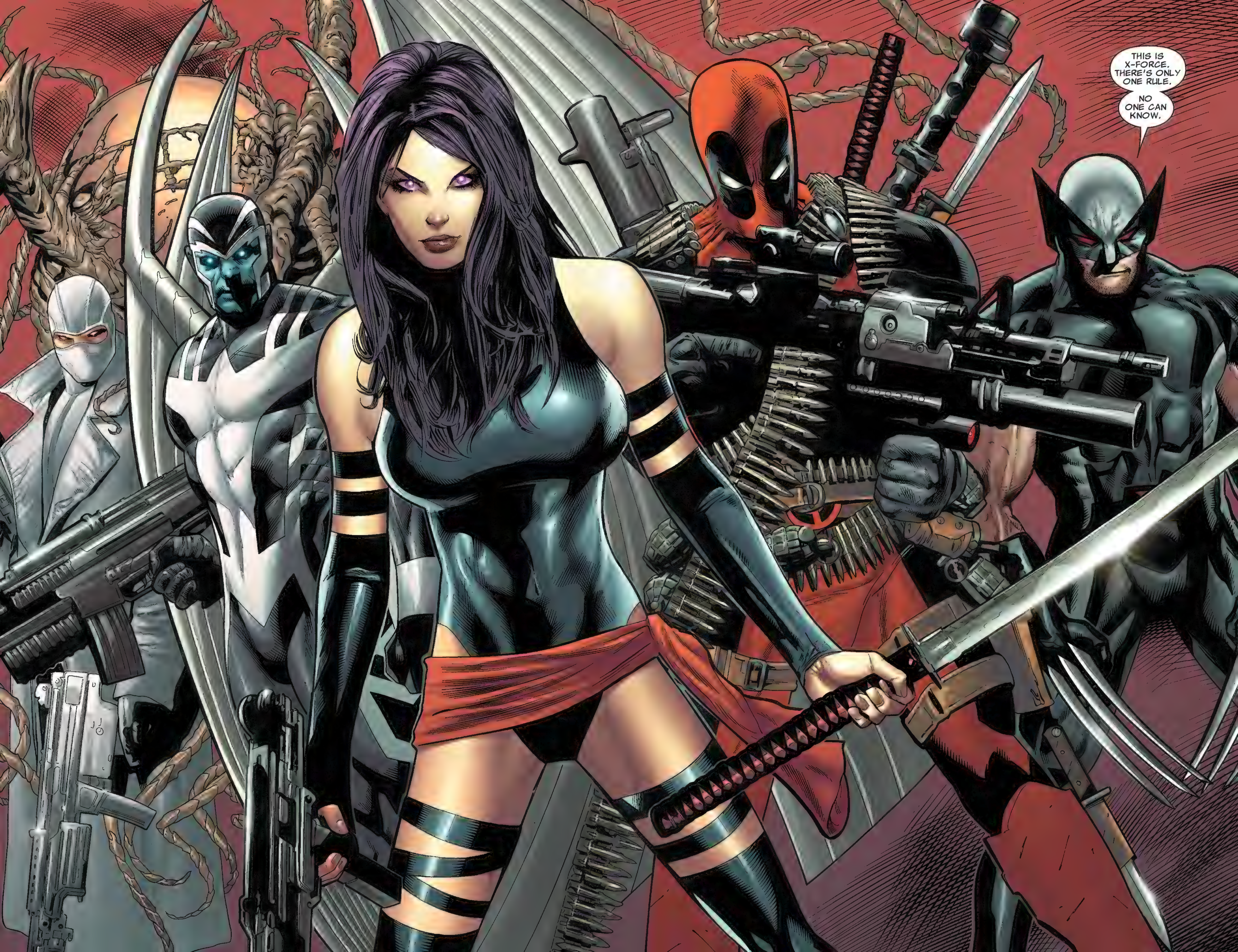


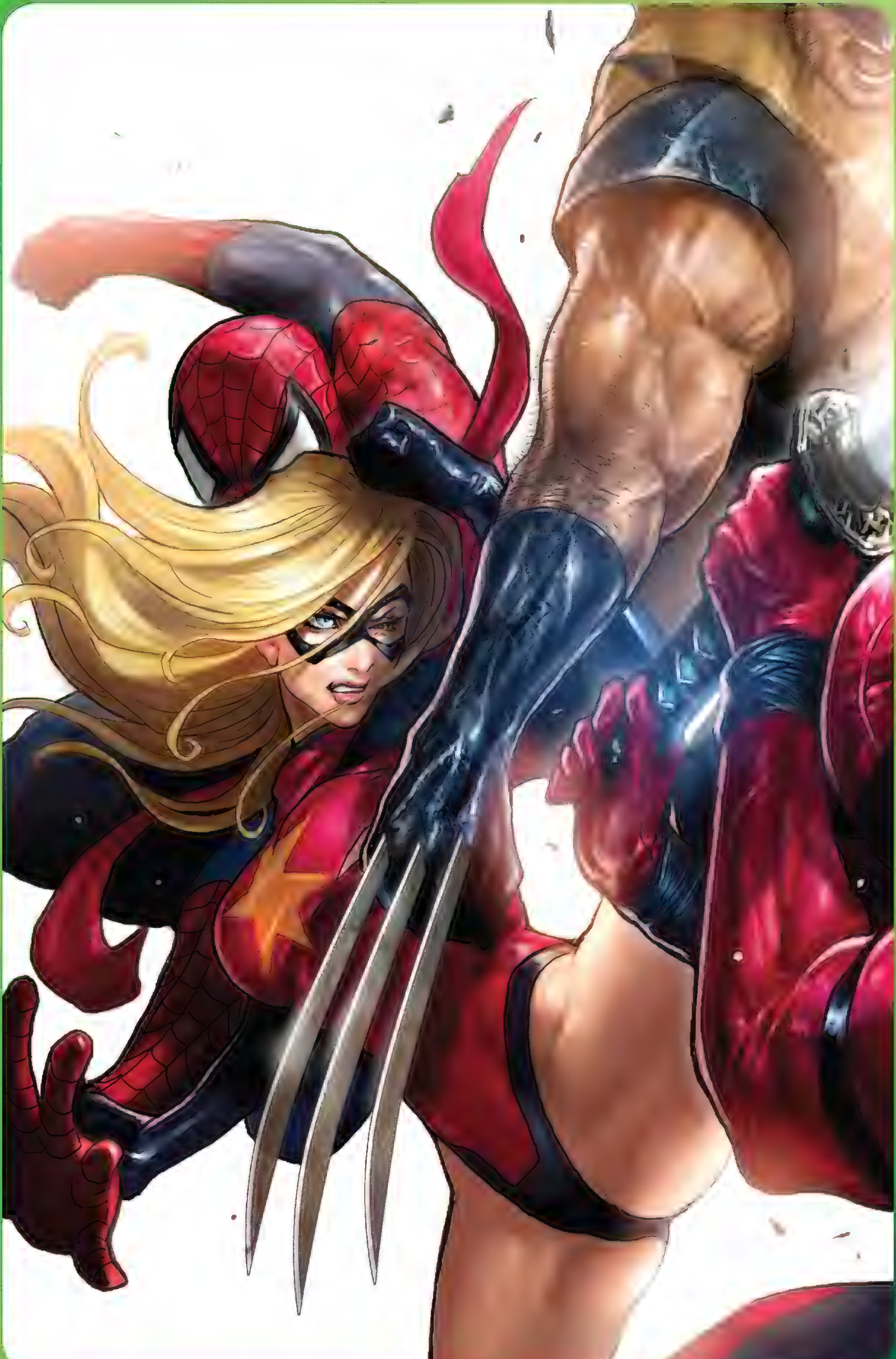

MY SON--
--NATHAN--


NATHAN CHRISTOPHER SUMMERS WAS **BORN** INTO A BATTLE.
AND HIS LIFE WAS A **WAR.**
ALL THE TIME I **KNEW** HIM, HE GRABBED SLEEP IN TEN-MINUTE STRETCHES. ATE WITH HIS **BACK** TO A WALL.
NEVER SAT STILL LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE AN EASY **TARGET.**
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. **ALL** OF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. HE WAS A **SOLDIER.**
TO THE LAST OUNCE AND INCH OF HIM, **CABLE** WAS A SOLDIER.
AND THERE ARE THREE **BLESSINGS** A SOLDIER PRAYS FOR.
TO FIGHT FOR THINGS THAT **MATTER**--THINGS THAT ARE REAL. TO FIND **COMRADES** WHO HE LOVES AND TRUSTS, TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE HIM.
AND TO DIE ON HIS **FEET.**
MY DAD GOT THREE FOR **THREE.**
SO DON'T **CRY** FOR HIM.
N-NOBODY.
NOBODY NEEDS TO **CRY** FOR NATHAN SUMMERS.

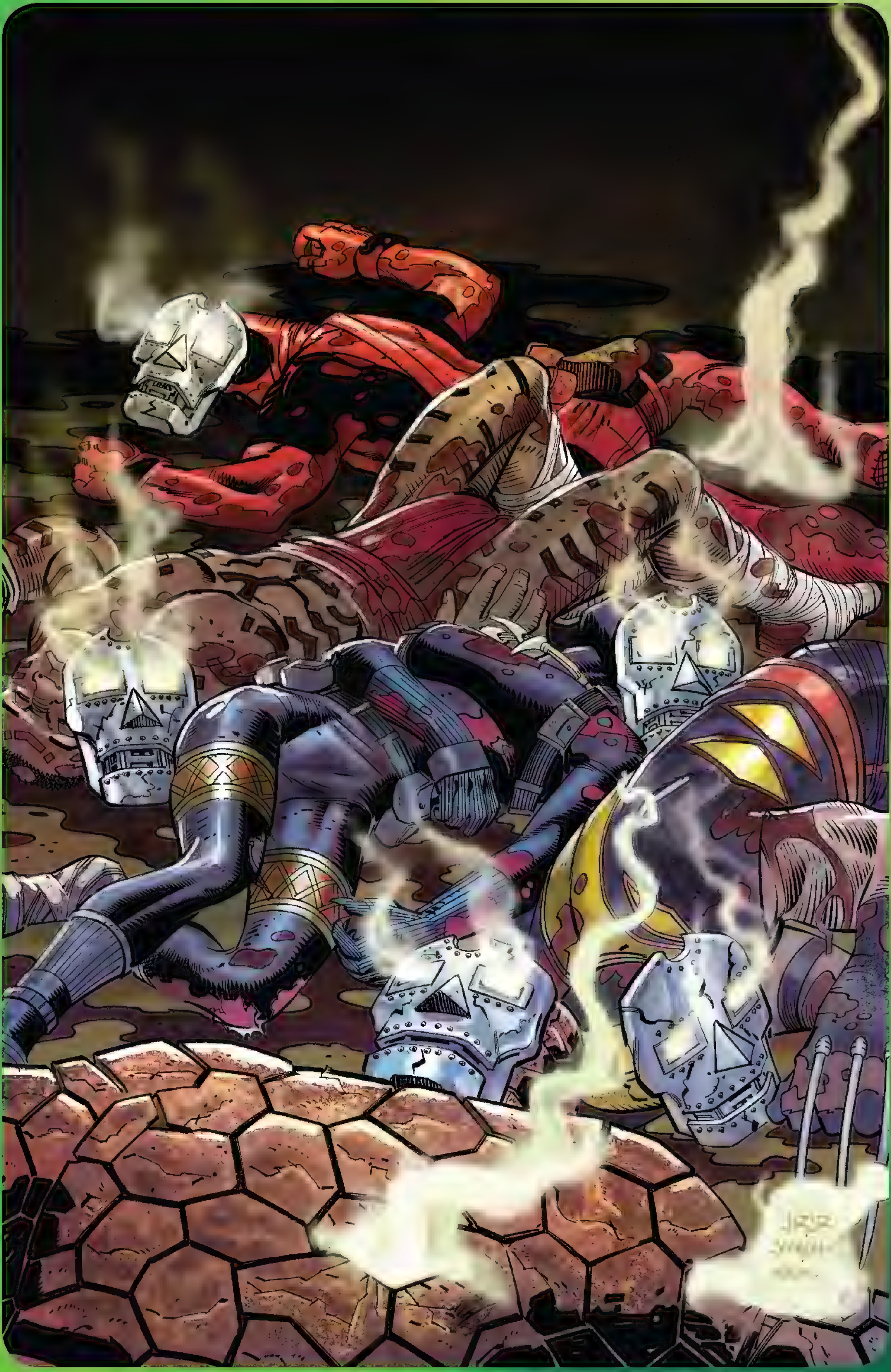

X ALCATRAZ
THEY ALL CAME AND TALKED TO ME, INDIVIDUALLY. THE OLD CREW. STORM, COLOSSUS, ICEMAN...
PROFESSOR XAVIER...HE COULD SEE IT IN MY THOUGHTS THAT I DIDN'T REGRET ANYTHING WE DID. AND HE LOOKED AT ME LIKE HE WAS SEEING A STRANGER.
STORM...IT WAS WEIRD. SHE LAUGHED. SHE LAUGHED, AND ASKED ME WHAT I THOUGHT JEAN WOULD THINK ABOUT X-FORCE.
AND HANK...HE'S NOT COMING BACK.
DON'T THINK IT'S GONNA STOP THERE, SLIM. WHAT DO YOU THINK'S GOING TO HAPPEN ONCE THE AVENGERS FIND OUT?
I DON'T KNOW. WE'LL DEAL WITH IT. BUT WHATEVER HAPPENS, AS OF RIGHT NOW, IT'S A NEW DAY.
AND X-FORCE ISN'T PART OF IT.
DID I MISS A MEETING OR SOMETHING? CUZ LAST TIME I LOOKED, THERE ARE EVEN LESS OF US ALIVE NOW THEN THERE WAS A WEEK AGO.
AND YOUR LITTLE MESSIAH--
NO. DON'T PUT THIS ON HER.
THE WORLD IS CHANGING. OSBORN IS GONE. THE AVENGERS ARE BACK. AND THE X-MEN... WE CAN STAND FOR SOMETHING AGAIN.


MUTANTKIND IS GOING TO SURVIVE, LOGAN.
WE TOOK EVERYTHING THAT BASTION HAD TO THROW AT US, AND WE MADE IT THROUGH.
NOT ALL OF US.
...
MAYBE CAPTAIN AMERICA, IRON MAN AND THOR WILL COME ARREST US. THAT'D BE FUNNY, ACTUALLY. I'D GO TO JAIL WITH A SMILE ON MY FACE.
BECAUSE I'D DO IT ALL AGAIN. BECAUSE OF WHAT WE DID HERE, I KNOW THAT SOMEHOW... WE'RE GOING TO SURVIVE.
THE X-MEN WILL GO ON, AND I DON'T WANT X-FORCE TO BE PART OF THAT FUTURE.
FINE. IT'S DONE.
YOU SHOULD GET SOME SLEEP, SUMMERS. YOU LOOK LIKE %$#@.
THANKS.
LOGAN... THANK YOU.
YOU'RE WELCOME. I'VE GOTTA BURN SOME STUFF HERE. I'LL SEE YOU BACK ON THE ISLAND.
SORRY. CONVERSATION WENT ON LONGER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD.
WENT DIFFERENT THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD, TOO. SO HERE'S THE DEAL...

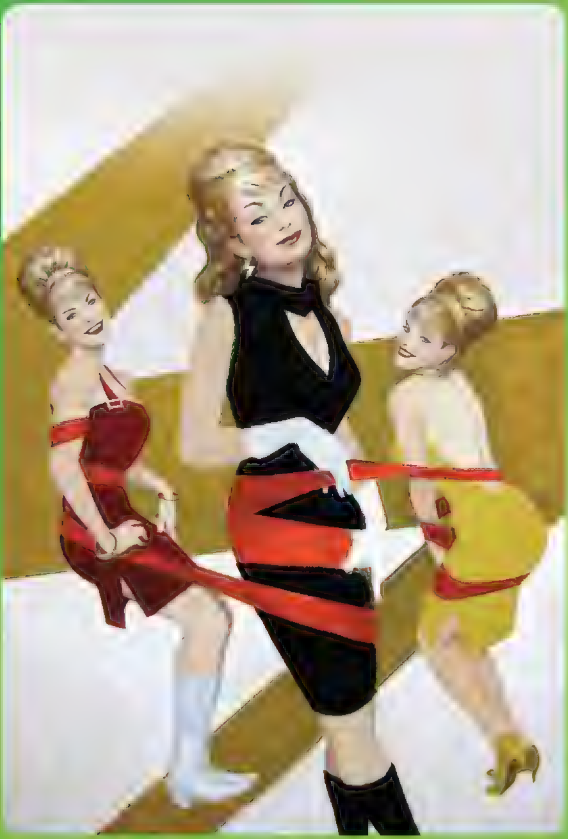

THIS IS X-FORCE. THERE'S ONLY ONE RULE.
NO ONE CAN KNOW.



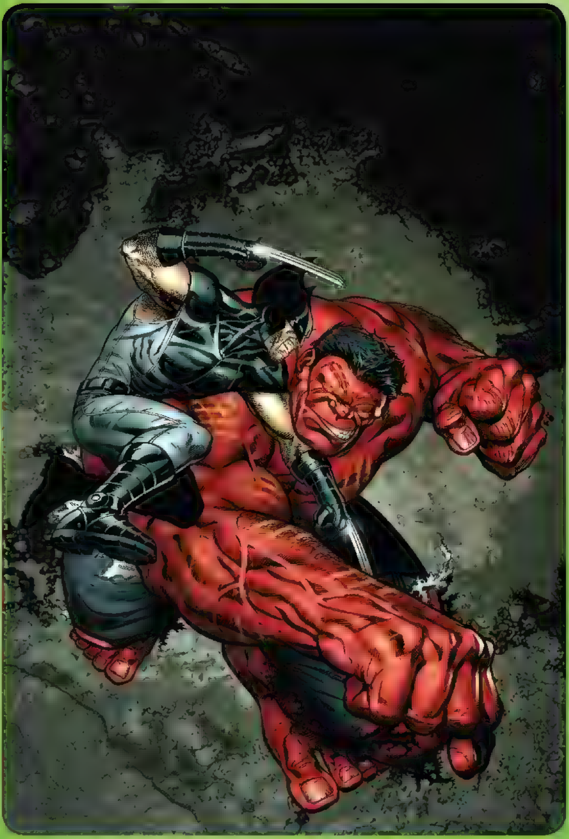
Deadpool appeared on the cover, but not in the story, of *Ms. Marvel #42*. Cover art by Sana Takeda.



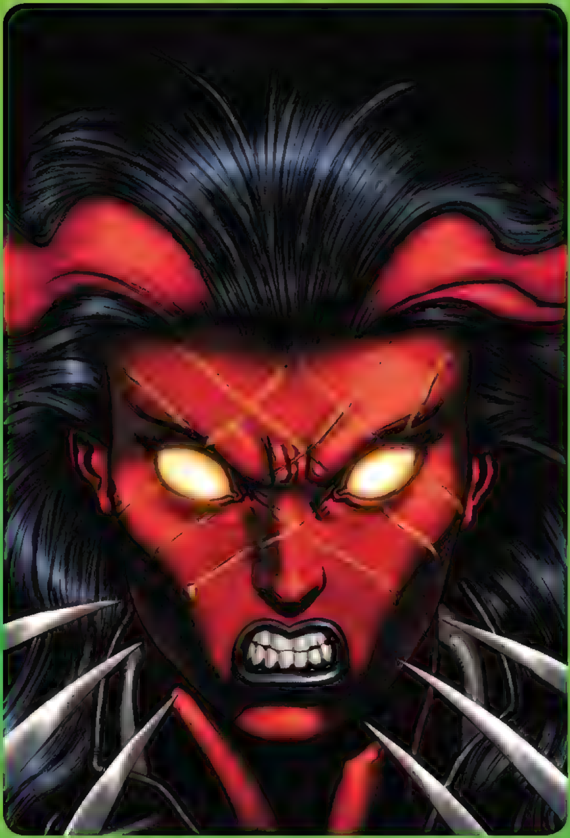
Deadpool appeared on the cover, but not in the story, of *Doomwar #1*. Cover art by John Romita Jr., Klaus Janson & Dean White.



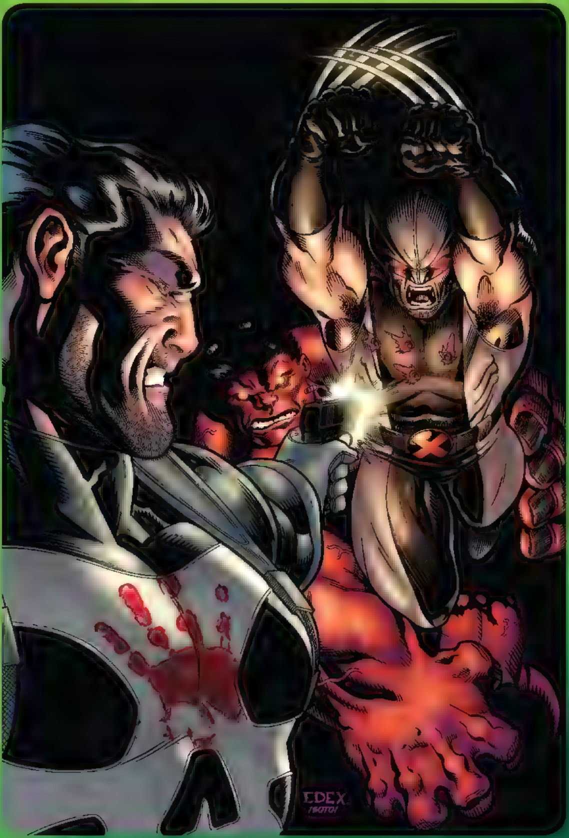
Ms. Marvel #41 1960s decade variant by Paolo Rivera



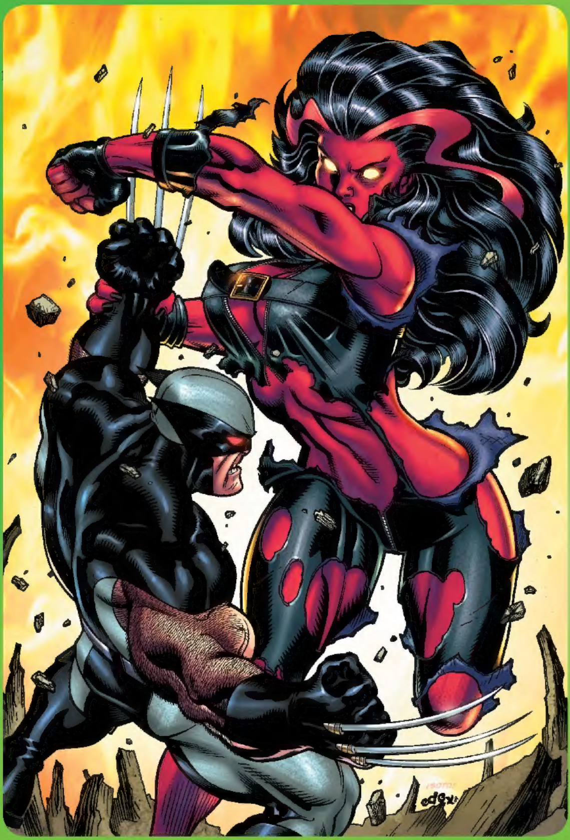
Hulk #14 variant by Ian Churchill,
Mark Farmer & Jason Keith



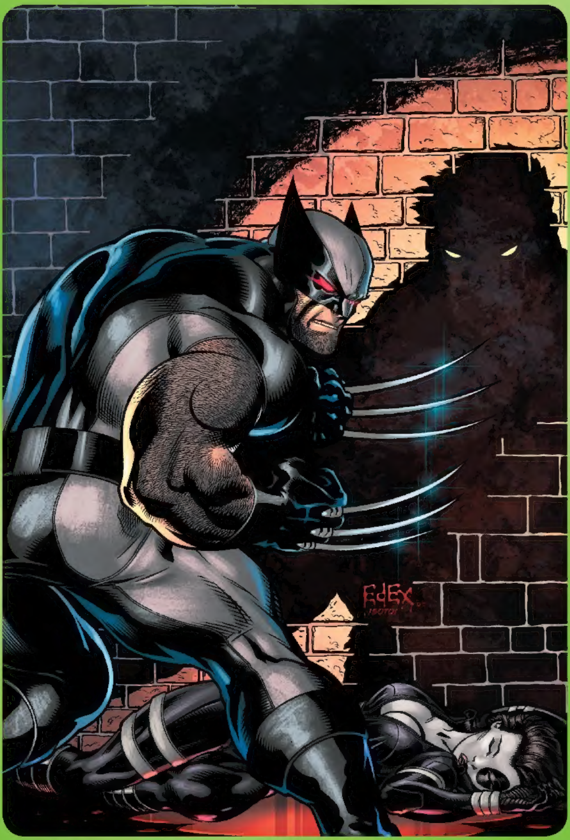
Hulk #14 variant by Ed McGuinness & Chris Sotomayor



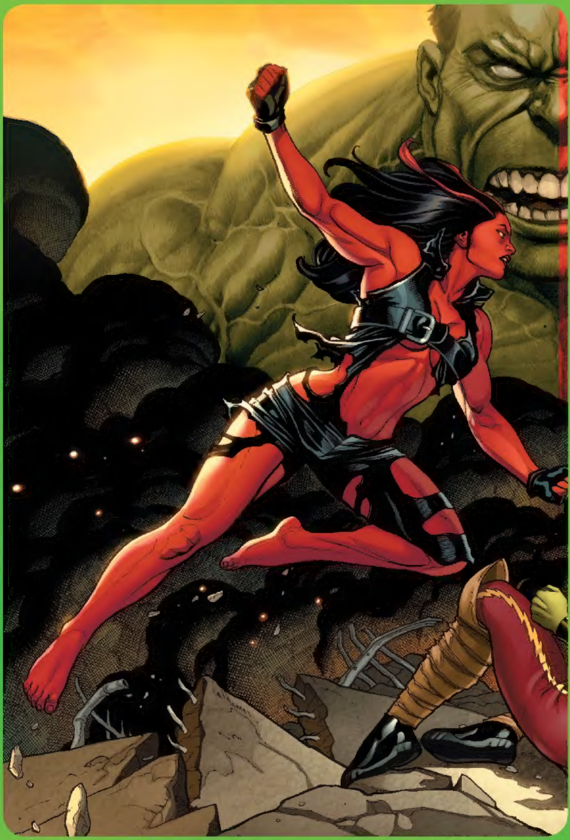
Hulk #15 variant by Ed McGuinness, Dexter Vines
& Chris Sotomayor



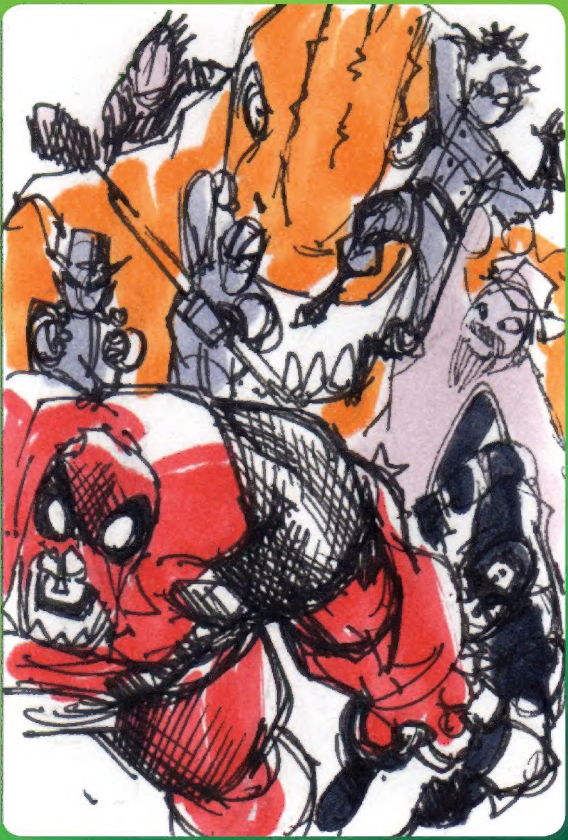
Hulk #16 variant by Ed McGuinness, Dexter Vines & Chris Sotomayor



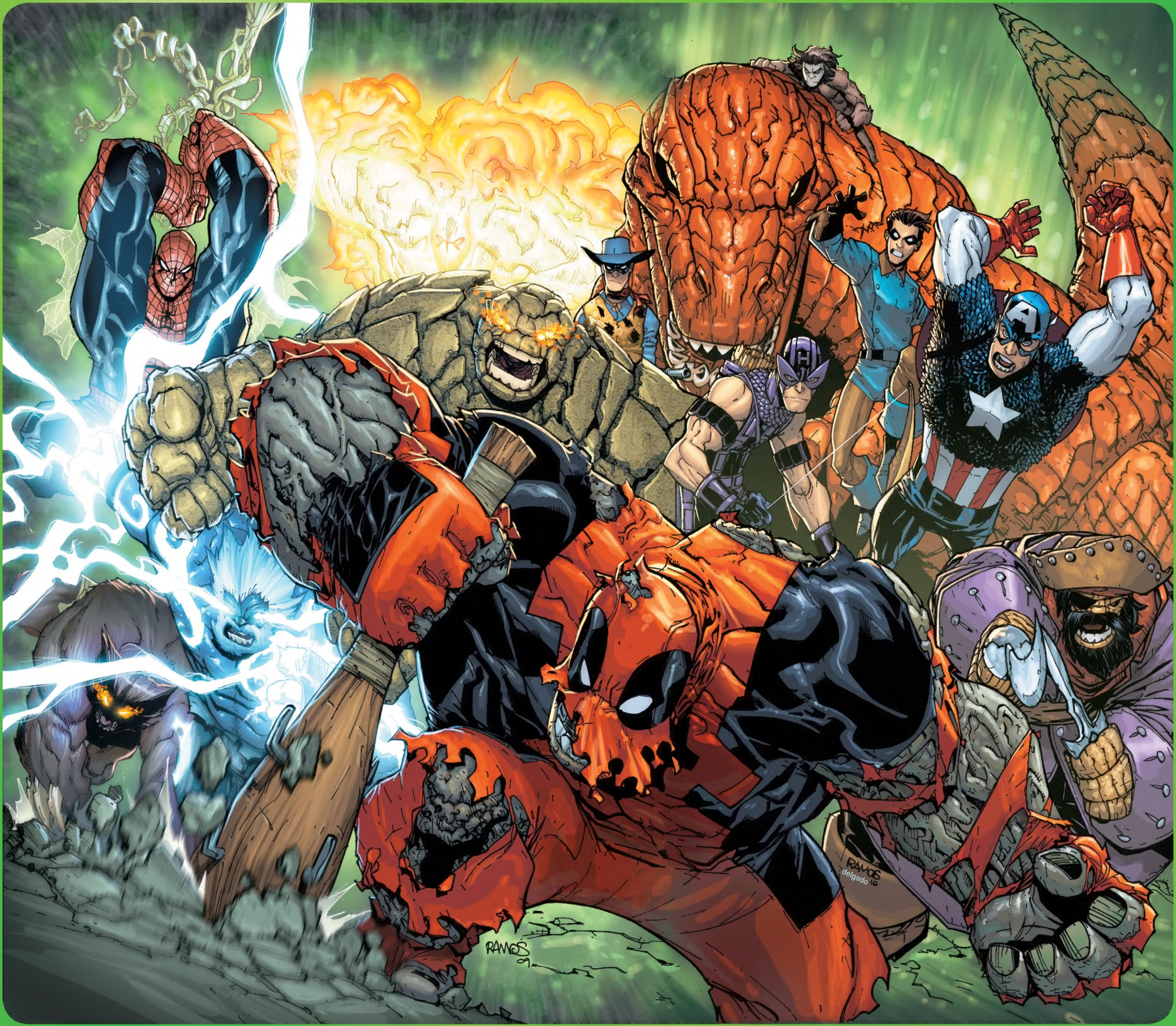
Hulk #17 variant by Ed McGuinness, Dexter Vines & Chris Sotomayor



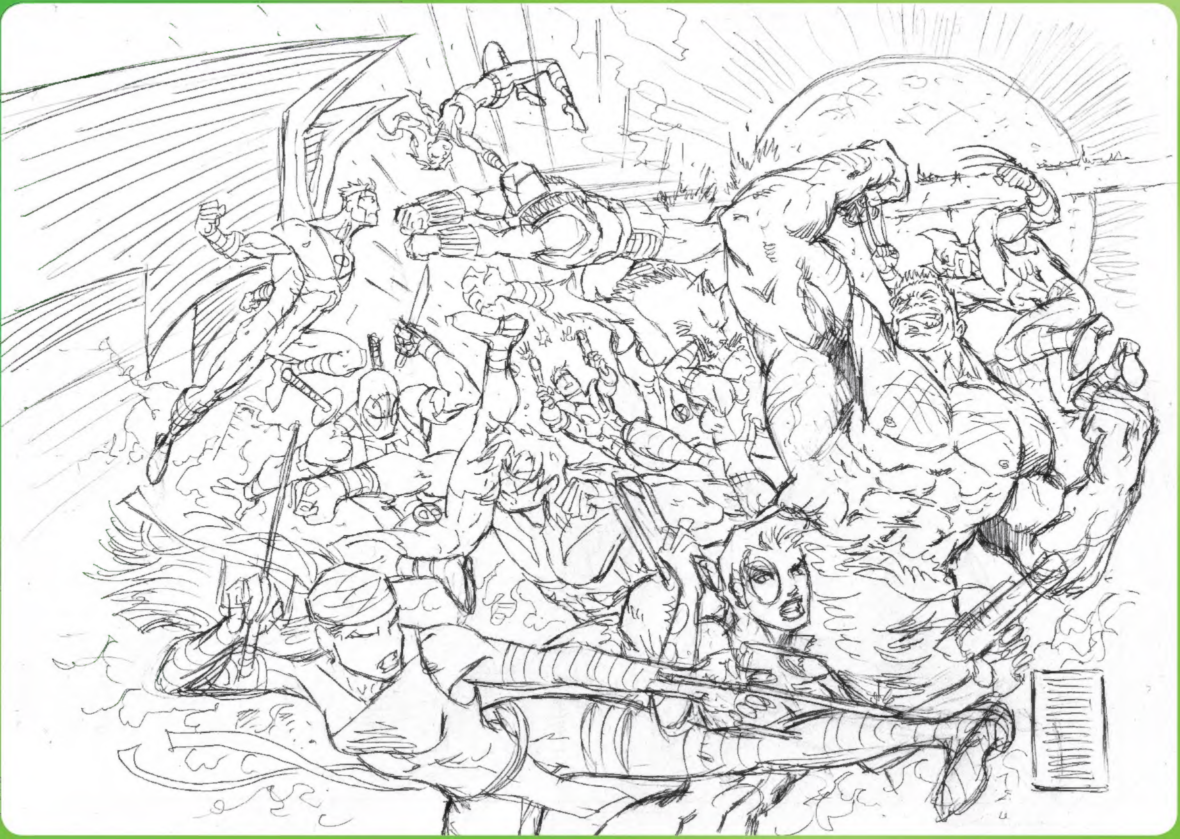
Hulk #21 variant by Frank Cho & Jason Keith



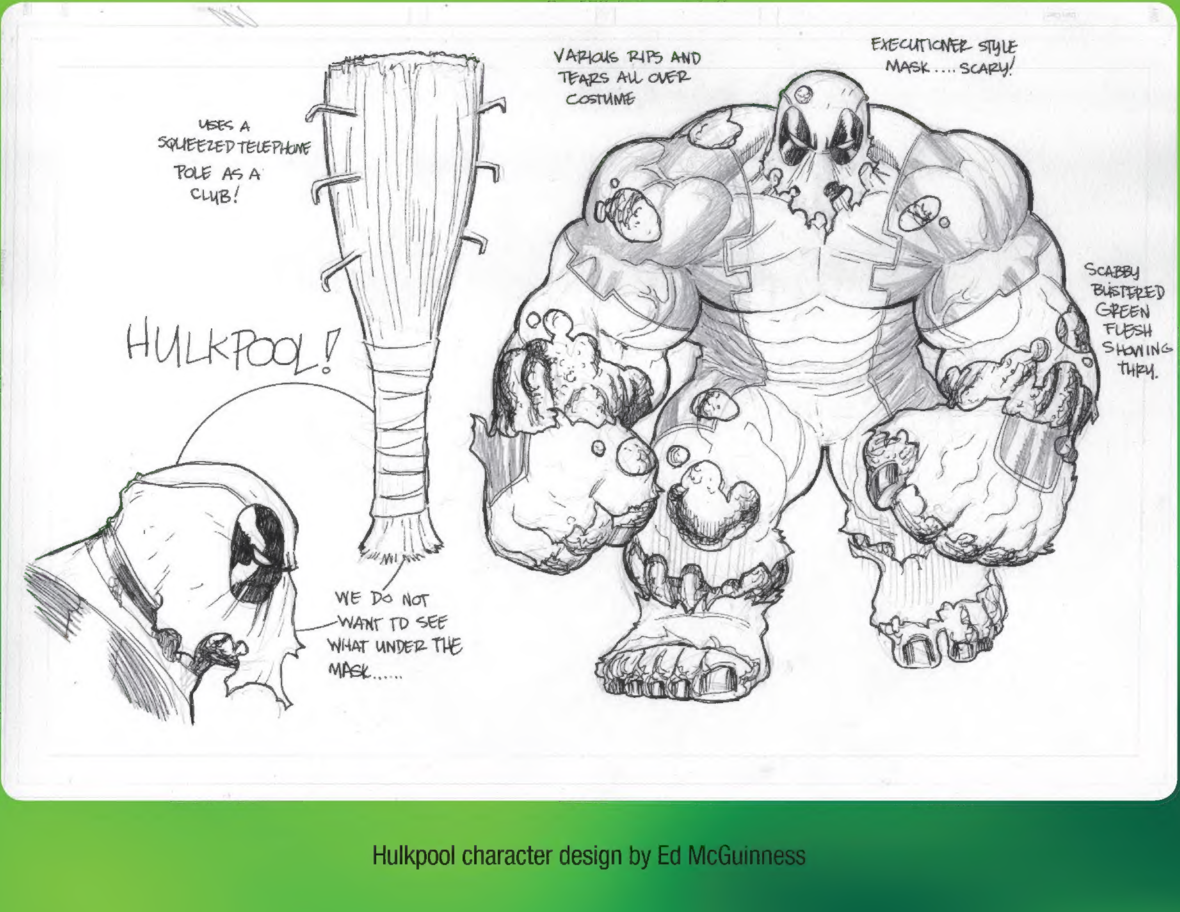
Hulked-Out Heroes #2 cover sketch by Humberto Ramos


RAMOS 09
RAMOS delgado 10

Hulked-Out Heroes #1-2 combined cover art by Humberto Ramos & Edgar Delgado



Hulk #14 wraparound cover sketch by Ian Churchill

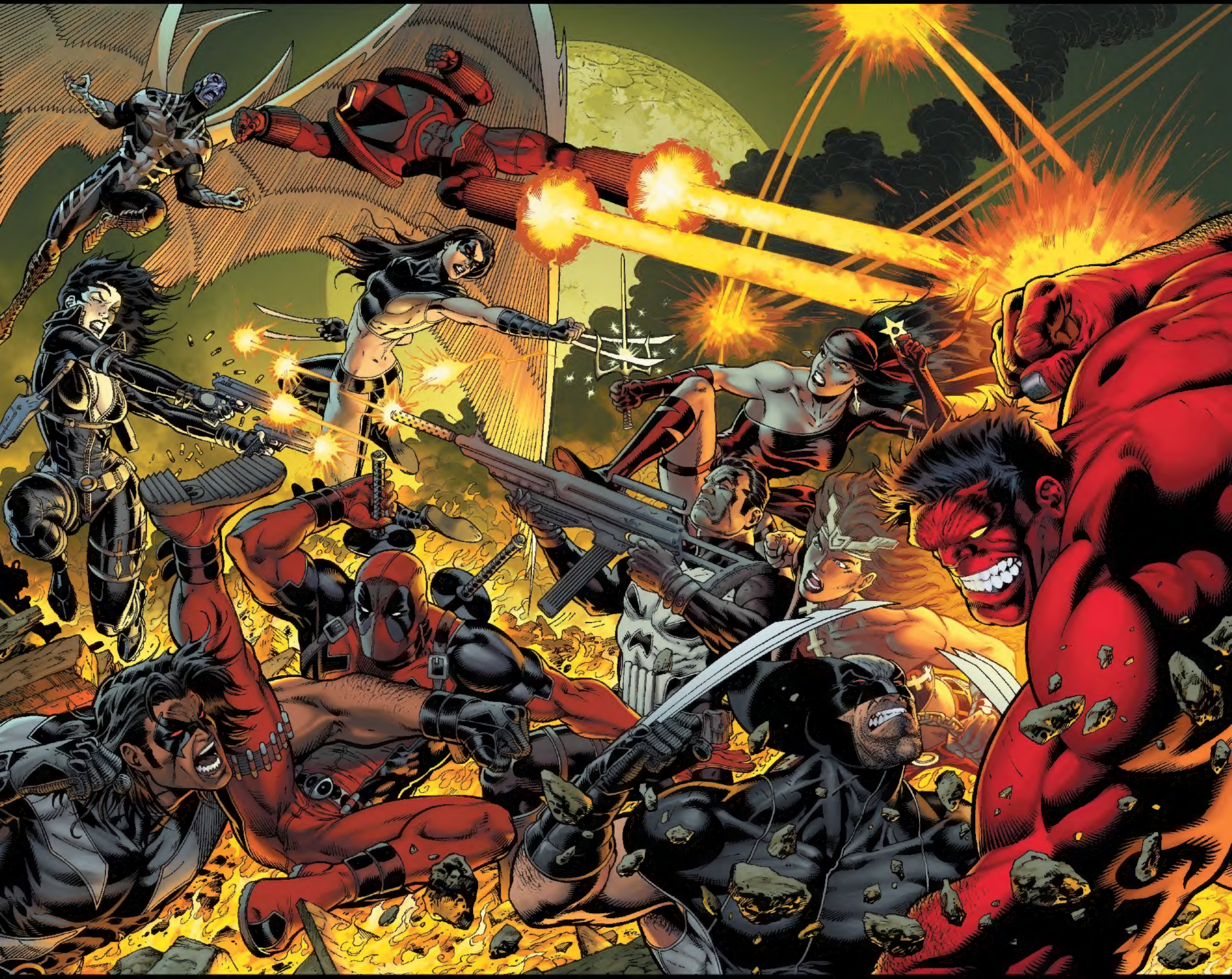

USES A SQUEEZED TELEPHONE POLE AS A CLUB!
VARIOUS RIPS AND TEARS ALL OVER COSTUME
EXECUTIONER STYLE MASK.... SCARY!
HULKPOOL!
SCABBY BLISTERED GREEN FLESH SHOWING THRU.
WE DO NOT WANT TO SEE WHAT UNDER THE MASK......

Hulkpool character design by Ed McGuinness

CONTINUING THE COMPLETE COLLECTION OF
DEADPOOL COMICS

INCLUDING TEAM-UPS, GUEST APPEARANCES AND GRATUITOUS CAMEOS!

WADE WILSON IS FORCED TO WORK WITH SABRETOOTH, BULLSEYE, JUGGERNAUT, SANDMAN AND VULTURE IN SEARCH OF THE PRICELESS IDENTITY DISC — AND JOINS RED HULK'S LETHAL CODE RED ALONGSIDE ELEKTRA, PUNISHER AND MORE! DEADPOOL TURNS THE TIDE IN BLACK PANTHER'S WAR AGAINST DOCTOR DOOM, WHILE NECROSHA CALLS FOR AN UNDEADPOOL BUT ARE YOU READY FOR THE TIME-TRAVELING HULKPOOL?! PLUS: WADE QUIPS WITH SPIDEY, COMPETES IN A BIZARRE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE AGAINST SHANG-CHI, MEETS A DARK MS. MARVEL, BATTLES WHITE TIGER AND ANNOYS WOLVERINE!



COLLECTING ***IDENTITY DISC* #1-5**; ***MS. MARVEL* (2006) #40-41**; ***HULK* (2008) #14-17** AND **#21**; ***AMAZING SPIDER-MAN* (1999) #611**; ***DOOMWAR* #5-6**; ***HULKED-OUT HEROES* #1-2**; AND MATERIAL FROM ***SHANG-CHI: MASTER OF KUNG FU* (2009) #1**, ***X-FORCE ANNUAL* (2009) #1** AND ***WORLD WAR HULKS* #1** — PLUS DEADPOOL SUBPLOT PAGES — WRITTEN BY ROBERT RODI, BRIAN REED, JEPH LOEB, JOE KELLY, JONATHAN MABERRY, JEFF PARKER, JONATHAN HICKMAN, CRAIG KYLE, CHRISTOPHER YOST AND MORE; AND ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HIGGINS, LUKE ROSS, SANA TAKEDA, SERGIO ARIÑO, IAN CHURCHILL, ED MCGUINNESS, ERIC CANETE, SCOT EATON, HUMBERTO RAMOS, KODY CHAMBERLAIN, CARLO BARBERI, IG GUARA AND MORE.

PARENTAL
ADVISORY

MARVEL